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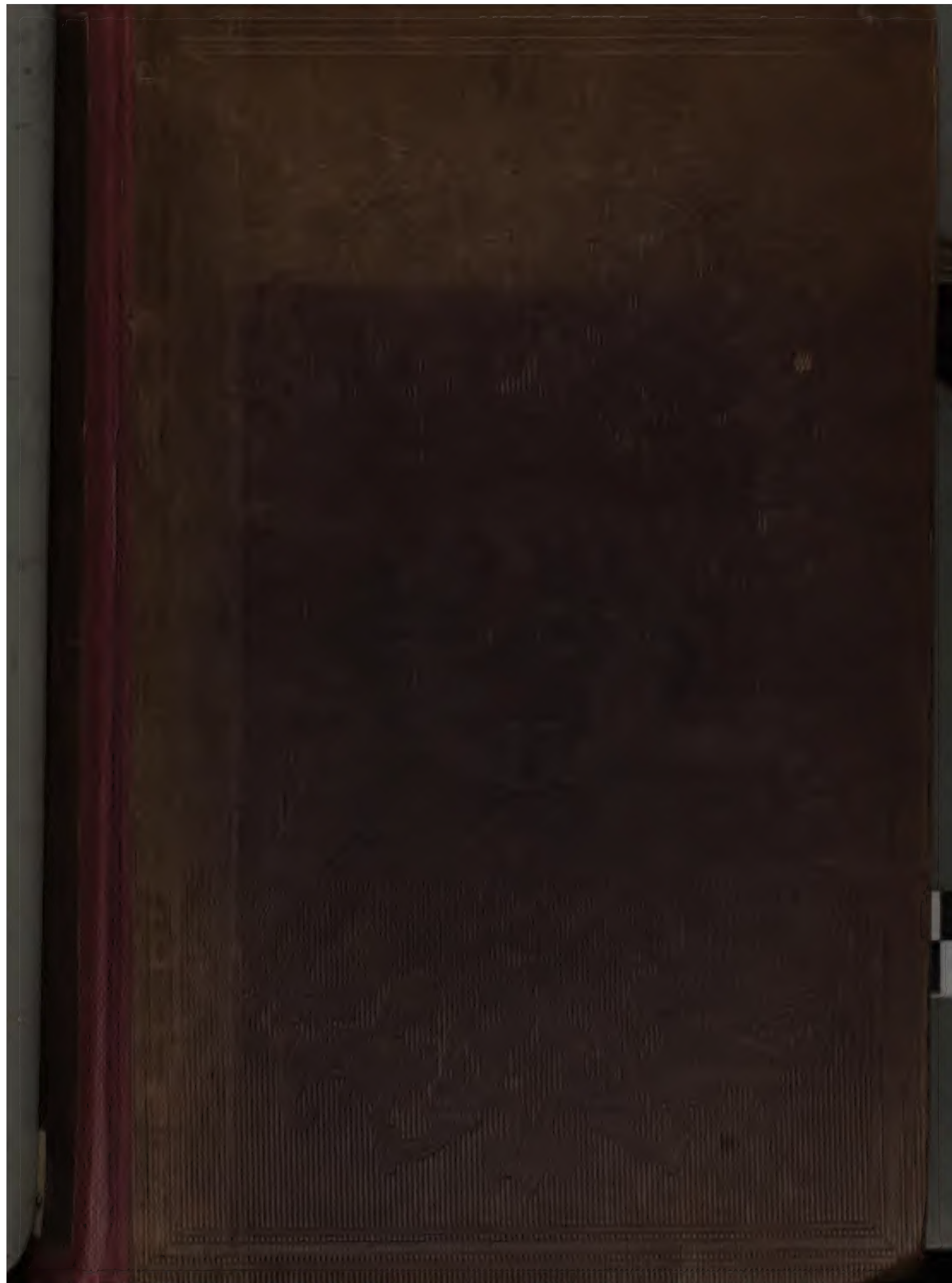
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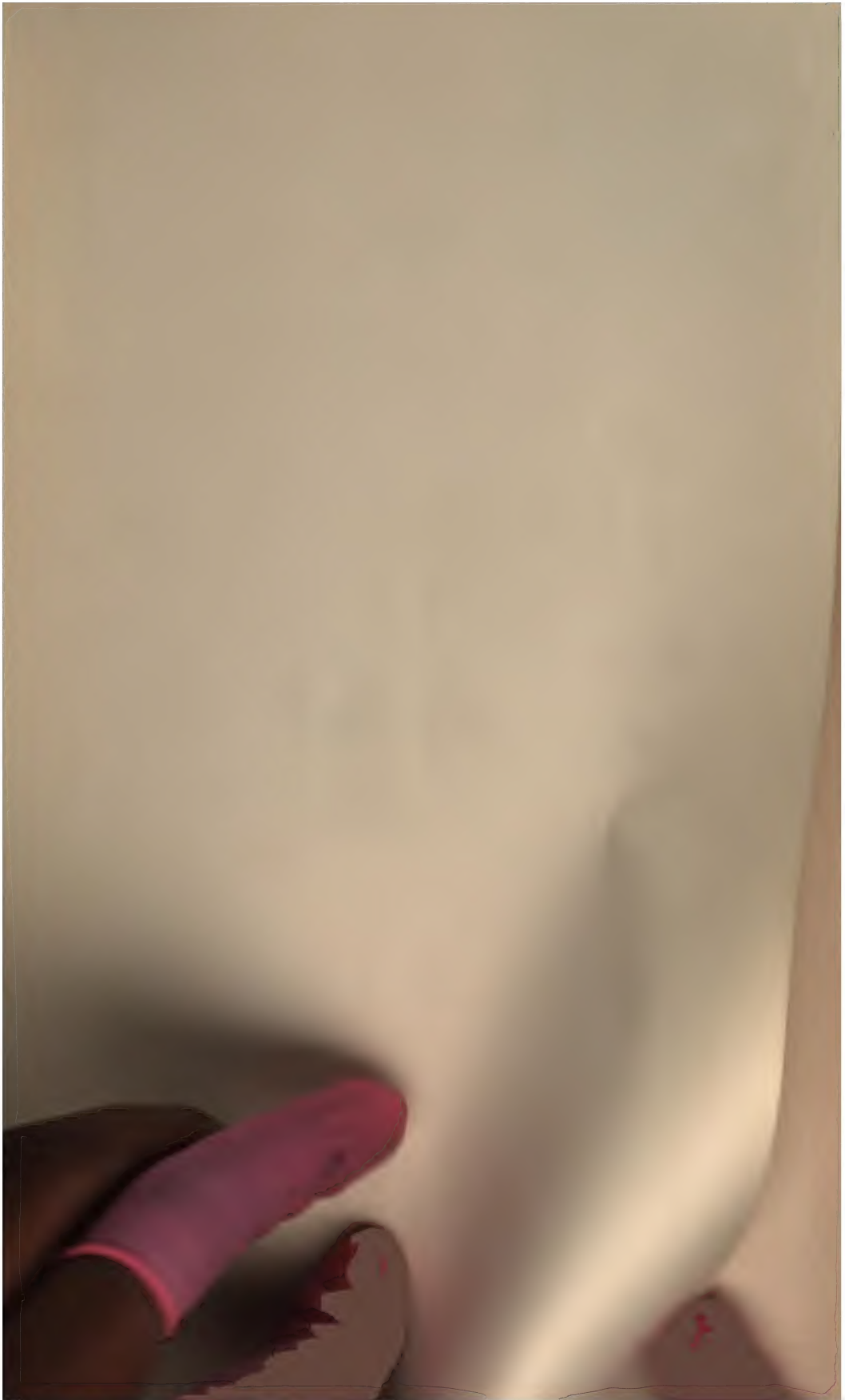
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*Philip Massinger*

JOHN WILKINSON 21, MARK LANE, LONDON.

THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
PHILIP MASSINGER.

With Notes

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

BY W. GIFFORD.

THIRD EDITION.



ST ANDREW'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK, THE BURIAL PLACE OF MASSINGER.  
FROM A PRINT BY DOLLAR.

LONDON;

JOHN TEMPLEMAN, REGENT STREET.

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH, COMPTON STREET, SOHO.

M D C C C X I.



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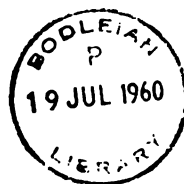
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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
**CHARLES LONG,**  
ONE OF THE LORDS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY,  
THIS EDITION  
OF  
THE WORKS  
OF  
**PHILIP MASSINGER,**  
IS INSCRIBED  
AS A SINCERE TESTIMONY OF RESPECT TO HIS PUBLIC CHARACTER,  
AND OF  
GRATITUDE FOR MANY ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP AND PERSONAL KINDNESS,  
BY  
HIS OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,  
THE EDITOR.

*May, 1805.*



## P R E F A C E.

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THE present Edition of this admired writer has been published with a design of meeting the spirit of the age for cheap literature ; and its triumphant success is a gratifying proof of the manner in which the exertions of the publishers are appreciated. Previous to the appearance of this volume, the public, owing to the scarcity of former editions, possessed but a slight acquaintance with the writings of Massinger, and that derived only from occasional notices and extracts in periodicals, and the representation of " A New Way to Pay Old Debts," the only one of his Plays still acted on the stage. In this undertaking, accuracy of text and good critical notes were deemed indispensable ; and the editor had but to choose between the gross negligence of Coxeter, and the odious vanity of Monk Mason, on the one hand, and the carefully and accurately edited compilation of Mr. Gifford, on the other. Never was an author under greater obligations to an editor, than is Massinger to Gifford. It is true his works had already appeared in a collected form ; but the bungling inaccuracies, unwarrantable interpolations, and absurd commentaries, which disfigured these editions, had rather contributed to involve the author in still deeper obscurity, than to rescue him from that in which he had originally slumbered.

In his attempt to do justice to his favourite poet, Mr. Gifford had many difficulties to contend against, and no hope of assistance from the labours of his predecessors. Of a patient and vigorous cast of mind, his unclouded intellect was the first to form a due estimate of the manly productions of this author ; he sat down to his task as to a labour of love, and after careful and repeated collations of the text with the original editions, succeeded in expunging from its pages a mass of stupid criticism and crude innovations, such as never, perhaps, disfigured the works of any other author. None but those who are acquainted with the editions referred to, can fully estimate the labours of this critic, of whose admirable qualifications as an editor, his exertions in favour of this abused poet will remain a lasting monument. He has been justly called by one who was himself no common master of the art, " a giant in literature, in criticism, in politics, and in morals, and an ornament and an honour to his country and the age in which he lived."

But for him, these exquisite dramas would be as little known to us as the institutions of the Chinese ; and the re-action of public taste in favour of the productions of

our early dramatists, so conspicuous at the present day, received its first impulse from the endeavours of the translator of Juvenal, and the champion of Jonson and Massinger. A valuable appendage to his labours, are the critical observations subjoined to each Play, the masterly delineation of Massinger's character, and the general criticism on his works, furnished by Dr. Ireland, the Dean of Westminster.

There is something interesting in the consideration of this literary partnership; it reminds us of the old days of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Fletcher and Massinger, and Dekker and Greene; and was not without a pleasing effect upon the feelings of the two friends. In closing his preface to Jonson, a splendid vindication of that calumniated poet, Gifford, in allusion to their long uninterrupted friendship, thus writes, "With what feelings do I trace the words of the Dean of Westminster. Five and forty springs have passed over my head since I first found Dr. Ireland, some years my junior, in our little school, at his spelling-book. During this long period our friendship has been without a cloud,—my delight in youth, my pride and consolation in old age." The writer of these affectionate lines has long been an inhabitant of the dark and narrow house; he died on the last day of the year 1826, aged 70; and the survivor, for whom these tender sentiments were expressed, well stricken in years, is fast hastening to the land where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

In Sir Walter Scott's Diary appears the following admirable character of Gifford: "As a commentator he was capital, could he but have suppressed his rancours against those who had preceded him in the task; but a misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay the misplacing of a comma, was in Gifford's eyes a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. This lack of temper probably arose from indifferent health; for he was very valetudinary, and realised two verses, wherein he says Fortune assigned him—

— " One eye not over good,  
Two sides that to their cost have stood  
A ten years' hectic cough,  
Aches, stitches, all the various ills  
That swell the devilish doctors' bills  
And sweep poor mortals off."

But he might justly claim, as his gift, the moral qualities expressed in the next fine stanza—

— " A soul  
That spurns the crowds' malign control,  
A firm contempt of wrong;  
Spirits above affliction's power,  
And skill to soothe the lingering hour  
With no inglorious song."

The rigour, with which the derelictions of his predecessors were visited, above alluded to, is displayed in an uncommon degree in the work before us; and four

years after its first appearance in 1805, the Edinburgh Reviewers," losing their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment," appeared as the champions of Monk Mason and Coxeter, and had the hardihood to attack not only the judgment but even the accuracy of Gifford.

In his second edition of 1813, the abused commentator turned upon his foes, and in a preface, powerful and energetic, successfully defended himself from their aspersions; with regard to the charge of inaccuracy, he justly says,—“ I did not expect this. I will take upon me to assert, that a more perfect text of an old poet never issued from the English press. It was revised in the first instance with a care of which there is scarcely an example; and a subsequent examination enables me to speak with a degree of positiveness on the subject, which sets all fear of contradiction at defiance.” An accusation, such as the above, could only have been made by those who had never looked into Coxeter and Monk Mason's editions, or had never consulted the old copies. From internal evidence, it appears that all that these reviewers knew of Massinger and his editors, was learned from the very “ Introduction ” whose accuracy they pretended to impeach.

It has been the fate of Massinger to have been generally but imperfectly understood or appreciated by the lovers of the Drama; while to Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, have been assigned the place nearest to Shakspeare in the scale of superiority, he has scarcely ever been mentioned but as a writer of inferior merit. Although far from concurring in the opinion of Gifford, which would reduce Shakspeare to the level of his contemporaries, it appears to us that singular injustice has been done to this harmonious poet. Hazlitt, whose genius revelled in the more glowing conceptions of the Swan of Avon, has pronounced this harsh sentence on Massinger :—“ Massinger makes an impression by hardness and repulsiveness of manner. In the intellectual processes which he delights to describe, ‘ reason panders will ;’ he fixes arbitrarily on some object which there is no motive to pursue, or every motive combined against it, and then, by screwing up his heroes and heroines to the deliberate and blind accomplishment of this, thinks to arrive at ‘ the true pathos and sublime of life.’ That is not the way. He seldom touches the heart or kindles the fancy.” Did Mr. Hazlitt forget the speech of Sforza before the Emperor in “ The Duke of Milan,” that noble picture of a good man buffetting with adversity; or the pathos of “ The Fatal Dowry; ” the fine character of Pisander in “ The Bondman; ” the interview between Don John Antonio, disguised as a slave, and his mistress, in “ A Very Woman; ” or those splendid conceptions, Luke and Sir Giles Overreach, in “ The City Madam,” and “ A New Way to Pay Old Debts ”? Our respect for Hazlitt, as a critic, is great; but we certainly cannot assent to his low estimate of Massinger. Schlegel, who bestows so much elaborate and philosophical criticism upon his contemporaries, dismisses the merits of this writer in a few lines, conspicuous neither for justice nor an intimate acquaintance with the writings he professes to criticize. The late Charles Lamb was one of the first to direct the public attention to the works of this and other of our neglected dramatists; and it has been admirably observed by a late writer in the “ Quarterly Review,” that Lamb's Essays and Gifford's editions have most powerfully contributed to disseminate a knowledge of the manly and vigorous writers of the

Elizabethan age. In the year 1786 an elegant essay on the dramatic writings of Massinger by Dr. Ferriar, appeared in the third volume of the "Manchester Transactions," and was afterwards, with permission of the author, reprinted by Gifford at the close of his introduction. In this pleasing performance the plays of Massinger are philosophically analysed; and the cause of the general neglect of our old dramatists is ingeniously attributed to their too frequent delineation of perishable manners.

In his closing notice of Massinger, Dr. Ireland feelingly observes, "It is truly surprising that the genius which produced these Plays should have obtained so little notice from the world;" and Hallam, the critic who next to Gifford displays the most profound knowledge of his writings, and the fullest appreciation of his genius, does not hesitate to place him as a tragic writer second only to Shakspeare, and in the lighter comedy scarcely inferior to Jonson. Any comparison of Massinger to Shakspeare would be invidious; but though second to that great writer in the vastness and variety of his conceptions, he may certainly take the lead of those who have hitherto been considered his superiors. His invention is as fertile, and his management of his plots as ingenious, as those of Beaumont and Fletcher; while the poetry of his language, the knowledge of human nature, and the fine development of the passions displayed in his Tragedies, can only be surpassed by the great master himself. By Ben Jonson he is excelled in the studied exactness and classical polish of his style; but in the freezing coldness of this writer he is deficient. The charm of his Plays consists in the versatility of his imagination, and the fine bursts of pathos which embellish his tender scenes. In his female characters he is particularly happy; and while proclaiming our veneration for Juliet, Desdemona, or Cordelia, we should not heedlessly overlook the graces of Dorothea\*, Theocrinet†, Matilda‡, Camiola§, and Pulcheria||.

Massinger was the last of his tribe—*ultimus Romanorum*. With him expired the dramatic genius of this country. In the anarchy which followed the outbreak of the civil war, the stage was neglected, and the emasculated school of dramatic poetry, subsequently founded by Dryden and his followers, can never bear comparison with the productions of the vigorous intellects of the Elizabethan era. Since that period many unsuccessful attempts have been made to revive the drama; and though many have appeared bearing an outward resemblance to our old plays, yet that true dramatic essence, which can only flourish in a soil uncorrupted by ultra refinement, is evidently wanting.

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\* Virgin Martyr. † Unnatural Combat. ‡ Bashful Lover. § Maid of Honour. || Emperor of the East.

## INTRODUCTION.

PHILIP MASSINGER, the author of the following Plays, was born in the year 1584. Of his mother nothing is known; but his father was Arthur Massinger\*, a gentleman attached to the family of Henry second Earl of Pembroke: "Many years," says the poet, to his descendant, Philip Earl of Montgomery, "my father spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it."

The writers of Massinger's life have thought it necessary to observe in this place, that the word servant carries with it no sense of degradation. This requires no proof: at a period when the great lords and officers of the court numbered inferior nobles among their followers, we may be confident that neither the name nor the situation was looked upon as humiliating. Many considerations united to render this state of dependence respectable, and even honourable. The secretaries, clerks, and assistants, of various departments, were not then, as now, nominated by the Government; but left to the choice of the person who held the employment; and as no particular dwelling was officially set apart for their residence, they were entertained in the house of their principal.

That communication, too, between noblemen of power and trust, both of a public and private nature, which is now committed to the post, was, in those days, managed by confidential servants, who were dispatched from one to the other, and even to the sovereign: when to this we add the unbounded

state and grandeur which the great men of Elizabeth's days assumed on a variety of occasions, we may form some idea of the nature of those services discharged by men of birth and fortune, and the manner in which such numbers of them were employed.

Massinger was born, as all the writers of his life agree, at Salisbury, probably at Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, in whose family he appears to have been educated. When he reached his sixteenth year, he sustained an irreparable loss in the death of that worthy nobleman\*, who, from attachment to the father, would, not improbably, have extended his powerful patronage to the young poet. He was succeeded in his titles and estates by his son William, the third Earl of Pembroke; one of the brightest characters that adorned the court of Elizabeth and James. "He was," says Wood, "not only a great favourer of learned and ingenious men, but was himself learned, and endowed to admiration with a poetical geny, as by those amorous and poetical aires and poems of his composition doth evidently appear; some of which had musical notes set to them by Hen. Lawes and Nich. Lancaire." *Ath. I. 546.*

Massinger's father continued in the service of this nobleman till his death. It is not possible to ascertain the precise period at which this took place, but it was not later, perhaps, than 1606: in the interim he had bestowed, as Langbaine says, a liberal education on his son, and sent him to the University of Oxford, where he became a commoner of St. Alban's Hall (1602), in the eighteenth year of his age. Wood's account varies from this in several particulars. He says, he was entered at St. Alban's Hall in 1601, when he was in his seventeenth year, and supported there, not by his father, but the Earl of Pembroke, Antony had

\* *His father was Arthur Massinger.* "I cannot guess," Davies says, "from what information Oldys, in his manuscript notes (to Langbaine), gives the Christian name of Arthur to Massinger's father, nor why he should reproach Wood for calling him Philip; since Massinger himself, in the Dedication of 'The Bondman,' to the Earl of Montgomery, says expressly that his father Philip Massinger lived and died in the service of the honourable house of Pembroke." *Life of Massinger* prefixed to the last edition.

This preliminary observation augurs but ill for the accuracy of what follows. Oldys, who was a very careful writer, got his information from the first edition of "The Bondman," 1624, which, it appears from this, Mr. Davies never saw. In the second edition, published many years after the first (1698), he is, indeed, called Philip; but that is not the only error in the Dedication, which, as well as the Play itself, is most carelessly printed.

\* An instance of this occurs with respect to Massinger's father, who was then employed to Elizabeth: "Mr. Massinger is lately come up from the Earl of Pembroke with letters to the Queen, for his lordship's leave to be away this St. George's day." *Sidney Letters*, Vol. II. p. 223. The bearer of letters to Elizabeth on an occasion which she perhaps thought important, could, as Davies justly observes, be no

mean person: for no monarch ever exacted from the nobility in general, and the officers of state in particular, a more rigid and scrupulous compliance to stated order, than this prince.

\* *Death of that worthy nobleman.* This took place on the 16th of January, 1601. It is impossible to speak of him without mentioning, at the same time, that he was the husband of Sir Philip Sidney's sister, the all-accomplished lady for whom Jonson wrote the celebrated epitaph:

"Underneath this marble herse,  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;  
Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
Learn't, and fair, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

many opportunities for ascertaining these facts, if he had desired to avail himself of them, and therefore Davies inclines to his authority. The seeming difference, he adds, between the two periods respectively assigned for Massinger's matriculation, may be easily reconciled, for the year then began and ended according to that mode which took place before the alteration of the style. It is seldom safe to speak by guess, and Davies had no authority for his ingenious solution; which unfortunately will not apply in the present case. The memorandum of Massinger's entrance now lies before me, and proves Wood to be incorrect; it is dated May 14, 1602\*. How he came to mistake in a matter where it required so little pains to be accurate, is difficult to say.

Langbaine and Wood agree in the time Massinger spent at Oxford, but differ as to the objects of his pursuit. The former observes, that during his residence there he applied himself closely to his studies; while the latter writes, that he "gave his mind more to poetry and romances for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he ought to have done, as he was patronized to that end." What ideas this tasteless but useful drudge had of logic and philosophy it may be vain to enquire; but, with respect to the first, Massinger's reasoning will not be found deficient either in method or effect; and it might easily be proved that he was no mean proficient in philosophy of the noblest kind: the truth is, that he must have applied himself to study with uncommon energy; for his literary acquisitions at this early period appear to be multifarious and extensive.

From the account of Wood, however, Davies concludes that the Earl of Pembroke was offended at this misapplication of his time to the superficial but alluring pursuits of poetry and romance, and therefore withdrew his support, which compelled the young man to quit the University without a degree; "for which," adds he, "attention to logic and philosophy was absolutely necessary; as the candidate for that honour must pass through an examination in both, before he can obtain it." *Dans le pays des aveugles, says the proverb, les borgnes sont rois:* and Davies, who apparently had not these valuable acquisitions, entertained probably a vast idea of their magnitude and importance. A shorter period, however, than four years, would be found amply sufficient to furnish even an ordinary mind with enough of school logic and philosophy, to pass the examination for a bachelor's degree; and I am, therefore, unwilling to believe that Massinger missed it on the score of incapacity in these notable arts.

However this may be, he certainly left the University abruptly; not, I apprehend, on account of the Earl of Pembroke withholding his assistance, for it does not appear that he ever afforded any, but of a much more calamitous event, the death of his father; from whom, I incline to think with Langbaine, his sole support was derived.

Why the Earl of Pembroke, the liberal friend and protector of literature in all its branches, ne-

glected a young man to whom his assistance was so necessary, and who, from the acknowledged services of his father, had so many and just claims on it; one, too, who would have done his patronage such singular honour, I have no means of ascertaining; that he was never indebted to it is, I fear, indisputable, since the poet, of whose character gratitude forms a striking part, while he recurs perpetually to his hereditary obligations to the Herbert family, anxiously avoids all mention of his name. I sometimes, indeed, imagine that I have discovered the cause of this alienation, but cannot flatter myself that it will be very generally or even partially allowed: not to keep the reader in suspense, I attribute it to the poet's having, during his residence at the University, exchanged the religion of his father, for one, at this time the object of persecution, hatred, and terror. A close and repeated perusal of Massinger's works has convinced me that he was a Catholic. "The Virgin-Martyr," "The Renegade," "The Maid of Honour," exhibit innumerable proofs of it; to say nothing of those casual intimations that are scattered over his remaining dramas: a consciousness of this might prevent him from applying to the Earl of Pembroke for assistance, or a knowledge of it might determine that nobleman to withhold his hand: for it is difficult to believe that his displeasure (if he really entertained any) could arise from Massinger's attachment to an art of which he and his brother\* were universally considered as the patrons, and which, indeed, he himself cultivated, with assiduity at least, if not with success†.

However this be, the period of Massinger's misfortunes commenced with his arrival in London. His father had probably applied most of his property to the education of his son; and when the small remainder was exhausted, he was driven (as he more than once observes) by his necessities, and somewhat inclined, perhaps, by the peculiar bent of his talents, to dedicate himself to the service of the stage.

This expedient, though not the most prudent, nor, indeed, the most encouraging to a young adventurer, was not altogether hopeless. Men who will ever be considered as the pride and boast of their country, Shakspeare, Johnson, and Fletcher, were solely, or in a considerable degree, dependent on it: nor were there others wanting of an inferior rank, such as Rowley, Middleton, Field, Decker, Shirley, and Ford; writers to whom Massinger, without any impeachment of his modesty, might consider himself as fully equal, who subsisted on the emoluments derived from dramatic writing. There was

Plays; to him, also, Jonson inscribed his Epigrams, "as the great example of honour and virtue," an idea on which he enlarged in one of his minor poems. It is evident that there was little cordiality between Jonson and our Author; the former could bear no rival near the throne:

— nunquam partitur amicum,

Sedus habet:

yet it would be unjust to accuse, or even to suspect him of doing Massinger an ill office with his father's friend, on no better grounds than his unhappy disposition.

\* The first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays was dedicated, by the players, to the Earl of Montgomery.

† In 1690 was published a collection of "anonymous and poetical airs and compositions," Wood tells us, "with this title: *Poems written by William Earl of Pembroke, &c., many of which are answered by way of repartee, by Sir Benj. Rudgud, with other Poems written by them occasionally and apart.*" *Athen.* Vol. I. p. 516.

\* In it he is styled the son of a gentleman: "Philip Massinger, Sarisburiensis, generosi filius."

† To this nobleman (and his younger brother Philip) Heminge and Condell dedicated their edition of Shakspeare's

also something to tempt the ambition, or, if it must be so, the vanity, of a young adventurer in this pursuit: literature was the sole means by which a person undistinguished by birth and fortune could, at this time, hope to acquire the familiarity, or secure the friendship, of the great; and of all its branches none was so favourably received, or so liberally encouraged, as that of the drama. Tilts and tournaments, the boisterous but magnificent entertainments of the court, together with pageant-ries and processions, the absurd and costly mum-meries of the city, were rapidly giving way to more elegant and rational amusements, to re-vels, masks, and plays: nor were the latter merely encouraged by the presence of the nobility; the writers of them were adopted into the number of their acquaintance, and made at once the objects of their bounty and esteem. It is gratifying to observe how the names of Shakespeare, Jonson, &c., are come down to us in connection with the Sidneys, the Pembrokes, the Southamptons, and other great and splendid ornaments of the courts of Elizabeth and James.

Considerations of this or a similar kind may naturally be supposed to have had their weight with Massinger, as with so many others: but whatever was the motive, Wood informs us, that "being sufficiently famed for several specimens of wit, he betook himself to making plays." Of what description these specimens were, Antony does not say; he probably spoke without much examination into a subject for which he had little relish or soli-citude; and, indeed, it seems more reasonable to conclude, from the peculiar nature of Massinger's talents, that the drama was his first and sole pur-suit.

It must appear singular, after what has been ob-served, that with only one exception we should hear nothing of Massinger for the long period of sixteen years, that is, from his first appearance in London, 1606 to 1622, when his "Virgin Martyr," the first of his printed works, was given to the public. That his necessities would not admit of relaxation in his efforts for subsistence, is certain; and we have the testimony of a contemporary poet, as preserved by Langbaine, for the rapidity with which he usually composed:

"Ingenuous Shakespeare, Massinger, that knows  
The strength of plot, to write in verse and prose,  
Whose easy Pegasus will amble o'er  
Some threescore miles of fancy in a hour."

The best solution of the difficulty which occurs to me, is, that the poet's modesty, combined with the urgency of his wants, deterred him, at first, from attempting to write alone: and that he, there-fore, lent his assistance to others of a more con-firmed reputation, who could depend on a ready vent for their joint productions. When men labour for the demands of the day, it is imprudent to leave much to hazard; such certainly was the case with Massinger.

Sir Aston Cockayne, the affectionate friend and patron of our author, printed a collection of, what he is pleased to call, Poems, Epigrams, &c., in 1638. Among these, is one addressed to Hum-phrey Moseley, the publisher of Beaumont and Fletcher in folio:

"In the large book of plays you late did print  
In Beaumont and in Fletcher's name, why in't

Did you not justice give; to each his due!  
For Beaumont of those many writ but few:  
And Massinger in other few; the main  
Being sweet issues of sweet Fletcher's brain.  
But how came I, you ask, so much to know?  
Fletcher's chief bosom friend inform'd me so."

Davies, for what reason I cannot discover, seems inclined to dispute that part of the assertion which relates to Massinger: he calls it vague and hearsay evidence, and adds, with sufficient want of preci-sion, "Sir Aston was well acquainted with Mas-singer, who would, in all probability, have com-municated to his friend a circumstance so honourable to himself." There can be no doubt of it; and we may be confident that the information *did* come from him; but Mr. Davies mistakes the drift of Sir Aston's expostulation: the fact was notorious, that Beaumont and Massinger had written in conjunction with Fletcher; what he complains of is, that *the main*, the bulk of the book, should not be attributed to the latter, by whom it was undoubtedly composed. Beaumont died in 1615, and Fletcher produced in the interval between that year and the period of his own death (1625), between thirty and forty plays: it is not, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that he was assisted in a few of them by Massinger, as Sir Aston affirms: it happens, however, that the fact does not rest solely on his testimony; for we can produce a melancholy proof of it, from an authentic voucher, which the enquiries set on foot by the un-wearied assiduity of Mr. Malone have occasioned to be dragged from the dust of Dulwich College:

"To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow,  
esquire, These,

"Mr. Hinchlow,

"You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of Cristianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than en-danger so many innocent lives. You know there is xl. more at least to be received of you for the play. We desire you to lend us vi. of that; which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bayled, nor I play any more till this be dispatch'd. It will lose you xxi. ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. Wee have entreated Mr. Davison to de-liver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgement to be ever

"Your most thankfull and loving friends,  
"NAT FIELD."

"The money shall be abated out of the money  
remayns for the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours.

"ROB. DABORNE."

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beeing honest, I hope you will not fail us.

"PHILIP MASSINGER."

\* Robert Daborne is the author of two Plays, "The Christian Turned Turk," 4to, 1612, and "The Poor Men's Comfort," 4to, 1625. He was a gentleman of a liberal education, master of arts, and in holy orders. His humble fortunes appear to have improved after this period, for there is extant a sermon preached by him at Watford in Ireland, 1618, where the authors of the "Bibliographia Dramatica" think it probable that he had a living.

"Indorsed:

"Received by meo Robert Davison, of Mr. Hinchlow, for the use of Mr. Daboe, Mr. Feeld, Mr. Messeuger, the sum of vi.

"ROB. DAVISON\*."

This letter tripartite, which it is impossible to read without the most poignant regret at the distress of such men, fully establishes the partnership between Massinger and Fletcher, who must, indeed, have had considerable assistance to enable him to bring forward the numerous plays attributed to his name.

We can now account for a part of the time which Massinger spent in London before his appearance in print as a professed writer for the stage: but this is not all. Among the manuscript plays collected with such care by Mr. Warburton (Somerset Herald) and applied with such perseverance by his cook to the covering of his pies, were no less than twelve said to be written by Massinger; and though it is now made probable that two of the number do not belong to him, yet scattered notices of others which assuredly do, prove that he was not inactive.

\* Additions to Malone's *Historical Account of the English Stage*, p. 488.

† No less than twelve, &c.] Their titles, as given by Mr. Warburton, are—

*Minerva's Sacrifice.*  
*The Forced Lady.*  
*Antonio and Valia.*  
*The Woman's Plot.*  
*The Tyrant.*  
*Phileas and Hippolita.*  
*The Judge.*  
*Fast and Welcome.*  
*Believe as you List.*  
*The Honour of Women.*  
*The Noble Choice.* And,  
*The Parliament of Love.*

When it is added that, together with these, forty other manuscript plays of various authors were destroyed, it will readily be allowed that English literature has seldom sustained a greater loss than by the strange conduct of Mr. Warburton, who, becoming the master of treasures which ages may not re-produce, lodges them, as he says, in the hands of an ignorant servant, and when, after a lapse of years, he condescends to revisit his hoards, finds that they have been burnt from an economical wish to save him the charges of more valuable brown paper! It is time to bring on shore the book-hunting passenger in Locher's "Navis Stultifera," and exchange him for one more suitable to the rest of the cargo.

Tardy, however, as Mr. Warburton was, it appears that he came in time to preserve three dramas from the general wreck:

*The Second Maid's Tragedy.*  
*The Hugbears.* And,  
*The Queen of Corinth.*

These, it is said, are now in the library of the Marquis of Lansdowne, where they will probably remain in safety, till moths, or damp, or fire, mingle their "forgotten dust" with that of their late companions.

When it is considered at how trifling an expense a manuscript play may be placed beyond the reach of accident, the withholding it from the press will be allowed to prove a strange indifference to the ancient literature of the country. The fact, however, seems to be, that these treasures are made subservient to the gratification of a sordid rage for notoriety; it is not that any benefit may accrue from them, either to the proprietors or others, that manuscripts are now hoarded, but that A or B may be celebrated for possessing what no other letter of the alphabet can hope to acquire. Nor is this all. The hateful passion of literary avarice (a compound of vanity and envy) is becoming epidemic, and

Four only of the plays named in Mr. Warburton's list occur in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, which is continued up to the latest period of Massinger's life: it is, therefore, evident that they must have been written previous to its commencement; these, therefore, with "The Old Law," "The Virgin Martyr," "The Unnatural Combat," and "The Duke of Milan," which are also unnoticed in it, will sufficiently fill up the time till 1622.

There are no data to ascertain the respective periods at which these plays were produced. "The Virgin Martyr" is confidently mentioned by the former editors as the earliest of Massinger's works, probably because it was the first that appeared in print: but this drama, which they have considerably under-rated, in consequence, perhaps, of the dull ribaldry with which it is vitiated by Decker, evinces a style decidedly formed, a hand accustomed to composition, and a mind stored with the richest acquisitions of a long and successful study.

"The Old Law," which was not printed till many years after Massinger's death, is said to have been written by him in conjunction with Middleton and Rowley\*. The latter of these is ranked by the author of "The Companion to the Play House," in the third class of dramatic writers; higher, it is impossible to place him: but the former was a man of considerable powers, who has lately been the object of much discussion, on account of the liberal use Shakspeare is supposed to have made of his recently discovered tragi-comedy of "The Witch†."

It is said, by Steevens, that "The Old Law" was acted in 1559. If it be really so, Massinger's name must, in future, be erased from the title-page of that play, for he was, at that date, only in the fif-

branching out in every direction. It has many of the worst symptoms of that madness which once raged among the Dutch for the possession of tulips;—here, as well as in Holland, an artificial rarity is first created, and then made a plea for extortion or a ground for low-minded and selfish exultation. I speak not of works never intended for sale, and of which, therefore, the owner may print as few or as many as his feelings will allow; but of those which are ostensibly designed for the public, and which, notwithstanding, prove the editors to labour under this odious disease. Here an old manuscript is brought forward, and after a few copies are printed, the press is broken up, that there may be a pretence for selling them at a price which none but a collector can reach: there, explanatory plates are engraved for a work of general use, and, as soon as twenty or thirty impressions are taken off, destroyed with gratuitous malice (for it deserves no other name), that there may be a mad competition for the favoured copies! To conclude, for this is no pleasant subject, books are purchased now at extravagant rates; not because they are good, but because they are scarce; so that a fire, or an enterprising trunk-maker, that should take off nearly the whole of a worthless work, would instantly render the small remainder invaluable.

\* "The Parliament of Love" is entered on the stationers' books as the production of William Rowley. It is now known from infinitely better authority, the Official Register of the Master of the Revels, to be the composition of Massinger; indeed, the abilities of Rowley were altogether unequal to the execution of such a work, to the style and manner of which his acknowledged performances bear not the slightest resemblance.

† It would be unjust to mention this manuscript Play, without noticing, at the same time, the striking contrast which the conduct of its possessor, Mr. Isaac Reed, forms with that of those alluded to in the preceding note. "The Witch," from the circumstance mentioned above, was a literary curiosity of the most valuable kind; yet he printed it at his own expense, and, with a liberality that has found more admirers than imitators, gratuitously distributed the copies among his friends. It is thus placed out of the reach of accident.

‡ *Spem quoque nec parvam collecta volumina præbent  
Cullen nec verbum, nec libri erantio mentem,  
Attamen in MAONO per me servatur HONORE.*

teenth year of his age, and probably had not left the residence of his father. Stevens produces no authority for his assertion; but as he does not usually write at random, it is entitled to notice. In Act III. Scene 1, of that play, in which the clown consults the church-book on the age of his wife, the clerk reads and comments upon it thus:—"Agatha, the daughter of Pollux, born in an. 1540, and now 'tis 1599." The observation of Stevens is, probably, founded upon this passage (at least I am aware of no other), and it will not, perhaps, be easy to conjecture why the authors should fix upon this particular year, unless it really were the current one. It is to no purpose to object that the scene is laid in a distant country, and the period of action necessarily remote, for the dramatic writers of those days confounded all climes and all ages with a facility truly wonderful. On the whole, I am inclined to attribute the greater part of "The Old Law" to Middleton and Rowley: it has not many characteristic traits of Massinger, and the style, with the exception of a few places, which are pointed out by Dr. Ireland, is very unlike that of his acknowledged pieces.

It is by no means improbable that Massinger, an author in high repute, was employed by the actors to alter or to add a few scenes to a popular drama, and that his pretensions to this partnership of wit were thus recognised and established. A process like this was consonant to the manners of the age, when the players, who were usually the proprietors, exerted, and not unfrequently abused, the privilege of interlarding such pieces as were once in vogue, from time to time, with new matter\*. Who will say that Shakespeare's claims to many dramas which formerly passed under his name, and probably with no intent, on the part of the publishers, to deceive, had not this or a similar foundation?

What has been said of "The Virgin Martyr," applies with equal, perhaps with greater force, to "The Unnatural Combat" and "The Duke of Milan," of which the style is easy, vigorous, and harmonious, bespeaking a confirmed habit of composition, and serving, with the rest, to prove that Massinger began to write for the stage at an earlier period than has been hitherto supposed.

Massinger appears for the first time in the office-book of the Master of the Revels, Dec. 3, 1623, on which day his play of "The Bondman" was brought forward. About this time, too, he printed "The Duke of Milan," with a short dedication to Lady Katherine Stanhope; in which he speaks with

great modesty of his course of studies, to which he insinuates (what he more than once repeats in his subsequent publications), misfortune rather than choice had determined him.

In 1624, he published "The Bondman," and dedicated it to Philip Earl of Montgomery, who being present at the first representation, had shown his discernment and good taste, by what the author calls a *liberal suffrage* in its favour. Philip was the second son of Henry Earl of Pembroke, the friend and patron of Massinger's father. At an early age he came to court, and was distinguished by the particular favour of James I., who conferred the honour of knighthood upon him; and, on his marriage\* with Lady Susan Vere†, daughter of Edward Earl of Oxford, and grand-daughter of William Lord Burleigh, gave him lands to a considerable amount, and soon afterwards created him a baron and an earl‡.

of great honour and virtue. He opposed the high court measures, till he discovered that the parliament were violently usurping on the prerogatives of the other branches of the state; when, after an ineffectual struggle to bring them into constitutional limits, and preserve peace, he joined the arms of his royal master. Sheldoni, the seat from which he derived his title, was burnt in the conflict, two of his sons fell in battle, and he himself suffered a long and severe imprisonment; yet he preserved his loyalty and faith, and died as he had lived, unblemished.

\* On his marriage. There is an account of this marriage, in a letter from Sir Dudley Carlton to Mr. Winwood, which is preserved in the second volume of his *Memoirs*, and which, as affording a very curious picture of the grossness that prevailed at the court of James I., may not be unworthy of insertion:—"On St. John's day, we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan performed at Whitehall, with all the honour could be done a great favourite. The court was great, and for that day put on the best bravery. The prince and Duke of Holst led the bride to church; the queen followed her from thence. The king gave her, and she, in her tresses and trinkets, bridled and bridled it so handsomely, and indeed became herself so well, that the king said, if he were unmarried, he would not give her, but keep her himself. The marriage dinner was kept in the great chamber, where the prince and the Duke of Holst, and the great lords and ladies, accompanied the bride. The ambassador of Venice was the only hidden guest of strangers, and he had place above the Duke of Holst, which the duke took not well. But after dinner, he was as little pleased himself; for being brought into the closet to retire himself, he was then suffered to walk out, his supper unthought of. At night, there was a mask in the hall, which, for conceit and fashion, was suitable to the occasion. The actors were the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Willoughby, Sir Samuel Hays, Sir Thomas Germain, Sir Robert Cary, Sir John Lee, Sir Richard Preston, and Sir Thomas Beger. There was no small loss that night of chains and jewels, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were very well served, that they could keep out no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the noblemen were valued at 2,500l.; but that which made it a good marriage, was a gift of the king's, of 500l. land, for the bride's jointure. They were lodged in the council chamber, where the king, in his shirt and night gown, gave them a *reveille-matin* before they were up, and spent a good time in or upon the bed, chuse which you will believe. No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the dvery of the court, and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other petty sorceries. Jan. 1605."

† Lady Susan Vere. To this lady Jonson addressed the poem beginning,

"Were they that named you prophets? did they see

Even in the dew of grace, what you would be?

Or did our times require it, to behold

A new *Susanna* equal to that old!" &c. *Epiq. riv.*

The *dew of grace* is an elegant and beautiful periphrasis for the baptismal sprinkling.

‡ Davies, after noticing the favours heaped on him, as recorded by Lord Clarendon, petulantly adds, "But Clarendon,

† There is an allusion to one of these "petty sorceries" in the speech of Mirtillo, "Guardian," Act. III. Sc. 2.

\* A very curious instance of this occurs in the Office-Book of Sir Henry Herbert:—"Received for the adding of a new scene to 'The Virgin Martyr,' this 7th of July, 1624, 10s." Such were the liberties taken with our old Plays! "The Virgin Martyr" had now been a twelvemonth before the public, being printed in 1623; the new scene, which was probably a piece of low buffoonery, does not appear in the subsequent editions, which are mere copies of the first; had that, however, not been committed to the press previous to these additions, we may be pretty confident that the whole would have come down to us as the joint production of Massinger and Decker.

† Lady Katherine Stanhope; daughter of Francis Lord Hastings, and first wife of Philip Stanhope, Baron Shelton, and afterwards (1625) Earl of Chesterfield, a nobleman

‡ This was Sir Henry's fee; for this mean and rapacious avowment not only insisted on being paid for allowing a new Play, but for every trifling addition which might subsequently be made to it.

This dedication, which is sensible, modest, and affecting, serves to prove that whatever might be the unfortunate circumstance which deprived the author of the patronage and protection of the elder branch of the Herberts, he did not imagine it to be of a disgraceful nature; or he would not, in the face of the public, have appealed to his connections with the family: at the same time, it is manifest that some cause of alienation existed, otherwise he would scarcely have overlooked so fair an opportunity of alluding to the characteristic generosity of the Earl of Pembroke, whom on this, as on every other occasion, he scrupulously forbears to name, or even to hint at.

This dedication, which was kindly received, led the way to a closer connection, and a certain degree of familiarity, for which, perhaps, the approbation so openly expressed of "The Bondman," might be designed by Montgomery as an overture; at a subsequent period\*, Massinger styles the earl his "most singular good lord and patron," and speaks of the greatness of his obligations:

" ——— mine being more  
 " Than they could owe, who since, or heretofore,  
 " Have labour'd with exalted lines to raise  
 " Brave piles, or rather pyramids of praise  
 " To Pembroke, and his family."

What pecuniary advantages he derived from the present address, cannot be known; whatever they were, they did not preclude the necessity of writing for the stage, which he continued to do with great

perhaps, did not know the real cause of Lord Herbert's advancement. The behaviour of the Scots on James's accession to the throne of England was generally obnoxious and much resented. At a meeting of English and Scotch at a horse race near Croydon, a sudden quarrel arose between them, occasioned by a Mr. Ramsey's striking Philip Lord Herbert in the face with a switch. The English would have made it a national quarrel, and Mr. John Pinchbeck rode about the field with a dagger in his hand, crying, *Let us break our fast with them here, and dine with them in London.* But Herbert not resenting it, the king was so charmed with his peaceable disposition, that he made him a knight, a baron, a viscount, and an earl, in one day." *Life of Massinger*, p. liii. This is taken from Osborne, one of those gossiping tale-mongers in which the times of James so greatly abounded, and who, with Weldon, Wilson, Peyton, Sanderson, and others, contributed to propagate an infinite number of scandalous stories, which should have been left *sub lodice*, where most of them perhaps had birth. What reliance may be placed on them, in general, is sufficiently apparent from the assertion of Osborne. The fact is, that Herbert had long been a knight, and was never a viscount. He was married in the beginning of 1605 (he was then Sir Philip), and created Baron Herbert of Shurland in the Isle of Sheppy, and Earl of Montgomery, June 4th, in the same year: and so far were these titles from being the reward of what Osborne calls his cowardice at Croydon, that they were all conferred on him two years before that event took place. Osborne himself allows that if Montgomery had not, by his forbearance, "stanch'd the blood then ready to be spilt, not only that day, but all after, must have proved fatal to the Scots, so long as any had staid in England, the royal family excepted, which, in respect to majesty, or their own safety, they must have spared, or the kingdom been left to the misery of seeing so much blood laid out as the trial of so many crabbed titles would have required." The prevention of these horrors might, in some minds, have raised feelings favourable to the temperance of the young earl; but Osborne, whose object and whose office was calumny, contrives to convert it into a new accusation: "they could not be these considerations," he says, "that restrained Herbert, who wanted leisure, no less than capacity, to use them, though laid in his way by others!"

*Memoirs of King James.*

\* On the loss of his eldest son, who died of the small-pox at Florence, Jan. 1635.

† Montgomery had now succeeded to the title and estates of his elder brother, who deceased April 10, 1630

industry, seldom producing less than two new pieces annually. In 1629, his occasions, perhaps, again pressing upon him, he gave to the press "The Renegade" and "The Roman Actor," both of which had now been several years before the public. The first of these he inscribed to Lord Berkeley in a short address composed with taste and elegance. He speaks with some complacency of the merits of the piece, but trusts that he shall live "to render his humble thankfulness in some higher strain:" this confidence in his abilities, the pleasing concomitant of true genius, Massinger often felt and expressed. The latter play he presented to Sir Philip Knyvet and Sir Thomas Jeay\*, with a desire, as he says, that the world might take notice of his being indebted to their support for power to compose the piece: he expatiates on their kindness in warm and energetic language, and accounts for addressing "the most perfect birth of his Minerva" to them, from their superior demands on his gratitude.

Little more than four years had elapsed since "The Bondman" was printed; in that period Massinger had written seven plays, all of which, it is probable, were favourably received: it therefore becomes a question, what were the emoluments derived from the stage which could thus leave a popular and successful writer to struggle with adversity.

There seem to have been two methods of disposing of a new piece; the first, and perhaps the most general, was to sell the copy to one of the theatres; the price cannot be exactly ascertained, but appears to have fluctuated between ten and twenty pounds, seldom falling short of the former, and still more seldom, I believe, exceeding the latter. In this case, the author could only print his play by permission of the proprietors, a favour which was sometimes granted to the necessities of a favourite writer, and to none, perhaps, more frequently than to Massinger. The other method was by offering it to the stage for the advantage of a benefit, which was commonly taken on the second or third night, and which seldom produced, there is reason to suppose, the net sum of twenty pounds. There yet remain the profits of publication: Mr. Malone, from whose "Historical Account of the English Stage" (one of the most instructive essays that ever appeared on the subject), many of these notices are taken, says, that, in the time of Shakespeare, the customary price was twenty nobles (6l. 13s. 4d.); if at a somewhat later period we fix it at thirty (10l.), we shall not, probably, be far from the truth. The usual dedication fee, which yet remains to be added, was forty shillings: where any connection subsisted between the parties, it was doubtless increased.

We may be pretty confident, therefore, that Massinger seldom, if ever, received for his most strenuous and fortunate exertions more than fifty pounds a-year; this, indeed, if regularly enjoyed, would be sufficient, with decent economy, to have preserved him from absolute want: but nothing is better known than the precarious nature of dramatic writing. Some of his pieces might fail of success (indeed, we are assured that they actually did so),

\* Sir Thomas Jeay was himself a poet: several commendatory copies of verses by him are prefixed to Massinger's Plays. He calls the author his worthy friend, and gives many proofs that his esteem was founded on judgment, and his kindness candid and sincere

others might experience a "thin third day;" and a variety of circumstances, not difficult to enumerate, contribute to diminish the petty sum which we have ventured to state as the maximum of the poet's revenue. Nor could the benefit which he derived from the press be very extensive, as of the seventeen dramas which make up his printed works (exclusive of the "Parliament of Love," which now appears for the first time), only twelve were published during his life, and of these, two ("The Virgin-Martyr" and "The Fatal Dowry") were not wholly his own.

In 1630 he printed "The Picture," which had appeared on the stage the preceding year. This play was warmly supported by many of the "noble Society of the Inner Temple," to whom it is addressed. These gentlemen were so sensible of the extraordinary merits of this admirable performance, that they gave the author leave to particularize their names at the head of the dedication, an honour which he declined, because, as he modestly observes, and evidently with an allusion to some of his contemporaries, he "had rather enjoy the real proofs of their friendship, than, mountebank-like, boast their numbers in a catalogue."

In 1631 Massinger appears to have been unusually industrious, for he brought forward three pieces in little more than as many months. Two of these, "Believe as you List," and "The Unfortunate Piety," are lost; the third is "The Emperor of the East," which was published in the following year, and inscribed to Lord Mohun, who was so much pleased with the perusal of the author's printed works, that he commissioned his nephew, Sir Aston Cockayne\*, to express his high opinion of them, and to present the writer "with a token of his love and intended favour."

"The Fatal Dowry" was printed in 1632. I once supposed this to be the play which is mentioned above by the name of "The Unfortunate Piety," as it does not appear under its present title in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert; but I now believe it to have been written previously to 1623. His coadjutor in this play was Nathaniel Field, of whom I can give the reader but little account. His name stands at the head of the principal comedians who performed "Cynthia's Revels," and he is joined with Heminge, Condell, Burbadge, and others, in the preface to the folio edition of Shakespeare. He was also the author of two comedies, "A Woman in a Weathercock," 1612, and "Amends for Ladies," 1618. Mr. Reed, however, conjectures the writer of these plays, the assistant of Massinger in "The Fatal Dowry," to be a distinct person from the actor above mentioned, and "a Nath. Field, M. A., Fellow of New Coll., who wrote some Latin verses printed in *Qum. Academia Forestalis*, 1625, and who, being of the same uni-

versity with Massinger, might there join with him in the composition of the play ascribed to them." It is seldom safe to differ from Mr. Reed on subjects of this nature, yet I still incline to think that Field the actor was the person meant. There is no authority for supposing that Massinger wrote plays at college; and if there were it is not likely that "The Fatal Dowry" should be one of them. But Mr. Reed's chief reason for his assertion is, that no contemporary author speaks of Field as a writer: this argument, in the refutation of which I can claim no merit, is now completely disproved by the discovery of the letter to Mr. Henslowe. Mr. Malone, too, thinks that the person who wrote the two comedies here mentioned, and assisted Massinger, could not be Field the actor, since the first of them was printed in 1612, at which time he must have been a youth, having performed as one of the children of the revels in Jonson's "Silent Woman," 1609†. I know not to what age these children were confined, but Barkstead, who was one of them, and who, from his situation in the list, was probably younger than Field, published, in 1611, a poem called "Hiren (Irene) the Fair Greek," consisting of 114 stanzas, which is yet earlier than the date of "Woman's a Weathercock."

Mr. Malone conjectures that the affecting letter (p. xv.) was written between 1612 and 1615: if we take the latest period, Field will be then not far from his twenty-eighth year, a period sufficiently advanced for the production of any work of fancy. I have sometimes felt a pang at imagining that the play on which they were then engaged, and for which they solicit a trifling advance in such moving terms, was "The Fatal Dowry," one of the noblest compositions that ever graced the English stage! Even though it should not be so, it is yet impossible to be unaffected, when we consider that those who actually did produce it were in danger of perishing in gaol for want of a loan of five pounds!

In the following year, Massinger brought forward "The City Madam." As this play was undoubtedly disposed of to the performers, it remained in manuscript till the distress brought on the stage by the persecution of the Puritans, induced them to commit it to the press. The person to whom we are indebted for its appearance was Andrew Pennyucke, an actor of some note. In the dedication to the Countess of Oxford‡, he observes, with a spirited reference to the restrictions then laid on the drama, "In that age, when wit and learning were not conquered by injury and violence, this poem was the object of love and commendations:" he then adds, "the encouragement I had to prefer this dedication to your powerful protection, proceeds from the universal fame of the deceased author§, who (although

\* Old Plays, Vol. XII., p. 350.

† It had probably escaped Mr. Malone's observation, that Field appears as the principal performer in "Cynthia's Revels," acted in 1599 or 1600. He could not then have well been less than twelve years old, and, at the time mentioned by Mr. Malone, as too early for the production of his first play, must have been turned of one and twenty.

‡ *Countess of Oxford, &c.* Ann, first wife of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford. She was a distant relation of the Pembroke family.

§ *The deceased author.* "The City Madam" was printed in 1650. This sufficiently proves the absurdity of the account given by Langbaine, Jacob, Whincop, and Cibber, who concur in placing his death in 1660, and who, certainly, never perused his works with any attention: nor is

\* This is the only place in which Massinger makes any mention of Sir Aston, who was not less delighted with "The Emperor of the East" than his uncle, and who, in a copy of verses which he prefixed to it, calls Massinger his worthy friend. It is in the praise of Sir Aston Cockayne, that he not only maintained his esteem and admiration of Massinger during the poet's life, but preserved an affectionate regard for his memory, of which his writings furnish many proofs. He was, as I have supposed Massinger to be, a Catholic, and suffered much for his religion. I will not take upon myself to say that this community of faith strengthened their mutual attachment, though I do not think it altogether improbable.

he composed many) wrote none amiss, and this may justly be ranked among his best." Pennycuik might have gone further; but this little address is sufficient to shew in what estimation the poet was held by his "fellows." He had now been dead nineteen years.

About this time too (1632), Massinger printed "The Maid of Honour," with a dedication to Sir Francis Foljambe\*, and Sir Thomas Bland, which cannot be read without sorrow. He observes, that these gentlemen, who appear to have been engaged in an amicable suit at law, had continued for many years the patrons of him and his despised studies, and he calls upon the world to take notice, as from himself, that he *had not to that time subsisted*, but that he was supported by their frequent courtesies and favours.

It is not improbable, however, that he was now labouring under the pressure of more than usual want; as the failure of two of his plays had damped his spirits, and materially checked the prosecution of his dramatic studies. No account of the unsuccessful pieces is come down to us; their names do not occur in the Office-book of Sir H. Herbert, nor should we have known the circumstance, had not the author, with a modesty which shames some of his contemporaries, and a deference to the judgment of the public, which becomes all who write for it, recorded the fact in the prologue to "The Guardian." To this, probably, we owe the publication of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," which was now first printed with a sensible and manly address to the Earl of Caernarvon, who had married Lady Sophia Herbert, the sister of his patron, Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. "I was born," he says, "a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship." All Massinger's patrons appear to be persons of worth and eminence. Philip had not, at this time, tarnished the name of Pembroke by ingratitude, and the Earl of Caernarvon was a man of unimpeachable honour and integrity. He followed the declining fortunes of his royal master, and fell at Newbury, where he commanded the cavalry, after defeating that part of the parliamentary army to which he was opposed. In his last moments, says Fuller, as he lay on the field, a nobleman of the royal party desired to know if he had any request to make to the king, to whom he was deservedly dear, comforting him with the assurance that it would be readily granted. His reply was such as became a brave and conscientious soldier: I will not die with a suit in my mouth, but to the king of kings!

Flattered by the success of "The Guardian," which was licensed on the 31st of October, 1633, Massinger exerted himself with unusual energy, and produced three plays before the expiration of the following year. One of them, the delightful comedy

of "A Very Woman," is come down to us; of the others, nothing is known but the names, which are registered by the Master of the Revels. In 1635, it does not appear that he brought any thing forward; but in 1636, he wrote "The Bashful Lover," and printed "The Great Duke of Florence," which had now been many years on the stage, with a dedication to Sir Robert Wiseman, of Thorrells Hall, in Essex. In this, which is merely expressive of his gratitude for a long continuation of kindness, he acknowledges, "and with a zealous thankfulness, that, for many years, he had but faintly subsisted, if he had not often tasted of his bounty." In this precarious state of dependance passed the life of a man who is charged with no want of industry, suspected of no extravagance, and whose works were, at that very period, the boast and delight of the stage!

"The Bashful Lover" is the latest play of Massinger's writing which we possess, but there were three others posterior to it, of which the last, "The Anchoress of Pausilippo," was acted Jan. 26, 1640, about six weeks before his death. Previous to this, he sent to the press one of his early plays, "The Unnatural Combat," which he inscribed to Anthony Sentleger (whose father, Sir Wareham, had been his particular admirer), being, as he says, ambitious to publish his many favours to the world. It is pleasant to find the author, at the close of his blameless life, avowing, as he here does, with an amiable modesty, that the noble and eminent persons to whom his former works were dedicated, did not think themselves disparaged by being "celebrated as the patrons of his humble studies, in the first file of which," he continues "I am confident you shall have no cause to blush to find your name written."

Massinger died on the 17th of March, 1640. He went to bed in good health, says Langbaine, and was found dead in the morning in his own house on the Bankside. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, and the comedians paid the last sad duty to his name, by attending him to the grave.

It does not appear, from the strictest search, that a stone, or inscription of any kind, marked the place where his dust was deposited: even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life: "March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a STRANGER!" No flowers were flung into his grave, no elegies "soothed his hovering spirit," and of all the admirers of his talents and his worth, none but Sir Aston Cockayne, dedicated a line to his memory. It would be an abuse of language to honour any composition of Sir Aston with the name of poetry, but the steadiness of his regard for Massinger may be justly praised. In that collection of doggrel rhymes, which I have already mentioned, (p. xv.) there is "an epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. Philip Massinger, who lie both buried in one grave in St. Mary Overy's church, in Southwark:

"In the same grave was Fletcher buried, here  
Lies the stage-poet Philip Massinger;  
Plays they did write together, were great friends,  
And now one grave includes them in their ends.  
To whom on earth nothing could part, beneath  
Here in their fame they lie, in spite of death."

It is surely somewhat singular that of a man of such eminence, nothing should be known. What I have presumed to give, is merely the history of the

that of Chetwood more rational, who asserts that he died in 1639, since his epitaph is printed among the poems of Sir Aston Cockayne, which were published in 1638, and written much earlier. It is, therefore, worse than a waste of time to repeat from book to book such palpable errors.

\* Sir Francis Foljambe, &c.] I suspect that Sir Francis was also a Catholic. From the brief account of this ancient family which is given in Lodge's "Illustrations," they appear to have suffered severely on account of their religion, to which they were zealously attached.

successive appearance of his works ; and I am aware of no source from whence any additional information can be derived ; no anecdotes are recorded of him by his contemporaries, few casual mentions of his name occur in the writings of the time, and he had not the good fortune which attended many of less eminence, to attract attention at the revival of dramatic literature from the deathlike torpor of the Interregnum\*. But though we are ignorant of every circumstance respecting Massinger, but that he lived and died†, we may yet form to ourselves some idea of his personal character from the incidental hints scattered through his works. In what light he was regarded may be collected from the commendatory poems prefixed to his several plays, in which the language of his panegyrista, though warm, expresses an attachment apparently derived not so much from his talents as his virtues ; he is, as Davies has observed, their *beloved, much-esteemed, dear, worthy, deserving, honoured, long known, and long loved friend*, &c., &c. All the writers of his life unite in representing him as a man of singular modesty, gentleness, candour, and affability ; nor does it appear that he ever made or found an enemy. He speaks, indeed, of opponents on the stage, but the contention of rival candidates for popular favour must not be confounded with personal hostility. With all this, however, he appears to have maintained a constant struggle with adversity ; since not only the stage, from which, perhaps, his natural reserve prevented him from deriving the usual advantages, but even the bounty of his particular friends, on which he chiefly relied, left him in a state of absolute dependence. Jonson, Fletcher, Shirley, and others, not superior to him in abilities, had their periods of good fortune, their bright, as well as their stormy hours ; but Massinger seems to have enjoyed no gleam of sunshine ; his life was all one wintry day, and "shadows, clouds, and darkness," rested upon it.

Davies finds a servility in his dedications which I have not been able to discover ; they are principally characterized by gratitude and humility, without a single trait of that gross and servile adulation which distinguishes and disgraces the addresses of some of his contemporaries. That he did not conceal his misery, his editors appear inclined to reckon among his faults : he bore it, however, without impatience, and we only hear of it when it is relieved. Poverty made him no flatterer, and, what is still more rare, no maligner of the great ; nor is one symptom of envy manifested in any part of his compositions.

His principles of patriotism appear irreprehensible ; the extravagant and slavish doctrines which are found in the dramas of his great contemporaries, make no part of his creed, in which the warmest loyalty is skilfully combined with just and rational ideas of political freedom. Nor is this the only instance in which the rectitude of his mind is apparent ; the writers of his day abound in recommendations of suicide ; he is uniform in the repre-

hension of it, with a single exception, to which, perhaps, he was led by the peculiar turn of his studies\*. Guilt of every kind is usually left to the punishment of divine justice ; even the wretched Malefort excuses himself to his son on his supernatural appearance, because the latter was *not marked out by heaven* for his mother's avenger ; and the young, the brave, the pious Charalois accounts his death fallen upon him by the will of heaven, because "*he made himself a judge in his own cause.*"

But the great, the glorious distinction of Massinger, is the uniform respect with which he treats religion and its ministers, in an age when it was found necessary to add regulation to regulation, to stop the growth of impiety on the stage. No priests are introduced by him, "to set on some quantity of barren spectators" to laugh at their licentious follies ; the sacred name is not lightly invoked, nor daringly sported with ; nor is Scripture profaned by buffoon allusions lavishly put into the mouths of fools and women.

To this brief and desultory delineation of his mind, it may be expected that something should here be added of his talents for dramatic composition ; but this is happily rendered unnecessary. The kindness of Dr. Ferriar has allowed me to annex to this introduction the elegant and ingenious "Essay on Massinger," first printed in the third volume of the "Manchester Transactions ;" and I shall presently have to notice, in a more particular manner, the value of the assistance which has been expressly given to me for this work. These, if I do not deceive myself, leave little or nothing to be desired on the peculiar qualities, the excellencies, and defects, of this much neglected and much injured writer.

Mr. M. Mason has remarked the general harmony of his numbers, in which, indeed, Massinger stands unrivalled. He seems, however, inclined to make a partial exception in favour of Shakspeare ; but I cannot admit of its propriety. The claims of this great poet on the admiration of mankind are innumerable, but rhythmical modulation is not one of them, nor do I think it either wise or just to hold him forth as supereminent in every quality which constitutes genius. Beaumont is as sublime, Fletcher as pathetic, and Jonson as nervous :—nor let it be accounted poor or niggard praise, to allow him only an equality with these extraordinary men in their peculiar excellencies, while he is admitted to possess many others, to which they make no approaches. Indeed, if I were asked for the discriminating quality of Shakspeare's mind, that by which he is raised above all competition, above all prospect of rivalry, I should say it was wit. To wit Massinger has no pretensions, though he is not without a considerable portion of humour ; in which, however, he is surpassed by Fletcher, whose style bears some affinity to his own ; there is, indeed, a morbid softness in the poetry of the latter, which is not visible in the flowing and vigorous metre of Massinger, but the general manner is not unlike†.

\* One exception we shall hereafter mention. Even in this the poet's ill fate pursued him, and he was flung back into obscurity, that his spoils might be worn without detection.

† It is seriously to be lamented that Sir Aston Cockayne, instead of wasting his leisure in measuring out dull prose which cannot be read, had not employed a part of it in furnishing some notices of the dramatic poets, with whom he was so well acquainted, and whom he professes so much to admire.

\* See "The Duke of Milan." The frequent violation of female chastity, which took place on their rapture of the barbarians into Italy, gave rise to many curious disquisitions among the fathers of the church, respecting the degree of guilt incurred in preventing it by self-murder. Massinger had these, probably, in his thoughts.

† There is yet a peculiarity which it may be proper to notice, as it contributes in a slight degree to the fluency of

With Massinger terminated the triumph of dramatic poetry; indeed, the stage itself survived him but a short time. The nation was convulsed to its centre by contending factions, and a set of austere and gloomy fanatics, enemies to every elegant amusement, and every social relaxation, rose upon the ruins of the state. Exasperated by the ridicule with which they had long been covered by the stage, they persecuted the actors with unrelenting severity, and consigned them, together with the writers, to hopeless obscurity and wretchedness. Taylor died in the extreme of poverty, Shirley opened a little school, and Lowin, the boast of the stage, kept an alehouse at Brentford:

*Balneolum Gabiis, furnos conducere Roma  
Tenturunt!—*

Others, and those the far greater number, joined the royal standard, and exerted themselves with more gallantry than good fortune in the service of their old and indulgent master.

We have not yet, perhaps, fully estimated, and certainly not yet fully recovered, what was lost in that unfortunate struggle. The arts were rapidly advancing to perfection under the fostering wing of a monarch who united in himself taste to feel, spirit to undertake, and munificence to reward. Architecture, painting, and poetry, were by turns the objects of his paternal care. Shakspeare was his "closet companion," Jonson his poet, and in conjunction with Inigo Jones, his favoured architect, produced those magnificent entertainments which, though modern refinement may affect to despise

them, modern splendour never reached even in thought\*.

That the tyranny of the commonwealth should sweep all this away, was to be expected: the circumstance not less to be wondered at than regretted is, that when the revival of monarchy afforded an opportunity for restoring every thing to its pristine place, no advantage should be taken of it. Such, however, was the horror created in the general mind, by the perverses and unsocial government from which they had so fortunately escaped, that the people appear to have anxiously avoided all retrospect; and with Prynne and Vicers, to have lost sight of Shakspeare and "his fellows." Instead, therefore, of taking up dramatic poetry (for to this my subject confines me) where it abruptly ceased in the labours of Massinger, they elicited, as it were, a manner of their own, or fetched it from the heavy monotony of their continental neighbours. The ease, the elegance, the simplicity, the copiousness of the former period, were as if they had never been; and jangling and blustering declamation took place of nature, truth, and sense. Even criticism, which, in the former reign, had been making no inconsiderable progress under the influence and direction of the great masters of Italy, was now diverted into a new channel, and only studied in the puny and jejune canons of their unworthy followers, the French.

The Restoration did little for Massinger; this, however, will the less surprise us, when we find that he but shared the fortune of a greater name. It appears from a list of revived plays preserved by Downes the prompter, that of twenty-one, two only were written by Shakspeare! "The Bondman," and "The Roman Actor," were at length brought forward by Betterton, who probably conceived them to be favourable to his fine powers of declamation. We are told by Downes, that he gained "great applause" in them: his success, however, did not incite him to the revival of the rest, though he might have found among the number ample scope for the display of his highest talents. I can find but two more of Massinger's plays which were acted in the period immediately following the Restoration, "The Virgin-Martyr," and "The Renegado:" I have, indeed, some idea that "The Old Law" should be added to the scanty list; but having mislaid my memorandums, I cannot affirm it.

The time, however, arrived, when he was to be remembered. Nicholas Rowe, a man gifted by nature with taste and feeling, disgusted at the tumid rapidity of his own times, turned his attention to the poets of a former age, and, among the rest, to

Massinger's style; it is, the resolution of his words (and principally of those which are derived from the Latin through the medium of the French) into their component syllables. *Virtuous, partial, nation, &c., &c.*, he usually makes dactyle (if it be not pedantic to apply terms of measure to a language acquainted only with accent), passing over the last two syllables with a gentle but distinct enunciation. This practice, indeed, is occasionally adopted by all the writers of his time, but in Massinger it is frequent and habitual. This singularity may slightly embarrass the reader at first, but a little acquaintance will show its advantages, and render it not only easy but delightful.

\* His "Closet Companion," Milton, and certainly with no symptoms of disapprobation, mentions, as a fact universally known, the fondness of the unfortunate Charles for the plays of Shakspeare; and it appears, from those curious particulars collected from Sir Henry Herbert, by Mr. Malone, that his attachment to the drama, and his anxiety for its perfection, began with his reign. The plot of "The Gamester," one of the best of Shirley's pieces, was given to him by the king; and there is an anecdote recorded by the Master of the Revels, which shows that he was not inattentive to the success of Massinger.

"At Greenwich this 4 of June (1638), Mr. W. Murray gave mee power from the king to allow of "The King and the Subject," and tould mee that he would warrant it:

"Monies! We'll raise supplies what way we please,  
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which  
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars  
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws  
But what their swords did ratify, the wives  
And daughters of the senators bowing to  
Their will, as delities," &c.

"This is a peece taken out of Philip Messenger's play called 'The Klog and the Subject,' and entered here for ever to bee remembered by my son and those that cast their eyes on it, in honour of King Charles, my master, who readinge over the play at Newmarket, set his marke upon the peece with his own hande, and in these words:—  
"This is too insolent, and to bee changed."

"Note, that the poet makes it the speech of a king, Don Pedro of Spayne, and spoken to his subjects."

\* That the exhibition of those masks was attended with a considerable degree of expense cannot be denied: and yet a question may be modestly started, whether a thousand pounds might not have been as rationally and as creditably laid out on one of them at Tibbald's, Althorpe, or Ludlow Castle, as on a basket of unripe fruit!

But we are fallen indeed! The festival of the knights of the Bath presented an opportunity for a mask appropriate to the subject, in which taste should have united with grandeur. Whose talents were employed on the great occasion I cannot pretend to say, but assuredly the frequenters of Bartholomew fair were never invited to so vile and senseless an exhibition, as was produced at Ranelagh for the entertainment of the nobility and gentry of the united kingdom.

† Two only! And of these two, one was "Titus Andronicus!"

Massinger. Pleased at the discovery of a mind congenial to his own, he studied him with attention, and endeavoured to form a style on his model. Suavity, ease, elegance, all that close application and sedulous imitation could give, Rowe acquired from the perusal of Massinger: humour, richness, vigour, and sublimity, the gifts of nature, were not to be caught, and do not, indeed, appear in any of his multifarious compositions.

Rowe, however, had discrimination and judgment: he was alive to the great and striking excellencies of the Poet, and formed the resolution of presenting him to the world in a correct and uniform edition. It is told in the preface to "The Bondman" (printed in 1719), and there is no reason to doubt the veracity of the affirmation, that Rowe had revised the whole of Massinger's works, with a view to their publication: unfortunately, however, he was seduced from his purpose by the merits of "The Fatal Dowry." The pathetic and interesting scenes of this domestic drama have such irresistible power over the best feelings of the reader, that he determined to avail himself of their excellence, and frame a second tragedy on the same story. How he altered and adapted the events to his own conceptions is told by Mr. Cumberland, with equal elegance and taste, in the Essay which follows the original piece.\*

Pleased with the success of his performance, Rowe conceived the ungenerous idea of appropriating the whole of its merits; and, from that instant, appears not only to have given up all thoughts of Massinger, but to have avoided all mention of his name. In the base and servile dedication of his tragedy to the Duchess of Ormond, while he founds his claim to her patronage on the interesting nature of the scenes, he suffers not a hint to escape him that he was indebted for them to any preceding writer.

It may seem strange that Rowe should flatter himself with the hope of evading detection: that hope, however, was not so extravagant as it may appear at present. Few of our old dramas were then on sale: Those of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, indeed,

had been collected; depredations on them, therefore, though frequently made, were attended with some degree of hazard; but the works of Massinger, few of which had reached a second edition, lay scattered in single plays, and might be appropriated without fear. What printed copies or manuscripts were extant, were chiefly to be found in private libraries, not easily accessible, nor often brought to sale; and it is not, perhaps, too much to say that more old plays may now be found in the hands of a single bookseller, than, in the days of Rowe, were supposed to be in existence.

"The Fair Penitent" was produced in 1703, and the Author, having abandoned his first design, undertook to prepare for the press the works of a poet more worthy, it must be confessed, of his care, but not in equal want of his assistance; and, in 1709, gave the public the first octavo edition of Shakspeare.

What might have been the present rank of Massinger, if Rowe had completed his purpose, it would be presumptuous to determine: it may, however, be conjectured that, reprinted with accuracy, corrected with judgment, and illustrated with ingenuity, he would, at least, have been more generally known\*, and suffered to occupy a station of greater respectability than he has hitherto been permitted to assume.

Massinger, thus plundered and abandoned by Rowe, was, after a considerable lapse of time, taken up by Thomas Coxeter, of whom I know nothing more than is delivered by Mr. Egerton Brydges, in his useful and ingenious additions to the "Thea-

\* *More generally known.* It does not appear from Johnson's observations on "The Fair Penitent," that he had any knowledge of Massinger; Stevens, I have some reason to think, took him up late in life; and Mr. Malone observes to me, that he only consulted him for verbal illustrations of Shakspeare. This is merely a subject for regret; but we may be allowed to complain a little of those who discuss his merits without examining his works, and traduce his character on their own misconceptions. Capell, whose dull fidelity forms the sole claim on our kindness, becomes both inaccurate and unjust the instant he speaks of Massinger; he accuses him of being one of the props of Jonson's throne, in opposition to the pretensions of Shakspeare! The reverse of this is the truth: he was the admirer and imitator of Shakspeare, and it is scarcely possible to look into one of his prologues, without discovering some allusion, more or less concealed, to the overwhelming pride and arrogance of Jonson. This disinclination to the latter was no secret to his contemporaries, while his partiality to the former was so notorious, that in a mock romance, entitled "Wit and Fancy in a Maze, or Don Zara del Fogo," 12mo, 1656 (the knowledge of which was obligingly communicated to me by the Rev. W. Todd), where an uproar amongst the English poets is described, Massinger is expressly introduced as "one of the life guards to Shakspeare." So much for the sneer of Capell!—but Massinger's ill fate still pursues him. In a late Essay on the stage, written with considerable ingenuity, the author, in giving a chronological history of dramatic writers from Sackville downwards, overlooks Massinger till he arrives at our own times. He then recollects that he was one of the fathers of the drama; and adds, that "his style was rough, manly, and vigorous, that he pressed upon his subject with a severe but masterly hand, that his wit was caustic," &c. If this gentleman had ever looked into the poet he thus characterises, he must have instantly recognized his error. Massinger has no wit, and his humour, in which he abounds, is of a light and frolic nature; he presses not on his subject with severity, but with fulness of knowledge; and his style is so far from roughness, that its characteristic excellence is a sweetness beyond example. "Whoever," says Johnson, "wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Whoever would add to these the qualities of simplicity, purity, sweetness, and strength, must devote his hours to the study of Massinger.

\* A few words may yet be hazarded on this subject. The moral of "The Fatal Dowry" is infinitely superior to that of "The Fair Penitent," which indeed, is little better than a specious apology for adultery. Rowe has lavished the most seducing colours of his eloquence on Lothario, and acted, throughout the piece, as if he studied to frame an excuse for Calista; whereas Massinger has placed the crime of Beaumelle in an odious and proper light. Beaumelle can have no followers in her guilt:—no frail one can urge that she was misled by her example: for Novall has nothing but personal charms, and even in these he is surpassed by Charalois. For the unhappy husband of Calista, Rowe evinces no consideration, where Massinger has rendered Charalois the most interesting character that was ever produced on the stage.

Beaumelle, who falls a sacrifice, in some measure, to the weakness of her maid, the prodigal agent of young Novall, is much superior to Calista. Indeed, the impression which she made on Rowe was so strong, that he named his tragedy after her, and not after the heroine of his own piece; Beaumelle is truly the Fair Penitent, whereas Calista is neither more nor less than a haughty and abandoned strumpet.

† *The success of his performance.* This was somewhat problematical at first. For though "The Fair Penitent" was now a general favourite with the town, it experienced considerable opposition on its appearance, owing, as Downes informs us, "to the flatness of the fourth and fifth acts." The poverty of Rowe's genius is principally apparent in the last; of which the plot and the execution are equally contemptible.

† See his "Introduction to Shakspeare's Plays," Vol. I. p. 14.

trum Poetarum\*." "He was born of an ancient and respectable family, at Lechlade, in Gloucestershire, in 1689, and educated at Trinity College, Oxford, where he wore a civilian's gown, and about 1710, abandoning the civil law, and every other profession, came to London. Here continuing without any settled purpose, he became acquainted with booksellers and authors, and amassed materials for a biography of our old poets. He had a curious collection of old plays, and was the first who formed the scheme adopted by Dodale, of publishing a selection of them," &c.

Warton too calls Coxeter a faithful and industrious amasser of our old English literature, and this praise, whatever be its worth, is all that can be fairly said to belong to him; as an editor he is miserably deficient; though it appears that he was not without assistance which, in other hands, might have been turned to some account. "When I left London," says the accurate and ingenious Oldys, "in the year 1724, to reside in Yorkshire, I left in the care of the Rev. Mr. Burridge's family, with whom I had several years lodged, amongst many other books, a copy of this Langbaine, in which I had written several notes and references to further the knowledge of these poets. When I returned to London in 1730, I understood my books had been dispersed; and afterwards becoming acquainted with Mr. Coxeter, I found that he had bought my Langbaine of a bookseller, as he was a great collector of plays and poetical books. This must have been of service to him, and he has kept it so carefully from my sight that I never could have the opportunity of transcribing into this I am now writing, the notes I had collected in that. Whether I had entered any remarks upon Massinger, I remember not; but he had communications from me concerning him, when he was undertaking to give us a new edition of his plays, which is not published yet. He (Mr. Coxeter) died on the 10th (or 19th, I cannot tell which) of April, being Easter Sunday, 1747, of a fever which grew from a cold he caught at an auction of books over Exeter Change, or by sitting up late at the tavern afterwards."

On the death of Coxeter, his collections for the purposed edition of Massinger fell into the hands of a bookseller, of the name of Dell, who gave them to the world in 1759. From the publisher's preface it appears that Coxeter did not live to complete his design. "The late ingenious Mr. Coxeter," he says, "had corrected and collated all the various editions; and, if I may judge from his copies, he had spared no diligence and care to make them as correct as possible. Several ingenious observations and notes he had likewise pre-

pared for his intended edition, which are all inserted in the present. Had he lived to have completed his design, I dare say he would have added many more, and that his work would have met with a very favourable reception from every person of true taste and genius."

As Dell professes to have followed Coxeter's papers, and given all his notes, we may form no inadequate idea of what the edition would have been. Though educated at the University, Coxeter exhibits no proofs of literature. To critical sagacity he has not the smallest pretensions; his conjectures are void alike of ingenuity and probability, and his historical references at once puerile and incorrect. Even his parallel passages (the easiest part of an editor's labour) are more calculated to produce a smile at the collector's expense, than to illustrate his author; while every page of his work bears the strongest impression of imbecility. The praise of fidelity may be allowed him; but in doing this the unfortunate Dell must be charged (how justly I know not) with the innumerable errors which over-run and deform the edition. I need not inform those who are conversant with old copies, that the printers were less attentive to the measure of the original, than to filling up the line, and saving their paper: this Coxeter attempted to remedy; his success, however, was but partial; his vigilance relaxed, or his ear failed him, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of verses are given in the cacophonous and unmetrical state in which they appear in the early editions. A few palpable blunders are removed; others, not less remarkable, are continued, and where a word is altered, under the idea of improving the sense, it is almost invariably for the worse. Upon the whole, Massinger appeared to less advantage than in the old copies.

Two years afterwards (1761), a second edition\* of this work was published by Mr. Thomas Davies, accompanied by an "Essay on the Old English Dramatic Writer," furnished by Mr. Colman, and addressed to David Garrick, Esq., to whom Dell's edition was also inscribed.

It may tend to mortify those, who, after bestowing unwearied pains on a work, look for some trifling return of praise, to find the approbation, which should be justly reserved for themselves, thoughtlessly lavished on the most worthless productions. Of this publication, the most ignorant and incorrect (if we except that of Mr. M. Mason, to which we shall speedily arrive) that ever issued from the press, Bishop Percy thus speaks: "Mr. Coxeter's VERY CORRECT EDITION of Massinger's Plays has lately been published in 4 vols. 8vo, by Mr. T. Davies (which T. Davies was many years an actor on Drury-lane stage, and I believe still continues so, notwithstanding his shop). To this edition is prefixed a superficial letter to Mr. Garrick, written by Mr. Colman, but giving not the least account of Massinger, or of the old editions from whence this was composed. 'Tis great pity Mr. Coxeter did not live to finish it himself." It is

\* I take the offered opportunity to express my thanks to this gentleman for the obliging manner in which he transmitted to me the manuscript notes of Oldys and others, copied into his edition of Langbaine, formerly in the possession of Mr. Stevens.

† Johnson told Boswell that "a Mr. Coxeter, whom he knew, had collected about five hundred volumes of poets whose works were most known; but that, upon his death, Tom Osborne bought them, and they were dispersed, which he thought a pity; as it was curious to see any series complete, and in every volume of poems something good might be found." Boswell's "Life," &c., vol. II., p. 452.

‡ Manuscript notes on Langbaine, in the British Museum.

§ This is also asserted in the title-page—but it is not so.

\* A second edition] So, at least, it insinuates: but Mr. Waldron, of Drury Lane (a most friendly and ingenious man, to whose small but curious library I am much indebted), who is better acquainted with the adroitness of booksellers than I pretend to be, informs me that it is only Dell's with a new title-page.

that his lordship never compared a single this "correct edition" with the old copies: mention the circumstance to point out to of eminence the folly, as well as the danger, ling at random on any subject which they previously considered.

It readily be supposed that a publication was not much calculated to extend the or raise the reputation of the poet; it however, a certain quantity of readers, and growing scarce, when it fell by accident into the hands of John Monk Mason, Esq.

He was favoured by a friend, as he tells us, with a copy of Massinger; he received a high degree of pleasure, and having contracted a habit of rectifying, in the margin, the mistakes of such books as he read, he proceeded in concert with those before him; his emendations were accidentally discovered by two of his friends, who expressed their approbation of them in very flattering terms, and requested that he give them to the public<sup>a</sup>.

Mr. Mason was unfortunate in his friends: he could have considered (a matter which had easily escaped him) that the great duty of an editor is fidelity: that the ignorance of an editor in admitting so many gross faults could not be a reasonable mind the slightest plea for relying on his general accuracy, and that however high might rate their friend's sagacity, it was not certain that when he displaced his predecessors to make room for his own, he fell on the genuine text. Nothing of this, however, occurred to them, and Mr. M. Mason was prevailed on in an evil hour, to send his corrected Coxeter press.

The preface which accords but too well with the rest of the work, he observes, that he had heard of Massinger till about two years before he reprinted him<sup>b</sup>. "It must be confessed I lost no time in boasting of his acquaintance years, however, to have been but superficial." On the second page he asserts that the whole of Massinger's plays were published while the author was living! This is a specimen of the care with which he usually proceeds: the life of the author, and to his own edition, tells that he died in the year 1633, and in the list which immediately follows it, that more than four plays are given in succession, which were not published till near twenty years after his death!

The hesitancy of Mr. M. Mason is so great, that it is impossible to say whether he supposed there was any older edition than that before him. He speaks of Massinger, but he always means Massinger, and it is beyond any common powers of logic to bear him discourse of the verbal and grammatical inaccuracies of an author whose works he has never seen, without a smile of pity or contempt.

<sup>a</sup> See to Mr. Mason's edition, p. ii.

<sup>b</sup> It is strange (he adds) that a writer of such evident merit should be so little known. Preface, p. i. As some one of Mr. M. Mason's amanuenses, I will tell him a story: "Tradition says, that on a certain time, a person who had occasion to rise very early, was met by a person who expressed his astonishment at his getting up so early, and he answered, 'O, master, I am younger, as you have done the same thing, what have you to be surprised at?'"

He says, "I have admitted into the text all my own amendments, in order that those who may wish to give free scope to their fancy and their feelings, and without turning aside to verbal criticism, may read these plays in that which appears to me the most perfect state;" (what intolerable conceit!) "but for the satisfaction of more critical readers, I have directed that the words rejected by me should be inserted in the margin<sup>c</sup>." This is not the case; and I cannot account, on any common principles of prudence, for the gratuitous temerity with which so strange an assertion is advanced: not one in twenty is noticed, and the reader is misled on almost every occasion.

I do not wish to examine the preface further; and shall therefore conclude with observing, that Mr. M. Mason's edition is infinitely worse than Coxeter's. It rectifies a few mistakes, and suggests a few improvements; but, on the other hand, it abounds in errors and omissions, not only beyond that, but perhaps beyond any other work that ever appeared in print. Nor is this all: the ignorant fidelity of Coxeter has certainly given us many absurd readings of the old printers or transcribers; this, however, is far more tolerable than the mischievous ingenuity of Mr. M. Mason: the words he has silently introduced bear a specious appearance of truth, and are therefore calculated to elude the vigilance of many readers, whom the text of Coxeter would have startled, and compelled to seek the genuine sense elsewhere. To sum up the account between the two editions, both bear the marks of ignorance, inexperience, and inattention; in both the faults are incredibly numerous; but where Coxeter drops words, Mr. M. Mason drops lines; and where the former omits lines, the latter leaves out whole speeches!

After what I have just said, the reader, perhaps, will feel an inclination to smile at the concluding sentence of Mr. M. Mason's preface: "I FLATTER MYSELF, THAT THIS EDITION OF MASSINGER WILL BE FOUND MORE CORRECT (AND CORRECTNESS IS THE ONLY MERIT IT PRETENDS TO) THAN THE BEST OF THOSE WHICH HAVE AS YET BEEN PUBLISHED OF ANY OTHER ANCIENT DRAMATIC WRITER."

The genuine merits of the Poet, however, were strong enough to overcome these wretched remoras. The impression was become scarce, and though never worth the paper on which it was printed, sold, at an extravagant price, when a new edition was proposed to me by Mr. Evans of Pall-Mall. Massinger was a favourite; and I had frequently lamented, with many others, that he had fallen into such hands. I saw, without the assistance of the old copies, that his metre was disregarded, that his sense was disjointed and broken, that his dialogue was imperfect, and that he was encumbered with explanatory trash which would disgrace the pages of a sixpenny magazine; and in the hope of remedying these, and enabling the Author to take his place on the same shelf, I will not say with Shakspeare, but with Jonson, Beaumont, and his associate Fletcher, I readily undertook the labour.

My first care was to look round for the old editions. To collect these is not at all times possible, and in every case, is a work of trouble and expense: but the kindness of individuals supplied me with all that I wanted. Octavius Gilchrist, a

<sup>c</sup> Preface, p. ix.

<sup>d</sup> Preface, p. xi.

gentleman of Stamford\*, no sooner heard of my design, than he obligingly sent me all the copies which he possessed; the Rev. P. Bayles of Colchester (only known to me by this act of kindness) presented me with a small but choice selection; and Mr. Malone, with a liberality which I shall ever remember with gratitude and delight, furnished me, unsolicited, with his invaluable collection, among which I found all the first editions; these, with such as I could procure in the course of a few months from the booksellers, in addition to the copies in the Museum, and in the rich collection of his Majesty, which I consulted from time to time, form the basis of the present Work.

With these aids I sat down to the business of collation: it was now that I discovered, with no less surprise than indignation, those alterations and omis-

sions of which I have already spoken; and which I made it my first care to reform and supply. At the outset, finding it difficult to conceive that the variations in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason were the effect of ignorance or caprice, I imagined that an authority for them might be somewhere found, and therefore collated not only every edition, but even several copies of the same edition; what began in necessity was continued by choice, and every play has undergone, at least, five close examinations with the original text. On this strictness of revision rests the great distinction of this edition from the preceding ones, from which it will be found to vary in an infinite number of places: indeed, accuracy, as Mr. M. Mason says, is all the merit to which it pretends; and though I not provoke, yet I see no reason to deprecate the consequences of the severest scrutiny.

There is yet another distinction. The old copies rarely specify the place of action: such, indeed, was the poverty of the stage, that it admitted of little variety. A plain curtain hung up in a corner, separated distant regions; and if a board were advanced with Milan and Florence written upon it, the delusion was complete. "A table with pen and ink thrust in," signified that the stage was a counting-house; if these were withdrawn, and two stools put in their places, it was then a tavern. Instances of this may be found in the margin of all our old plays, which seem to be copied from the prompters' books; and Mr. Malone might have produced from his Massinger alone, more than enough to satisfy the veriest sceptic, that the notion of scenery, as we now understand it, was utterly unknown to the stage. Indeed, he had so much the advantage of the argument without these aids, that I have always wondered how Steevens could so long support, and so strenuously contend for, his most hopeless cause. But he was a wit and a scholar; and there is some pride in showing how dexterously a clumsy weapon may be wielded by a practised swordsman. With all this, however, I have ventured on an arrangement of the scenery. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason attempted it in two or three plays, and their ill success in a matter of no extraordinary difficulty, proves how much they mistook their talents, when they commenced the trade of editorship, with little more than the negative qualities of heedlessness and inexperience.†

\* In some of these plays I discovered that an error had been detected after a part of the impression was worked off, and consequently corrected, or what was more frequently the case, exchanged for another.

† *Heedlessness and inexperience.* Those who recollect the boast of Mr. M. Mason, will be somewhat surprised, perhaps, even after all which they have heard, at learning that, in so simple a matter as marking the *exits*, this gentleman blunders at every step. If Pope now were alive, he need not apply to his black-letter plays for such niceties as *exit omnes, enter three black witches solus, &c.* Mr. M. Mason's edition, which he "flatters himself will be found more correct than the best of those which have been yet published of any other ancient dramatic writer," would furnish abundance of them. His copy of 'The Fatal Dowry,' now lies before me, and, in the compass of a few pages, I observe, *Exit officers with Novall* (196), *Exit Charalois, Creditors, and Officers* (200), *Exit Remont and Servant* (215), *Exit Novall senior and Postulier* (228), &c. All *exit*, occurs in 'The Emperor of the East' (311), *Exit Gentlemen* (224), and *Exit Tiberio and Stephano* (245), in 'The Duke of Milan': these last blunders are voluntary on the part of the editor. Coxeter, whom he usually follows, reads *Ex. for Elevent*: the filling up, therefore, is solely due to his own ingenuity. Similar instances might be produced from every play. I would

\* I must not omit that Mr. Glichrist (whose name will occur more than once in the ensuing pages), together with his copies of Massinger, transmitted a number of useful and judicious observations on the Poet, derived from his extensive acquaintance with our old historians.

† For this, I owe Mr. Malone my peculiar thanks: but the admirers of Massinger must join with me in expressing their gratitude to him for an obligation of a more public kind; for the communication of that beautiful fragment, which now appears in print for the first time, "The Parliament of Love." From "The History of the English Stage," prefixed to Mr. Malone's edition of Shakspeare, I learned that "Four acts of an unpublished drama, by Massinger, were still extant in manuscript." As I anxiously wished to render this edition as perfect as possible, I wrote to Mr. Malone, with whom I had not the pleasure of being personally acquainted, to know where it might be found; in return, he informed me that the manuscript was in his possession: its state, he added, was such, that he doubted whether much advantage could be derived from it, but that I was entirely welcome to make the experiment. Of this permission, which I accepted with singular pleasure, I instantly availed myself, and received the manuscript. It was, indeed, in a forlorn condition: several leaves were torn from the beginning, and the top and bottom of every page wasted by damps, to which it had formerly been exposed. On examination, however, I had the satisfaction to find, that a considerable part of the first act, which was supposed to be lost, yet existed, and that a certain degree of attention, which I was not unwilling to bestow on it, might recover nearly the whole of the remainder. How I succeeded, may be seen in the present volume; where the reader will find such an account, as was consistent with the brevity of my plan, of the singular institution on which the fable is founded. Perhaps the subject merits no further consideration: I would, however, just observe, that, since the article was printed, I have been furnished by my friend, the Rev. R. Nares, with a curious old volume, called "Arresta Amorum, or Arrests d'Amour," written in French by Martial d'Anvergne, who died in 1508. It is not possible to imagine any thing more frivolous than the causes, or rather appeals, which are supposed to be heard in this Court of Love. What is, however, somewhat extraordinary, is, that these miserable trifles are commented upon by Benoit le Court, a celebrated juriscounsel of those times, with a degree of seriousness which would not disgrace the most important questions. Every Greek and Roman writer, then known, is quoted with profusion, to prove some trite position dropt at random; occasion is also taken to descend on many subtle points of law, which might not be altogether, perhaps, without their interest. I have nothing further to say of this elaborate piece of foolery, which I read with equal wearisomeness and disgust, but which serves, perhaps, to show that these Parliaments of Love, though confessedly imaginary, occupied much of the public attention, than that it had probably fallen into Massinger's hands, as the scene between Bellasant and Claridore (page 156) seems to be founded on the first appeal which is heard in the "Arresta d'Amour."

‡ I have no intention of entering into the dispute respecting the comparative merits of the first and second folios of Shakspeare. Of Massinger, however, I may be allowed to say, that I constantly found the earliest editions the most correct. A palpable error might be, and, indeed, sometimes was removed in the subsequent ones, but the spirit, and what I would call the raciness, of the author only appeared complete in the original copies.

‡ See his Preface to Shakspeare.

me now to the notes. Those who are accustomed to crowded pages of our modern editors, will be somewhat startled at the comparative thinness. If this be an error it is a voluntary one. I could conceive why the readers of our old satirists should be suspected of labouring under a greater degree of ignorance than those of any other class of writers; yet, from the trite and insignificant materials amassed for their information, it is not that a persusion of this nature is uncommonly prevalent. Customs which are universal, and expressions "familiar as household words" in every mouth, are illustrated, that is to say, overabundantly, by an immensity of parallel passages, with as much wisdom and reach of thought as would be evinced by him who, to explain any simple word in his line, should empty upon the reader all the examples to be found under it in Johnson's Dictionary!

His cheap and miserable display of minute criticism grew up, in great measure, with Warton: since his time, the cause of sound literature has been fearfully avenged upon his head: and, like a knight-errant who, with his attendant Bowles, the fullest of all mortal squires, sallied forth in quest of original propriety of every common word in use, has had his copulatives and disjunctives, *ands* and his *ands*, sedulously ferretted out from the school-books in the kingdom. As a prosist, he will long continue to instruct and delight; as a poet he is buried—lost. He is not of the age, nor does he possess sufficient vigour to support the weight of incumbent mountains.

Whatever this may be, I have proceeded on a different plan. Passages that only exercise the memory, by suggesting similar thoughts and expressions in other writers, are, if somewhat obvious, left to the reader's own discovery. Unfamiliar and obsolete words are briefly explained,

and, where the phraseology was doubtful or obscure, it is illustrated and confirmed by quotations from contemporary authors. In this part of the work no abuse has been attempted of the reader's patience: the most positive that could be found, are given, and a scrupulous attention is every where paid to brevity; as it has been always my persuasion,

"That where one's proofs are aptly chosen,  
Four are as valid as four dozen."

I do not know whether it may be proper to add here, that the freedoms of the author (of which, as none can be more sensible than myself, so none can more lament them) have obtained little of my solicitude: those, therefore, who examine the notes with a prurient eye, will find no gratification in their licentiousness. I have called in no Amner to drive out gratuitous obscenities in uncouth language\*; no Collins (whose name should be devoted to lasting infamy) to ransack the annals of a brothel for secret "better hid"; where I wished not to detain the reader, I have been silent, and instead of aspiring to the fame of a licentious commentator, sought only for the quiet approbation with which the father or the husband may reward the faithful editor.

But whatever may be thought of my own notes, the critical observations that follow each play, and, above all, the eloquent and masterly delineation of Massinger's character, subjoined to "The Old Law," by the companion of my youth, the friend of my maturer years, the inseparable and affectionate associate of my pleasures and my pains, my graver and my lighter studies, the Rev. Dr. Ireland†, will, I am persuaded, be received with peculiar pleasure, if precision, vigour, discrimination, and originality, preserve their usual claims to esteem.

The head of Massinger, prefixed to this volume, was copied by my young friend Lancelles Hoppner, from the print before three octavo plays published by H. Moseley, 1655. Whether it be really the "vera effigies" of the poet, I cannot pretend to say: it was produced sufficiently near his time to be accurate, and it has not the air of a fancy portrait. There is, I believe, no other.

\* *In uncouth language*] It is singular that Mr. Stuevens, who was so well acquainted with the words of our ancient writers, should be so ignorant of their style. The language which he has put into the mouth of Amner is a barbarous jumble of different ages, that never had, and never could have, a prototype.

† One book which (not being, perhaps, among the archives so carefully explored for the benefit of the youthful readers of Shakspeare) seems to have escaped the notice of Mr. Collins, may yet be safely commended to his future researches, as not unlikely to reward his pains. He will find in it, among many other things equally valuable, that "*The knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom*, neither at any time the counsel of sinners prudence."—*Eccles. xix. 22.*

‡ Prebendary of Westminster, and Vicar of Croydon in Surrey.

ESSAY  
ON THE  
DRAMATIC WRITINGS OF MASSINGER.

BY JOHN FERRIAR, M.D.

*Res antiquæ laudis et artis  
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VINO.*

It might be urged, as a proof of our possessing a superfluity of good plays in our language, that one of our best dramatic writers is very generally disregarded. But whatever conclusion may be drawn from this fact, it will not be easy to free the public from the suspicion of caprice, while it continues to idolize Shakspeare, and to neglect an author not often much inferior, and sometimes nearly equal, to that wonderful poet. Massinger's fate has, indeed, been hard, far beyond the common topics of the infelicity of genius. He was not merely denied the fortune for which he laboured, and the fame which he merited; a still more cruel circumstance has attended his productions: literary pilferers have built their reputation on his obscurity, and the popularity of their stolen beauties has diverted the public attention from the excellent original.

An attempt was made in favour of this injured poet, in 1761, by a new edition of his works, attended with a critical dissertation on the old English dramatists, in which, though composed with spirit and elegance, there is little to be found respecting Massinger. Another edition appeared in 1773, but the poet remained unexamined. Perhaps Massinger is still unfortunate in his vindicator.

The same irregularity of plot, and disregard of rules, appear in Massinger's productions as in those of his contemporaries. On this subject Shakspeare has been so well defended that it is unnecessary to add any arguments in vindication of our poet. There is every reason to suppose that Massinger did not neglect the ancient rules from ignorance, for he appears to be one of our most learned writers, (notwithstanding the insipid sneer of Antony Wood\*): and Cartwright, who was confessedly a

man of great erudition, is not more attentive to the unities than any other poet of that age. But our author, like Shakspeare, wrote for bread: it appears from different parts of his works†, that much of his life had passed in slavish dependence, and penury is not apt to encourage a desire of fame.

One observation, however, may be risked, on our irregular and regular plays; that the former are more pleasing to the taste, and the latter to the understanding; readers must determine, then, whether it is better to feel or to approve. Massinger's dramatic art is too great to allow a faint sense of propriety to dwell on the mind, in perusing his pieces; he inflames or soothes, excites the strongest terror, or the softest pity, with all the energy and power of a true poet.

But if we must admit that an irregular plot subjects a writer to peculiar disadvantages, the force of Massinger's genius will appear more evidently from this very concession. The interest of his pieces is, for the most part, strong and well defined; the story, though worked up to a studied intricacy, is, in general, resolved with as much ease and probability as its nature will permit; attention is never disgusted by anticipation, nor tortured with unnecessary delay. These characters are applicable to most of Massinger's own productions; but in those which he wrote jointly with other dramatists, the interest is often weakened, by incidents which that age permitted, but which the present would not endure. Thus, in "The Renegado," the honor of Paulina is preserved from the brutality of her Turkish master, by the influence of a

\* *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. I.

† See particularly the dedication of "The Maid of Honour," and "The Great Duke of Florence."

‡ This play was written by Massinger alone.

relic, which she wears on her breast: in "The Virgin Martyr," the heroine is attended, through all her sufferings, by an angel disguised as her page; her persecutor is urged on to destroy her by an attendant fiend, also in disguise. Here our anxiety for the distressed, and our hatred of the wicked, are completely stifled, and we are more easily affected by some burlesque passages which follow in the same legendary strain. In the last quoted play, the attendant angel picks the pockets of two debauchees, and Theophilus overcomes the devil by means of a cross composed of flowers, which Dorothea had sent him from Paradise.

The story of "The Bondman" is more intricate than that of "The Duke of Milan," yet the former is a more interesting play; for in the latter, the motives of Francisco's conduct, which occasions the distress of the piece, are only disclosed in narration, at the beginning of the fifth act: we therefore consider him, till that moment, as a man absurdly and unnaturally vicious: but in "The Bondman," we have frequent glimpses of a concealed splendour in the character of Pisander, which keep our attention fixed, and exalt our expectation of the catastrophe. A more striking comparison might be instituted between "The Fatal Dowry" of our author, and Rowe's copy of it in his "Fair Penitent;" but this is very fully and judiciously done, by the author of "The Observer\*," who has proved sufficiently, that the interest of "The Fair Penitent" is much weakened, by throwing into narration what Massinger had forcibly represented on the stage. Yet Rowe's play is rendered much more regular by the alteration. Farquhar's "Inconstant," which is taken from our author's "Guardian," and Fletcher's "Wild-goose Chase, is considerably less elegant and less interesting; by the plagiarist's indiscretion, the lively, facetious Durazzo of Massinger is transformed into a nauseous buffoon, in the character of old Mirabel.

The art and judgment with which our poet conducts his incidents are every where admirable. In "The Duke of Milan," our pity for Marcelia would inspire a detestation of all the other characters, if she did not facilitate her ruin by the indulgence of an excessive pride. In "The Bondman," Cleora would be despicable when she changes her lover, if Leosthenes had not rendered himself unworthy of her, by a mean jealousy. The violence of Almira's passion in the "Very Woman," prepares us for its decay. Many detached scenes in these pieces possess uncommon beauties of incident and situation. Of this kind are, the interview between Charles V. and Sforzat, which, though notoriously contrary to true history, and very deficient in the representation of the emperor, arrests our attention, and awakens our feelings in the strongest manner; the conference of Matthias and Baptista, when Sophia's virtue becomes suspected; the pleadings in "The Fatal Dowry," respecting the funeral rites of Charalois; the interview between Don John, disguised as a slave, and his mistress, to whom he relates his story; but, above all, the meeting of Pisander and Cleora, after he has excited the revolt of the slaves, in order to get her within his power. These scenes are eminently distinguished by their novelty, cor-

rectness, and interest; the most minute critic will find little wanting, and the lover of truth and nature can suffer nothing to be taken away.

It is no reproach of our author, that the foundation of several, perhaps all, of his plots may be traced in different historians, or novelists; for in supplying himself from these sources, he followed the practice of the age. Shakspeare, Jonson, and the rest, are not more original, in this respect, than our Poet; if Cartwright may be exempted, he is the only exception to this remark. As the minds of an audience, unacquainted with the models of antiquity, could only be affected by immediate application to their passions, our old writers crowded as many incidents, and of as perplexing a nature as possible, into their works, to support anxiety and expectation to their utmost height. In our reformed tragic school, our pleasure arises from the contemplation of the writer's art; and instead of eagerly watching for the unfolding of the plot (the imagination being left at liberty by the simplicity of the action), we consider whether it be properly conducted. Another reason, however, may be assigned for the intricacy of those plots, namely, the prevailing taste for the manners and writings of Italy. During the whole of the sixteenth and part of the seventeenth centuries, Italy was the seat of elegance and arts, which the other European nations had begun to admire, but not to imitate. From causes which it would be foreign to the present purpose to enumerate, the Italian writers abounded in complicated and interesting stories, which were eagerly seized by a people not well qualified for invention; but the richness, variety, and distinctness of character which our writers added to those tales, conferred beauties on them which charm us at this hour, however disguised by the alteration of manners and language.

Exact discrimination and consistency of character appear in all Massinger's productions; sometimes, indeed, the interest of the play suffers by his scrupulous attention to them. Thus, in "The Fatal Dowry," Charalois's fortitude and determined sense of honour are carried to a most unfeeling and barbarous degree; and Francisco's villainy, in "The Duke of Milan," is cold and considerate beyond nature. But here we must again plead the sad necessity under which our poet laboured, of pleasing his audience at any rate. It was the prevailing opinion, that the characters ought to approach towards each other as little as possible. This was termed *art*, and in consequence of this, as Dr. Hurd says, some writers of that time have founded their characters on abstract ideas, instead of copying from real life. These delicate and beautiful shades of manners, which we admire in Shakspeare, were reckoned inaccuracies by his contemporaries. Thus Cartwright says, in his verses to Fletcher, speaking of Shakspeare, whom he undervalues, "*nature was all his art.*"

General manners must always influence the stage; unhappily, the manners of Massinger's age were pedantic. Yet it must be allowed that our Author's characters are less abstract than those of Jonson or Cartwright, and that, with more dignity, they are

\* No. LXXXVIII, LXXXIX, XC.

† "Duke of Milan," Act. II.

‡ "Picture," § "A Very Woman," || "Bondman."

\* Cartwright and Congreve, who resemble each other strongly in some remarkable circumstances, are almost our only dramatists who have any claim to originality in their plots.

† "Essay on the Provinces of the Drama."

equally natural with those of Fletcher. His conceptions are, for the most part, just and noble. We have a fine instance of this in the character of Diocletian, who, very differently from the ranting tyrants by whom the stage has been so long possessed, is generous to his vanquished enemies, and persecutes from policy as much as from zeal. He attracts our respect, immediately on his appearance, by the following sentiments :—

— — — — — In all growing empires,  
Even cruelty is useful; some must suffer,  
And be set up examples to strike terror  
In others, though far off: but, when a state  
Is raised to her perfection, and her bases  
Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy,  
And do't with safety:

*Virgin Martyr, Act. I. sc. i.*

Sforza is an elevated character, cast in a different mould; brave, frank, and generous, he is hurried, by the unrestrained force of his passions, into fatal excesses in love and friendship. He appears with great dignity before the emperor, on whose mercy he is thrown, by the defeat of his allies, the French, at the battle of Pavia. After recounting his obligations to Francis, he proceeds:

— — — — — If that, then, to be grateful  
For courtesies received, or not to leave  
A friend in his necessities, be a crime  
Amongst you Spaniards,

— — — — — Sforza brings his head  
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,  
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,  
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,  
For a forestall'd remission: that were poor,  
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest  
Over base foes, is a captivity,  
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,  
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd  
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,  
This crown upon my head, and to my side  
This sword was girt; and witness truth, that, now  
'Tis in another's power when I shall part  
With them and life together, I'm the same:  
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now  
Shrink they for fear.

*The Duke of Milan, Act III. sc. ii.*

In the scene where Sforza enjoins Francisco to dispatch Marcelia, in case of the emperor's proceeding to extremities against him, the poet has given him a strong expression of horror at his own purpose. After disposing Francisco to obey his commands without reserve, by recapitulating the favours conferred on him, Sforza proceeds to impress him with the blackest view of the intended deed:

— — — — — But you must swear it;  
And put into the oath all joys or torments  
That fright the wicked, or confirm the good:  
Not to conceal it only, that is nothing,  
But whensoever my will shall speak, Strike now,  
To fall upon't like thunder.

— — — — — Thou must do, then,  
What no malevolent star will dare to look on,  
It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee  
For being the instrument; and the blest angels  
Forsake me at my need, for being the author:

For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!  
In which the memory of all good actions  
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:  
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be  
To fright posterity by our example,  
That have outgone all precedents of villains  
That were before us;

*The Duke of Milan, Act I. sc. ult.*

If we compare this scene, and especially the passage quoted, with the celebrated scene between King John and Hubert, we shall perceive this remarkable difference, that Sforza, while he proposes to his brother-in-law and favourite, the eventual murder of his wife, whom he idolizes, is consistent and determined; his mind is filled with the horror of the deed, but borne to the execution of it by the impulse of an extravagant and fantastic delicacy; John, who is actuated solely by the desire of removing his rival in the crown, not only fears to communicate his purpose to Hubert, though he perceives him to be

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame;

but after he has sounded him, and found him ready to execute whatever he can propose, he only hints at the deed. Sforza enlarges on the cruelty and atrocity of his design; John is afraid to utter his in the view of the sun: nay, the sanguinary Richard hesitates in proposing the murder of his nephews to Buckingham. In this instance then, as well as that of Charalois, our poet may seem to deviate from nature, for ambition is a stronger passion than love, yet Sforza decides with more promptness and confidence than either of Shakspeare's characters. We must consider, however, that timidity and irresolution are characteristics of John, and that Richard's hesitation appears to be assumed, only in order to transfer the guilt and odium of the action to Buckingham.

It was hinted before, that the character of Pisander, in "The Bondman," is more interesting than that of Sforza. His virtues, so unsuitable to the character of a slave, the boldness of his designs, and the steadiness of his courage, excite attention and anxiety in the most powerful manner. He is perfectly consistent, and, though lightly shaded with chivalry, is not deficient in nature or passion. Leosthenes is also the child of nature, whom perhaps we trace in some later jealous characters. Cleora is finely drawn, but to the present age, perhaps, appears rather too masculine: the exhibition of characters which should wear an unalterable charm, in their finest and almost insensible touches, was peculiar to the prophetic genius of Shakspeare\*. Massinger has given a strong proof of his genius, by introducing in a different play, a similar character, in a like situation to that of Pisander, yet with sufficient discrimination of manners and incident: I mean don John, in "The Very Woman," who like Pisander, gains his mistress's heart, under the disguise of a slave. Don John is a model of magnanimity, superior to Cato, because he is free from pedantry and osten-

\* If Massinger formed the singular character of Sir Giles Overreach from his own imagination, what should we think of his sagacity, who have seen this poetical phantom realized in our days? Its apparent extravagance required this support.

tation. I believe he may be regarded as an original character. It was easy to interest our feelings for all the characters already described, but no writer, before Massinger, had attempted to make a player the hero of tragedy. This, however, he has executed with surprising address, in "The Roman Actor." It must be confessed that Paris, the actor, owes much of his dignity to incidents; at the opening of the play, he defends his profession successfully before the senate; this artful introduction raises him, in our ideas, above the level of his situation, for the poet has "graced him with all the power of words;" the empress's passion for him places him in a still more distinguished light, and he meets his death from the hand of the emperor himself, in a mock play. It is, perhaps, from a sense of the difficulty of exalting Paris's character, and of the dexterity requisite to fix the attention of the audience on it, that Massinger says, in the dedication of this play, that "he ever held it the most perfect birth of his Minerva." I know not whether it is owing to design, or to want of art, that Romont, in "The Fatal Dowry," interests us as much as Charalois, the hero. If Charalois surrenders his liberty to procure funeral rites for his father, Romont previously provokes the court to imprison him, by speaking with too much animation in the cause of his friend. Romont, though insulted by Charalois, who discredits his report of Beaumelle's infidelity, flies to him with all the eagerness of attachment, when Charalois is involved in difficulties by the murder of Novall and his wife, and revenges his death, when he is assassinated by Pontalier. Rowe, who neglected the finest parts of this tragedy in his plagiarism "The Fair Penitent," has not failed to copy the fault I have pointed out. His Horatio is a much finer character than his Altamont, yet he is but a puppet when compared with Massinger's Romont. Camiola, "The Maid of Honour," is a most delightful character; her fidelity, generosity, dignity of manners, and elevation of sentiments are finely displayed, and nobly sustained throughout. It is pity that the poet thought himself obliged to debase all the other characters in the piece in order to exalt her. There is an admirable portrait of Old Malfort, in that extravagant composition "The Unnatural Combat." The Poet seems to equal the art of the writer whom he here imitates:

I have known him  
From his first youth, but never yet observed,  
Is all the passages of his life and fortunes,  
Virtues so mix'd with vices: valiant the world  
speaks him,  
But with that, bloody; liberal in his gifts too,  
But to maintain his prodigal expense,  
A fierce extortioner; an impotent lover  
Of women for a flash, but, his fires quench'd,  
Hating as deadly:

Act III. sc. ii.

Almira and Cardenes, in "The Very Woman," are copied from nature, and therefore never obsolete. They appear, like many favourite characters in our present comedy, amiable in their tempers, and warm in their attachments, but capricious, and impatient of control. Massinger, with unusual charity, has introduced a physician in a respectable point of view, in this play. We are agreeably interested in Durazzo\*, who has all the good nature of Terence's

\* "The Guardian."

Micio, with more spirit. His picture of country sports may be viewed with delight, even by those who might not relish the reality:

- - - rise before the sun,  
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,  
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;  
You'll find it nectar.

In "The City Madam" we are presented with the character of a finished hypocrite, but so artfully drawn, that he appears to be rather governed by external circumstances, to which he adapts himself, than to act, like Moliere's Tartuffe, from a formal system of wickedness. His humility and benevolence, while he appears as a ruined man, and as his brother's servant, are evidently produced by the pressure of his misfortunes, and he discovers a tameness, amidst the insults of his relations, that indicates an inherent baseness of disposition\*.—When he is informed that his brother has retired from the world, and has left him his immense fortune, he seems at first to apprehend a deception:

O my good lord!  
This heap of wealth which you possess me of,  
Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,  
And to the messenger might with justice challenge  
A kind of adoration, is to me  
A curse I cannot thank you for; and much less  
Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind  
My brother's vows must purchase. I have made  
A dear exchange with him: he now enjoys  
My peace and poverty, the trouble of  
His wealth conferr'd on me, and that a burthen  
Too heavy for my weak shoulders.

Act III. sc. ii.

On receiving the will, he begins to promise unbounded lenity to his servants, and makes professions and promises to the ladies who used him so cruelly in his adversity, which appear at last to be ironical, though they take them to be sincere. He does not display himself till he has visited his wealth, the sight of which dazzles and astonishes him so far as to throw him off his guard, and to render him insolent. Massinger displays a knowledge of man, not very usual with dramatic writers, while he represents the same person as prodigal of a small fortune in his youth, servile and hypocritical in his distresses, arbitrary and rapacious in the possession of wealth suddenly acquired: for those seeming changes of character depend on the same disposition variously influenced; I mean on a base and feeble mind, incapable of resisting the power of external circumstances. In order, however, to prepare us for the extravagances of this character, after he is enriched, the poet delineates his excessive transports on viewing his wealth, in a speech which cannot be injured by a comparison with any soliloquy in our language:

'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,  
A real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,  
And could wake ever with a brooding eye  
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch,  
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld  
And handled off, did so transcend belief,  
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er),  
I faintly could give credit to my senses.

\* See particularly his soliloquy, Act III. Sc. II.

Thou dumb magician—[*Taking out a key*],—that  
without a charm

Did'st make my entrance easy, to possess  
What wise men wish and toil for! *Hermes'*  
moly,

Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,  
Imagined only by the alchemist,  
Compared with thee are shadows,—thou the  
substance,

And guardian of felicity! No marvel  
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,  
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress  
To be hugg'd ever! In by-corners of  
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up  
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,  
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold  
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.  
There needs no artificial light; the splendour  
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness  
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd!  
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made  
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,  
*Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth*  
*A pyramid of flames, and in the roof*  
*Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place*  
*Heaven's abstract or epitome!*—rubies, sapphires,  
And ropes of oriental pearl; these seen, I could  
not

But look on gold with contempt\*. And yet I  
found

What weak credulity could have no faith in,  
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay  
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,  
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;  
Here a sure deed of gift for a market town,  
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in  
The unthrift's power; there being scarce one shire  
In Wales or England where my monies are not  
Lent out at usury, the certain book  
To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth  
Supports me not; I walk on air! Who's  
there?

*Enter Lord Lacy with Sir John Frugal, Sir Maurice  
Lacy, and Plenty, disguised as Indians.*

Thieves! raise the street! thieves!

Act III, sc. iii.

It was a great effort, by which such a train of violent emotions, and beautiful images was drawn, with the strictest propriety, from the indulgence of a passion to which other poets can only give interest in its anxieties and disappointments. Every sentiment in this fine soliloquy is touched with the hand of a master; the speaker, overcome by the splendour of his acquisitions, can scarcely persuade himself that the event is real; "it is no fantasy, but a truth; a real truth, no dream; he does not slumber;" the natural language of one who strives to convince himself that he is fortunate beyond all probable expectation; for "he could wake ever to gaze upon his treasure:" again he reverts to his assurances;

\* In these quotations, the present edition has been hitherto followed. Dr. Ferriar, it appears, made use of Mr. M. Masson's, to whose vitiated readings it is necessary to recur on the present occasion, as the Doctor founds on them his exception to the general excellence of Massinger's versification. The reader who wishes to know how these lines were really given by the Poet, must turn to page 393, where he will find them to be as flowing and harmonious as any part of the speech.—EDITOR.

"it did endure the touch, he saw and felt it." These broken exclamations and anxious repetitions, are the pure voice of nature. Recovering from his astonishment, his mind dilates with the value of his possessions, and the poet finely directs the whole gratitude of this mean character to the key of his stores. In the description which follows, there is a striking climax in sordid luxury; that passage where

Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth  
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof  
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place  
Heaven's abstract, or epitome!

though founded on a false idea in natural history long since exploded, is amply excused by the singular and beautiful image which it presents. The contemplation of his enormous wealth, still amplified by his fancy, transports him at length to a degree of frenzy; and now seeing strangers approach, he cannot conceive them to come upon any design but that of robbing him, and with the appeasing of his ridiculous alarm, this storm of passion subsides, which stands unrivalled in its kind in dramatic history. The soliloquy possesses a very uncommon beauty, that of forcible description united with passion and character. I should scarcely hesitate to prefer the description of Sir John Frugal's counting-house to Spenser's house of riches.

It is very remarkable, that in this passage the versification is so exact (two lines only excepted), and the diction so pure and elegant, that, although much more than a century has elapsed since it was written, it would be, perhaps, impossible to alter the measure or language without injury, and certainly very difficult to produce an equal length of blank verse, from any modern poet, which should bear a comparison with Massinger's, even in the mechanical part of its construction. This observation may be extended to all our poet's productions: majesty, elegance, and sweetness of diction predominate in them. It is needless to quote any single passage for proof of this, because none of those which I am going to introduce will afford any exception to the remark. Independent of character, the writings of this great poet abound with noble passages. It is only in the productions of true poetical genius that we meet successful allusions to sublime natural objects; the attempts of an inferior writer, in this kind, are either borrowed or disgusting. If Massinger were to be tried by this rule alone, we must rank him very high; a few instances will prove this. Theophilus, speaking of Dioclesian's arrival, says,

The marches of great princes,  
Like to the motions of prodigious meteors,  
Are step by step observed;

*Virgin Martyr*, Act I. sc. i.

The introductory circumstances of a threatening piece of intelligence, are

but creeping billows.

Not got to shore yet: *Ib.* Act II. sc. ii.

In the same play, we meet with this charming image, applied to a modest young nobleman:

The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him,  
Shine there but as in water, and gild him  
Not with one spot of pride: *Ib.* sc. iii.

No other figure could so happily illustrate the peace and purity of an ingenuous mind, uncorrupted

by favour. Massinger seems fond of this thought ; we meet with a similar one in "The Guardian :"

I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play  
Upon Adorio's, like Phœbe's shine,  
Gilding a crystal river ; Act IV. sc. i.

There are two parallel passages in Shakspeare, to whom we are probably indebted for this, as well as for many other fine images of our poet. The first is in "The Winter's Tale :"

He says he loves my daughter :  
I think so too : for never gazed the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes. Act IV. sc. iv.

The second is ludicrous :

King. Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,  
to shine  
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry  
eyne.

Ros. O, vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;  
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the  
water.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii.

The following images are applied, I think, in a new manner :

- - - as the sun,  
Thou didst rise gloriously, kept'st a constant  
course  
In all thy journey ; and now, in the evening,  
When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,  
Wilt thou fall like a meteor ?

*Virgin-Martyr*, Act V. sc. ii.

O summer friendship,  
Whose flattering leaves that shadow'd us in our  
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off  
In the autumn of adversity.

*Maid of Honour*, Act III. sc. i.

In the last quoted play, Camiola says, in perplexity,

What a sea  
Of melting ice I walk on ! Act III. sc. iv.

A very noble figure, in the following passage, seems borrowed from Shakspeare :

What a bridge  
Of glass I walk upon, over a river  
Of certain ruin, mine own weighty fears  
Cracking what should support me !

*The Bondman*, Act IV. sc. iii.

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;  
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,  
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Henry IV.*, Part I. Act I. sc. iii.

It cannot be denied that Massinger has improved on his original : he cannot be said to borrow, so properly as to imitate. This remark may be applied to many other passages : thus Harpax's menace,

I'll take thee - - and hang thee  
In a contorted chain of icicles  
In the frigid zone :

*The Virgin-Martyr*, Act V. sc. i.

Is derived from the same source with that passage in "Measure for Measure," where it is said to be a punishment in a future state,

- - - to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.

Again, in "The Old Law," we meet with a passage similar to a much celebrated one of Shakspeare's, but copied with no common hand :

- - - In my youth  
I was a soldier, no coward in my age ;  
I never turn'd my back upon my foe ;  
I have felt nature's winters, sicknesses,  
Yet ever kept a lively sap in me  
To greet the cheerful spring of health again.  
Act I. sc. i.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood ;  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility ;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly\*.

*As You Like It*, Act. II. sc. iii.

Our poet's writings are stored with fine sentiments, and the same observation which has been made on Shakspeare's, holds true of our Author, that his sentiments are so artfully introduced, that they appear to come uncalled, and so force themselves on the mind of the speaker. In the legendary play of "The Virgin-Martyr," Angelo delivers a beautiful sentiment, perfectly in the spirit of the piece :

- - - Look on the poor  
With gentle eyes, for in such habits, often,  
Angels desire an alma.

When Francisco, in "The Duke of Milan," succeeds in his designs against the life of Marcelia, he remarks with exultation, that

When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd  
With power, to be his advocates, the denial  
Is a disease as killing as the plague,  
And chastity a clue that leads to death.

Act IV. sc. ii.

Pisander, in "The Bondman," moralizes the insolence of the slaves to their late tyrants, after the revolt, in a manner that tends strongly to interest us in his character :

Here they, that never see themselves, but in  
The glass of servile flattery, might behold  
The weak foundation upon which they build  
Their trust in human frailty. Happy are those,  
That knowing, in their births, they are subject to  
Uncertain change, are still prepared, and arm'd  
For either fortune : a rare principle,  
And with much labour, learn'd in wisdom's  
school !

For, as these bondmen, by their actions show  
That their prosperity, like too large a sail  
For their small bark of judgment, sinks them with  
A fore-right gale of liberty, ere they reach  
The port they long to touch at : so these wretches,

\* In an expression of Archidamas, in "The Bondman," we discover, perhaps, the origin of an image in "Paradise Lost ;"—

—O'er our heads, with sail stretch'd wings,  
Destruction hovers. *The Bondman*, Act I. sc. iii.

Milton says of Satan,

His sail broad vanns

He spreads for flight.

† Mrs. Montagu's "Essay on Shakspeare."

Swollen with the false opinion of their worth,  
And proud of blessings left them, not acquired;  
That did believe they could with giant arms  
Fathom the earth, and were above their fates,  
Those borrow'd helps that did support them,  
vanish'd,

Fall of themselves, and by unmanly suffering,  
Betray their proper weakness. Act III. sc. iii.

His complaint of the hardships of slavery must not  
be entirely passed over:

The noble horse,  
*That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils  
Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through  
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord  
Safe to triumphant victory; old or wounded  
Was set at liberty, and freed from service,  
The Altheian mules, that from the quarry drew  
Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods,  
The great work ended, were dismissed and fed  
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found  
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,  
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave.*

*Ib.* Act IV. sc. ii.

The sense of degradation in a lofty mind, buried  
into vice by a furious and irresistible passion,  
is expressed very happily in "The Renegado," by  
Drousa:

What poor means  
Must I make use of now! and flatter such,  
To whom, till I betray'd my liberty,  
One gracious look of mine would have erected  
An altar to my service! Act II. sc. i.

Again,

O that I should blush  
To speak what I so much desire to do!

When Mathias, in "The Picture," is informed by  
the magical skill of his friend, that his wife's honour  
is in danger, his first exclamations have at least as  
much sentiment as passion:

It is not more  
Impossible in nature for gross bodies,  
Descending of themselves to hang in the air;  
Or with my single arm to underprop  
A falling tower: nay, in its violent course  
To stop the lightning, than to stay a woman  
Hurried by two furies, lust and falsehood,  
In her full career to wickedness!

I am thrown  
From a steep rock headlong into a gulph  
Of misery, and find myself past hope,  
In the same moment that I apprehend  
That I am falling. Act IV. sc. i.

But if Massinger does not always exhibit the live-  
liest and most natural expressions of passion; if,  
like most other poets, he sometimes substitutes de-  
clamation for those expressions; in description at  
least he puts forth all his strength, and never  
disappoints us of an astonishing exertion. We may  
be content to rest his character, in the description  
of passion, on the following single instance. In  
"The Very Woman," Almira's Lover, Cardenas, is  
dangerously wounded in a quarrel, by don John  
Antonio, who pays his addresses to her. Take,  
now, a description of Almira's frenzy on this event,  
which the prodigal author has put into the mouth  
of a chambermaid:

If she slumber'd, straight,  
As if some dreadful vision had appear'd,  
She started up, her hair unbound, and, with  
Distracted looks, staring about the chamber,  
She asks aloud, *Where is Martina? where  
Have you conceal'd him? sometimes names  
Antonio,*

*Trembling in every joint, her brows contracted,  
Her fair face as 'twere changed into a curse,  
Her hands held up thus; and, as if her words  
Were too big to find passage through her mouth,  
She groans, then throws herself upon her bed,  
Beating her breast.* Act II. sc. iii.

To praise or to elucidate this passage, would be  
equally superfluous; I am acquainted with nothing  
superior to it, in descriptive poetry, and it would be  
hardly to bring any single instance in competition  
with it. Our poet is not less happy in his descrip-  
tions of inanimate nature, and his descriptions bear  
the peculiar stamp of true genius in their beautiful  
conciseness. What an exquisite picture does he  
present in the compass of less than two lines!

yon hanging cliff, that glasses  
His rugged forehead in the neighbouring lake,  
*Renegado,* Act II. sc. v.

Thus also Dorothea's description of Paradise:

*There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth:  
No joint-numbing cold, or scorching heat,  
Famine, nor age, have any being there.*  
*The Virgin Martyr,* Act IV. Sc. iii.

After all the encomiums on a rural life, and after  
all the soothing sentiments and beautiful images  
lavished on it by poets who never lived in the  
country, Massinger has furnished one of the most  
charming unborrowed descriptions that can be pro-  
duced on the subject:

Happy the golden mean! had I been born  
In a poor sordid cottage, not nurs'd up  
With expectation to command a court,  
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,  
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,  
As I am now, against my choice, compell'd  
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised  
So high upon the pinnacles of state,  
That I must either keep my height with danger,  
Or fall with certain ruin  
- we might walk  
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;  
From the variety of curious flowers  
Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders.  
And then, for change, near to the murmur of  
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,  
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,  
In my imagination conceive  
With what melodious harmony a quire  
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.  
And then with chaste discourse, as we return'd,  
Imp feathers to the broken wings of time:—

walk into  
The silent groves, and hear the amorous birds  
Warbling their wanton notes; here, a sure shade  
Of barren siccamores, which the all-seeing sun  
Could not pierce through; near that, an arbour hung  
With spreading eglantine: there, a bubbling spring  
Watering a bank of hyacinths and lilies;  
*The Great Duke of Florence,* Act I. Sc. i. and  
Act IV. Sc. ii.

Let us oppose to these peaceful and inglorious images, the picture of a triumph by the same masterly hand :

- - - when she views you,  
Like a triumphant conqueror, carried through  
The streets of Syracuse, the glad people  
Pressing to meet you, and the senators  
Contending who shall heap most honours on you;  
The oxen, crown'd with garlands, led before you,  
Appointed for the sacrifice; and the altars  
Smoking with thankful incense to the gods :  
The soldiers chaunting loud hymns to your praise,  
The windows fill'd with matrons and with virgins,  
Throwing upon your head, as you pass by,  
The choicest flowers, and silently invoking  
The queen of love, with their particular vows,  
To be thought worthy of you

*The Bondman, Act III. Sc. iv.*

Every thing here is animated, yet every action is appropriate : a painter might work after this sketch, without requiring an additional circumstance.

The speech of young Charalois, in the funeral procession, is too metaphorical for his character and situation, is at least highly poetical :

How like a silent stream shaded with night,  
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,  
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity !

Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove  
Of death, thus hollowly break forth.

*The Fatal Dowry, Act II. Sc. i.*

It may afford some consolation to inferior genius, to remark that even Massinger sometimes employs pedantic and overstrained allusions. He was fond of displaying the little military knowledge he possessed, which he introduces in the following passage, in a most extraordinary manner : one beautiful image in it must excuse the rest :

- - - were Margaret only fair,  
The cannon of her more than earthly form,  
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,  
And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,  
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses  
Could better none, but that which guards your sight.  
But

- - - when you feel her touch, and breath  
Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er  
Arabia, creating gums and spices ;  
And in the van, the nectar of her lips,  
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,  
Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse,

Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,  
To follow such a Venus.

*A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Act III. Sc. i.*

What pity, that he should ever write so extravagantly, who could produce this tender and delicate image, in another piece :

What's that ? oh, nothing but the whispering wind  
Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew  
rude,

As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it.

*The Old Law, Act IV. Sc. ii.*

I wish it could be added to Massinger's just praises, that he had preserved his scenes from the impure dialogue which disgusts us in most of our old

writers. But we may observe, in defence of his failure, that several causes operated at that time to produce such a dialogue, and that an author who subsisted by writing, was absolutely subjected to the influence of those causes. The manners of the age permitted great freedoms in language ; the theatre was not frequented by the best company : the male part of the audience was by much the more numerous ; and what, perhaps, had a greater effect than any of these, the women's parts were performed by boys. So powerful was the effect of those circumstances, that Cartwright is the only dramatist of that age whose works are tolerably free from indecency. Massinger's error, perhaps, appears more strongly, because his indelicacy has not always the apology of wit ; for, either from a natural deficiency in that quality, or from the peculiar model on which he had formed himself, his comic characters are less witty than those of his contemporaries, and when he attempts wit, he frequently degenerates into buffoonery. But he has showed, in a remarkable manner, the justness of his taste, in declining the practice of quibbling ; and as wit and a quibble were supposed, in that age, to be inseparable, we are perhaps to seek, in his aversion to the prevailing folly, the true cause of his sparing employment of wit.

Our Poet excels more in the description than in the expression of passion ; this may be ascribed, in some measure, to his nice attention to the fable : while his scenes are managed with consummate skill, the lighter shades of character and sentiment are lost in the tendency of each part to the catastrophe.

The prevailing beauties of his productions are dignity and elegance ; their predominant fault is want of passion.

The melody, force, and variety of his versification are every where remarkable : admitting the force of all the objections which are made to the employment of blank verse in comedy, Massinger possesses charms sufficient to dissipate them all. It is, indeed, equally different from that which modern authors are pleased to style blank verse, and from the flip-pant prose so loudly celebrated in the comedies of the day. The neglect of our old comedies seems to arise from other causes, than from the employment of blank verse in their dialogue ; for, in general, its construction is so natural, that in the mouth of a good actor it runs into elegant prose. The frequent delineations of perishable manners, in our old comedy, have occasioned this neglect, and we may foresee the fate of our present fashionable pieces, in that which has attended Jonson's, Fletcher's, and Massinger's : they are either entirely overlooked, or so mutilated, to fit them for representation, as neither to retain the dignity of the old comedy, nor to acquire the graces of the new.

The changes of manners have necessarily produced very remarkable effects on theatrical performances. In proportion as our best writers are further removed from the present times, they exhibit bolder and more diversified characters, because the prevailing manners admitted a fuller display of sentiments in the common intercourse of life. Our own times, in which the intention of polite education is to produce a general, uniform manner, afford little diversity of character for the stage. Our dramatists, therefore, mark the distinctions of their characters, by incidents more than by sentiments, and abound more in striking situations, than interesting dialogue. In the old

comedy, the catastrophe is occasioned, in general, by a change in the mind of some principal character, artfully prepared, and cautiously conducted; in the modern, the unfolding of the plot is effected by the overturning of a screen, the opening of a door, or by some other equally dignified machine.

When we compare Massinger with the other dramatic writers of his age, we cannot long hesitate where to place him. More natural in his characters, and more poetical in his diction than Jonson or Cartwright, more elevated and nervous than Fletcher, the only writers who can be supposed to contest his pre-eminence, Massinger ranks immediately under Shakspeare himself.

It must be confessed, that in comedy Massinger falls considerably beneath Shakspeare; his wit is less brilliant, and his ridicule less delicate and various; but he affords a specimen of elegant

comedy\*, of which there is no archetype in his great predecessor. By the rules of a very judicious critic†, the characters in this piece appear to be of too elevated a rank for comedy: yet though the plot is somewhat embarrassed by this circumstance, the diversity, spirit, and consistency of the characters render it a most interesting play. In tragedy, Massinger is rather eloquent than pathetic; yet he is often as majestic, and generally more elegant than his master; he is as powerful a ruler of the understanding as Shakspeare is of the passions: with the disadvantages of succeeding that matchless poet, there is still much original beauty in his works; and the most extensive acquaintance with poetry will hardly diminish the pleasure of a reader and admirer of Massinger.

\* "The Great Duke of Florence."

† See the "Essay on the Provinces of the Drama."



## COMMENDATORY VERSES ON MASSINGER.

UPON THIS WORK (THE DUKE OF MILAN) OF HIS BELOVED  
FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

I AM snapt already, and may go my way ;  
The poet-critic's come ; I hear him say  
This youth's mistook, the author's work's a play.

He could not miss it, he will straight appear  
At such a bait ; 'twas laid on purpose there  
To take the vermin, and I have him here.

Sirrah ! you will be nibbling ; a small bit,  
A syllable, when you're in the hungry fit,  
Will serve to stay the stomach of your wit.

Fool, knave, what worse, for worse cannot deprave  
thee ;  
And were the devil now instantly to have thee,  
Thou canst not instance such a work to save thee,

'Mongst all the ballads which thou dost compose,  
And what thou stylest thy poems, ill as those,  
And void of rhyme and reason, thy worse prose.

Yet like a rude jack-sauce in poesy,  
With thoughts unblest, and hand unmannerly,  
Ravishing branches from Apollo's tree ;

Thou mak'st a garland, for thy touch unfit,  
And boldly deck'st thy pig-brain'd sconce with it,  
As if it were the supreme head of wit :

The blameless Muses blush ; who not allow  
That reverend order to each vulgar brow,  
Whose sinful touch profanes the holy bough.

Hence, shallow prophet, and admire the strain  
Of thine own pen, or thy poor cope-mate's vein ;  
This piece too curious is for thy coarse brain.

Here wit, more fortunate, is join'd with art,  
And that most secret frenzy bears a part,  
Infused by nature in the poet's heart.

Here may the puny wits themselves direct,  
Here may the wisest find what to affect,  
And kings may learn their proper dialect.

On then, dear friend, thy pen, thy name, shall spread,  
And shouldst thou write, while thou shalt not be  
read,  
The Muse must labour, when thy hand is dead.  
W. B\*.

THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND TO THE READER, ON "THE  
BONDMAN."

THE printer's haste calls on ; I must not drive  
My time past six, though I begin at five.  
One hour I have entire, and 'tis enough,  
Here are no gipsy jigs, no drumming stuff,  
Dances, or other trumpery to delight,  
Or take, by common way, the common sight.  
The author of this poem, as he dares  
To stand the austere censures, so he cares

\* W. B.] 'Tis the opinion of Mr. Reed, that the initials W. B. stand for William Brown, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals." I see no reason to think otherwise, except that Ben Jonson, whom W. B. seems to attack all through this poem, had greatly celebrated Brown's "Pastorals;" but, indeed, Jonson was so capricious in his temper, that we must not suppose him to be very constant in his friendships. DAVIES.

This is a pretty early specimen of the judgment which Davies brought to the elucidation of his work. Not a line, not a syllable of this little poem can, by any violence, be tortured into a reflection on Jonson, whom he supposes to be "attacked all through it!" In 1632, when it was written, that great poet was at the height of his reputation, the envy, the admiration, and the terror, of his contemporaries: would a "young" writer presume to term such a man "fool, knave," &c.? would he—but the enquiry is too absurd for further pursuit.

I know not the motives which induced Mr. Reed to attribute these stanzas to W. Brown; they may, I think, with some probability, be referred to W. Basse, a minor poet, whose tribute of praise is placed at the head of the commendatory verses on Shakspeare; or to W. Barksted, author of "Myrrha the Mother of Adonis," a poem, 1607. Barksted was an actor, as appears from a list of "the principal comedians" who represented Jonson's "Silent Woman;" and, therefore, not less likely than the author of "Britannia's Pastorals," to say, that,

"—— in the way of poetry, now a-days,  
Of all that are call'd *works* the best are plays"

There is not much to be said for these introductory poems, which must be viewed rather as proofs of friendship than of talents. In the former editions they are given with a degree of ignorance and inattention truly scandalous.

As little what it is ; his own best way  
Is to be judge, and author of his play ;  
It is his knowledge makes him thus secure ;  
Nor does he write to please, but to endure.  
And, reader, if you have disburs'd a shilling,  
To see this worthy story, and are willing  
To have a large increase, if ruled by me,  
You may a merchant and a poet be.  
'Tis granted for your twelve-pence you did sit,  
And see, and hear, and understand not yet.  
The author, in a Christian pity, takes  
Care of your good, and prints it for your sakes,  
That such as will but venture sixpence more,  
May know what they but saw and heard before ;  
'Twill not be money lost, if you can read  
(There's all the doubt now), but your gains exceed,  
If you can understand, and you are made  
Free of the freest and the noblest trade ;  
And in the way of poetry, now-a-days,  
Of all that are call'd works the best are plays.

W. B.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS "RENEGADO."

DABBLERS in poetry, that only can  
Court this weak lady, or that gentleman,  
With some loose wit in rhyme ;  
Others that fright the time  
Into belief, with mighty words that tear  
A passage through the ear ;  
Or nicer men,  
That through a perspective will see a play,  
And use it the wrong way  
(Not worth thy pen),  
Though all their pride exalt them, cannot be  
Competent judges of thy lines or thee.

I must confess I have no public name  
To rescue judgment, no poetic flame  
To dress thy Muse with praise,  
And Phœbus his own bays ;  
Yet I commend this poem, and dare tell  
The world I liked it well ;  
And if there be  
A tribe who in their wisdoms dare accuse  
This off-spring of thy Muse,  
Let them agree  
Conspire one comedy, and they will say,  
'Tis easier to commend than make a play.

JAMES SHIRLEY\*.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, ON HIS PLAY CALL'D THE "RENEGADO."

The bosom of a friend cannot breath forth  
A flattering phrase to speak the noble worth  
Of him that hath lodged in his honest breast  
So large a title : I, among the rest  
That honour thee, do only seem to praise,  
Wanting the flowers of art to deck that bays  
Merit has crown'd thy temples with. Know,  
friend,  
Though there are some who merely do commend

\* JAMES SHIRLEY.] A well-known dramatic writer. His works, which are very voluminous, have never been collected in an uniform edition, though highly deserving of it. He assisted Fletcher in many of his plays; and some, say his biographers, thought him equal to that great poet. He died in 1606. (They were afterwards collected and published in 6 Vols., by Mr. Gifford himself.)

To live i' the world's opinion such as can  
Censure with judgment, no such piece of man  
Makes up my spirit ; where desert does live,  
There will I plant my wonder, and there give  
My best endeavours to build up his story  
That truly merits. I did ever glory  
To behold virtue rich ; though cruel Fate  
In scornful malice does beat low their state  
That best deserve ; when others that but know  
Only to scribble, and no more, oft grow  
Great in their favours that would seem to be  
Patrons of wit, and modest poesy ;  
Yet, with your abler friends, let me say this,  
Many may strive to equal you, but miss  
Of your fair scope ; this work of yours men may  
Throw in the face of envy, and then say  
To those, that are in great men's thoughts more  
bleat,  
Imitate this, and call that work your best.  
Yet wise men, in this, and too often err,  
When they their love before the work prefer.  
If I should say more, some may blame me for't,  
Seeing your merits speak you, not report.

DANIEL LAKEYN.

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND THE AUTHOR, ON THE "ROMAN ACTOR."

I AM no great admirer of the plays,  
Poets, or actors, that are now-a-days ;  
Yet, in this work of thine, methinks, I see  
Sufficient reason for idolatry.  
Each line thou hast taught Cæsar is as high  
As he could speak, when groveling flattery,  
And his own pride (forgetting heaven's rod)  
By his edicts styled himself great Lord and God.  
By thee, again, the laurel crowns his head,  
And, thus revived, who can affirm him dead ?  
Such power lies in this lofty strain as can  
Give swords and legions to Domitian :  
And when thy Paris pleads in the defence  
Of actors, every grace and excellence  
Of argument for that subject are by thee  
Contracted in a sweet epitome.  
Nor do thy women the tired hearers vex  
With language no way proper to their sex.  
Just like a cunning painter thou let's fall  
Copies more fair than the original.  
I'll add but this : from all the modern plays  
The stage hath lately born, this wins the bays ;  
And if it come to trial, boldly look  
To carry it clear, thy witness being thy book.

T. J.\*

IN PHILIPPI MASSINGERI POETÆ ELEGANTISS ACTOREM ROMANUM TYPIS EXCUSUM.

ΔΕΚΑΚΙΣΤΟΝ.

Eccæ Philippinæ celebrata Tragœdia Musæ,  
Bæam Roseus Britonum Roscius† exit, adest.

\* T. J.] Coseter gives these initials to Sir Thomas Jay, or Jessy, to whom the play is dedicated : he is, probably right. Sir Thomas, who was "no great admirer" of the plays of his days, when Jonson, Shirley, Ford, &c. were in full vigour, would not, I suspect, be altogether enraptured if he could witness those of ours !  
† Roscius.] This was Joseph Taylor, whose name occurs in a subsequent page.

Semper fronde ambo vireant Parnasside, semper  
Liber ab invidia dentibus esto, liber.  
Crebra papyrivori spernas incendia pæti,  
Thus, vœnum expositi tegmina suta libri:  
Net metuas rancos, Momorum sibila, rhoncos,  
Tam bardus nebulo si tamen ullus erit.  
Nam toties festis, actum, placuisse theatris  
Quod liquet, hoc, cusum, crede, placebit, opus.  
THO. GOFF\*.

TO HIS DESERVING FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER,  
UPON HIS TRAGEDY "THE ROMAN ACTOR."

PARIS, the best of actors in his age,  
Acts yet, and speaks upon our Roman stage  
Such lines by thee as do not derogate  
From Rome's proud heights, and her then learned  
state.

Nor great Domitian's favour; nor the embraces  
Of a fair empress, nor those often graces  
Which from th' applauding theatres were paid  
To his brave action, nor his ashes laid  
In the Flaminian way, where people strow'd  
His grave with flowers, and Martial's wit bestow'd  
A lasting epitaph; not all these same  
Do add so much renown to Paris' name  
As this that thou present'st at his history  
So well to us: for which, in thanks, would he  
(If that his soul, as thought Pythagoras,  
Could into any of our actors pass)  
Life to these lines by action gladly give,  
Whose pen so well has made his story live.  
THO. MAY†.

UPON MR. MASSINGER HIS "ROMAN ACTOR."

To write is grown so common in our time,  
That every one who can but frame a rhyme,  
However monstrous gives himself that praise  
Which only he should claim that may wear bays  
But: their applause whose judgments apprehend  
The weight and truth of what they dare commend,  
In this besotted age, friend, 'tis thy glory  
That here thou hast outdone the Roman story.  
Domitian's pride: his wife's lust unabated  
In death; with Paris merely were related  
Without a soul, until thy abler pen  
Spoke them, and made them speak, nay, act again  
In such a height, that here to know their deeds,  
He may become an actor that but reads.

JOHN FORD‡.

UPON MR. MASSINGER'S "ROMAN ACTOR."

LONG'ST thou to see proud Cæsar set in state,  
His morning greatness, or his evening fate,  
With admiration here behold him fall,  
And yet outlive his tragic funeral:  
For 'tis a question whether Cæsar's glory  
Rose to its height before or in this story;

\* THO. GOFF.] Goff was a man of considerable learning and highly celebrated for his oratorical powers, which he turned to the best of purposes, in the service of the church. He also wrote several plays; but these do no honour to his memory, being full of the most ridiculous bombast.

† THO. MAY.] May translated *Læcon* into English verse; and was a candidate for the office of Poet Laureat with Sir William Davenant. He wrote several plays; his Latin "*Supplementum to Læcon*" is much admired by the learned.

‡ JOHN FORD.] Ford was a very good poet. We have eleven plays of his writing, none of which are without merit. The writers of his time opposed him with some success, to Jonson.

Or whether Paris, in Domitian's favour,  
Were more exalted that in this thy labour.  
Each line speaks him an emperor, every phrase  
Crowns thy deserving temples with the bays;  
So that reciprocally both agree,  
Thou liv'st in him, and he survives in thee.

ROBERT HARVEY.

TO HIS LONG-KNOWN AND LOVED FRIEND, MR. PHILIP  
MASSINGER, UPON HIS "ROMAN ACTOR."

If that my lines, being placed before thy book,  
Could make it sell, or alter but a look  
Of some sour censorer, who's apt to say,  
No one in these times can produce a play  
Worthy his reading, since of late, 'tis true,  
The old accepted are more than the new:  
Or, could I on some spot o'the court work so,  
To make him speak no more than he doth know;  
Not borrowing from his flatt'ring flatter'd friend  
What to dispraise, or wherefore to commend:  
Then, gentle friend, I should not blush to be  
Rank'd 'mongst those worthy ones which here I see  
Ushering this work; but why I write to thee  
Is, to profess our love's antiquity,  
Which to this tragedy must give my test,  
Thou hast made many good, but this thy best.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

TO MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, MY MUCH-ESTEEM'D FRIEND,  
ON HIS "GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE."

ENJOY thy laurel! 'tis a noble choice,  
Not by the suffrages of voice  
Procured, but by a conquest so achieved,  
As that thou hast at full relieved  
Almost neglected poetry, whose bays,  
Sullied by childish thirst of praise,  
Wither'd into a dullness of despair,  
Had not thy later labour (heir  
Unto a former industry) made known  
This work, which thou mayest call thine own,  
So rich in worth, that th' ignorant may grudge  
To find true virtue is become their judge.

GEORGE DONNE.

TO THE DESERVING MEMORY OF THIS WORTHY WORK  
("THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE") AND THE AU-  
THOR, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER.

ACTION gives many poems right to live.  
This piece gave life to action; and will give  
For state and language, in each change of age,  
To time delight, and honour to the stage.  
Should late prescription fail which fumes that seat  
This pen might style the Duke of Florence Great.  
Let many write, let much be printed, read  
And censur'd; toys no sooner hatch'd than dead.  
Here, without blush to truth of commendation,  
Is proved, how art hath outgone imitation.

JOHN FORD.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, THE AUTHOR, UPON HIS TRAGI-  
COMEDY "THE MAID OF HONOUR."

WAS not thy Emperor enough before  
For thee to give, that thou dost give us more?  
I would be just, but cannot: that I know  
I did not slander, this I fear I do.

But pardon me, if I offend ; thy fire  
 Let equal poets praise, while I admire.  
 If any say that I enough have writ,  
 They are thy foes, and envy at thy wit.  
 Believe not them, nor me ; they know thy lines  
 Deserve applause, but speak against their minds.  
 I, out of justice, would commend thy play,  
 But (friend forgive me) 'tis above my way.  
 One word, and I have done (and from my heart  
 Would I could speak the whole truth, not the part  
 Because 'tis thine), it henceforth will be said,  
 Not the Maid of Honour, but the Honour'd Maid.

ASTON COCKAINE\*.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON  
 HIS TRAGI-COMEDY, STYLED "THE PICTURE"

METHINKS I hear some busy critic say,  
 Who's this that singly ushers in this play ?  
 'Tis boldness, I confess, and yet perchance  
 It may be construed love, not arrogance.  
 I do not here upon this leaf intrude,  
 By praising one to wrong a multitude.  
 Nor do I think that all are tied to be  
 (Forced by my vote) in the same creed with me,  
 Each man hath liberty to judge ; free will,  
 At his own pleasure to speak good or ill.  
 But yet your Muse already's known so well  
 Her worth will hardly find an infidel.  
 Here she hath drawn a picture which shall lie  
 Safe for all future times to practice by ;  
 Whate'er shall follow are but copies, some  
 Preceding works were types of this to come.  
 'Tis your own lively image, and sets forth,  
 When we are dust, the beauty of your worth.  
 He that shall duly read, and not advance  
 Aught that is here, betrays his ignorance :  
 Yet whoso'er beyond desert commends,  
 Errs more by much than he that reprehends ;  
 For praise misplaced, and honour set upon  
 A worthless subject, is detraction.  
 I cannot sin so here, unless I went  
 About to style you only excellent.  
 Apollo's gifts are not confined alone  
 To your dispose, he hath more heirs than one,  
 And such as do derive from his blest hand  
 A large inheritance in the poets' laud,  
 As well as you ; nor are you, I assure  
 Myself, so envious, but you can endure  
 To hear their praise, whose worth long since was  
 known,

And justly too preferr'd before your own,  
 I know you'd take it for an injury,  
 (And 'tis a well-becoming modesty).  
 To be parallel'd with Beaumont, or to hear  
 Your name by some too partial friend writ near  
 Unequall'd Jonson ; being men whose fire  
 At distance, and with reverence, you admire.  
 Do so, and you shall find your gain will be  
 Much more, by yielding them priority,  
 Than with a certainty of loss, to hold  
 A foolish competition : 'tis too bold  
 A task, and to be shunn'd : nor shall my praise,  
 With too much weight, ruin what it would raise.

THOMAS JAY.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER  
 UPON HIS TRAGI-COMEDY CALLED THE "EMPEROR OF  
 THE EAST."

SUFFER, my friend, these lines to have the grace,  
 That they may be a mole on Venus' face.  
 There is no fault about thy book but this,  
 And it will show how fair thy Emperor is,  
 Thou more than poet ! our Mercury, that art  
 Apollo's messenger, and dost impart  
 His best expressions to our ears, live long  
 To purify the slighted English tongue,  
 That both the nymphs of Tagus and of Po  
 May not henceforth despise our language so.  
 Nor could they do it, if they e'er had seen  
 The matchless features of the Fairy Queen ;  
 Read Jonson, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, or  
 Thy neat-limned pieces, skilful Massinger.  
 Thou known, all the Castilians must confess  
 Vego de Carpio thy foil, and bless  
 His language can translate thee, and the fine  
 Italian wits yield to this work of thine.  
 Were old Pythagoras alive again,  
 In thee he might find reason to maintain  
 His paradox, that souls by transmigration  
 In divers bodies make their habitation :  
 And more, than all poetic souls yet known,  
 Are met in thee, contracted into one.  
 This is a truth, not an applause : I am  
 One that at furthest distance views thy flame,  
 Yet may pronounce, that, were Apollo dead,  
 In thee his poesy might all be read.  
 Forbear thy modesty : thy Emperor's vein  
 Shall live admired, when poets shall complain  
 It is a pattern of too high a reach,  
 And what great Phœbus might the Muses teach.  
 Let it live, therefore, and I dare be bold  
 To say, it with the world shall not grow old.

ASTON COCKAINE.

A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, AND WELL-WISHER TO  
 THE READER, ON THE EMPEROR OF "THE EAST."

Who with a liberal hand freely bestows  
 His bounty on all comers, and yet knows  
 No ebb, nor formal limits, but proceeds  
 Continuing his hospitable deeds,  
 With daily welcome shall advance his name  
 Beyond the art of flattery ; with such fame  
 May yours, dear friend, compare. Your muse hath  
 been

Most bountiful, and I have often seen  
 The willing seats receive such as have fed,  
 And risen thankful ; yet were some misled  
 By NICETY, when this fair banquet came  
 (So I allude) their stomachs were to blame,  
 Because that excellent, sharp, and poignant sauce  
 Was wanting, they arose without due grace,  
 Lo ! thus a second time he doth invite you :  
 Be your own carvers, and it may delight you.

JOHN CLAYVELL.

TO MY TRUE FRIEND AND KINSMAN, PHILIP MASSINGER,  
 ON HIS "EMPEROR OF THE EAST."

I TAKE not upon trust, nor am I led  
 By an implicit faith : what I have read  
 With an impartial censure I dare crown  
 With a deserved applause, howe'er cried down  
 By such whose malice will not let them be  
 Equal to any piece limn'd forth by thee.

\* ASTON COCKAINE.] See the Introduction *passim*.

Contemn their poor detraction, and still write  
Poems like this, that can endure the light,  
And search of abler judgments. This will raise  
Thy name; the others' scandal is thy praise.  
This, oft perused by grave wits, shall live long,  
Not die as soon as past the actor's tongue,  
The fate of slighter toys; and I must say,  
'Tis not enough to make a passing play  
In a true poet: works that should endure  
Must have a genius in them strong as pure,  
And such is thine, friend: nor shall time devour  
The well-form'd features of thy Emperor.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.

TO THE INGENUOUS AUTHOR MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED "A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

'Tis a rare charity, and thou couldst not  
So proper to the time have found a plot:  
Yet whilst you teach to pay, you lend; the age  
We wretches live in, that to come the stage,  
The thronged audience that was thither brought,  
Invited by your fame, and to be taught  
This lesson; all are grown indebted more,  
And when they look for freedom, ran in score.  
It was a cruel courtesy to call  
In hope of liberty, and then, inthrall.  
The nobles are your bondmen, gentry, and  
All besides those that did not understand.  
They were no men of credit, bankrupts born,  
Fit to be trusted with no stock but scorn.

You have more wisely credited to such,  
That though they cannot pay, can value much.  
I am your debtor too, but, to my shame,  
Repay you nothing back but your own fame.

HENRY MOODY\*. Miles.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR, ON "A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

You may remember how you chid me, when  
I rank'd you equal with those glorious men,  
Beaumont and Fletcher: if you love not praise,  
You must forbear the publishing of plays.  
The crafty mazes of the cunning plot,  
The poliah'd phrase, the sweet expressions, got  
Neither by theft nor violence; the conceit  
Fresh and unsullied; all is of weight,  
Able to make the captive reader know  
I did but justice when I placed you so.  
A shamefaced blushing would become the brow  
Of some weak virgin writer; we allow  
To you a kind of pride, and there where most  
Should blush at commendations, you should boast.  
If any think I flatter, let him look  
Off from my idle trifles on thy book.

THOMAS JAY. Miles.

\* HENRY MOODY.] Sir Henry Moody plays on the title of the piece. He has not much of the poet in him, but appears to be a friendly, good-natured man. A short poem of his is prefixed to the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. He was one of the gentlemen who had honorary degrees conferred on them by Charles I., on his return to Oxford from the battle of Edgehill.



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# A LIST OF MASSINGER'S PLAYS.

*Those marked thus \* are in the present Edition.*

1. *The Forced Lady*, T. This was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant\*.
2. *The Noble Choice*, C. } Entered on the Stationers' books, by H. Moseley,
3. *The Wandering Lovers*, C. } Sept. 9, 1653; but not printed. These were among the
4. *Philenzo and Hippolita*, T. C. } plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
5. *Antonio and Vallist*, C. } Entered on the Stationers' books, by H. Moseley, June 29,
6. *The Tyrant*, T. } 1660, but not printed. These too were among the plays
7. *Fast and Welcome*, C. } destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
8. *The Woman's Plot*, C. Acted at court 1621. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
9. *The Old Law*, C. Assisted by Rowley and Middleton, Quarto, 1656.
10. \**The Virgin-Martyr*, T. Assisted by Decker. Acted by the servants of his Majesty's revels. Quarto, 1622; Quarto, 1631; Quarto, 1661.
11. \**The Unnatural Combat*, T. Acted at the Globe. Quarto, 1639.
12. \**The Duke of Milan*, T. Acted at Black-Friars. Quarto, 1623; Quarto, 1638.
13. \**The Bondman*, T. C. Acted December 3, 1623, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1624; Quarto, 1638.
14. \**The Renegado*, T. C. Acted April 17, 1624, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1630.
15. \**The Parliament of Love*, C. Unfinished. Acted November 3, 1624, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane.
16. *The Spanish Viceroy*, C. Acted in 1624. Entered on the Stationers' books, September 9, 1653, by H. Moseley, but not printed. This was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
17. \**The Roman Actor*, T. Acted October 11, 1626, by the King's company. Quarto, 1629.
18. *The Judge*. Acted June 6, 1627, by the King's company. This play is lost.
19. \**The Great Duke of Florence*. Acted July 5, 1627, at the Phoenix, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1636.
20. *The Honour of Women*. Acted May 6, 1628. This play is lost.
21. \**The Maid of Honour*, T. C. Acted at the Phoenix, Drury Lane. Date of its first appearance uncertain. Quarto, 1632.
22. \**The Picture*, T. C. Acted June 3, 1629, at the Globe. Quarto, 1630.
23. *Minerva's Sacrifice*, T. Acted November 3, 1629, by the King's company. Entered on the Stationers' books Sept. 9, 1653, but not printed. This was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

\* In his first edition, Mr. Gifford had entered after this play *the Secretary*, of which the title appears in the catalogue which furnished the materials for Poole's *Parnassus*. Mr. Gilchrist having discovered among some old rubbish in a village library, that the work referred to is a translation of familiar letters by Mons. La Serre, and that the translator's name was John Massinger. It was omitted in the list furnished for the second edition.

† In that most curious MS. Register discovered at Dulwich College, and subjoined by Mr. Malone to his "Historical Account of the English Stage," is the following entry, "R. 20 of June, 1605, at *antony and vallea* ol. xxs. 0d." If this be the play entered by Moseley, Massinger's claims can only arise from his having revised and altered it; for he must have been a mere child when it was first produced. See the Introduction, p.

‡ Mr. Malone thinks this to be the play immediately preceding it, with a new title. This is, however, extremely doubtful.

24. \*The Emperor of the East, T. C. Acted March 11, 1631, at Black Friars. Quarto, 1632.
25. Believe as you List, C. Acted May 7, 1631. Entered on the Stationers' books, September 9, 1633, and again June 29, 1660, but not printed. This also was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
26. The Italian Nightpiece, or The Unfortunate Piety, T. Acted June 13, 1631, by the King's company. This play is lost.
27. \*The Fatal Dowry, T. Assisted by Field. Acted by the King's company. Quarto, 1632.
28. \*A New Way to Pay Old Debts, C. Acted at the Phoenix, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1633.
29. \*The City Madam, C. Acted May 25, 1632, by the King's company. Quarto, 1639.
30. \*The Guardian, C. Acted October 31, 1633, by the King's company. Octavo, 1655.
31. The Tragedy of Cleander. Acted May 7, 1634, by the King's company. This play is lost.
32. \*A Very Woman, T. C. Acted June 6, 1634, by the King's company. Octavo, 1655.
33. The Orator. Acted June 10, 1635, by the King's company. This play is lost.
34. \*The Bashful Lover, T. C. Acted May 9, 1636, by the King's company. Octavo, 1655.
35. The King and the Subject. Acted June 5, 1638, by the King's company. This play is lost.
36. Alexius, or the Chaste Lover.|| Acted September 25, 1639, by the King's company. This play is lost.
37. The Prisoner, or the Fair Anchoress of Pausilippo. Acted June 26, 1640, by the King's company. This play is lost.

\* The title of this play, Sir H. Herbert tells us, was changed, Mr. Malone conjectures it was named "The Tyrant," one of Warburton's unfortunate collection." Probably, however, it was subsequently found: as a MS. tragedy called "The Tyrant," was sold November, 1750, among the books of John Warburton, Esq., Somerset Herald."—*Biog. Drama.*

† This play must have possessed uncommon merit, since it drew the Queen (Henrietta Maria) to Blackfriars. A remarkable event at that time, when our Sovereigns were not accustomed to visit the public theatres. She honoured it with her presence on the 18th of May, six days after its first appearance. The circumstance is recorded by the Master of the Revels.

‡ *Alexius*. This play is supposed by the editors of the "Biographia Dramatica," to be the same as "Bashful Lover."

# THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.] Of this Tragedy, which appears to have been very popular, there are three editions in quarto, 1622, 1631, and 1661; the last of which is infinitely the worst. It is not possible to ascertain when it was first produced; but as it is not mentioned among the dramatic pieces "read and allowed" by Sir H. Herbert, whose account commences with 1622, it was probably amongst the author's earliest efforts. In the composition of it he was assisted by Decker, a poet of sufficient reputation to provoke the hostility or the envy of Jonson, and the writer of several plays much esteemed by his contemporaries.

In the first edition of this tragedy it is said to have been "divers times publicly acted with great applause by the servants of his Majesty's Revels." The plot of it, as Coxeter observes, is founded on the tenth and last general persecution of the Christians, which broke out in the nineteenth year of Dioclesian's reign, with a fury hardly to be expressed; the Christians being every where, without distinction of sex, age, or condition, dragged to execution, and subjected to the most exquisite torments that rage, cruelty, and hatred could suggest.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DIOCLESIAN, } *Emperors of Rome.*  
MAXIMINUS, }

*King of Pontus.*

*King of Epire.*

*King of Macedon.*

SAPRITIUS, *Governor of Cæsarea.*

THEOPHILUS, *a zealous persecutor of the Christians*

SEMPRONIUS, *captain of SAPRITIUS' guards.*

ANTONINUS, *son to SAPRITIUS.*

MACRINUS, *friend to ANTONINUS.*

HARPAX, *an evil spirit, following THEOPHILUS in the shape of a secretary.*

ANGELO, *a good spirit, serving DOROTHEA in the habit of a page.*

HIRCIUS, *a whoremaster,* } *servants of DOROTHEA.*

SPUNGIUS, *a drunkard,* }

*Priest of Jupiter.*

*British Slave.*

ARTEMIA, *daughter to DIOCLESIAN.*

CALISTA, } *daughters to THEOPHILUS.*

CHRISTETA, }

DOROTHEA, *the Virgin-Martyr.*

*Officers and Executioners.*

SCENE, Cæsarea.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Governor's Palace.*

*Enter THEOPHILUS and HARPAX.*

*Theoph.* Come to Cæsarea to-night!

*Harp.* Most true, sir.

*Theoph.* The emperor in person!

*Harp.* Do I live?

*Theoph.* 'Tis wondrous strange! The marches of great princes,

Like to the motions of prodigious meteors,

Are step by step observed; and loud-tongued Fame

The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:

And, were it possible so great an army,

Though cover'd with the night, could be so near,

The governor cannot be so unfriended

Among the many that attend his person,

But, by some secret means, he should have notice

Of Cæsar's purpose\*;—in this then excuse me,  
If I appear incredulous.

*Harp.* At your pleasure.

*Theoph.* Yet, when I call to mind you never fail'd  
In things more difficult, but have discover'd [me,  
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from  
me,

When neither woods, nor caves, nor secret vaults,  
No, nor the Power they serve, could keep these  
Christians

Or from my reach or punishment, but thy magic

\* *Of Cæsar's purpose;—in this then excuse me,* Before  
Mr. M. Mason's edition, it stood:

*—he should have notice*

*Of Cæsar's purpose in this,*—  
meaning, perhaps, in this hasty and unexpected visit: I  
have not, however, altered the pointing.

Still laid them open; I begin again  
To be as confident as heretofore,  
It is not possible thy powerful art  
Should meet a check, or fail.

*Enter a Priest with the Image of Jupiter, CALISTA  
and CHRISTETA.*

*Harp.* Look on the Vestals,  
The holy pledges that the gods have given you,  
Your chaste, fair daughters. Wer't not to upbraid  
A service to a master not unthankful,  
I could say these, in spite of your prevention,  
Seduced by an imagined faith, not reason,  
(Which is the strength of nature,) quite forsaking  
The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves  
To this new-found religion. This I cross'd,  
Discover'd their intentions, taught you to use,  
With gentle words and mild persuasions,  
The power and the authority of a father  
Set off with cruel threats; and so reclaim'd them:  
And, whereas they with torments should have died,  
(Hell's furies to me, had they undergone it!)

[*Aside.*

They are now votaries in great Jupiter's temple,  
And, by his priest instructed, grown familiar  
With all the mysteries, nay, the most abstruse ones,  
Belonging to his deity.

*Theoph.* 'Twas a benefit,  
For which I ever owe you. Hail, Jove's flamen!  
Have these my daughters reconciled themselves,  
Abandoning for ever the Christian way,  
'To your opinion?

*Priest.* And are constant in\* it. [ment,  
They teach their teachers with their depth of judg-  
And are with arguments able to convert  
The enemies to our gods, and answer all  
They can object against us.

*Theoph.* My dear daughters! [sect,

*Cal.* We dare dispute against this new-sprung  
In private or in public.

*Harp.* My best lady,  
Persever† in it.

*Chris.* And what we maintain,  
We will seal with our bloods.

*Harp.* Brave resolution!  
I e'en grow fat to see my labours prosper.

*Theoph.* I young again. 'To your devotions.

*Harp.* Do—  
My prayers be present with you.

[*Exeunt Priest and Daughters of Theophilus.*

*Theoph.* O my Harpax!  
Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steel'st  
My bloody resolutions; thou that arm'st [sion;  
My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compas-  
Instructing me, without a sigh, to look on  
Babes torn by violence from their mothers' breasts  
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame;  
Old men, as beasts, in beasts' skins torn by dogs;  
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners;  
Yet I, unsatisfied, think their torments easy.  
*Harp.* And in that, just, not cruel.

\* *Priest And are constant in it.* So the first two editions. The last, which is very incorrectly printed, reads *to it*, and is followed by the modern editors.

† *Persever in it.* So this word was anciently written and pronounced: thus the king, in *Hamlet*—

—but to persevere

In obstinate condolence.  
Caxeter adopts the unmetrical reading of the third quarto, *persever* in it, and is followed by Mr. M. Mason, who however, warns the reader to lay the accent on the penultimate.

*Theoph.* Were all sceptres  
That grace the hands of kings, made into one,  
And offer'd me, all crowns laid at my feet,  
I would condemn them all,—thus spit at them;  
So I to all posterities might be call'd  
The strongest champion of the Pagan gods,  
And rooter out of Christians.

*Harp.* Oh, mine own,  
Mine own dear lord! to further this great work,  
I ever live thy slave.

*Enter SAPRITIUS and SEMPRONIUS.*

*Theoph.* No more—the governor. [doubled;

*Sap.* Keep the ports close\*, and let the guards be  
Disarm the Christians, call it death in any  
To wear a sword, or in his house to have one.

*Semp.* I shall be careful, sir.

*Sap.* 'Twill well become you.  
Such as refuse to offer sacrifices  
To any of our gods, put to the torture.  
Grab up this growing mischief by the roots;  
And know, when we are merciful to them,  
We to ourselves are cruel.

*Semp.* You pour oil  
On fire that burns already at the height:  
I know the emperor's edict, and my charge,  
And they shall find no favour.

*Theoph.* My good lord,  
This care is timely for the entertainment  
Of our great master, who this night in person  
Comes here to thank you.

*Sap.* Who! the emperor? [triumph,

*Harp.* To clear your doubts, he doth return in  
Kings lackeying† by his triumphant chariot;  
And in this glorious victory, my lord,  
You have an ample share: for know, your son,  
The ne'er-enough commended Antoninus,  
So well hath flesh'd his maiden sword‡, and diad  
His snowy plumes so deep in enemies' blood,  
That, besides public grace beyond his hopes,  
There are rewards propounded.

*Sap.* I would know  
No mean in thine, could this be true.

*Harp.* My head  
Answer the forfeit.

*Sap.* Of his victory  
There was some rumour; but it was assured,

\* *Sap. Keep the ports close.* This word, which is directly from the Latin, is so frequently used by Massinger and the writers of his time, for the *gates of a town*, that it appears superfluous to produce any examples of it. To have noticed it once is sufficient.

† *Kings lackeying by his triumphant chariot.* Running by the side of it live lackies, or foot boys. So in Marston's *Antonio and Melinda*:

"Oh that our power

Could lackey or keep pace with our desire!"

‡ *So well hath flesh'd, &c.* Massinger was a great reader and admirer of Shakespeare; he has here not only adopted his sentiment, but his words:

"Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd  
Thy maiden sword"

But Shakespeare is in every one's head, or, at least, in every one's hand; and I should therefore be constantly anticipated, in such remarks as these.

I will take this opportunity to say, that it is not my intention to encumber the page with tracing every phrase of Massinger to its imaginary source. This is a compliment which should only be paid to great and mighty geniuses; with respect to those of a second or third order, it is somewhat worse than superfluous to hunt them through innumerable works of all descriptions, for the purpose of discovering whence every common epithet, or trivial expression was taken.

The army pass'd a full day's journey higher,  
Into the country.

*Harp.* It was so determined ;  
But, for the further honour of your son,  
And to observe the government of the city,  
And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence,  
The Christians are pursued, he makes his stay here :  
[*Trumpets.*

For proof, his trumpets speak his near arrival.

*Sap.* Haste, good Sempronius, draw up our guards,  
And with all ceremonious pomp receive  
The conquering army. Let our garrison speak  
Their welcome in loud shouts, the city shew  
Her state and wealth.

*Semp.* I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

*Sap.* O, I am ravish'd  
With this great honour ! cherish, good Theophilus,  
This knowing scholar ; send [for] your fair daugh-  
I will present them to the emperor, [ters\* ;  
And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror,  
Express your zeal and duty.

*Theoph.* Fetch them, good Harpax.

[*Exit Harpax.*

*A guard brought in by SEMPRONIUS, soldiers leading  
in three kings bound ; ANTONINUS and MACRINUS  
carrying the Emperor's eagles ; DIOCLESIAN with  
a gilt laurel on his head, leading in ARTEMIA :  
SAPRITIUS kisses the Emperor's hand, then em-  
braces his Son ; HARFAX brings in CALISTA and  
CHRISTETA. Loud shouts.*

*Diocle.* So : at all parts I find Cæsarea  
Completely govern'd ; the licentious soldier †  
Confined in modest limits, and the people  
Taught to obey, and, not compell'd with rigour :  
The ancient Roman discipline revived, [her  
Which raised Rome to her greatness, and proclaim'd  
The glorious mistress of the conquer'd world ;  
But, above all, the service of the gods  
So zealously observed, that, good Sapritius,  
In words to thank you for your care and duty,  
Were much unworthy Dioclesian's honour,  
Or his magnificence to his loyal servants.—  
But I shall find a time with noble titles  
To recompense your merits.

*Sap.* Mightiest Cæsar,  
‡ Whose power upon this globe of earth is equal  
To Jove's in heaven ; whose victorious triumphs  
On proud rebellious kings that stir against it,  
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies  
Won in the Giants' war ; whose conquering sword,  
Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kills  
As did his thunder ! all that I have done,  
Or, if my strength were centupled, could do,  
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.

\* ——— and [for] your fair daughters ;] All the copies read,—send your fair daughters ; for, which I have inserted seems necessary to complete the sense as well as the metre ; as Harpax is immediately dispatched to bring them.

† ——— the licentious soldier] Mr. M. Mason reads *soldiers*, the old and true lection is *soldier*. The stage direction in this place is very strangely given by the former editors. I may here observe, that I do not mean to notice every slight correction : already several errors have been silently reformed by the assistance of the first quarto : without reckoning the removal of such barbarous contractions as *conqu'ring*, *ad'mant*, *ranc'rous*, *ign'rance*, *rhet'rick*, &c. with which the modern editions are everywhere deformed without authority or reason.

‡ Whose power, &c.] A translation of the well-known line :

*Diocletianum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

But, if in any thing I have deserved  
Great Cæsar's smile, 'tis in my humble care  
Still to preserve the honour of those gods,  
That make him what he is : my zeal to them,  
I ever have express'd in my fell hate  
Against the Christian sect that, with one blow,  
(Ascribing all things to an unknown power,)  
Would strike down all their temples, and allows  
Nor sacrifice nor altars. [them\*]

*Diocle.* Thou, in this,  
Walk'st hand in hand with me : my will and power  
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all  
That are in this most forward.

*Sap.* Sacred Cæsar,  
If your imperial majesty stand pleased  
To shower your favours upon such as are  
The boldest champions of our religion ;  
Look on this reverend man, to whom the power  
Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents,  
Was by your choice committed ; and, for proof,  
He hath deserved the grace imposed upon him,  
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,  
Partial to none, not to himself ; or those  
Of equal nearness to himself ; behold  
† This pair of virgins.

*Diocle.* What are these ?

*Sap.* His daughters.

[ones,

*Artem.* Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair  
Exceeding fair ones : would 'twere in my power  
To make them mine !

*Theoph.* They are the gods', great lady,  
They were most happy in your service else :  
On these, when they fell from their father's faith,  
I used a judge's power, entreaties failing  
(They being seduced) to win them to adore  
The holy powers we worship ; I put on  
The scarlet robe of bold authority,  
And as they had been strangers to my blood,  
Presented them, in the most horrid form,  
All kind of tortures : part of which they suffer'd  
With Roman constancy.

*Artem.* And could you endure,  
Being a father, to behold their limbs  
Extended on the rack ?

*Theoph.* I did ; but must  
Confess there was a strange contention in me,  
Between the impartial office of a judge,  
And pity of a father ; to help justice  
Religion stept in, under which odds  
Compassion fell :—yet still I was a father ;  
For e'en then, when the flinty hangman's whips  
Were worn with stripes spent on their tender limbs,  
I kneel'd and wept, and begged them, though they  
Be cruel to themselves they would take pity [would  
On my grey hairs : now note a sudden change,  
Which I with joy remember ; those whom torture,  
Nor fear of death could terrify, were o'ercome  
By seeing of my sufferings ; and so won,  
Returning to the faith that they were born in,  
I gave them to the gods : and be assured,  
I that used justice with a rigorous hand,  
Upon such beauteous virgins, and mine own,  
Will use no favour, where the cause commands me,

\* ——— and allows them

Nor sacrifice, nor altars.] The modern editors have,  
——— and allow them

No sacrifice nor altars :

which is the corrupt reading of the quarto, 1661.

† This pair of virgins.] Changed, I know not why, by the modern editors, into—These pair of virgins.

To any other ; but, as rocks, be deaf  
To all entreaties.

*Diocle.* Thou deserv'st thy place ;  
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus order'd  
Touching the gods ; 'tis lawful to descend  
To human cares, and exercise that power  
Heaven has conferr'd upon me ;—which that you,  
Rebels and traitors to the power of Rome,  
Should not with all extremities undergo,  
What can you urge to qualify your crimes,  
Or mitigate my anger ?

\* *K. of Epire.* We are now  
Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were kings,  
And had command o'er others ; we confess  
Our grandsires paid yours tribute, yet left us,  
As their forefathers had, desire of freedom.  
And, if you Romans hold it glorious honour  
Not only to defend what is your own,  
But to enlarge your empire, (though our fortune  
Denies that happiness,) who can accuse  
The furnish'd mouth if it attempt to feed ?  
Or such, whose fetters eat into their freedoms,  
If they desire to shake them off ?

*K. of Pontus.* We stand  
The last examples, to prove how uncertain  
All human happiness is ; and are prepared  
To endure the worst.

*K. of Macedon.* That spoke, which now is highest  
In fortune's wheel, must when she turns it next,  
Decline as low as we are. This consider'd,  
Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Sesostris,  
That had his chariot drawn by captive kings,  
To free them from that slavery ;—but to hope  
Such mercy from a Roman, were mere madness :  
We are familiar with what cruelty  
Rome, since her infant greatness, ever used  
Such as she triumph'd over ; age nor sex  
Exempted from her tyranny : scepter'd princes  
Kept in her common dungeons, and their children,  
In scorn train'd up in base mechanic arts,  
For public bondmen. In the catalogue  
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have  
Our names remember'd.

*Diocle.* In all growing empires,  
Even cruelty is useful ; some must suffer,  
And be set up examples to strike terror  
In others, though far off : but when a state  
Is raised to her perfection, and her bases  
Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy,  
And do't with safety : † but to whom ? not cowards,  
Or such whose baseness shames the conqueror,

\* *K. of Epire.* *We are now*  
*Slaves to thy power, &c.* I have observed several imi-  
tations of Massinger in the dramas of Mason : there is, for  
instance, a striking similarity between this spirited speech,  
and the indignant exclamation of the brave but unfortu-  
nate Caractacus :

“ Soldier, I had arms,  
Had nething steels to whet my iron ears,  
Had wealth, dominions : Dost thou wonder, Roman,  
I fought to save them ? What if Cæsar aims  
To lord it universal o'er the world,

Shall the world tamely crouch to Cæsar's footstool ?”  
† *And do't with safety.* This is admirably expressed ;  
the maxim, however, though just, is of the most dangerous  
nature, for what ambitious chief will ever allow the state to  
be “ raised to her perfection,” or that the time for using  
“ mercy with safety” is arrived ? even Dioclesian has his  
exceptions,—strong ones too ! for Rome was old enough in  
his time. There is an allusion to Virgil, in the opening of  
this speech :

*Rex dura, et novitas regni me talia cogunt*  
*Moliri, &c.*

And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus  
Did great Æmilius.\* Know, therefore, kings  
Of Epire, Pontus, and of Macedon,  
That I with courtesy can use my prisoners,  
As well as make them mine by force, provided  
That they are noble enemies : such I found you,  
Before I made you mine ; and, since you were so,  
You have not lost the courages of princes  
Although the fortune. Had you born yourselves  
Dejectedly, and base, no slavery  
Had been too easy for you : but such is  
The power of noble valour, that we love it  
Even in our enemies, and taken with it.  
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.

*K. of Epire.* Mock us not, Cæsar.

*Diocle.* By the gods, I do not.  
Unloose their bonds ;—I now as friends embrace you ;  
Give them their crowns again.

*K. of Pontus.* We are twice o'ercome ;  
By courage and by courtesy.

*K. of Macedon.* But this latter,  
Shall teach us to live ever faithful vassals  
To Dioclesian, and the power of Rome.

*K. of Epire.* All kingdoms fall before her !

*K. of Pontus.* And all kings  
Contend to honour Cæsar !

*Diocle.* I believe  
Your tongues are the true trumpets of your hearts,  
And in it I most happy. Queen of fate,  
Imperious fortune ! mix some light disaster  
With my so many joys, to season them,  
And give them sweeter relish : I'm girt round  
With true felicity ; faithful subjects here,  
Here bold commanders, here with new-made friends ;  
But, what's the crown of all, in thee, Artemia,  
My only child, whose love to me and duty,  
Strive to exceed each other !

*Artem.* I make payment  
But of a debt, which I stand bound to tender  
As a daughter and a subject.

*Diocle.* Which requires yet  
A retribution from me, Artemia,  
Tied by a father's care, how to bestow  
A jewel, of all things to me most precious :  
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from  
The chief joys of creation, marriage rites ; [of,  
Which that thou may'st with greater pleasures taste  
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes, but thine own.  
Among these kings, forgetting they were captives,  
Or those, remembering not they are my subjects,  
Make choice of any ; by Jove's dreadful thunder,  
My will shall rank with thine.

*Artem.* It is a bounty  
The daughters of great princes seldom meet with ;  
For they, to make up breaches in the state,  
Or for some other public ends, are forced  
To match where they affect not, † May my life  
Deserve this favour !

*Diocle.* Speak ; I long to know  
The man thou wilt make happy.

\* ——— as weak Perseus

*Did great Æmilius.* It is said that Perseus sent to desire  
Paulus Æmilius not to exhibit him as a spectacle to the  
Romans, and to spare him the indignity of being led in  
triumph. Æmilius replied coldly : *The favour he asks of*  
*me is in his own power ; he can procure it for himself.*  
Coxeter.

† *To match where they affect not.* This does better for  
modern than Roman practice ; and indeed the author was  
thinking more of Hamlet than Dioclesian, in this part of  
the dialogue.

2. If that titles,  
 adored name of Queen could take me,  
 could I fix mine eyes, and look no further :  
 we are baits to take a mean-born lady,  
 that boldly may call Cæsar father ;  
 I can bring honour unto any,  
 no king that lives receive addition :  
 a desert and virtue by my fortune,  
 in a low estate, were greater glory  
 mix greatness with a prince that owes\*  
 th but that name only.  
 3. I commend thee,  
 myself.  
 4. If then, of men beneath me,  
 none is to be made, where shall I seek,  
 one those that best deserve from you ?  
 we served you most faithfully ; that in dangers  
 stood next to you ; that have interposed  
 ourselves as shields of proof, to dull the sword's  
 at your bosom ; that have spent their blood  
 on your brows with laurel ?  
 5. Cytherea,  
 Queen of Love, be now propitious to me !  
 6. (to Sep.) Now mark what I foretold.  
 7. Her eye's on me.  
 8. nus' son, draw forth a leaden dart, †  
 at she may hate me, transfix her with it ;  
 you needs wilt use a golden one,  
 in the behalf of any other :  
 now 'st I am thy votary elsewhere. [Aside.  
 9. (to Anton.) Sir,  
 10. How he blushes !  
 Welcome, fool, thy fortune.  
 11. ke a block when such an angel courts thee !  
 12. I am no object to divert your eye  
 be beholding.  
 13. Rather a bright sun,  
 rious for him to gaze upon,  
 ok not first flight from the eagle's aerie.  
 ok on the temples, or the gods,  
 th that reverence, lady, I behold you,  
 all do ever.  
 14. And it will become you,  
 hus we stand at distance ; but, if love,  
 orn out of the assurance of your virtues,  
 ne to stoop so low——  
 15. O, rather take  
 flight.  
 16. Why, fear you to be raised ?  
 ut off the dreadful awe that waits  
 eky, or with you share my beams,  
 ake you to outshine me ; change the name  
 ject into Lord, rob you of service  
 due from you to me, and in me make it  
 honour you, would you refuse me ?  
 17. Refuse you, madam ! such a worm as I am,

an to mix greatness with a prince that owes]  
 the former editors meet with this word, in the  
 possess, they alter it into *owns*, though it is so used  
 every page of our old dramatists.

—— to dull the sword's] So the old copies. Mr.  
 n, reads, to dull their swords !

† Venus' son draw forth a leaden dart,] The idea  
 ble effect, to which Massinger has more than one  
 is from Ovid :

is hule Veneris ; Figat tuis omnia, Phœbe,  
 neus arcus, ait ;—Parnasi constitit arce,  
 e sagittifera promittit duo tela phœetra  
 :sorum operum : fugat hoc, facit illud amore.  
 d facit, auratum est, et cuspidē fulget acuta ;  
 d fugat, obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum.  
 Met. lib. 1. 470.

Refuse what kings upon their knees would sue for !  
 Call it, great lady, by another name ;  
 An humble modesty, that would not match  
 A molehill with Olympus.

Artem. He that's famous  
 For honourable actions in the war,  
 As you are, Antoninus, a proved soldier,  
 Is fellow to a king.

Anton. If you love valour,  
 As 'tis a kingly virtue, seek it out,  
 And cherish it in a king : there it shines brightest,  
 And yields the bravest lustre. Look on Epire,  
 A prince, in whom it is incorporate ;  
 And let it not disgrace him that he was  
 O'ercome by Cæsar ; it was victory,  
 To stand so long against him : had you seen him,  
 How in one bloody scene he did discharge  
 The parts of a commander and a soldier,  
 Wise in direction, bold in execution ;  
 You would have said, Great Cæsar's self excepted,  
 The world yields not his equal.

Artem. Yet I have heard,  
 Encountering him alone in the head of his troop,  
 You took him prisoner.

K. of Epire. 'Tis a truth, great princess ;  
 I'll not detract from valour.

Anton. 'Twas mere fortune ;  
 Courage had no hand in it.

Theoph. Did ever man  
 Strive so against his own good ?

Sep. Spiritless villain !  
 How I am tortured ! By the immortal gods,  
 I now could kill him.

Diocle. Hold, Sapritius, hold,  
 On our displeasure hold !

Harp. Why, this would make  
 A father mad, 'tis not to be endured ;  
 Your honour's tainted in't.

Sep. By heaven, it is ;  
 I shall think of it.

Harp. 'Tis not to be forgotten.

Artem. Nay, kneel not, sir, I am no ravisher,  
 Nor so far gone in fond affection to you,  
 But that I can retire, my honour safe :—  
 Yet say, hereafter, that thou hast neglected  
 What, but seen in possession of another,  
 Will make thee mad with envy.

Anton. In her looks  
 Revenge is written.

Mac. As you love your life,  
 Study to appease her.

Anton. Gracious madam, hear me.

Artem. And be again refused ?

Anton. The tender of

My life, my service, or, since you vouchsafe it,\*  
 My love, my heart, my all : and pardon me,  
 Pardon, dread princess, that I made some scruple  
 To leave a valley of security,  
 To mount up to the hill of majesty,  
 On which, the nearer Jove, the nearer lightning.  
 What knew I, but your grace made trial of me ;  
 Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch  
 With an unmanner'd hand, was death ? The fox,  
 When he saw first the forest's king, the lion,

\* My life, my service, or, since you vouchsafe it,  
 My love, &c.] This is the reading of the first edition,  
 and is evidently right. Coxeter follows the second and third,  
 which read *not* instead of *or*. How did this nonsense escape  
 Mr. M. Mason ?

Was almost dead with fear;\* the second view  
Only a little daunted him; the third,  
He durst salute him boldly: pray you, apply this;  
And you shall find a little time will teach me  
To look with more familiar eyes upon you,  
Than duty yet allows me.

*Sap.* Well excused.

*Artem.* You may redeem all yet.

*Diocle.* And, that he may  
Have means and opportunity to do so,  
Artemia, I leave you my substitute  
In fair Caesarea.

*Sap.* And here, as yourself,  
We will obey and serve her.

*Diocle.* Antoninus,  
So you prove hers, I wish no other heir;  
Think on't:—be careful of your charge, Theophilus;  
Sapritius, be you my daughter's guardian.  
Your company I wish, confederate princes,  
In our Dalmatian wars, which finished  
With victory I hope, and Maximinus,  
Our brother and copartner in the empire,  
At my request won to confirm as much,  
The kingdoms I took from you we'll restore,  
And make you greater than you were before.

[*Exeunt all but Antoninus and Macrinus.*]

*Anton.* Oh, I am lost for ever! lost, Macrinus!  
The anchor of the wretched, hope, forsakes me,  
And with one blast of fortune all my light  
Of happiness is put out.

*Mac.* You are like to those  
That are ill only, 'cause they are too well;  
That, surfeiting in the excess of blessings,  
Call their abundance want. What could you wish,  
That is not fall'n upon you? honour, greatness,  
Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dower;  
And with a princess, whose excelling form  
Exceeds her fortune.

*Anton.* Yet poison still is poison,  
Though drunk in gold; and all these flattering glories  
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet,  
And no essential food. When I am scorched  
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?  
What is her love to me, greatness, or empire,  
That am slave to another, who alone  
Can give me ease or freedom?

*Mac.* Sir, you point at  
Your dotage on the scornful Dorothea:

Is she, though fair, the same day to be named  
With best Artemia? In all their courses,  
Wise men propose their ends: with sweet Artemia  
There comes along pleasure, security,  
Usher'd by all that in this life is precious:  
With Dorothea (though her birth be noble,  
The daughter of a senator of Rome,  
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,  
And far inferior to yours) arrives  
The emperor's frown, which, like a mortal plague,  
Speaks death is near; the princess' heavy scorn,  
Under which you will shrink;† your father's fury,  
Which to resist, even piety forbids:—  
And but remember that she stands suspected  
A favourer of the Christian sect; she brings  
Not danger, but assured destruction with her.  
This truly weigh'd one smile of great Artemia  
Is to be cherish'd, and preferr'd before  
All joys in Dorothea: therefore leave her, [thou art.

*Anton.* In what thou think'st thou art most wise,  
Grossly abused, Macrinus, and most foolish.  
For any man to match above his rank,  
Is but to sell his liberty. With Artemia  
I still must live a servant; but enjoying  
Divinest Dorothea, I shall rule,  
Rule as becomes a husband: for the danger,  
Or call it, if you will, *assured destruction*,  
I slight it thus.—If, then, thou art my friend,  
As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take  
A governor's place upon thee,† be my helper.

*Mac.* You know I dare, and will do any thing;  
Put me unto the test.

*Anton.* Go then, Macrinus,  
To Dorothea; tell her I have worn,  
In all the battles I have fought, her figure,  
Her figure in my heart, which, like a deity,  
Hath still protected me. Thou can'st speak well,  
And of thy choicest language spare a little,  
To make her understand how much I love her,  
And how I languish for her. Bear these jewels,  
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,  
As to my goddess: all let's thrown behind me,  
Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning  
I mean to visit her by the name of friendship:  
—No words to contradict this.

*Mac.* I am yours;  
And, if my travail this way be ill spent,  
Judge not my readier will by the event. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in Dorothea's House.

*Enter SPURCIUS, and HIRCIUS.*]

*Spur.* Turn Christian! Would he that first tempted

me to have my shoes walk upon Christian soles, had  
turn'd me into a capon; for I am sure now, the  
stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are  
cut off.

\* Was almost dead with fear:] The reading of the first quarto is *dead*, which may perhaps be the genuine word. The fable is from the Greek. In a preceding line there is an allusion to the proverb:—*Procul a Jove, sed procul a fabula.*

† Under which you will shrink:] So all the old copies. Modern editors incorrectly, and unmetrically read:  
*Under which you'll sink, &c.* (omitted in Edit. of 1813.)

† A governor's place upon thee:] From the Latin: *ne sis mihi tutor.*

—All let's thrown behind me,] i. e. All impediments. So in the *Mayor of Quinborough*:

"Hope, and be sure I'll soon remove the let  
That stands between thee and thy glory."

|| Very few of our old English plays are free from these dialogues of low wit and buffoonery: 'twas the vice of the age; nor is Massinger less free from it than his contemporaries. To defend them is impossible, nor shall I attempt it. They are of this nature, that they mark the taste, display the manners, and shew us what was the chief delight and entertainment of our forefathers. COLEMAN.

It should, however, be observed, in justice to our old plays, that few, or rather none of them, are contaminated with such detestable ribaldry as the present. To "low wit,"

*Hir.* So then, if any coxcomb has a galloping desire to ride, here's a gelding, if he can but sit him.

*Spun.* I kick, for all that, like a horse;—look else.

*Hir.* But that is a kickish jade, fellow Spungius. Have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my curvetting: a pox on your Christian cockatrices! they cry, like poulterers' wives:—No money, no coney.

*Spun.* Bacchus, the god of brew'd wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsy-freesy tipplers, and super-naculum takers; this Bacchus, who is head warden of Vintners'-hall, ale-conner, mayor of all victualling-houses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy houses; lanceprezade to red noses, and invincible adelantado over the armado of pimpled, deep-scarleted, rubified, and carbuncled faces——

*Hir.* What of all this?

*Spun.* This boon Bacchanalian skinker, did I make legs to.

*Hir.* Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk.

*Spun.* There is no danger of losing a man's ears by making these indentures; he that will not now and then be Calabingo, is worse than a Calamoothe. When I was a pagan, and kneeled to this Bacchus, I durst out-drink a lord; but your Christian lords out-bowl me. I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted; but, now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one alehouse, but I reel into another: they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing-chambers, jumbled together.

*Hir.* Bawdy Priapus, the first schoolmaster that taught butchers to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou know'st, was the only ningle that I cared for under the moon; but, since I left him to follow a scurvy lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her any thing hardly (telling her, being a Christian, she must endure), she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain, as if I were a calf's head.

*Spun.* I see no remedy, fellow Hircius, but that thou and I must be half pagans, and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians.

*Hir.* Right: the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed crows.

*Spun.* True: Christian brokers, thou know'st, are made up of the quarters of Christians; par-boil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog: no,

or indeed to wit of any kind, it has not the slightest pretension; being, in fact, nothing more than a loathsome sooter-kin engendered of filth and dulness. (It was evidently the author's design to personify *Lust* and *Drunkenness* in the characters of Hircius and Spungius, and this may account for the ribaldry in which they indulge.) That Massinger is not free from dialogues of low wit and buffoonery (though certainly, notwithstanding Coxeter's assertion, he is much more so than his contemporaries) may readily be granted; but the person who, after perusing this execrable trash, can imagine it to bear any resemblance to his style and manner, must have read him to very little purpose. It was assuredly written by Decker, as was the rest of this act, in which there is much to approve: with respect to this scene, and every other in which the present speakers are introduced, I recommend them to the reader's supreme scorn and contempt; if he pass them entirely over, he will lose little of the story, and nothing of his respect for the author. I have carefully corrected the text in innumerable places, but given it no farther consideration. I repeat my entreaty that the reader would reject it altogether.

no, I am resolved to have an infidel's heart, though in shew I carry a Christian's face.

*Hir.* Thy last shall serve my foot: so will I.

*Spun.* Our whimpering lady and mistress sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal and goose, fellow Hircius——

*Hir.* And woodcock, fellow Spungius.

*Spun.* Upon the poor lean ass-fellow, on which I ride, to all the almswomen: what think'st thou I have done with all this good cheer?

*Hir.* Eat it; or be choked else.

*Spun.* Would my ass, basket and all, were in thy maw, if I did! No, as I am a demi-pagan, I sold the victuals, and coined the money into pottle pots of wine.

*Hir.* Therein thou shewed'st thyself a perfect demi-christian too, to let the poor beg, starve, and hang, or die of the pip. Our puling, snotty-nose lady sent me out likewise with a purse of money, to relieve and release prisoners:—Did I so, think you?

*Spun.* Would thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

*Hir.* As I am a total pagan, I swore they should be hanged first; for, sirrah Spungius, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards! and so I took scurvy common flesh for the money.

*Spun.* And wisely done; for our lady, sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lousy knaves: and thou, to save that labour, cast'st it away upon rotten whores.

*Hir.* All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an-apes boy, her page.

*Spun.* As I am a pagan from my cod-piece downward, that white-faced monkey frights me too. I stole but a dirty pudding, last day, out of an alms-basket, to give my dog when he was hungry, and the peaking chitty-face page hit me in the teeth with it.

*Hir.* With the dirty pudding! so he did me once with a cow-turd, which in knavery I would have crumb'd into one's porridge, who was half a pagan too. The smug dandiprat smells us out, whatsoever we are doing.

*Spun.* Does he? let him take heed I prove not his back-friend: I'll make him curse his smelling what I do.

*Hir.* 'Tis my lady spoils the boy; for he is ever at her tail, and she is never well but in his company.

*Enter ANGELO with a book, and a taper lighted; they seeing him, counterfeit devotion,*

*Ang.* O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes,

In shew to climb to heaven, when your devotion Walks upon crutches. Where did you waste your When the religious man was on his knees, [time, Speaking the heavenly language?

*Spun.* Why, fellow Angelo, we were speaking in pedlar's French, I hope,

*Hir.* We have not been idle, take it upon my word.

*Ang.* Have you the baskets emptied, which your Sent, from her charitable hands, to women [lady That dwell upon her pity?

*Spun.* Emptied them! yes; I'd be loth to have my belly so empty; yet, I am sure, I munched not one bit of them neither.

*Ang.* And went your money to the prisoners?

*Hir.* Went! no; I carried it, and with these fingers paid it away.

*Ang.* What way? the devil's way, the way of sin,  
The way of hot damnation, way of lust!  
And you, to wash away the poor man's bread  
In bowls of drunkenness.

*Spun.* Drunkenness! yes, yes, I use to be drunk;  
our next neighbour's man, called Christopher, hath  
often seen me drunk, hath he not?

*Hir.* Or me given so to the flesh! my cheeks  
speak my doings.

*Ang.* Avaunt, ye thieves, and hollow hypocrites!  
Your hearts to me lie open like black books,  
And there I read your doings.

*Spun.* And what do you read in my heart?

*Hir.* Or in mine? come, amiable Angelo, beat the  
flint of your brains.

*Spun.* And let's see what sparks of wit fly out to  
kindle your cerebrum. [gliss call'd,

*Ang.* Your names even brand you; you are Spun—  
And like a sponge, you suck up lickerish wines,  
Till your soul reels to hell.

*Spun.* To hell! can any drunkard's legs carry him  
so far? food,

*Ang.* For blood of grapes you sold the widows'  
And starving them 'tis murder: what's this but  
hell?—

Hircius your name, and goatish is your nature:

You snatch the meat out of the prisoner's mouth,  
To fatten harlots: is not this hell too?

No angel, but the devil, waits on you.

*Spun.* Shall I cut his throat?

*Hir.* No; better burn him, for I think he is a  
witch; but sooth, sooth him.

*Spun.* Fellow Angelo, true it is, that falling into  
the company of wicked he-christians, for my part—

*Hir.* And she-ones, for mine,—we have them  
swim in shoals hard by—

*Spun.* We must confess, I took too much out of  
the pot; and he of t'other hollow commodity.

*Hir.* Yes, indeed, we laid Jill on both of us: we  
cozen'd the poor; but 'tis a common thing; many a  
one, that counts himself a better Christian than we  
two, has done it, by this light.

*Spun.* But pray, sweet Angelo, play not the tell-  
tale to my lady; and, if you take us creeping into  
any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let cats  
flay off our skins.

*Hir.* And put nothing but the poison'd tails of  
rats into those skins.

*Ang.* Will you dishonour her sweet charity,  
Who saved you from the tree of death and shame?

*Hir.* Would I were hang'd, rather than thus be  
told of my faults.

*Spun.* She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows;  
yet I hope she will not bar yeomen sprats to have  
their swing.

*Ang.* She comes, beware and mend.

*Hir.* Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

*Enter DOMOTHEA.*

*Dor.* Have you my messages, sent to the poor,  
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them  
Of any jot was theirs?

*Spun.* Rob them, lady! I hope neither my fellow  
nor I am thieves.

*Hir.* Delivered with good hands, madam! else  
let me never lick my fingers more when I eat but-  
ter'd fish.

*Dor.* Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck  
their alms.

Pilfer from heaven; and there are thunderbolts

From thence to beat them ever. Do not lie,  
Were you both faithful, true distributors?

*Spun.* Lie, madam! what grief is it to see you  
turn swaggerer, and give your poor-minded rascally  
servants the lie.

*Dor.* I'm glad you do not; if those wretched people  
Tell you they pine for want of any thing,

Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

*Hir.* Whisper! nay, lady, for my part I'll cry  
whoop.

*Ang.* Play no more, villains, with so good a lady;  
For, if you do—

*Spun.* Are we Christians?

*Hir.* The foul fiend snap all pagans for me.

*Ang.* Away, and, once more, mend.

*Spun.* Takes us for botchers.

*Hir.* A patch, a patch! \* [Exit *Spun.* and *Hir.*

*Dor.* My book and taper.

*Ang.* Here, most holy mistress.

*Dor.* Thy voice sends forth such music, that I  
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound. [never  
Were every servant in the world like thee,

So full of goodness, angels would come down

To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,

And like that name thou art; get thee to rest,

Thy youth with too much watching is oppress.

*Ang.* No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,

And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes

By my late watching, but to wait on you.

When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,

Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,

So blest I hold me in your company:

Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid

Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;

For then you break his heart.

*Dor.* Be nigh me still, then;

In golden letters down I'll set that day,

Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope

To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,

This little, pretty body; when I, coming

Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,

My sweet-faced, godly beggar boy, crave an alms,

Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand!—

And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,

Methought, was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,

But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,

On wings if cherubins, than it did before.

*Ang.* Proud am I, that my lady's modest eye

So likes so poor a servant.

*Dor.* I have offer'd

Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.

I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,

To dwell with thy good father; for, the son

Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,

If that begot him must do't ten times more.

I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents;

Be not ashamed.

*Ang.* I am not: I did never

Know who my mother was: but, by yon palace

\* *Hir. A patch, a patch!* A knave—a fool—in this sense the word is evidently used in the following.

"Here is such patcherie, such juggling and such knavery."

*Shak. Troilus & Cress. Act. II. Sc. 1.* although now obsolete in the sense here intended it frequently occurs in the old dramatists. ED.

† *Dor. My book and taper.* What follows, to the end of the scene, is exquisitely beautiful. What pity that a man so capable of interesting our best passions (for I am persuaded that this also was written by Decker), should prostitute his genius and his judgment to the production of what could only disgrace himself, and disgust his reader.

Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure  
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand, [you,  
My father is in heaven : and pretty mistress,  
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand  
No worse than yet it does, upon my life,  
You and I both shall meet my father there,  
And he shall bid you welcome.

*Dor.* A blessed day !

We all long to be there, but lose the way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street near DOROTHEA'S House.*

*Enter MACRINUS, met by THEOPHILUS and HARPA.*

*Theoph.* The Sun, god of the day, guide thee,  
*Mac.* And thee, Theophilus ! [Macrinus !

*Theoph.* Glad'st thou in such scorn\* ?

I call my wish back.

*Mac.* I'm in haste.

*Theoph.* One word.

Take the least hand of time up :—stay :

*Mac.* Be brief.

[Macrinus,  
*Theoph.* As thought : I prithee tell me, good  
How health and our fair princess lay together  
This night, for you can tell ; courtiers have fliest  
That buzz all news unto them.

*Mac.* She slept but ill.

*Theoph.* Doublethy courtesy ; how does Antoninus ?

*Mac.* Ill, well, straight, crooked,—I know not how.

*Theoph.* Once more ;

—Thy head is full of windmills :—when doth the  
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it [princess  
On Antoninus, on the wedding-night ?

*Mac.* I know not.

*Theoph.* No ! thou art the manuscript,  
Where Antoninus writes down all his secrets :  
Honest Macrinus, tell me.

*Mac.* Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*  
*Harp.* Honesty is some fiend, and frights him  
A many courtiers love it not. [hence ;

*Theoph.* What piece

Of this state-wheel, which winds up Antoninus,  
Is broke, it runs so jarringly ! the man  
Is from himself divided : O thou, the eye  
By which I wonders see, tell me, my Harpax,  
What gad-fly tickles this Macrinus so,  
That, flinging up the tail, he breaks thus from me.

*Harp.* Oh, sir, his brain-pan is a bed of snakes,  
Whose stings shoot through his eye balls, whose  
poisonous spawn

Ingenders such a fry of speckled villainies,  
That, unless charms more strong than adamant  
Be used, the Roman angel's wings shall melt,

\* *Theoph.* Glad'st thou in such scorn ? This is the reading  
of all the old copies, and appears to be the genuine one.  
Theophilus, who is represented as a furious zealot for paganism,  
is mortified at the indifference with which Macrinus  
returns the happiness he had wished him by his god. Mr.  
M. Mason reads, *Gaddest thou in such scorn ?*

† ————*courtiers have flies* This word is used by  
Ben Jonson, a close and devoted imitator of the ancients,  
for a domestic parasite, a familiar, &c. and from him, probably,  
Decker adopted it in the present sense.

‡ *A many courtiers love it not.* This is the reading of the  
first quarto. The editors follow that of the last two :—*And many* &c. which is not so good.

§ ————*the Roman angel's* As angels were no part  
of the pagan theology, this should certainly be *angel* from  
the Italian *angello*, which means a bird. M. MASON.

It were to be wished that critics would sometimes apply  
to themselves the advice which Gonerill gives to poor old  
Lear :

"I pray you, father, being weak, seem so ;"

And Cæsar's diadem be from his head  
Spurn'd by base feet ; the laurel which he wears,  
Returning victor, be enforced to kiss,  
That which it hates, the fire. And can this ram,  
This Antoninus-engine, being made ready  
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion ?—  
His eyes and feet, you see, give strange assaults.

*Theoph.* I'm turn'd a marble statue at thy language  
Which printed is in such crabb'd characters,  
It puzzles all my reading : what, in the name  
Of Pluto, now is hatching ?

*Harp.* This Macrinus\*

The line is, upon which love-errands run  
'Twixt Antoninus and that ghost of women,  
The bloodless Dorothea, who in prayer  
And meditation, mocking all your gods,  
Drinks up her ruby colour : yet Antoninus  
Plays the Endymion to this pale-faced moon,  
Courts, seeks to catch her eyes—

*Theoph.* And what of this ?

*Harp.* These are but creeping billows,  
Not got to shore yet : but if Dorothea  
Fall on his bosom, and be fired with love,  
(Your coldest women do so,)—had you ink  
Brew'd from the infernal Styx, not all that blackness  
Can make a thing so foul, as the dishonours,  
Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affronts  
Upon the bright Artemia, star o' th' court,  
Great Cæsar's daughter.

*Theoph.* I now conster thee.

[fill'd  
*Harp.* Nay, more ; a firmament of clouds, being  
With Jove's artillery, shot down at once,  
To pash† your gods in pieces, cannot give,

we should not then find so many of these *certainities*. The  
barbarous word *angel*, of which Mr. M. Mason speaks so  
confidently, is foreign to our language, whereas *angel*, in  
the sense of birds, occurs frequently. Jonson beautifully  
calls the nightingale, "the dear good *angel* of the spring ;"  
and if this should be thought, as it probably is, a Grecism ;  
yet we have the same term in another passage, which will  
admit of no dispute :

"Not an *angel* of the air  
Bird melodious, or bird fair, &c.

*Two Noble Kinsmen.*

In Mandeville, the barbarous Herodotus of a barbarous  
age, there is an account of a people (probably the remains  
of the old Guebres) who exposed the dead bodies of their  
parents to the *fowles of the air*. They reserved, however,  
the skulls, of which, says he, the son, "leteth make a cuppe,  
and thereof drynkethe he with gret devotion, in remem-  
brance of the holy man that the *anqueles of God* had eten.

"By this expression," says Mr. Hole, "Mandeville possi-  
bly meant to insinuate that they were considered as sacred  
*messenger*." No, surely : *anqueles of God*, was synonym-  
ous in Mandeville's vocabulary, to *fowles of the air*. With  
Greek phraseology he was, perhaps, but little acquainted, but  
he knew his own language well. (By *angel* is meant the  
Roman ensign, the *eagle*).

The reader cannot but have already observed how ill the  
style of Decker assimilates with that of Massinger : In the  
former act Harpax had spoken sufficiently plain, and told  
Theophilus of strange and important events, without these  
harsh and violent starts and metaphors.

\* *Harp.* This Macrinus

The line is, &c.] The old copies read *time*. Before I saw  
Mr. M. Mason's emendation, I had altered it to *twine*. Line  
however, appears to be the genuine word. The allusion is  
to the rude fire-works of our ancestors. So, in the *Faune*,  
by Marston.

† "*Page*. There be squibs, sir, running upon lines, like  
some of our gawdy gallants," &c., (and in Decker's *Honest*  
*Whore*. "Troth mistress, to tell you true, the fire-works  
then ran from me upon lines," &c.)

‡ *To pash your gods in pieces* So the old copies. Cox-  
eter (who is followed, as usual, by Mr. M. Mason), ignorant  
perhaps of the sense of *pash*, changed it to *dash*, a word of  
far less energy, and of a different meaning. The latter sig-  
nifies, to throw one thing with violence against another ; the

With all those thunderbolts, so deep a blow  
To the religion there, and pagan lore,  
As this ; for Dorothea hates your gods,  
And, if she once blast Antoninus' soul,  
Making it foul like hers, Oh ! the example—

*Theoph.* Eats through Cæsarea's heart like liquid  
poison.

Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,  
To see but which, could all that feel hell's torments  
Have leave to stand aloof here on earth's stage,  
They would be mad 'till they again descended,  
Holding the pains most horrid of such souls,  
May-games to those of mine : has this my hand  
Set down a Christian's execution  
In such dire postures, that the very hangman  
Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures ;  
And shall Macrinus and his fellow-masker  
Strangle me in a dance ?

*Harp.* No ;—on ; I hug thee,  
For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot  
Of tortures 'gainst these Christians : on ; I hug thee !

*Theoph.* Both hug and holy me ; to this Dorothea  
Fly thou and I in thunder.

*Harp.* Not for kingdoms  
Piled upon kingdoms : there's a villain page  
Waits on her, whom I would not for the world  
Hold traffic with ; I do so hate his sight  
That, should I look on him, I must sink down.

*Theoph.* I will not lose thee then, her to confound ;  
None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.

*Harp.* Oh ! mine own as I would wish thee.

[*Ereunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Room in DOROTHEA'S House.

*Enter DOROTHEA, MACRINUS, and ANGELO.*

*Dor.* My trusty Angelo, with that curious eye  
Of thine, which ever waits upon my business,  
I prithee watch those my still-negligent servants,  
That they perform my will, in what's enjoin'd them  
To the good of others ; else will you find them flies,  
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies :  
Be careful, dear boy.

*Ang.* Yes, my sweetest mistress.\*

[*Exit.*]

*Dor.* Now, sir, you may go on.

*Mac.* I then must study

A new arithmetic, to sum up the virtues

Which Antoninus gracefully become.

There is in him so much man, so much goodness,

former, to strike a thing with such force as to crush it to pieces. Thus in Act IV. of this tragedy :

"When the battering ram  
Was fetching his career backwards, to *pash*,  
Me with his horns in pieces."

The word is now obsolete ; which is to be regretted, as we have none that can adequately supply its place : it is used in its proper sense by Dryden, which is the latest instance I recollect :

"Thy cunning engines have with labour raised  
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,  
To fall and *pash* thee."

Mr. Gifford might have added the following illustration in which the distinction between *pash* and *dash* is pointedly marked.

"They left him (Becket) not till they had cut and *pashed* out his brains, and *dashed* them about upon the church pavement." Holinshed, Hen. II. an. 1171.

It would not be difficult to cite many other authorities to support of the use here made of this now obsolete word. Shakespeare frequently uses it. E.D.

\* *Ang.* Yes, my sweetest mistress. So the old copies : the modern editors read, Yes, my sweet mistress, which destroys the metre.

So much of honour, and of all things else,  
Which make our being excellent, that from his store  
He can enough lend others ; yet, much ta'en from  
him,

The want shall be as little, as when seas  
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poorness\*  
Of needy rivers.

*Dor.* Sir he is more indebted

To you for praise, than you to him that owes it.

*Mac.* If queens, viewing his presents paid to the  
whiteness

Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious  
But to be parted in their numerous shares ;†  
This he counts nothing : could you see main armies  
Make battles in the quarrel of his valour,  
That 'tis the best, the truest, this were nothing ;  
The greatness of his state, his father's voice  
And arm awing Cæsarea ; he ne'er boasts of ;  
The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him,  
Shine there but as in water, and gild him  
Not with one spot of pride : no, dearest beauty,  
All these, heap'd up together in one scale,  
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you,  
Being put into the other.

*Dor.* Could gold buy you

To speak thus for a friend, you, sir, are worthy  
Of more than I will number ; and this your language  
Hath power to win upon another woman,  
'Top of whose heart the feathers of this world  
Are guily stuck : but all which first you named,  
And now this last, his love, to me are nothing.

*Mac.* You make me a sad messenger ;—but him-  
self

*Enter ANTONINUS.*

Being come in person, shall, I hope, hear from you  
Music more pleasing.

*Anton.* Has your ear, Macrinus,

Heard none, then ?

*Mac.* None I like.

*Anton.* But can there be

In such a noble casket, wherein lie  
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,  
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty  
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet ?

*Dor.* I am guilty of a shame I yet ne'er knew,  
Thus to hold parley with you ;—pray, sir, pardon.

*Anton.* Good sweetness, you now have it, and shall  
Be but so merciful, before your wounding me [go ;  
With such a mortal weapon as Farewell,  
To let me murmur to your virgin ear,  
What I was loth to lay on any tongue  
But this mine own.

*Dor.* If one immodest accent

Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.

*Anton.* My true love dares not do it.

*Mac.* Hermes inspire thee !

\* ——— to fill up the poorness.] The modern editors read  
I know not why—to fill up their poorness !

† But to be parted in their numerous shares ;] This the  
former editors have modernized into

But to be partners, &c.

a better word, perhaps, but not for that, to be unwarrantably  
thrust into the text. The expression may be found in the  
writers of our author's age, especially in Ben Jonson, in the  
sense here required : to be parted ; to be favoured, or en-  
dowed with a part.

‡ And arm awing Cæsarea.] I have ventured to differ  
here from all the copies, which read *owing* ; the error, if it  
be one, as I think it is, probably arose from the expression  
being taken down by the ear.

Enter above, ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS,  
SPUNGIVS, and HIRCUS.

Spun. So, now, do you see?—Our work is done ;  
the fish you angle for is nibbling at the hook, and  
therefore untruss the cod-piece-point of our reward  
no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our  
heels.

Theoph. The gold you earn is here ; dam up your  
And no words of it. [mouths,

Hir. No ; nor no words from you of too much  
damning neither. I know women sell themselves  
daily, and are hacknied out for silver : why may not  
we, then, betray a scurvy mistress for gold ?

Spun. She saved us from the gallows, and, only  
to keep one proverb from breaking his neck, we'll  
hang her. [white boys.

Theoph. 'Tis well done ; go, go, you're my fine

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known more ill-  
favoured faces than ours are painted.

Sap. Those fellows trouble us.

Theoph. Away, away !

Hir. I to my sweet placket.

Spun. And I to my full pot.

[Exeunt Hir. and Spun.

Anton. Come let me tune you :—glaze not thus  
With self-love of a vowed virginity, [your eyes  
Make every man your glass ; you see our sex  
Do never murder propagation ;  
We all desire your sweet society.  
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,  
And of my blood are guilty.

Artem. O base villain !

Sap. Bridle your rage, sweet princess.

Anton. Could not my fortunes,

Rear'd higher far than yours, be worthy of you,  
Methinks my dear affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes, were they mines of  
He that I love is richer ; and for worth, [gold,  
You are to him lower than any slave  
Is to a monarch.

Sap. So insolent, base Christian !

Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before  
Get you but be his servant, you shall boast [him,  
You're equal to a king.

Sap. Confusion on thee,

For playing thus the lying sorceress ! [the sun

Anton. Your mocks are great ones ; none beneath  
Will I be servant to.—On my knees I beg it,  
Pity me, wondrous maid.

Sap. I curse thy baseness.

Theoph. Listen to more.

Dor. O kneel not, sir, to me.

Anton. This knee is emblem of an humbled heart :  
That heart which tortured is with your disdain,  
Justly for scorning others, even this heart,  
To which for pity such a princess sues,  
As in her hand offers me all the world,  
Great Cæsar's daughter.

Artem. Slave, thou liest.

Anton. Yet this

Is adamant to her, that melts to you  
In drops of blood.

Theoph. A very dog !

Anton. Perhaps

'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow ;  
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own :  
I ne'er will screw your conscience from that Power,  
On which you Christians lean.

Sap. I can no longer

First out my life with weeping at thee, villain.

Sirrah !

Would, when I got thee, the high Thunderer's hand  
Had struck thee in the womb ! [Aloud.

Mac. We are betray'd.

Artem. Is that the Idol, traitor, which thou kneel'st at  
Trampling upon my beauty ? [to,

Theoph. Sirrah, bandog\* !

Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter

For her? our Mars for her? our Sol for her?

A whore! a hell-hound! In this globe of brains,

Where a whole world of furies for such tortures

Have fought, as in a chaos, which should exceed,

These nails shall grubbing lie from skull to skull,

To find one horrid than all, for you,

You three !

Artem. Threaten not, but strike : quick vengeance  
Into my bosom† : caittif! here all love dies. [flies

[Exeunt above.

Anton. O ! I am thunderstruck ! We are both  
o'erwhelm'd—

Mac. With one high-raging billow.

Dor. You a soldier,

And sink beneath the violence of a woman !

Anton. A woman ! a wrong'd princess. From  
such a star

Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,

But tragical events? my life is now

The subject of her tyranny.

Dor. That fear is base,

Of death, when that death doth but life displace

Out of her house of earth ; you only dread

The stroke, and not what follows when you're dead

There's the great fear, indeed‡ : come, let your eyes

Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their tyrannies.

Re-enter below, ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, a  
guard ; ANGELO comes and stands close by DORO-  
THEA.

Artem. My father's nerves put vigour in mine arms,  
And I his strength must use. Because I once  
Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the lion,  
Play'd with thee gently, when thou struck'st my  
I'll not insult on a base, humbled prey, [heart,

\* Theoph. Sirrah, bandog.

Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter.] A bandog, as the  
name imports, was a dog so fierce, as to require to be  
chained up. Bandogs are frequently mentioned by our old  
writers (indeed the word occurs three times in this very  
play) and always with a reference to their savage nature.  
If the term was appropriated to a species, it probably meant  
a large dog, of the mastiff kind, which, though no longer  
met with here, is still common in many parts of Germany :  
it was familiar to Snyders, and is found in most of his hunt-  
ing-pieces.

In this country the bandog was kept to bait bears : with  
the decline of that " noble sport," perhaps, the animal fell  
into disuse, as he was too ferocious for any domestic pur-  
pose. Mr. Gilchrist has furnished me with a curious pas-  
sage from Laneham, which renders any further details on  
the subject unnecessary. " On the sixteenth day of her majes-  
ties cumming, a great sort of bandogs whear their tyed in  
the utter court, and thyrteen bears in the inner. Whooso-  
ever made the pannell thear wear enow for a queast, and  
one for a challenge and need wear. A wight of great wis-  
dooom and gravitie seemed their foreman to be, had it  
com to a jury : but it fell out that they wear caused to  
appeer thear upon no such matter, but onlie too onswear  
too an ancient quarrele between them and the bandogs." &c.  
*Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Killingworth Castle, in*  
*1575.*

† ——— quick vengeance flies

Into my bosom, &c.] The old copies read, Into thy  
bosom. For the change, which is obviously necessary, I am  
answerable.

‡ There's the great fear indeed.] The modern editors  
omit great, which is found in the first and second quartos.

By lingering out thy terrors ; but with one frown  
Kill thee : hence with 'em all to execution.  
Seize him ; but let even death itself be weary  
In torturing her. I'll change those smiles to shrieks ;  
Give the fool what she's proud of, martyrdom :  
In pieces rack that bawd too.

*Sup.* Albeit the reverence

I owe our gods, and you, are in my bosom,  
Torrents so strong, that pity quite lies drown'd  
From saving this young man ; yet, when I see  
What face death gives him, and that a thing within  
Says, 'tis my son, I am forced to be a man, [me  
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

*Artem.* And I deny.

*Anton.* Sir, you dishonour me,  
To sue for that which I disclaim to have.  
I shall more glory in my sufferings gain  
Than you in giving judgment, since I offer  
My blood up to your anger ; nor do I kneel  
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruin ;  
Preserve this temple, build'd fair as yours is\*,  
And Caesar never went in greater triumph,  
Than I shall to the scaffold.

*Artem.* Are you so brave, sir ?  
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two  
Go cursing along with him.

*Dor.* No, but pitying,  
For my part, I, that you lose ten times more  
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures :  
Through all the army of my sins, I have even  
Labour'd to break, and cope with death to th' face.  
The visage of a hangman frights not me ;  
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,  
Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up  
To an eternal habitation.

*Theoph.* Caesar's imperial daughter, hear me speak  
Let not this Christian thing, in this her pageantry  
Of proud deriding both our gods and Caesar,  
Build to herself a kingdom in her death.  
Going laughing from us : no ; her bitterest torment  
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down :  
The bravery of her resolution lie  
Batter'd, by argument, into such pieces,  
That she again shall, on her belly, creep  
To kiss the pavements of our painim gods.

*Artem.* How to be done ?

*Theoph.* I'll send my daughters to her,  
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax ;  
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,  
And meet no Roman's but a villain's grave.

*Artem.* Thy prisoner let her be, then ; and,  
Sapritius,

Your son and that, be yours : death shall be sent  
To him that suffers them, by voice or letters,  
To greet each other. Rife her estate ;  
Christians to beggary brought, grow desperate.

\* *Preserve this temple, build it fair as yours is.* As this line stands, Antoninus's request is, not merely that Artemia should preserve Dorothea, but that she should raise her to a degree of splendour equal to her own. The absurdity of supposing that he should make this request to a princess, who had condemn'd him to death, in favour of her rival, made me suppose that there must be an error in this passage, and suggested the amendment.—M. MASON.

Wonderfully sagacious ! A single glance at either of the first three editions would have saved all this labour : *build it* is the blunder of the quarto, 1661, which Coxeter followed ; in the others it stands as in the text.

† *Going laughing from us.* So the old copies ; which is far more correct than the modern reading—*Go, laughing from us.*

‡ *Your son and that.* Meaning Macrinus, whom before she had called a bawd.—M. MASON.

*Dor.* Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.  
*Ang.* O ! my admired mistress, quench not out  
The holy fires within you, though temptations  
Shower down upon you : clasp thine armour on,  
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars,  
Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch stars.  
[*Exeunt all but Angelo.*]

*Enter Hircius and Seurgius.*

*Hir.* How now, Angelo ; how is it, how is it ?  
What thread spins that whore Fortune upon her  
wheel now ?

*Spun.* Com' esta, com' esta, poor knave ?

*Hir.* Comment portez-vous, comment portez-vous,  
mon petit garçon ?

*Spun.* My pretty wee comrade, my half-inch of  
man's flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world,  
ha !

*Ang.* Too well on your sides ; you are hid in gold  
O'er head and ears.

*Hir.* We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-  
boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

*Spun.* Who would think that we, coming forth  
of the a—, as it were, or fag-end of the world, should  
yet see the golden age, when so little silver is  
stirring.

*Hir.* Nay, who can say any citizen is an ass, for  
loading his own back with money till his soul cracks  
again, only to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb  
behind him ? Will not any fool take me for a wise  
man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my trea-  
sury this little god with his belly full of gold ?

*Spun.* And this, full of the same meat, out of my  
ambry.

*Ang.* That gold will melt to poison.

*Spun.* Poison ! would it would ; whole pints for  
healths should down my throat.

*Hir.* Gold, poison ! there is never a she-thrasher  
in Caesarea, that lives on the tail of money, will call  
it so.

*Ang.* Like slaves you sold your souls for golden  
Bewraying her to death, who slept between [dross,  
You and the gallows.

*Spun.* It was an easy matter to save us, she being  
so well back'd.

*Hir.* The gallows and we fell out ; so she did but  
part us.

*Ang.* The misery of that mistress is mine own ;  
She beggar'd, I left wretched.

*Hir.* I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with  
wet eyes for her.

*Spun.* The petticoat of her estate is unlaced, I  
confess.

*Hir.* Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all  
to pieces.

*Ang.* For love you bear to her, for some good turns  
Done you by me, give me one piece of silver.

*Hir.* How ! a piece of silver ! if thou wert an  
angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money,  
unless I weigh'd thee ; and I weigh thee not a rush.

*Spun.* A piece of silver ! I never had but two  
calves in my life, and those my mother left me ; I  
will rather part from the fat of them, than from a  
mustard-token's worth of argent.

*Hir.* And so, sweet nit, we crawl from thee.

*Spun.* Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu !

*Ang.* Stay,—one word yet ; you now are full of  
gold.

*Hir.* I would be sorry my dog were so full of the  
pox.

*Spun.* Or any sow of mine of the meazles either.  
*Ang.* Go, go! you're beggars both; you are not  
 That leather on your feet. [worth

*Hir.* Away, away, hoy!

*Spun.* Page, you do nothing but set patches on  
 the soles of your jests.

*Ang.* I am glad I tried your love, which, see! I  
 So long as this is full. [want not,

*Both.* And so long as this, so long as this.

*Hir.* Spungius, you are a pickpocket.

*Spun.* Hircius, thou hast nim'd:—So long as!—  
 not so much money is left as will buy a louse.

*Hir.* Thou art a thief, and thou liest in that gut  
 through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.

*Spun.* Thou liest deeper than the bottom of mine  
 enraged pocket, if thou affrontest it.

*Ang.* No blows, no bitter language;—all your  
 gold gone!

*Spun.* Can the devil creep into one's breeches?

*Hir.* Yes, if his horns once get into the cod-piece.

*Ang.* Come, sigh not; I so little am in love  
 With that whose loss kills you, that, see! 'tis yours,

All yours: divide the heap in equal share,  
 So you will go along with me to prison,  
 And in our mistress' sorrows bear a part—  
 Say, will you?

*Both.* Will we!

*Spun.* If she were going to hanging, no gallows  
 should part us.

*Hir.* Let us both be turn'd into a rope of onions,  
 if we do not.

*Ang.* Follow me, then: repair your bad deeds past;  
 Happy are men, when their best days are last!

*Spun.* True, master Angelo; pray, sir, lead the  
 way. [Exit Angelo.

*Hir.* Let him lead that way, but follow thou me  
 this way.

*Spun.* I live in a gaol!

*Hir.* Away, and shift for ourselves:—She'll do  
 well enough there; for prisoners are more hungry  
 after mutton, than catchpoles after prisoners.

*Spun.* Let her starve then, if a whole gaol will  
 not fill her belly. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in DOROTHEA'S House.

Enter SAPIRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, Priest, CALISTA, and  
 CHRISTETA.

*Sap.* Sick to the death, I fear\*.

*Theoph.* I meet your sorrow,  
 With my true feeling of it.

*Sap.* She's a witch.

A sorceress, Theophilus; my son  
 Is charm'd by her enchanting eyes; and, like  
 An image made of wax, her beams of beauty  
 Melt him to nothing: all my hopes in him,  
 And all his gotten honours, find their grave  
 In his strange dotage on her. Would, when first  
 He saw and loved her, that the earth had open'd  
 And swallow'd both alive!

*Theoph.* There's hope left yet.

*Sap.* Not any: though the princess were appeased,  
 All tide in her love surrender'd up;  
 Yet this coy Christian is so transported  
 With her religion, that unless my son  
 (But let him perish first!) drink the same potion,  
 And be of her belief, she'll not vouchsafe  
 To be his lawful wife.

*Priest.* But, once removed  
 From her opinion, as I rest assured  
 The reasons of these holy maids will win her,  
 You'll find her tractable to any thing,  
 For your content or his.

*Theoph.* If she refuse it,  
 The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,  
 The mandrake's shrieks, the basilisk's killing eye,  
 The dreadful lightning that does crush the bones,  
 And never ainge the skin, shall not appear

Less fatal to her, than my zeal made hot  
 With love unto my gods. I have deferr'd it.  
 In hopes to draw back this apostate,  
 Which will be greater honour than her death,  
 Unto her father's faith; and, to that end,  
 Have brought my daughters hither.

*Cal.* And we doubt not

To do what you desire.

*Sap.* Let her be sent for.  
 Prosper in your good work; and were I not  
 To attend the princess, I would see and hear  
 How you succeed.

*Theoph.* I am commanded too,  
 I'll bear you company.

*Sap.* Give them your ring,  
 To lead her as in triumph, if they win her  
 Before her highness. [Exit.

*Theoph.* Spare no promises,  
 Persuasions, or threats, I do conjure you:  
 If you prevail, 'tis the most glorious work  
 You ever undertook.

Enter DOROTHEA and ANGELO.

*Priest.* She comes.

*Theoph.* We leave you;  
 Be constant, and be careful.

[Exeunt Theoph and Priest.

*Cal.* We are sorry  
 To meet you under guard.

*Dor.* But I more grieved  
 You are at liberty. So well I love you,  
 That I could wish, for such a cause as mine,  
 You were my fellow-prisoners: Prithee, Angelo,  
 Reach us some chairs. Please you sit—

*Cal.* We thank you:  
 Our visit is for love, love to your safety.

*Christ.* Our conference must be private, pray you,  
 Command your boy to leave us. [therefore,

*Dor.* You may trust him  
 With any secret that concerns my life,  
 Falsehood and he are strangers: had you, ladies,

\* *Sap. Sick to the death, I fear.*] It is delightful, after  
 the "the gibbety and harshness of the preceding act, to fall  
 in again with the clear and harmonious periods of Massinger.  
 From hence to the conclusion of the second scene, where  
 Dorker takes up the story, every page is crowded with  
 beauties of no common kind.

Been bless'd with such a servant, you had never  
 Forsook that way, your journey even half ended,  
 That leads to joys eternal. In the place  
 Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirr'd you  
 To holy meditations; and so far  
 He is from flattery, that he would have told you,  
 Your pride being at the height, how miserable  
 And wretched things you were, that, for an hour  
 Of pleasure here, have made a desperate sale  
 Of all your right in happiness hereafter.  
 He must not leave me; without him I fall:  
 In this life he's my servant, in the other  
 A wish'd companion.

*Ang.* 'Tis not in the devil,  
 Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodness.

*Dor.* But you were speaking, lady.

*Cal.* As a friend  
 And lover of your safety, and I pray you  
 So to receive it; and, if you remember  
 How near in love our parents were, that we,  
 Even from the cradle, were brought up together,  
 Our amity increasing with our years,  
 We cannot stand suspected.

*Dor.* To the purpose.

*Cal.* We come, then, as good angels, Dorothea,  
 To make you happy; and the means so easy,  
 That, be not you an enemy to yourself,  
 Already you enjoy it.

*Christ.* Look on us,  
 Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it  
 By your persuasion.

*Cal.* But what follow'd, lady?  
 Leaving those blessings which our gods gave freely,  
 And shower'd upon us with a prodigal hand,  
 As to be noble born, youth, beauty, wealth,  
 And the free use of these without control,  
 Check, curb, or stop, such is our law's indulgence!  
 All happiness forsook us; bonds and fetters  
 For amorous twines; the rack and hangman's whips  
 In place of choice delights; our parents' curses  
 Instead of blessings; scorn, neglect, contempt,  
 Fell thick upon us.

*Christ.* This consider'd wisely,  
 We made a fair retreat; and reconciled  
 To our forsaken gods, we live again  
 In all prosperity.

*Cal.* By our example,  
 Bequeathing misery to such as love it,  
 Learn to be happy. The Christian yoke's too heavy  
 For such a dainty neck; it was framed rather  
 To be the shrine of Venus, or a pillar  
 More precious than crystal, to support  
 Our Cupid's image: our religion, lady,  
 Is but a varied pleasure; yours a toil,  
 Slaves would shrink under. [devils?]

*Dor.* Have you not cloven feet? are you not  
 Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it  
 Without a virtuous or religious anger?  
 Now to put on a virgin modesty,  
 Or maiden silence, when His power is question'd  
 That is omnipotent, were a greater crime  
 Than in a bad cause to be impudent.  
 Your gods! your temples! brothelhouses rather,  
 Or wicked actions of the worst of men  
 Pursued and practised. Your religious rites!  
 Oh! call them rather juggling mysteries,  
 The baits and nets of hell: your souls the prey  
 For which the devil angles; your false pleasures  
 A steep descent, by which you headlong fall  
 Into eternal torments.

*Cal.* Do not tempt  
 Our powerful gods.

*Dor.* Which of your powerful gods?  
 Your gold, your silver, brass, or wooden ones,  
 That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you\*?  
 Most pitied women! will you sacrifice  
 To such,—or call them gods or goddesses,  
 Your parents would disdain to be the same,  
 Or you yourselves? O blinded ignorance!  
 Tell me, Calista, by the truth, I charge you,  
 Or any thing you hold more dear, would you,  
 To have him deified to posterity,  
 Desire your father an adulterer,  
 A ravisher, almost a parricide,  
 A vile incestuous wretch?

*Cal.* That, piety  
 And duty answer for me.

*Dor.* Or you, Christeta,  
 To be hereafter register'd a goddess,  
 Give your chaste body up to the embraces  
 Of goatish lust? have it writ on your forehead:  
 "This is the common whore, the prostitute,  
 The mistress in the art of wantonness.  
 Knows every trick and labyrinth of desires  
 That are immodest?"

*Christ.* You judge better of me,  
 Or my affection is ill placed on you;  
 Shall I turn strumpet?

*Dor.* No, I think you would not;  
 Yet Venus, whom you worship, was a whore,  
 Flora, the foundress of the public stews,  
 And has, for that, her sacrifice; your great god,  
 Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer,  
 Incestuous with his sister: read but those  
 That have canonized them, you'll find them worse  
 Than, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.  
 Are they immortal then, that did partake  
 Of human weakness, and had ample share  
 In men's most base affections; subject to  
 Unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are?  
 Here, Jupiter, to serve his lust, turn'd bull,  
 The shape, indeed, in which he stole Europa;  
 Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of Troy,  
 As a day-labourer; Apollo keeps  
 Admetus' sheep for bread; the Lemnian smith  
 Sweats at the forge for hire; Prometheus here,  
 With his still-growing liver, feeds the vulture;  
 Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains;  
 And thousands more, on whom abused error  
 Bestows a deity. Will you then, dear sisters,  
 For I would have you such, pay your devotions  
 To things of less power than yourselves?

*Cal.* We worship  
 Their good deeds in their images.

*Dor.* By whom fashion'd?  
 By sinful men. I'll tell you a short tale†,  
 Nor can you but confess it is a true one:

\* That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you? More  
 spirited, and more in the author's manner, than the reading  
 of the last quarto, which the modern editors follow:

That cannot do me hurt, nor protect you?

† The shape, indeed, &c.] The old copies read, *The ship,  
 indeed, &c.* Corrected by Coxeter. [Omitted in edit. of  
 1813.]

— I'll tell you a short tale, &c.] I once thought  
 I had read this *short tale* in Arnobius, from whom, and  
 from Augustin, much of the preceding speech is taken;  
 but, upon looking him over again, I can scarcely find a  
 trace of it. Herodotus has, indeed, a story of a king of  
 Egypt (Amasis), which bears a distant resemblance to it;  
 but the application is altogether different—there is a *husband*

g of Egypt, being to erect  
 mage of Osiris, whom they honour,  
 from the matrons' necks the richest jewels,  
 purest gold, as the materials,  
 hish up his work; which perfected,  
 all solemnity he set it up,  
 adored, and served himself his idol;  
 ing it to give him victory  
 ut his enemies: but, being overthrown,  
 ed against his god (these are fine gods,  
 et to human fury!), he took down  
 enseless thing, and melting it again,  
 ade a bason, in which eunuchs wash'd  
 oncubine's feet; and for this sordid use  
 months it served: his mistress proving false,  
 ost indeed do so, and grace concluded  
 een him and the priests, of the same bason  
 ade his god again!—Think, think of this  
 then consider, if all worldly honours,  
 esures that do leave sharp stings behind them,  
 power to win such as have reasonable souls,  
 at their trust in dross.

L. Oh, that I had been born  
 out a father!

rist. Piety to him  
 ruin'd us for ever.

r. Think not so;  
 may repair all yet: the attribute  
 speaks his Godhead most, is merciful:  
 nge is proper to the fiends you worship,  
 annot strike without his leave.—You weep,—  
 tis a heavenly shower—celestial balm  
 ire your wounded conscience—let it fall,  
 hick upon it; and, when that is spent,  
 elp it with another of my tears:  
 may your true repentance prove the child  
 y true sorrow, never mother had  
 th so happy!

L. We are caught ourselves,  
 came to take you; and, assured of conquest,  
 re your captives.

r. And in that you triumph:  
 victory had been eternal loss,  
 this your loss immortal gain. Fix here,  
 you shall feel yourselves inwardly arm'd  
 st tortures, death, and hell:—but, take heed,  
 sisters, [suggestions,

or through weakness, threats, or mild per-  
 gh of a father, you fall not into  
 ond and a worse apostacy.

L. Never, oh never! steel'd by your example,  
 are the worst of tyranny.

rist. Here's our warrant,  
 shall along and witness it.

r. Be confirm'd then;  
 rest assured, the more you suffer here,  
 more your glory, you to heaven more dear.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Governor's Palace.  
 ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, and  
 HARFAX.

em. Saprītius, though your son deserves no pity,  
 rieve his sickness: his contempt of us,  
 ast behind us, and look back upon  
 ervice done to Cæsar, that weighs down

I in which he and his guests were accustomed to spit,  
 heir feet, &c. which is formed into a god: but whether  
 nished the poet with any hints, I cannot undertake

Our just displeasure. If his malady  
 Have growth from his restraint, or that you think  
 His liberty can cure him, let him have it:  
 Say, we forgive him freely.

Sap. Your grace binds us  
 Ever your humblest vassals.

Artem. Use all means  
 For his recovery; though yet I love him,  
 I will not force affection. If the Christian,  
 Whose beauty hath out-rivall'd me, be won  
 To be of our belief, let him enjoy her;  
 That all may know, when the cause wills, I can  
 Command my own desires.

Theoph. Be happy then,  
 My lord Saprītius—I am confident.  
 Such eloquence and sweet persuasion dwell  
 Upon my daughters' tongues, that they will work  
 To any thing they please. [her

Sap. I wish they may:  
 Yet 'tis no easy task to undertake,  
 To alter a perverse and obstinate woman.

[A shout within: loud music.

Artem. What means this shout?

Sap. 'Tis seconded with music,  
 Triumphant music.—Ha!

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Semp. My lord, your daughters,  
 The pillars of our faith\*, having converted,  
 For so report gives out, the Christian lady,  
 The image of great Jupiter born before them,  
 Sue for access.

Theoph. My soul divin'd as much.  
 Blest be the time when first they saw this light!  
 Their mother when she bore them to support  
 My feeble age, fill'd not my longing heart  
 With so much joy, as they in this good work  
 Have thrown upon me.

Enter Priest with the Image of Jupiter, incense and  
 censers; followed by CALISTA and CHRISTETA,  
 leading DOROTHEA.

Welcome, oh, thrice welcome,  
 Daughters, both of my body and my mind!  
 Let me embrace in you my bliss, my comfort;  
 And, Dorothea, now more welcome too,  
 Than if you never had fallen off—I am ravish'd  
 With the excess of joy:—speak, happy daughters,  
 The blest event.

Cal. We never gain'd so much  
 By any undertaking.

Theoph. O my dear girl,  
 Our gods reward thee!

Dor. Nor was ever time  
 On my part better spent.

Christ. We are all now  
 Of one opinion.

Theoph. My best Christeta!  
 Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,  
 Vouchsafe your princely hands.

Artem. Most willingly—  
 Do you refuse it!

Cal. Let us first deserve it. [prepare

Theoph. My own child still! here set our god;  
 The incense quickly: Come, fair Dorothea,  
 I will myself support you;—now kneel down  
 And pay your vows to Jupiter.

\* The pillars of our faith, &c.] Here as in many other  
 places, the language of Christianity and paganism is con-  
 founded; faith was always the distinctive term for the  
 former, in opposition to heathenism.

Dor. I shall do it  
Better by their example.

Theoph. They shall guide you,  
They are familiar with the sacrifice.  
Forward, my twins of comfort, and, to teach her,  
Make a joint offering.

Christ. Thus—— [they both spit at the image,  
Cal. And thus—— throw it down, and spurn it.

Harp. Profane,  
And impious! stand you now like a statue?  
Are you the champion of the gods? where is  
Your holy zeal, your anger?

Theoph. I am blasted;  
And, as my feet were rooted here, I find  
I have no motion; I would I had no sight too!  
Or if my eyes can serve to any use\*,  
Give me, thou injured Power! a sea of tears,  
To expiate this madness in my daughters;  
For, being themselves, they would have trembled at  
So blasphemous a deed in any other:—  
For my sake, hold awhile thy dreadful thunder,  
And give me patience to demand a reason  
For this accursed act.

Dor. 'Twas bravely done. [should look on you  
Theoph. Peace, damn'd enchantress, peace!—I  
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,  
That shakes with rage, should much outstrip my  
tongue,

And seal my vengeance on your hearts;—but nature,  
To you that have fallen once, bids me again  
To be a father. Oh! how durst you tempt  
The anger of great Jove?

Dor. Alack, poor Jove!  
He is no swaggerer; how smug he stands!  
He'll take a kick, or any thing.

Sap. Stop her mouth.

Dor. It is the patient'st godling †; do not fear him;  
He would not hurt the thief that stole away  
Two of his golden locks; indeed he could not:  
And still 'tis the same quiet thing

Theoph. Blasphemer!  
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this;  
Thou art past hope: but for you yett, dear daughters,  
Again bewitch'd, the dew of mild forgiveness  
May gently fall, provided you deserve it  
With true contrition: be yourselves again;  
Sue to the offended deity.

Christ. Not to be  
The mistress of the earth.

Cal. I will not offer  
A grain of incense to it, much less kneel,  
Nor look on it but with contempt and scorn,  
To have a thousand years conferr'd upon me  
Of worldly blessings. We profess ourselves  
To be, like Dorothea, Christians,  
And owe her for that happiness.

Theoph. My ears  
Receive, in hearing this, all deadly charms,  
Powerful to make man wretched.

Artem. Are these they  
You brag'd could convert others!

\* Or if my eyes can serve to any use.] The modern editors read:

Or if my eyes can serve to any other use.  
Other, which destroys at once the metre and the sense, is an absurd interpolation of the quartos 1631 and 1661.

† Dor. It is the patient'st godling; I have inserted this word at the recommendation of Mr. M. Mason. The old copies concur in reading *ancient'st*.

‡ —but for you yett.] Yet, which completes the verse, is now restored from the first edition.

Sap. That want strength  
To stand themselves!

Harp. Your honour is engaged,  
The credit of your cause depends upon it;  
Something you must do suddenly.

Theoph. And I will.

Harp. They merit death; but, filling by your land,  
'Twill be recorded for a just revenge,  
And holy fury in you.

Theoph. Do not blow  
The furnace of a wrath thrice hot already;  
Ætna is in my breast, wildfire burns here,  
Which only blood must quench. Incensed Power!  
Which from my infancy I have adored,  
Look down with favourable beams upon  
The sacrifice, though not allow'd thy priest,  
Which I will offer to thee, and be pleased  
(My fiery zeal inciting me to act)  
To call that justice others may style murder.  
Come, you accurs'd, thus by the hair I drag you  
Before this holy altar; thus look on you,  
Less pitiful than tigers to their prey:  
And thus with mine own hand I take that life  
Which I gave to you. [Kills them.

Dor. O most cruel butcher!

Theoph. My anger ends not here: hell's dreadful  
Receive into thy ever-open gates, [porter.  
Their damned souls, and let the Furies' whips  
On them alone be wasted; and, when death  
Closes these eyes, 'twill be Elysium to me  
To hear their shrieks and howlings. Make me, Pluto,  
Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls  
Of that accursed sect; nor let me fall,  
Till my fell vengeance hath consumed them all.

[Exit, Harpax hugging him.

Artem. 'Tis a brave zeal\*.

[Enter Angelo smiling.

Dor. Oh, call him back again,  
Call back your hangman! here's one prisoner left  
To be the subject of his knife.

Art. Not so;

We are not so near reconciled unto thee;  
Thou shalt not perish such an easy way.  
Be she your charge, Sapritius, now; and suffer  
None to come near her, till we have found out  
Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage, mistress,

These martyrs but prepare your glorious fate;  
You shall exceed them, and not imitate. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—A Room in DOROTHEA'S House.

Enter SPURGIUS and HIRCIUS, ragged, at opposite doors.

Hir. Spungius! [tattered world\*]

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this

Hir. Hast any money?

Spun. Money! No. The tavern ivy clings about  
my money, and kills it. Hast thou any money?

Hir. No. My money is a mad bull; and finding  
any gap opened, away it runs.

\* Artem. 'Tis a brave zeal.] The first two quartos have a stage direction here, which Coxeter and M. Mason follow: *Enter Artemia laughing*. But Artemia continues on the stage: the error was seen and removed by the quarto 1651, which reads as I have given it.

† —how goes this tattered world? These oddities wretches—but they are not worth a line. Mr. Malone observes that *tattered* is spelt with an *e* in the old editions of Shakspeare; this is the first opportunity I have had for mentioning, that Massinger conforms to the same practice. The modern editors sometimes adopt one mode of spelling it, and sometimes another, as if the words were different! It is best to be uniform.

*Spun.* I see then a tavern and a bawdy-house have faces much alike; the one hath red grates next the door, the other hath peeping-holes within-doors: the tavern hath evermore a bush, the bawdy-house sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern man comes reeling; from a bawdy-house, not able to stand. In the tavern you are cozen'd with paltry wine; in a bawdy-house, by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but to neither can you cry, Drawer, you rogue! or, Keep door, rotten bawd! without a silver whistle:—We are justly plagued, therefore, for running from our mistress.

*Hir.* Thou didst; I did not: Yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that staid my running.

*Spun.* Well! the thread of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose eye, looking upon my lousy breeches, cries out it cannot mend them; which so pricks the linings of my body (and those are, heart, lights, lungs, guts, and midriff), that I beg on my knees, to have Atropos, the tailor to the Destinies, to take her shears, and cut my thread in two, or to beat the iron goose of mortality, and so press me to death.

*Hir.* Sure thy father was some butcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

*Spun.* And what was thy father?

*Hir.* A low-minded cobbler, a cobbler whose zeal set many a woman upright; the remembrance of whose awl (I now having nothing) thrusts such scurvystitches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness is gone awry.

*Spun.* Pity that e'er thou trod'st thy shoe awry.

*Hir.* Long I cannot last; for all sowterly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-rent, and go wet-shod.

*Spun.* This shews thou art a cobbler's son, by going through stitch: O Hircius, would thou and I were so happy to be cobblers!

*Hir.* So would I; for both of us being weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers' ends.

*Spun.* I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.

*Hir.* So am not I; but I am more than famish'd.

*Spun.* All the members in my body are in a rebellion one against another.

*Hir.* So are mine; and nothing but a cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose instead of his painted staff, a spit full of roast meat.

*Spun.* But in this rebellion, what uproars do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, Why dost not gape and feed me?

*Hir.* And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, Why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

*Spun.* Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes because they look not out, and shark for victuals.

*Hir.* Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed colon, sithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

*Spun.* But then my feet, like lazy rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchase any thing.

*Hir.* Why, among so many millions of people, should thou and I only be miserable tatterdemallions, ragamuffins, and lousy desperates?

*Spun.* Thou art a mere I-am-an-o, I-am-an-as: consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

*Hir.* Lousy, beggarly! thou whoreson assa fetida?

*Spun.* Worse; all tottering, all out of frame, thou fooliamini!

*Hir.* As how, arsenic? come, make the world smart.

*Spun.* Old honour goes on crutches, beggary rides caroched; honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapp'd in velvet, soldiers (as we) in rags; beauty turns whore, whore, bawd, and both die of the pox: why then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright?

*Hir.* Stop, look! who's yonder?

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Spun.* Fellow Angelo! how does my little man,

*Ang.* Yes; [well! And would you did so, too. Where are your clothes?

*Hir.* Clothes! You see every woman almost go in her loose gown, and why should not we have our clothes loose?

*Spun.* Would they were loose!

*Ang.* Why, where are they?

*Spun.* Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company; they are pawned to a broker.

*Ang.* Why pawn'd? where's all the gold I left with you?

*Hir.* The gold! we put that into a scrivener's hands, and he hath cozened us.

*Spun.* And therefore, I prithee, Angelo, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to devastation. [way

*Ang.* Are you made all of lies? I know which Your guilt-wing'd pieces flew. I will no more Be mockt by you: be sorry for your riots, Tame your wild flesh by labour; eat the bread Got with hard hands; let sorrow be your whip, To draw drops of repentance from your heart: When I read this amendment in your eyes, You shall not want; till then, my pity dies. [Exit.

*Spun.* Is it not a shame, that this scurvy puerilis should give us lessons.

*Hir.* I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long time in the suburbs of conscience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of honesty.

*Enter HARPAX behind.*

*Spun.* O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggary; the sound of *score*, a *pottle of sack*, is worse than the noise of a scolding oyster-wench, or two cats incorporating.

*Harp.* This must not be—I do not like when conscience [ters!

Thaws; keep her frozen still. How now, my mas- Dejected? drooping? drown'd in tears? clothes torn? [wind

Lean, and ill colour'd? sighing? where's the whirl- Which raises all these mischiefs? I have seen you Drawn better on't. O! but a spirit told me You both would come to this, when in you thrust\* Yourselves into the service of that lady, [praying? Who shortly now must die. Where's now her

\* —when in you thrust. In, which completes the verse, was omitted by Mr. M. Mason, from an opinion perhaps, that it was superfluous to the sense. But this was the language of the times: for the rest, this whole act is most carelessly printed by the last editors.

What good got you by wearing out your feet,  
To run on scurvy errands to the poor,  
And to bear money to a sort\* of rogue  
And lousy prisoners?

*Hir.* Pox on them! I never prospered since I did it.

*Spun.* Had I been a pagan still, I should not have spit white for want of drink; but come to any vintner now, and bid him trust me, because I turned Christian, and he cries, Pox!

*Harp.* You're rightly served; before that peevish lady

Had to do with you, women, wine and money  
Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not?

*Hir.* Oh, those days! those days!

*Harp.* Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in madness;

Those days shall come again, be ruled by me,  
And better, mark me, better.

*Spun.* I have seen you, sir, as I take it, an attendant on the lord Theophilus.

*Harp.* Yes, yes; in shew his servant; but hark, Take heed no body listens. [hither!—

*Spun.* Not a mouse stirs.

*Harp.* I am a prince disguised.

*Hir.* Disguised! how? drunk?

*Harp.* Yes, my fine boy! I'll drink too, and be I am a prince, and any man by me, [drunk;  
Let him but keep my rules, shall soon grow rich,  
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich:  
He that shall serve me, is not starved from pleasures  
As other poor knaves are; no, take their till.

*Spun.* But that, sir, we're so ragged—

*Harp.* You'll say, you'd serve me?

*Hir.* Before any master under the zodiac.

*Harp.* For clothes no matter; I've a mind to both.  
And one thing I like in you; now that you see  
The bonfire of your lady's state burnt out,  
You give it over, do you not?

*Hir.* Let her be hang'd!

*Spun.* And pox'd!

*Harp.* Why, now you're mine;  
Come, let my bosom touch you.

*Spun.* We have bugs, sir.

*Harp.* There's money, fetch your clothes home;  
there's for you.

\* And to bear money to a sort of rogues, &c.] Or, as we should now say—to a set, or parcel of rogues. The word occurs so frequently in this sense, in our old writers, that it seems almost unnecessary to give any examples of it:  
"Here are a sort of poor petitioners,  
That are importunate." *Spanish Tragedy.*

Again:  
"And, like a sort of true born scavengers,  
Scour me this famous realm of enemies."

*Knight of the Burning Pestle.*  
(This word, with a similar meaning to that here intended, frequently occurs in Shakespeare, as "But they can see a sort of Traitors here."—Richard, II.  
Again in Richard III. "a sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways."—Etc.)

—before that peevish lady

Had to do with you,] *Peevish* is foolish; thus, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly says of her fellow-servant, "His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way." Mr. Malone thinks this to be one of dame Quickly's blindnesses, and that she means to say precise; but I believe he is mistaken. In *Hyacinth* *Scorners*, the word is used in the very sense here given:  
'For an I should do after your scold  
To learn to pater to make me precise."

Again, in *God's Revenge against Adultery*; "Albarnes kept a man-fod of some forty years old in his house, who indeed was so naturally peevish, as not Milan, hardly Italy, could match him for simplicity."

*Hir.* Avoid, vermin! give over our mistress! a man cannot prosper worse, if he serve the devil.

*Harp.* How! the devil? I'll tell you what now of the devil.

He's no such horrid creature; cloven-footed  
Black, saucer-eyed, his nostrils breathing fire,  
As these lying Christians make him.

*Both.* No!

*Harp.* He's more loving  
To man, than man to man is\*.

*Hir.* Is he so? Would we two might come acquainted with him!

*Harp.* You shall: he's a wondrous good fellow,  
loves a cup of wine, a whore, any thing; if you have money, it's ten to one but I'll bring him to him.

some tavern to you or other.

*Spun.* I'll bespeak the best room in the house for  
*Harp.* Some people he cannot endure.

*Hir.* We'll give him no such cause.

*Harp.* He hates a civil lawyer, as a soldier does peace.

*Spun.* How a commoner†!

*Harp.* Loves him from the teeth outward.

*Spun.* Pray, my lord and prince, let me encounter you with one foolish question: does the devil eat any mace in his broth?

*Harp.* Exceeding much, when his burning fever takes him; and then he has the knuckles of a bailiff boiled to his breakfast.

*Hir.* Then, my lord, he loves a catchpole, does he not?

*Harp.* As a bearward doth a dog. A catchpole! he hath sworn, if ever he dies, to make a serjeant his heir, and a yeoman his overseer.

*Spun.* How if he come to any great man's gate, will the porter let him come in, sir?

*Harp.* Oh! he loves porters of great men's gates, because they are ever so near the wicket.

*Hir.* Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroking their cheeks, lead bellish lives under him?

*Harp.* No, no, no, no; he will be damn'd before he hurts any man: do but you (when you are thoroughly acquainted with him) ask for any thing, see if it does not come.

*Spun.* Any thing!

*Harp.* Call for a delicate rare whore, she is brought you.

*Hir.* Oh! my elbow itches. Will the devil keep the door?

*Harp.* Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

*Spun.* O my fine devil! some watchman, I warrant; I wonder who is his constable.

*Harp.* Will you swear, roar, swagger? he claps you—

*Hir.* How? on the chaps?

*Harp.* No, on the shoulder; and cries, O, my brave boys! Will any of you kill a man?

*Spun.* Yes, yes; I, I.

*Harp.* What is his word? Hang! hang! 'tis nothing.—Or stab a woman?

\* *Harp. He's more loving  
To man, than man to man is.]* Though this horrid prostitution of that fine sentiment in Juvenal, *Carior est illis homo quam sibi*, may not be altogether out of character for the speaker; it were to be wished it had not been employed. To say the truth, the whole of this scene, more especially what yet remains of it, is as foolish as it is profligate.

† *Spun. How a commoner!* That is a common lawyer. M. Mason.

*Hir.* Yes, yes; I, I.  
*Harp.* Here is the worst word he gives you: A  
 pox on't, go on!  
*Hir.* O inveigling rascal!—I am ravish'd.  
*Harp.* Go, get your clothes; turn up your glass  
 of youth,  
 And let the sands run merrily; nor do I care  
 From what a lavish hand your money flies,  
 So you give none away to beggars—  
*Hir.* Hang them!  
*Harp.* And to the scrubbing poor.  
*Hir.* I'll see them hang'd first.  
*Harp.* One service you must do me.  
*Both.* Any thing.  
*Harp.* Your mistress, Dorothea, ere she suffers,  
 Is to be put to tortures: have you hearts

To tear her into shreds, to fetch her soul  
 Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die?  
*Hir.* Suppose this she, and that I had no hands,  
 here's my teeth.  
*Spun.* Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth,  
 here's my nails.  
*Hir.* But will not you be there, sir? [master  
*Harp.* No, not for hills of diamonds; the grand  
 Who schools her in the Christian discipline,  
 Abhors my company: should I be there, [quarrel  
 You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so  
 Ply you this business; he, her flesh who spares,  
 Is lost, and in my love never more shares. [Exit.  
*Spun.* Here's a master, you rogue!  
*Hir.* Sure he cannot choose but have a horrible  
 number of servants. [Exit.

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—The Governor's Palace.

ANTONINUS sick, with Doctors about him;  
 SAPRITIUS and MACRINUS.

*Sap.* O you, that are half gods, lengthen that life  
 Their deities lend us; turn o'er all the volumes  
 Of your mysterious Æsculapian science,  
 T' increase the number of this young man's days;  
 And, for each minute of his time prolong'd,  
 Your fee shall be a piece of Roman gold  
 With Cæsar's stamp, such as he sends his captains  
 When in the wars they earn well: do but save him,  
 And, as he's half myself, be you all mine. [hand  
*Doct.* What art can do, we promise; physick's  
 As apt is to destroy as to preserve,  
 If heaven make not the med'cine: all this while,  
 Our skill hath combat held with his disease;  
 But 'tis so arm'd, and a deep melancholy,  
 To be such in part with death\*, we are in fear  
 The grave must mock our labours.

*Mac.* I have been  
 His keeper in this sickness, with such eyes  
 As I have seen my mother watch o'er me;  
 And, from that observation, sure I find  
 It is a midwife must deliver him.

*Sap.* Is he with child? a midwife†!  
*Mac.* Yes, with child;  
 And will, I fear, lose life, if by a woman  
 He is not brought to bed. Stand by his pillow  
 Some little while, and in his broken slumbers,  
 Him shall you hear cry out on Dorothea;  
 And, when his arms fly open to catch her,  
 Closing together, he falls fast asleep,  
 Pleased with embracings of her airy form.  
 Physicians but torment him, his disease  
 Laughs at their gibberish language; let him hear  
 The voice of Dorothea, nay, but the name,  
 He starts up with high colour in his face:

\* To be such in part with death,] Mr. M. Mason reads, after Coxeter, To such in part with death, and explains it to mean "To such a degree." I doubt whether he understood his own explanation or not. The genuine reading, which I have restored, takes away all difficulty from the passage.

† Sap. Is he with child? a midwife! The modern editors read, A midwife is he with child! Had they no ears!

She, or none, cures him; and how that can be,  
 The princess' strict command, barring that happiness,  
 To me impossible seems.

*Sap.* To me it shall not;  
 I'll be no subject to the greatest Cæsar  
 Was ever crown'd with laurel, rather than cease  
 To be a father. [Exit.

*Mac.* Silence, sir, he wakes.  
*Anton.* Thou kill'st me, Dorothea; oh, Dorothea!  
*Mac.* She's here:—enjoy her.  
*Anton.* Where? Why do you mock me?  
 Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet,  
 Yet I am an old man, a fond doating fool  
 Upon a woman. I, to buy her beauty,  
 (In truth I am bewitch'd,) offer my life,  
 And she, for my acquaintance, hazards hers;  
 Yet, for our equal sufferings none holds out  
 A hand of pity.

*Doct.* Let him have some music.

*Anton.* Hell on your fiddling!

*Doct.* Take again your bed, sir;

Sleep is a sovereign physick.

*Anton.* Take an ass's head, sir:  
 Confusion on your fooleries, your charms!—  
 Thou stinking clyster-pipe, where's the god of rest,  
 Thy pills and base apothecary drugs  
 Threaten'd to bring unto me? Out, you impostors!  
 Quacksalving, cheating mountebanks! your skill  
 Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

*Mac.* Oh, be yourself, dear friend.

*Anton.* Myself, Macrinus!  
 How can I be myself when I am mangled  
 Into a thousand pieces? here moves my head,  
 But where's my heart? wherever—that lies dead.

*Re-enter SAPRITIUS, dragging in DOROTHEA by the  
 hair, ANGELO attending.*

*Sap.* Follow me, thou damn'd sorceress! call up  
 thy spirits,

And, if they can, now let them from my hand  
 Untwine these witching hairs.

*Anton.* I am that spirit:  
 Or, if I be not, were you not my father,  
 One made of iron should hew that hand in pieces,  
 That so defaces this sweet monument  
 Of my love's beauty.

*Sap.* Art thou sick?

Anton. To death.

Sap. Wouldst thou recover?

Anton. Would I live in bliss!

Sap. And do thine eyes shoot daggers at that man  
That brings thee health?

Anton. It is not in the world.

Sap. It's here.

Anton. To treasure\*, by enchantment lock'd  
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near.

Sap. Break that enchanted cave; enter, and rifle  
The spoils thy lust hunts after; I descend  
To a base office, and become thy pander,  
In bringing thee this proud thing: make her thy  
whore,

Thy health lies here; if she deny to give it,  
Force it: imagine thou assault'st a town's  
Weak wall; to't 'tis thine own, but beat this down.  
Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery  
How the coy strumpet yields†.

Doct. Shall the boy stay, sir?

Sap. No matter for the boy:—pages are used  
To these odd bauwdy shufflings; and, indeed, are  
Those little young snakes in a fury's head,  
Will sting worse than the great ones.

Let the pimp stay. [Exeunt Sap. Mac. and Doct.]

Dor. O, guard me, angels!

What tragedy must begin now?

Anton. When a tiger  
Leaps into a timorous herd, with ravenous jaws,  
Being hunger-starved, what tragedy then begins?

Dor. Death: I am happy so; you, hitherto,  
Have still had goodness spher'd within your eyes,  
Let not that orb be broken‡.

Ang. Fear not, mistress;  
If he dare offer violence, we two  
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.

Dor. What is your horrid purpose, sir? your eye  
Bears danger in it.

Anton. I must—

Dor. What?

Sap. [within.] Speak it out.

Anton. Climb that sweet virgin tree.

Sap. [within.] Plague o' your trees.

Anton. And pluck that fruit which none, I think,  
e'er tasted.

Sap. [within.] A soldier, and stand fumbling so!

Dor. Oh, kill me, [kneels]  
And heaven will take it as a sacrifice;  
But, if you play the ravisher, there is  
A hell to swallow you.

Sap. [within.] Let her swallow thee!

Anton. Rise:—for the Roman empire, Dorothea,  
I would not wound thine honour. Pleasures forced  
Are unripe apples; sour, not worth the plucking:  
Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my father's will,  
That I should seize upon you, as my prey;

\* Ant. To treasure, &c.] This is the emendation of Mr. M. Mason. It appears a happy substitution for the old reading, which was, O treasure, &c.

† Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery  
How the coy strumpet yields.] These two lines are addressed to Macrinus and the doctors. M. Mason.

‡ —you, hitherto,  
Have still had goodness spar'd within your eyes,  
Let not that orb be broken.] The word orb in this last line proves that we should read spher'd instead of spar'd; the latter, indeed, made the passage nonsense, which is now very poetical. M. Mason.

Mr. M. Mason is somewhat rash in his assertion; sparred, is shot up, inclined, it is not therefore nonsense. I have, however, adopted his emendation, which, if not just, is at least ingenious.

Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin  
The villainy of man did ever act.

[Sapritius breaks in with Macrinus.]

Ang. Die happy for this language.

Sap. Die a slave

A blockish idiot!

Mac. Dear sir, vex him not.

[geldings:]

Sap. Yes, and vex thee too; both, I think, are  
Cold, phlegmatic bastard, thou'rt no brat of mine;  
One spark of me, when I had heat like thine,  
By this had made a bonfire: a tempting whore,  
For whom thou'rt mad, thrust e'en into thine arms,  
And stand'st thou puling! had a tailor seen her  
At this advantage, he, with his cross capers  
Had ruffled her by this: but thou shalt curse  
Thy dalliance\*, and here, before her eyes,  
Tear thy own flesh in pieces, when a slave  
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures  
Thy niceness durst not touch. Call out a slave;  
You, captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.

Anton. What will you do, dear sir?

[learn]

Sap. Teach her a trade, which many a one would  
In less than half an hour,—to play the whore.

Enter A SLAVE.

Mac. A slave is come; what now?

Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh

Enough to ply thy labour: from what country

Wert thou ta'en prisoner, here to be our slave;

Slave. From Britain.

Sap. In the west ocean?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. An island?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. I'm fitted: of all nations

Our Roman swords e'er conquered, none comes near

The Briton for true whoring. Sirrah fellow,

What wouldst thou do to gain thy liberty?

Slave. Do! liberty! fight naked with a lion,

Venture to pluck a standard from the heart

Of an arm'd legion. Liberty! I'd thus

Bestride a rampire, and defiance spit

I' the face of death, then, when the battering-ram

Was fetching his career backward, to push

Me with his horns in pieces. To shake my chains off,

And that I could not do't but by thy death,

Stood'st thou on this dry shore, I on a rock

Ten pyramids high, down would I leap to kill thee,

Or die myself: what is for man to do

I'll venture on, to be no more a slave. [these]

Sap. Thou shalt, then, be no slave, for I will set

Upon a piece of work is fit for man,

Brave for a Briton:—drag that thing aside,

And ravish her,

Slave. And ravish her! is this your manly service?

A devil scorns to do it; 'tis for a beast,

A villain, not a man: I am as yet,

But half a slave; but when that work is past,

A damned whole one, a black ugly slave,

The slave of all base slaves:—do't thyself, Roman,

'Tis drudgery fit for thee.

Sap. He's bewitch'd too:

Bind him, and with a bastinado give him,

Upon his naked belly, two hundred blows.

Slave. Thou art more slave than I.

[He is carried in.]

\* —but thou shalt curse

Thy dalliance,] i. e. thy hesitation, thy delay:

"Good lord! you use this dalliance to excuse

Your breach of promise." Comedy of Errors.

*Dor.* That power supernal, on whom waits my  
Is captain o'er my chastity. [soul,

*Anton.* Good sir, give o'er :  
The more you wrong her, yourself's vex'd, the more.  
*Sap.* Plagues light on her and thee!—thus down  
I throw

Thy harlot, thus by the hair nail her to earth.  
Call in ten slaves, let every one discover  
What lust desires, and surfeit here his fill.  
Call in ten slaves.

*Mac.\*.* They are come sir, at your call.  
*Sap.* Oh, oh! [Falls down.

*Enter THEOPHILUS.*

*Theoph.* Where is the governor?

*Anton.* There's my wretched father.

*Theoph.* My lord Sappritius—he's not dead!—my  
That witch there— [lord :

*Anton.* 'Tis no Roman gods can strike  
These fearful terrors. O, thou happy maid,  
Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.

*Dor.* I do.

*Theoph.* Gone, gone; he's peppered. It is thou  
Hast done this act infernal.

*Dor.* Heaven pardon you!

And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down,  
(I can no miracles work) yet, from my soul,  
Pray to those powers I serve, he may recover.

*Theoph.* He stirs—help, raise him up,—my lord!

*Sap.* Where am I?

*Theoph.* One cheek is blasted.

*Sap.* Blasted! where's the lamia†

That tears my entrails? I'm bewitch'd; seize on her.

*Dor.* I'm here; do what you please.

*Theoph.* Spurn her to the bar. [we are.

*Dor.* Come, boy, being there, more near to heaven

*Sap.* Kick harder; go out witch! [Ereunt.

*Anton.* O bloody hangmen! Thine own gods give  
thee breath!

Each of thy tortures in my several death. [Exit.

#### SCENE II.—A Public Square.

*Enter HARPAX, HIRCIUS, and SPUNGIVS.*

*Harp.* Do you like my service now? say, am not I  
A master worth attendance?

*Spun.* Attendance! I had rather lick clean the  
soles of your dirty boots, than wear the richest suit  
of any infected lord, whose rotten life hangs between  
the two poles,

*Hir.* A lord's suit! I would not give up the cloak  
of your service, to meet the splayfoot estate of any  
left-eyed knight above the antipodes; because they  
are unlucky to meet.

*Harp.* This day I'll try your loves to me; 'tis only  
But well to use the agility of your arms

*Spun.* Or legs, I am lusty at them.

*Hir.* Or any other member that has no legs.

*Spun.* Thou'lt run into some hole.

*Hir.* If I meet one that's more than my match,  
and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and  
will creep on my knees. [me,

*Harp.* Hear me, my little team of villians, hear  
I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels,

Yet you must use them; lay them on but soundly;  
That's all.

*Hir.* Nay, if we come to mauling once, pah!

*Spun.* But what walnut-tree is it we must beat?

*Harp.* Your mistress.

*Hir.* How! my mistress? I begin to have a  
Christian's heart made of sweet butter, I melt; I  
cannot strike a woman.

*Spun.* Nor I, unless she scratch; bum my mis-  
tress!

*Harp.* You're coxcombs, silly animals.

*Hir.* What's that? [thrust

*Harp.* Drones, asses, blinded moles, that dare not  
Your arms out to catch fortune; say, you fall off,  
It must be done. You are converted rascals,  
And, that once spread abroad, why every slave  
Will kick you, call you motley Christians,  
And half-faced Christians.

*Spun.* The guts of my conscience begin to be of  
whitethather.

*Hir.* I doubt me, I shall have no sweet butter in  
me. [meet,

*Harp.* Deny this, and each pagan\* whom you  
Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes—

*Hir.* If we be cuckolds. [to,

*Harp.* Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow  
Shall add a fathom to your line of years.

*Spun.* A hundred fathom, I desire no more.

*Hir.* I desire but one inch longer.

*Harp.* The senators will, as you pass along,  
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,  
And with this give you gold: when you are dead,  
Happy that man shall be, can get a nail,  
The paring,—nay, the dirt under the nail,  
Of any of you both, to say, this dirt  
Belong'd to Spungius or Hircius.

*Spun.* They shall not want dirt under my nails, I  
will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers  
itch to be at her.

*Hir.* The first thing I do, I'll take her over the  
lips.

*Spun.* And I the hips,—we may strike any where?

*Harp.* Yes, any where.

*Hir.* Then I know where I'll hit her.

*Harp.* Prosper, and be mine own; stand by, I  
must not

To see this done, great business calls me hence:  
He's made can make her curse his violence. [Exit.

*Spun.* Fear it not, sir; her ribs shall be basted.

*Hir.* I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-hob-  
ble, and thwick-thwack thirlery bouncing.

*Enter DOROTHEA, led prisoner; SAPRITIUS, THEOPHI-  
LUS, ANGELO, and a Hangman, who sets up a Pillar;  
SAPRITIUS and THEOPHILUS sit; ANGELO stands by  
DOROTHEA. A Guard attending.*

*Sap.* According to our Roman customs, bind that  
Christian to a pillar.

*Theoph.* Infernal Furies,  
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips  
To tear thy flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture  
Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee,  
For wrongs done me; me! for flagitious facts  
By thee done to our gods: yet, so it stand  
To great Casarea's governor's high pleasure,  
Bow but thy knee to Jupiter, and offer

\* *Mac.* They are come, &c.] The old copies give this  
speech to Angelo: it is, however, so palpable an error, that  
the emendation which I have introduced requires no  
apology.

† *Lamia*, LAT. Ang. hag.

\* —and each pagan.] So the first two quartos, the  
last reads every: which, as it nars the verse, is followed by  
the modern editors. [Omitted in Edit. 1812.]—Ed.

Any slight sacrifice, or do but swear  
By Caesar's fortune, and—be free.

*Sap.* Thou shalt.

*Dor.* Not for all Caesar's fortune, were it chain'd  
To more worlds than are kingdoms in the world,  
And all those worlds drawn after him. I defy  
Your hangmen; you now show me whither to fly.

*Sap.* Are her tormentors ready?

*Ang.* Shrink not, dear mistress.

*Spun and Hir.* My lord, we are ready for the  
business.

*Dor.* You two! whom I like foster'd children fed,  
And lengthen'd out your starved life with bread:  
You be my hangmen! whom, when up the ladder  
Death haled you to be strangled, I fetch'd down,  
Clothed you, and warm'd you, you two my tormen-

*Both.* Yes, we. [tors!]

*Dor.* Divine Powers pardon you\*!

*Sap.* Strike.

[They strike at her. ANGELO kneeling holds her fast.

*Theoph.* Beat out her brains.

*Dor.* Receive me, you bright angels!

*Sap.* Faster, slaves.

*Spun.* Faster! I am out of breath, I am sure; if I  
were to beat a buck t, I can strike no harder.

*Hir.* O mine arms! I cannot lift them to my head.

*Dor.* Joy above joys! are my tormentors weary  
In torturing me, and, in my sufferings,

I fainting in no limb! tyrants, strike home,  
And feast your fury full.

*Theoph.* These dogs are curs,

[Comes from his seat.

Which snarl, yet bite not. See, my lord, her face  
Has more bewitching beauty than before:  
Proud whore, it smiles! I cannot an eye start out  
With these?

*Hir.* No, sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall; 'tis  
full of iron work. [feit]

*Sap.* Let's view the cudgels, are they not counter-

*Ang.* There fix thine eye still;—thy glorious  
crown must come

Not from soft pleasure, but by martyrdom.

There fix thine eye still;—when we next do meet,  
Not thorns, but roses, shall bear up thy feet:

There fix thine eye still. [Exit.

*Enter HARFAX sneaking.*

*Dor.* Ever, ever, ever!

*Theoph.* We're mock'd; these bats have power to  
fell down giants,

Yet her skin is not scarr'd.

*Sap.* What rogues are these?

*Theoph.* Cannot these force a shriek?

[Beats Spungius.

*Spun.* Oh! a woman has one of my ribs, and now  
five more are broken.

*Theoph.* Cannot this make her roar?

[Beats Hircius; he roars.

*Sap.* Who hired these slaves? what are they?

\* *Dor. Divine Powers pardon you* I know not whether  
by inadvertence or design; but M. Mason, in opposition to  
all the editions, reads, *Divine Powers, pardon me!*

† *If I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.* To  
buck, Johnson says, "is to wash clothes." This is but a  
lame explanation of the term; to buck is to wash clothes by  
laying them on a smooth stone, and beating them with a  
pole flattened at the end.

‡ *Proud whore, it smiles!* So the old copies; the modern  
editors read, she smiles. In every page, and almost in every  
speech, I have had to remove these imaginary improvements  
of the author's phraseology.

*Spun.* We serve that noble gentleman\*, there; he  
enticed us to this dry beating: oh! for one half pot.

*Harp.* My servants! two base rogues, and some-  
time servants

To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

*Sap.* Unbind her, hang up these.

*Theoph.* Hang the two bounds on the next tree.

*Hir.* Hang us! master Harpax, what a devil,  
shall we be thus used? [a woman.

*Harp.* What bandogs but you two would worry  
Your mistress? I but clapt you, you flew on.

Say I should get your lives, each rascal beggar

Would, when he met you, cry out Hell-hounds!  
traitors!

Spit at you, fling dirt at you; and no woman

Ever endure your sight: 'tis your best course

Now, had you secret knives, to stab yourselves;

But, since you have not, go and be hang'd.

*Hir.* I thank you.

*Harp.* 'Tis your best course.

*Theoph.* Why stay they trifling here?

To th' gallows drag them by the heels;—away.

*Spun.* By the heels! no, sir, we have legs to do  
us that service.

*Hir.* Ay, ay, if no woman can endure my sight,  
away with me.

*Harp.* Dispatch them.

*Spun.* The devil dispatch thee!

[Exit Guard with Spungius and Hircius.

*Sap.* Death this day rides in triumph, Theophilus.  
See this witch made away too.

*Theoph.* My soul thirsts for it.

Come, I myself the hangman's part could play.

*Dor.* O haste me to my coronation day!

[Exit.

### SCENE III.—The Place of Execution. A scaffold, block, &c.

*Enter ANTONINUS, MACRINUS, and Servants*

*Anton.* Is this the place where virtue is to suffer,  
And heavenly beauty leaving this base earth,

To make a glad return from whence it came?

Is it, Macrinus?

*Mac.* By this preparation,

You well may rest assured that Dorothea

This hour is to die here.

*Anton.* Then with her dies

The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman!

Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand

Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once

Take my last leave both of this light and her:

For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself

To me's Cimmerian darkness.

*Mac.* Strange affection!

\* *Spun. We serve that noble gentleman, &c.* This is the  
lection of the first quarto. The modern editors follow the  
others, which incorrectly read, *We serv'd, &c.*

† From hence, to the conclusion of the act, I recognise  
the hand of Massinger. There may be (and probably are)  
finer passages in our dramatic poets, but I am not acquainted  
with them.

‡ *Mac. Strange affection!*

*Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,  
And kills, instead of giving life.* This is a most beauti-  
ful allusion to a little poem among the *Elegies of Secundus*.  
Cupid and Death unite in the destruction of a lover, and in  
endeavouring to recover their weapons from the body of  
the victim, commit a mutual mistake, each plucking out the  
"shafts" of the other. The consequences of this are pret-  
tily described:

*Missa pergrinis sparguntur vulnera nervis,  
Et manus ignota saviit utrinque malo.*

Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,  
And kills, instead of giving life.

*Anton.* Nay, weep not;  
Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm,  
On me they're cast away. It is decreed  
That I must die with her; our clue of life  
Was spun together.

*Mac.* Yet, sir, 'tis my wonder,  
That you, who, hearing only what she suffers,  
Partake of all her tortures, yet will be,  
To add to your calamity, an eyewitness  
Of her last tragic scene, which must pierce deeper\*,  
And make the wound more desperate.

*Anton.* Oh, Macrinus!  
'T would linger out my torments else, not kill me,  
Which is the end I aim at: being to die too,  
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,  
Than what is made sharp by my constant love  
And true affection? It may be, the duty  
And loyal service, with which I pursued her,  
And seal'd it with my death, will be remember'd  
Among her blessed actions; and what honour  
Can I desire beyond it?

*Enter a Guard, bringing in DOROTHEA, a Headsman  
before her; followed by THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS,  
and HARPAZ.*

See, she comes;  
How sweet her innocence appears! more like  
To heaven itself, than any sacrifice  
Than can be offer'd to it. By my hopes  
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful  
In my belief; nor can I think our gods  
Are good, or to be served, that take delight  
In offerings of this kind: that, to maintain  
Their power, deface the master-piece of nature,  
Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,  
And every step raises her nearer heaven.  
What god soe'er thou art, that must enjoy her,  
Receive in her a boundless happiness!

*Sap.* You are to blame  
To let him come abroad.

*Mac.* It was his will;  
And we were left to serve him, not command him.

*Anton.* Good sir, be not offended; nor deny  
My last of pleasures in this happy object,  
That I shall e'er be blis't with.

*Theoph.* Now, proud contemner  
Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think  
It is not in the Power thou serv'st to save thee.  
Not all the riches of the sea, increased  
By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearch'd mines  
(Mannion's unknown exchequer), shall redeem thee.  
And, therefore, having first with horror weigh'd  
What 'tis to die, and to die young; to part with  
All pleasures and delights; lastly, to go  
Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,  
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee;  
And, to add to affliction, the remembrance

*Irrita Mors arcus validi molimina damnat,  
Phœbe Amoris teneras tam valuisse manus;  
Fœdabant juvenes primas in pulvere malas  
Oscula quas, heu, ad blanda vocabat Amor.  
Candentes vernis florebat multa corollis  
Persephone crinem vulnerat inde sibi.  
Quid lætent! tales procul objecere sagittas,  
De phœstra jaculum prompsit interque novum.  
Hec bona! sed virus pueri penetravit in arcum;  
Ex illo miseros tol dedit ille neci.* Lib. ii. Eleg. 6.

\* — which must pierce deeper,] So the first editions.  
The quarto 1661, reads, in defiance of metre,—which must  
it deeper pierce, and is followed by Coxeter and M.  
Mason!

Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted,  
Hadst thou not turn'd apostate\* to those gods  
That so reward their servants; let despair  
Prevent the hangman's sword and on this scaffold  
Make thy first entrance into hell.

*Anton.* She smiles  
Unmoved, by Mars! as if she were assured  
Death, looking on her constancy, would forget  
The use of his inevitable hand.

*Theoph.* Derided too! dispatch, I say.

*Dor.* Thou fool!  
That gloriest in having power to ravish  
A trifle from me I am weary of:  
What is this life to me? not worth a thought;  
Or, if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it  
To win a better: even thy malice serves  
To me but as a ladder to mount up  
To such a height of happiness, where I shall  
Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world;  
Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above  
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory  
To think at what an easy price I bought it.  
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth.  
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,  
Famine, nor age, have any being there.  
Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in  
Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards:—  
The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon,  
Which did require a Hercules to get it,  
Compared with what grows in all plenty there,  
Deserves not to be named. The Power I serve,  
Laughs at your happy Araby, or the  
Elysian shades, for he hath made his bowers  
Better in deed, than you can fancy yours.

*Anton.* O, take me thither with you!

*Dor.* Trace my steps,  
And be assured you shall.

*Sap.* With my own hands  
I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,  
And rob thy killing fever.

*Theoph.* By no means;  
Let him go with her: do, seduced young man  
And wait upon thy saint in death; do, do:  
And, when you come to that imagined place,  
That place of all delights—pray you, observe me,  
And meet those cursed things I once called Daughters,  
Whom I have sent as harbingers before you;

\* *Hadst thou not turn'd apostate to those gods.*] Our old  
writers usually said, *apostatata, statua*, &c. where we now  
say, *apostate, statue*. Massinger's editors, however, who  
were ignorant alike of his language and that of his con-  
temporaries, resolutely persist in modernizing him upon all oc-  
casions: they read, *apostate*!

† — *have any being there.*] Here again, the modern  
editors follow the miserable quarto of 1661, and tamely  
read—*having any being there.*—[Omitted in edit. 1812.]

‡ *Which did require a Hercules to get it.*] The modern  
editors read, *to guard it*. This deviation from the old copies  
is at the expense of sense. It was the dragon which guarded  
it: the object of Hercules was to get it. In almost every  
speech Massinger is thus injured by carelessness or igno-  
rance. It is the more inexcusable here, as the very same  
expression is to be found in the *Emperor of the East*.

This beautiful description of Elysium, as Mr. Gilchrist  
observes to me, has been imitated by Nabbes, in that very  
poetic rhapsody, *Microcomus*: some of the lines may be  
given:

"Cold there compels no use of rugged furs,  
Nor makes the mountains barren; there's no dog  
To rage, and scorch the land. Spring's always there,  
And paints the valleys; whilst a temperate air  
Sweeps their embroider'd face with his curl'd gales  
And breathes perfumes:—there night doth never spread  
Her ebon wings; but day-light's always there,  
And one blest season crowns the eternal year."

If there be any truth in your religion,  
In thankfulness to me, that with care hasten  
Your journey thither, pray you send me some  
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.

*Anton.* Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

*Sap.* Wilt thou in thy last minute damn thyself?

*Theoph.* The gates to hell are open.

*Dor.* Know, thou tyrant,  
Thou agent for the devil, thy great master,  
Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,  
I can, and will.

*Enter ANGELO, in the Angel's habit.\**

*Harp.* Oh! mountains fall upon me,  
Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,  
Where light may never find me!

*Theoph.* What's the matter?

*Sap.* This is prodigious, and confirms her witch-

*Theoph.* Harpax, my Harpax, speak! [craft.

*Harp.* I dare not stay:

Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.  
Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,  
To which compared (and with what I now suffer),  
Hell's torments are sweet slumbers! [Exit.

*Sap.* Follow him.

*Theoph.* He is distracted, and I must not lose him.  
Thy charms upon my servant, cursed witch,  
Give thee a short reprieve. Let her not die  
Till my return. [Exeunt *Sap.* and *Theoph.*

*Anton.* She minds him not: what object  
Is her eye fix'd on?

*Mac.* I see nothing.

*Anton.* Mark her.

*Dor.* Thou glorious minister of the Power I serve  
(For thou art more than mortal), is't for me,  
Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave  
Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest,  
Though glorified, to take my servant's habit?—  
For, put off thy divinity, so look'd  
My lovely Angelo.

*Ang.* Know, I am the same;  
And still the servant to your piety.  
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won me  
(But 'twas by His command to whom you sent  
To guide your steps. I tried your charity, [them,  
When in a beggar's shape you took me up,  
And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,  
As you believed, my famish'd mouth. Learn all,  
By your example, to look on the poor  
With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often,  
Angels desire an alms†. I never left you,  
Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry  
Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal,  
Your martyrdom once suffer'd; and before it,  
Ask any thing from me, and rest assured,  
You shall obtain it.

\* *Enter ANGELO in the Angel's habit, &c.* It appears that Angelo was not meant to be seen or heard by any of the people present, but Dorothea. In the inventory of the Lord Admiral's properties, given by Mr. Malone, is, "a robe for to goe invisibell." It was probably of a light gauzy texture, and afforded a sufficient hint to our good-natured ancestors, not to see the character invested with it.

† *Learn all.*

*By your example to look on the poor  
With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often,  
Angels desire an alms.* "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels un-  
aware." Heb. c. xiii. v. 2. Here is also a beautiful allusion to the parting speech of the "sociable archangel" to Tobit and his son.

*Dor.* I am largely paid  
For all my torments: since I find such grace,  
Grant that the love of this young man to me,  
In which he languisheth to death, may be  
Changed to the love of heaven.

*Ang.* I will perform it;  
And in that instant when the sword sets free  
Your happy soul, his shall have liberty.  
Is there aught else?

*Dor.* For proof that I forgive  
My persecutor, who in scorn desired  
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to;  
After my death, as sent from me, be pleas'd  
To give him of it.

*Ang.* Willingly, dear mistress.

*Mac.* I am amazed.

*Anton.* I feel a holy fire,  
That yields a comfortable heat within me;  
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was,  
See! I can stand, and go alone; thus kneel  
To heavenly Dorothea, touch her hand  
With a religious kiss. [Kneeling.

*Re-enter SAPRITIUS and THEOPHILUS.*

*Sap.* He is well now,  
But will not be drawn back.

*Theoph.* It matters not,  
We can discharge this work without his help.  
But see your son.

*Sap.* Villain!

*Anton.* Sir, I beseech you,  
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.

*Theoph.* I'll quickly make a separation of them:  
Hast thou aught else to say?

*Dor.* Nothing, but to blame  
Thy tardiness in sending me to rest;  
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soul  
Begins to take her flight: strike, O! strike quickly,  
And, though you are unmoved to see my death,  
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,  
As they were present now, the hearers shall  
Say this of Dorothea, with wet eyes,  
She lived a virgin, and a virgin dies.

[Her head struck off.  
*Anton.* O, take my soul along, to wait on thine!

*Mac.* Your son sinks too [Antoninus sinks.

*Sap.* Already dead!

*Theoph.* Die all  
That are, or favour this accursed \* sect:  
I triumph in their ends, and will raise up  
A hill of their dead carcasses, to o'erlook  
The Pyrenean hills, but I'll root out  
These superstitious fools, and leave the world  
No name of Christian.

[Loud music: Exit Angelo, having first laid his  
hand upon the mouths of Anton, and Dor.

*Sap.* Ha! heavenly music!

*Mac.* 'Tis in the air.

*Theoph.* Illusions of the devil,  
Wrought by some witch of her religion,  
That fain would make her death a miracle:  
It frights not me. Because he is your son,  
Let him have burial, but let her body  
Be cast forth with contempt in some highway,  
And be to vultures and to dogs a prey. [Exeunt.

\* *That are, or favour this accursed sect.* So the old copies; the modern editors, to adapt the text to their own ideas of accuracy, read: *That are of, or favour, &c.* but there is no need of alteration; this mode of expression recurs perpetually: add too, that the interpolation destroys the metre.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—THEOPHILUS discovered in his Study: books about him.

*Theoph.* 'Tis holiday, O Caesar, that thy servant,  
Thy provost, to see execution done  
On these base Christians in Casarea,  
Should now want work? Sleep these idolaters,  
That none are stirring?—As a curious painter,  
When he has made some honourable piece,  
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines  
Each colour how 'tis sweeten'd: and then hugs  
Himself for his rare workmanship—so here  
Will I my drolleries, and bloody landscapes,  
Long past wrapt up, unfold, to make me merry  
With shadows, now I want the substances.  
My muster-book of hell-bounds. Were the Christians,  
Whose names stand here, alive and arm'd, not Rome  
Could move upon her hinges. What I've done,  
Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate  
To poor tormented wretches\*; no, I'm carried  
With violence of zeal, and streams of service  
I owe our Roman gods. Great Britain,—what?

[reads.]

*A thousand wives, with brats sucking their breasts,  
Had but irons pinch them off, and thrown to swine:  
And then their fleshy back-parts, hew'd with hatchets,  
Were minced, and baked in pies, to feed starved  
Christians.*

Ha!—ha!

Again, again,—East Angles,—oh, East Angles:  
*Bandage, kept three days hungry, worried  
A thousand British rascals, stied up fat  
Of purpose, stripped naked, and disarm'd.  
I could outstare a year of suns and moons,  
To sit at these sweet bull-baitings, so I  
Could thereby but one Christian win to fall  
In adoration to my Jupiter.—Twelve hundred  
Eyes bored with augers out—Oh! eleven thousand  
Toru by wild beasts: two hundred ram'd in the earth  
To the orrumps, and full platters round about them,  
But for enough for reaching†: Eat, dogs, ha! ha!*

[He rises.]

Tush, all these tortures are but fillipings,  
Fleshbitings; I, before the Destinies

*Enter ANGELO with a basket filled with fruit and flowers.*

My bottom did wind up, would flesh myself  
Once more upon some one remarkable

\* — is not out of hate

*To poor tormented wretches, &c.] This is said to distinguish his character from that of Sapphirus, whose zeal is influenced by motives of interest, and by many other considerations, which appear to weigh nothing with Theophilus.*

† *Great Britain,—what?* Great Britain, is a curious anachronism; but this our old dramatic writers were little solicitous to avoid. The reader wants not my assistance to discover that this ragged narrative is by Decker; the horrible enumeration of facts, is taken from the histories of those times.

‡ *But for enough for reaching* : For occurs perpetually in those plays, in the sense of *prevention*, yet the modern editors have here altered it to *from*! indeed, the word is thus used by every writer of Massinger's age; thus Fletcher:

"Walk off, strah,

And stir my horse for taking cold."

*Love's Pilgrimage.*

Again:

" ——— he'll not tell me,  
For breaking of my heart."*Maid in the Mill.*

Above all these. This Christian slut was well,  
A pretty one; but let such horror follow  
The next I feed with torments, that when Rome  
Shall hear it, her foundation at the sound  
May feel an earthquake. How now? [Music.]

*Ang.* Are you amazed, sir?

So great a Roman spirit—and doth it tremble!

*Theoph.* How cam'st thou in? to whom thy business.*Ang.* To you:

I had a mistress, late sent hence by you  
Upon a bloody errand; you entreated,  
That, when she came into that blessed garden  
Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,  
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you  
Some of that garden fruit and flowers; which here;  
To have her promise saved, are brought by me.

*Theoph.* Cannot I see this garden?*Ang.* Yes, if the master

Will give you entrance? [He vanisheth.]

*Theoph.* 'Tis a tempting fruit,  
And the most bright-cheek'd child I ever view'd;  
Sweet smelling, goodly fruit. What flowers are  
these?

In Dioclesian's gardens; the most beauteous,  
Compared with these, are weeds: is it not February.  
The second day she died? frost, ice, and snow,  
Hung on the beard of winter: where's the sun  
That gilds this summer? pretty, sweet boy, say,  
In what country shall a man find this garden?—  
My delicate boy,—gone! vanished! within there,  
Julianus! Geta!—

*Enter JULIANUS and GETA.**Bath.* My lord.*Theoph.* Are my gates shut?*Geta.* And guarded.*Theoph.* Saw you not

A boy?

*Jul.* Where?*Theoph.* Here he enter'd; a young lad;

A thousand blessings danced upon his eyes,

A smoothfaced, glorious thing, that brought this basket\*.

*Geta.* No, sir!*Theoph.* Away—but be in reach, if my voice calls you. [Exit.]

No!—vanish'd, and not seen!—Be thou a spirit

Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure

This is essential, and, howe'er it grows,

Will taste it. [Exit.]

*Harp. [within.]* Ha, ha, ha, ha!*Theoph.* So good! I'll have some more, sure.

Now I am on the subject, let me observe, that a similar alteration has been unnecessarily made in *Pericles*. The old reading is,

"And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,

For going on death's net, which none resist."

"This is corrupt," says the editor. "I think it should be *from* going," and so he has printed it; place a comma after *desist*, and all will be right: "for going," i. e. *for fear* of going, &c.

\* *Theoph. Here he enter'd: &c.]* It may give the reader some idea of the metrical skill with which Massinger has been hitherto treated, to print these lines as they stand in Coxeter and M. Mason:

*Theoph. Here he enter'd, a young lad: a thousand  
Blessings danced upon his eyes: a smoothfaced glorious  
Thing, that brought this basket.*

*Harp.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! great liquorish fool.

*Theoph.* What art thou?

*Harp.* A fisherman.

*Theoph.* What dost thou catch?

*Harp.* Souls, souls; a fish call'd souls.

*Theoph.* Geta!

*Enter GETA.*

*Geta.* My lord.

*Harp.* [within.] Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Theoph.* What insolent slave is this, dares laugh  
Or what is't the dog grins at so? [at me?]

*Geta.* I neither know, my lord, at what, nor whom?  
for there is none without, but my fellow Julianus,  
and he is making a garland for Jupiter.

*Theoph.* Jupiter! all within me is not well;  
And yet not sick.

*Harp.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Theoph.* What's thy name, slave?

*Harp.* [at one end.] Go look.

*Geta.* 'Tis Harpax' voice.

*Theoph.* Harpax! go, drag the catiff to my foot,  
That I may stamp upon him.

*Harp.* [at the other end.] Fool, thou liest!

*Geta.* He's yonder, now, my lord.

*Theoph.* Watch thou that end,

Whilst I make good this.

*Harp.* [at the middle.] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Theoph.* He is at barley-break, and the last couple  
Are now in hell.\* [is bloody]

Search for him. [Exit Geta.] All this ground, methinks,  
And paved with thousands of those Christians' eyes  
Whom I have tortured, and they stare upon me.  
What was this apparition? sure it had

\* *Theoph.* He is at barley-break, and the last couple  
Are now in hell,] i. e. in the middle; alluding to the  
situation of Harpax. This wretched copy of a wretched  
original, the *hic et ubique* of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, is much  
too puerile for the occasion, and the character:—*decepti ex-  
emplar vitis instabile*. With respect to the amusement of  
barley-break, allusions to it occur repeatedly in our old  
writers; and their commentators have piled one parallel  
passage upon another, without advancing a single step  
towards explaining what this celebrated pastime really was.  
It was played by six people (three of each sex), who were  
coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and  
divided into three compartments, of which the middle one  
was called Hell. It was the object of the couple condemned  
to this division, to catch the others, who advanced from the  
two extremities; in which case a change of situation took  
place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded  
by preoccupation, from the other places: in this "catching,"  
however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of  
the game, the middle couple were not to separate before  
they had succeeded, while the others might break hands  
whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all  
had been taken in turn, the last couple was said to be in  
hell, and the game ended. *In tenui labor!*—Mr. M. Mason  
has given the following description of this pastime with  
allegorical personages, from Sir John Suckling:

"Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak  
Three mates to play at barley-break;  
Love Folly took; and Reason Fancy;  
And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they:  
Love coupled last, and so it fell  
That Love and Folly were in hell.

They break; and Love would Reason meet,  
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;  
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither  
Hies, and they two hug together:  
Yet this new coupling still doth tell  
That Love and Folly were in hell.

The rest do break again, and Pride  
Hath now got Reason on her side;  
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand  
Untouch'd by Love to Folly's hand;  
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,  
So Love and Folly were in hell."

A shape angelical. Mine eyes, though dazzled  
And daunted at first sight, tell me, it wore  
A pair of glorious wings; yes, they were wings,  
And hence he flew:—'tis vanish'd! Jupiter,  
For all my sacrifices done to him,  
Never once gave me smile.—How can stone smile,  
Or wooden image laugh? [music.] Ha! I remember  
Such music gave a welcome to mine ear,  
When the fair youth came to me:—'tis in the air,  
Or from some better place\*; a power divine,  
Through my dark ignorance on my soul does shine,  
And makes me see a conscience all stain'd o'er,  
Nay, drown'd and damn'd for ever in Christian gore.  
*Harp.* [within.] Ha, ha, ha! [tongue  
*Theoph.* Again!—What dainty relish on my  
This fruit hath left! some angel hath me fed;  
If so toothfull† I will be banqueted. [Eats.

*Enter HARPAX in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of  
the Study.*

*Harp.* Hold!

*Theoph.* Not for Cæsar.

*Harp.* But for me thou shalt. [here.

*Theoph.* Thou art no twin to him that last was  
Ye Powers, whom my soul bids me reverence,  
What art thou? [guard me!

*Harp.* I am thy master.

*Theoph.* Mine!

*Harp.* And thou my everlasting slave; that Harpax,  
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,  
Am I.

*Theoph.* Awaunt?

*Harp.* I will not; cast thou down  
That basket with the things in't, and fetch up  
What thou hast swallow'd, and then take a drink,  
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.

*Theoph.* My fruit!

Does this offend thee? see! [Eats again.

*Harp.* Spit it to the earth!

And tread upon it, or I'll piecemeal tear thee.

*Theoph.* Art thou with this affrighted? see, here's  
more. [Pulls out a handful of flowers.

*Harp.* Fling them away, I'll take thee else, and  
hang thee

In a contorted chain of isicles

In the frigid zone: down with them!

*Theoph.* At the bottom

One thing I found not yet. See!

[Holds up a cross of flowers.

*Harp.* Oh! I am tortured. [hence!

*Theoph.* Can this do't? hence, thou fiend infernal,

*Harp.* Clasp Jupiter's image, and away with that.

*Theoph.* At thee I'll fling that Jupiter; for, sue-  
thinks,

I serve a better master: he now checks me

For murdering my two daughters, put on by thee—

\* *Or from some better place:* In Cuxeter's edition, *place*  
was dropped at the press, I suppose: and M. Mason, who  
seems to have no conception of any older or other copy,  
blindly followed him; though the line has neither measure  
nor sense without the word, inserted from the old quartos—  
but indeed the whole of this scene, as it stands in the two  
former editions, especially the last, is full of the most shame-  
ful blunders.

† *If so toothfull, &c.* So the old copies; the modern edi-  
tions have *toothsome*: it may perhaps be a better word, but  
should not have been silently foisted upon the author.

‡ *Harp.* Spit it to the earth.] The first and second quartos  
read *spit*, which was now beginning to grow obsolete; in the  
succeeding one it is *spit*.

§ ———— put on by thee —] i. e. encouraged, instigated.  
So in Shakespeare:

lamm'd rhetoric did I hunt the life  
thee, the holy virgin-martyr.  
Not angry with the axe, nor me,  
Is these presents to me; and I'll travel  
To find her, and from her white hand  
Pardonness.

No; I'll bind thee here. [weapon\*]  
I serve a strength above thine; this small  
Is armour hard enough.

Keep from me [Sinks a little].  
Art posting to thy centre? down, hell-  
And! down;

Thou hast lost: that arm, which hurls thee  
Down, [Harpas disappears].

And set me a-p, the strong defence  
In Christian's quarrel!

Enter ANGELO.

Fix thy foot there,  
Thou shaken with a Cæsar's voice,  
Thousand deaths were in it; and I then  
Bring thee to a river, that shall wash  
Thy hands clean and more white than snow;  
That garden where these blest things grow,  
That martyr'd virgin, who hath sent  
Evenly token to thee: spread this brave wing,  
Be, than Cæsar, a far greater king. [Exit.]

It is, it is some angel. Vanish'd again!  
Be back, ravishing boy! bright messenger!  
Ist, by these mine eyes fix'd on thy beauty,  
I'd all my soul. Now look I back  
On black tyrannies, which, as they did [me,  
The bloodiest, thou, blest spirit, that lead'st  
Me what I must to do, and, to do well,  
Thou hast act the best may parallel't. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—DIOCLESIAN'S Palace.

DIOCLESIAN, MAXIMINUS, the Kings of Epire,  
Is, and Macedon, meeting ARTEMIA; Atten-

. Glory and conquest still attend upon tri-  
umphant Cæsar!

. Let thy wish, fair daughter,  
Be fully divided; and hereafter  
Thou to know and reverence Maximinus,  
Power, with mine united: makes one Cæsar.  
But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,  
As consider'd in which we stand tied,  
And empire, I should say, till now  
Hast seen a lady I thought worthy  
Thy mistress.

. Sir, you show yourself  
Warrier and soldier; but take heed,  
I, my lord, though my dull-pointed beauty,  
By a harsh refusal in my servant,  
Hast forth such beams as may inflame you,  
In your encounter such a powerful one,  
That a pleasing heat will thaw your heart,  
Bound in ribs of ice. Love still is love,

— Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above  
Put on their instruments."

— this small weapon,] Meaning, I believe,  
As of flowers," which he had just found. The  
And ideas of this play are purely catholic.

my last act the best may parallel] Thus far  
what follows I apprehend was written by Massin-  
ius unsurpassed in the English language.)

His bow and arrows are the same: great Julius,  
That to his successors left the name of Cæsar,  
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes  
Beheld the large plains of Pharsalia cover'd  
With the dead carcasses of senators  
And citizens of Rome when the world knew  
No other lord but him, struck deep in years too,  
(And men gray-hair'd forget the lusts of youth)  
After all this, meeting fair Cleopatra,  
A suppliant too, the magic of her eye,  
Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive;  
Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deform'd  
(But, by the gods, you are most excellent),  
Your gravity and discretion would overcome me;  
And I should be more proud in being prisoner  
To your fair virtues, than of all the honours,  
Wealth, title, empire, that my sword hath purchased.

Diocle. This meets my wishes. Welcome it,  
Artemia,

With outstretch'd arms, and study to forget  
That Antoninus ever was; thy fate  
Reserved thee for this better choice, embrace it.

Max.\* This happy match brings new nerves to  
give strength  
To our continued league.

Diocle. Hymen himself  
Will bless this marriage, which we'll solemnize  
In the presence of these kings.

K. of Pontus. Who rest most happy,  
To be eyewitnesses of a match that brings  
Peace to the empire.

Diocle. We much thank your loves;  
But where's Sappritius, our governor,  
And our most zealous provost, good Theophilus?  
If ever prince were blest in a true servant,  
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,  
Both they and we stand far engaged to cherish  
His piety and service.

Artem. Sir, the governor  
Brooks sadly his son's loss, although he turn'd  
Apostate in death†; but bold Theophilus,  
Who, for the same cause, in my presence, seal'd  
His holy anger on his daughters' hearts;  
Having with tortures first tried to convert her,  
Dragg'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,  
And saw her lose her head.

Diocle. He is all worthy:  
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear  
The manner how she suffer'd.

Artem. 'Twill be deliver'd  
With such contempt and scorn (I know his nature)  
That rather 'twill beget your highness' laughter,  
Than the least pity.

Diocle. To that end I would hear it.

Enter THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, and MACRINUS.

Artem. He comes; with him the governor.

Diocle. O, Sappritius,  
I am to chide you for your tenderness;  
But yet, remembering that you are a father,

\* Max. This happy match, &c.] The old copies give this  
to the K. of Epire; it is evident, however, that he cannot  
be the speaker; I make no apology for restoring it to Max-  
iminus.

† Apostate in death;] Here again the modern editors,  
read, Apostate in death, though it absolutely destroys the  
measure. It is very strange that the frequent recurrence of  
this word should not teach them to hesitate on the propriety  
of corrupting it upon all occasions.

I will forget it. Good Theophilus,  
I'll speak with you anon.—Nearer, your ear.

[To Sapritius.]

*Theoph.* [aside to *Macrinus*.] By Antoninus' soul,  
I do conjure you,  
And though not for religion, for his friendship,  
Without demanding what's the cause that moves me,  
Receive my signet;—by the power of this,  
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians  
That are in fetters there by my command.

*Mac.* But what shall follow?

*Theoph.* Haste then to the port;  
You there shall find two tall ships ready rigg'd\*,  
In which embark the poor distressed souls,  
And bear them from the reach of tyranny.  
Enquire not whither you are bound; the Deity  
That they adore will give you prosperous winds,  
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for  
Your hazard, and your travail. Leave me here;  
There is a scene that I must act alone. [you!]

Haste, good *Macrinus*; and the great God guide  
*Mac.* I'll undertake't, there's something prompts  
me to it;

'Tis to save innocent blood, a saint-like act;  
And to be merciful has never been  
By moral men themselves † esteem'd a sin. [Exit.]

*Diocle.* You know your charge?

*Sap.* And will with care observe it.

*Diocle.* For I profess he is not *Cæsar's* friend,  
That sheds a tear for any torture that  
A Christian suffers. Welcome, my best servant,  
My careful zealous provost! thou hast toil'd  
To satisfy my will, though in extremes:  
I love thee for't; thou art firm rock, no changeling.  
Prithee deliver, and for my sake do it,  
Without excess of bitterness, or scoffs,  
Before my brother and these kings, how took  
The Christian her death?

*Theoph.* And such a presence,  
Though every private head in this large room  
Were circled round with an imperial crown,  
Her story will deserve, it is so full  
Of excellence and wonder.

*Diocle.* Ha! how is this?

*Theoph.* O! mark it, therefore, and with that  
attention,

As you would hear an embassy from heaven  
By a wing'd legate; for the truth deliver'd  
Both how, and what, this blessed virgin suffer'd,  
And *Dorothea* but hereafter named,  
You will rise up with reverence, and no more,  
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember  
What the canonized Spartan ladies were, [matrons,  
Which lying Greece so boasts of. Your own  
Your Roman dames, whose figures you yet keep  
As holy relics, in her history  
Will find a second urn: *Græchus' Cornelia* ‡,

*Paulina*, that in death desired to follow  
Her husband *Seneca*, nor *Brutus' Portia*,  
That swallow'd burning coals to overtake him,  
Though all their several worths were given to one,  
With this is to be mention'd.

*Mac.* Is he mad?

*Diocle.* Why, they did die, *Theophilus*, and boldly;  
This did no more.

*Theoph.* They, out of desperation,  
Or for vain glory of an after-name,  
Parted with life: this had not mutinous sons,  
As the rash *Græchi* were; nor was this saint  
A doating mother, as *Cornelia* was:  
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow  
Her wealth and honour sunk; no fear of want  
Did make her being tedious; but, aiming  
At an immortal crown, and in his cause  
Who only can bestow it, who sent down  
Legions of ministering angels to bear up  
Her spotless soul to heaven; who entertain'd it  
With choice celestial music, equal to  
The motion of the spheres, she, uncompell'd,  
Changed this life for a better. My lord *Sapritius*  
You were present at her death; did you e'er hear  
Such ravishing sounds?

*Sap.* Yet you said then 'twas witchcraft,  
And devilish illusions.

*Theoph.* I then heard it  
With sinful ears, and helch'd out blasphemous words  
Against his Deity, which then I knew not  
Nor did believe in him.

*Diocle.* Why, dost thou now?

Or dar'st thou, in our hearing—

*Theoph.* Were my voice  
As loud as is his thunder, to be heard  
Through all the world, all potentates on earth  
Ready to burst with rage, should they but hear it;  
Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies,  
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly,  
I am a Christian, and the Powers you worship  
But dreams of fools and madmen.

*Mac.* Lay hands on him.

*Diocle.* Thou twice a child! for doating age so  
makes thee,

Thou couldst not else, thy pilgrimage of life  
Being almost past through, in this last moment  
Destroy what'er thou hast done good or great—  
Thy youth did promise much; and, grown a man,  
Thou mnd'st it good, and, with increase of years,  
Thy actions still better'd: as the sun,  
Thou did'st rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course  
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,  
When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,  
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?

*Sap.* Yet confess

That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart  
Had no agreement.

*Mac.* Do; no way is left, else,  
To save thy life, *Theophilus*.

*Diocle.* But, refuse it,  
Destruction as horrid, and as sudden,  
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open,  
And thou wert sinking thither.

*Theoph.* Hear me, yet;  
Hear for my service past.

*Artem.* What will he say?

*Theoph.* As ever I deserved your favour, hear me,  
And grant one boon: 'tis not for life I sue for \*.

\* You there shall find two tall ships ready rigg'd.] We should now say, two stout ships; but see the Unnatural Combat.

† By moral men themselves, &c.] This is the reading of the first copy; all the others have, mortal men.

‡ *Græchus' Cornelia*.] This passage, as printed in the old edition, is nonsense. M. Mason.

This is somewhat bold in one who never saw the old editions. In *Coxeter*, indeed, it is printed, or rather pointed, as nonsense; but to call his the old edition is scarcely correct. The first quarto reads as in the text with the exception of an apostrophe accidentally misplaced; the second follows it, and both are more correct than Mr. M. Mason, either in his text or note.

\* 'Tis not for life I sue for! The modern editors omit

is it fit that I, that ne'er knew pity  
 my Christian, being one myself,  
 should look for any; no, I rather beg  
 utmost of your cruelty; I stand  
 impenetrable for thousand Christians' deaths;  
 were it possible that I could die  
 for every one, then live again  
 to be again tormented, 'twere to me  
 easy penance, and I should pass through  
 gentle cleansing fire; but, that denied me,  
 being beyond the strength of feeble nature,  
 suit is, you would have no pity on me.  
 Mine own house there are thousand engines  
 studied cruelty, which I did prepare  
 miserable Christians; let me feel,  
 as Sicilian did his brazen bull,  
 horrid 'st you can find, and I will say,  
 woe that you are merciful.  
 O! Despair not,  
 as thou shalt prevail. Go fetch them hither:

[Exit. Guard.]

He shall put on a thousand shapes at once,  
 so appear before thee; racks, and whips!—  
 flesh, with burning pincers torn, shall feed  
 fire that beats them; and what's wanting to  
 torture of thy body, I'll supply  
 unshaking thy mind. Fetch all the Christians  
 are in hold; and here, before his face,  
 break them in pieces.

Diocle. 'Tis not in thy power:  
 'Tis the first good deed I ever did.  
 They are removed out of thy reach; howe'er  
 determined for my sins to die,  
 I took order for their liberty,  
 still I dare thy worst.

Re-enter Guard with the instruments of torture.

Diocle. Bind him I say;  
 every artery and sinew crack:  
 I'll have that makes him give the loudest shriek.\*  
 I'll have ten thousand drachmas: wretch! I'll  
 curse the Power thou worship'st: [force thee]  
 Diocle. Never, never;  
 death of mine shall e'er be spent on him,

[They torment him.]

What shall speak his majesty or mercy.  
 Honour'd in my sufferings. Weak tormentors,  
 tortures, more:—alas! you are unskilful—  
 heaven's sake more; my breast is yet untorn:  
 purchase the reward that was propounded.  
 Irons cool,—here are arms yet, and thighs;  
 no part of me.

Diocle. He endures beyond  
 sufferance of a man.

No sigh nor groan,  
 tness he hath feeling.

Diocle. Harder, villains!

Enter HARPAX.

Diocle. Unless that he blaspheme he's lost for ever.  
 Torments ever could bring forth despair,

Diocle. For: but they are too squeamish. This reduplica-  
 tion is practised by all the writers of our author's time;  
 'twere I could, if it were necessary, give a thousand ex-  
 amples; Massinger himself would furnish a considerable

Diocle. I'll have that makes him give the loudest shriek,] So  
 the editions before the last; when Mr. M. Mason, to  
 line to his own ideas of harmony, discarded *The slave*

Let these compel him to it: Oh me,  
 My ancient enemies again!

[Falls down.]

Enter DOROTHEA in a white robe, a crown upon her  
 head, led in by ANGELO; ANTONINUS, CALISTA, and  
 CHRISTETA following, all in white, but less glorious;  
 ANGELO holds out a crown to THEOPHILUS.

Theoph. Most glorious vision!—

Did e'er so hard a bed yield man a dream  
 So heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,  
 Confirm'd, you blessed spirits, and make haste  
 To take that crown of immortality  
 You offer to me. Death, till this blest minute,  
 I never thought thee slow-paced; nor would I  
 Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,  
 But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath,  
 Which through this stormy way I would creep to,  
 And, humbly kneeling, with humility wear it.  
 Oh! now I feel thee:—blessed spirits! I come;  
 And, witness for me all these wounds and scars,  
 I die a soldier in the Christian wars.

[Dies.]

Sap. I have seen thousands tortured, but ne'er yet  
 A constancy like this.

Harp. I am twice damn'd.

Ang. Haste to thy place appointed, cursed fiend!  
 In spite of hell, this soldier's not thy prey;

'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day. [Exit.  
 [Harpax sinks with thunder and lightning.]

Diocle. I think the centre of the earth be crack'd,  
 Yet I stand still unmoved, and will go on:  
 The persecution that is here begun,  
 Through all the world with violence shall run.

[Flourish. Exeunt\*]

\* Mr. M. Mason capriciously deranged the order in which  
 Coxeter printed these plays, and began with *The Picture*, a  
 piece which bears the strongest internal marks of being a  
 late production. With respect to *The Virgin-Martyr*, he  
 considerably under-rates it, and indeed displays no portion  
 of judgment in appreciating either its beauties or defects.  
 He adopts Coxeter's idea that it was indebted for its success  
 to the abominable scenes between Hircius and Spangius,  
 pronounces the subject of the tragedy to be unpleasant, the  
 incidents unnatural, and the supernatural agents employed  
 to bring them about, destitute of the singularity and wildness  
 which distinguish the fictitious beings of Shakspeare. With  
 respect to the subject, it is undoubtedly ill chosen. Scourg-  
 ing, racking, and beheading, are circumstances of no very  
 agreeable kind; and with the poor aids of which the stage  
 was then possessed, must have been somewhat worse than  
 ridiculous. Allowing, however, for the agency of supernatural  
 beings, I scarcely see how the incidents they produce can,  
 as Mr. M. Mason represents them, be unnatural. The com-  
 parison drawn between them and the fictitious beings of  
 Shakspeare is injudicious. Shakspeare has no angels nor  
 devils; his wonderful judgment, perhaps, instructed him to  
 avoid such untractable machinery. With fairies and spirits  
 he might wanton in the regions of fancy, but the character  
 of a heavenly messenger was of too sacred a nature for wanton-  
 ness and singularity, and that of a fiend too horrible for the  
 sportiveness of imagination. It appears to me that Massinger  
 and his associate had conceived the idea of combining  
 the prominent parts of the old Mystery, with the Morality,  
 which was not yet obliterated from the memories, nor perhaps  
 from the affections of many of the spectators; to this, I am  
 willing to hope, and not to the ribaldry, which Mr. M. Ma-  
 son so properly reprobates, the great success of this singular  
 medley might be in some measure owing. I have taken  
 notice of many beautiful passages; but it would be unjust to  
 the authors to conclude, without remarking on the good  
 sense and dexterity with which they have avoided the con-  
 currence of Angelo and Harpax, till the concluding scene;  
 an error into which Tasso, and others of greater name than  
 Massinger, have inadvertently fallen.

With a neglect of precision which pervades all the argu-  
 ments of Mr. M. Mason, he declares it is easy to distinguish  
 the hand of Decker from that of Massinger, yet finds a diffi-  
 culty in appropriating their most characteristic language.  
 If I have spoken with more confidence, it is not done  
 lightly, but from a long and careful study of Massinger

manner, and from that species of internal evidence which, though it might not perhaps sufficiently strike the common reader, is with me decisive. With respect to the scenes between the two buffoons, it would be an injury to the name of Massinger to waste a single argument in proving them not to be his. In saying this I am actuated by no hostility to Decker, who in this Play has many passages which evince that he wanted not talents to rival, if he had pleased, his friend and associate. GIFFORD.

Notwithstanding the blemishes which have been justly objected to this play, it possesses beauties of an extraordinary kind.—Indeed, nothing more base and filthy can be conceived than the dialogues between Hircius and Spungius; but the genuine and dignified piety of Dorothea, her unsullied innocence, her unshaken constancy, the lofty pity she expresses for her persecutors, her calm contempt of tortures, and her heroic death, exalt the mind in no common degree, and make the reader almost insensible of the surrounding impurity, through the holy contempt of it which they inspire.

How sentiments and images thus opposite should be contained in the same piece, it is somewhat difficult to conceive. If Decker had furnished none but the comic parts, the doubt would be soon at an end. But there is good reason to suppose that he wrote the whole of the second act; and the very first scene of it has the same mixture of loathsome beastliness and angelic purity, which are observed in those passages that are more distant from each other.—It is the strange and forced conjunction of Mezentius:

*Mortua—jungebat corpora viols,  
Tormenti genus—*

The subject in general is certainly extravagant; and the introduction of a good and evil spirit, disguised in human shapes, was not to be expected in what aspired to the credit of a regular tragedy. Yet it should be remembered, that poetic license calls in "a thousand liveried angels" to "lackey saintly chastity;"—that whatever be their departure from propriety, such representations had a most solemn origin; and that, with this allowance, the business in which the spirits are engaged has a substantial conformity with the opinions of the early ages in which the plot is laid. The permitted but vain opposition of the demons to the progress of the faith, and the reasoning and railery which Dorothea expresses, under the influence of Angelo, against the pagan gods, are to be found in Justin, Tatian, Arnobius, and others.\*

\* (Augustine and Gregory the Great, who lived so late as the fourth century, mention the visits of the angels to this earth even in their days. ED.)

—The separate agency of the spirits, and the consequence of their personal encounter, are also described in a characteristic manner.

Apart from Angelo, Harpax seems to advance in his malignant work. When the daughters of Theophilus express their zeal for paganism, he "grows fat to see his labours prosper." Yet he cannot look forward to the defeat of those labours in their approaching conversion, though, on some occasions, we find he could "see a thousand leagues" in his master's service. And this agrees with the doctrine, that when some signal triumph of the faith was at hand, the evil spirits were abridged of their usual powers. Again, when Harpax expects to meet Angelo, he thus expresses the dread of his presence, and the effect which it afterwards produced on him:

"I do so hate his sight,  
That, should I look on him, I should sink down."

Act II. sc. 8.

And this too, perfectly agrees with the power attributed to the superior spirits of quelling the demons by those indications of their quality which were not to be perceived by mortals: *per occultissima signa præsentia, quæ angelicis, acerbis etiam malignorum spirituum, potius quam ingratitanti hominum, possunt esse percipienda. Cto. Dec. lib. 12.*

The other parts of the Play do not require much observation. Indeed, the characters of Calista and Christen are well sustained. Hasty, self-confident, readily promising for their steadiness, soon forgetting their resolutions, and equally secure in every change of opinion, they are well contrasted with Dorothea, whose fixed principles always guard her against rashness, and therefore preserve her from contradiction. As to Dioclesian and his captive kings, they come in and go out with little of our admiration or our pity. Artemia's love for Antoninus would be wholly without interest, if we were not moved for a moment by her indignation at the rejection of her offer; and we see her at length consigned to Maximinus with as little emotion as is shewn by themselves. This, however, is somewhat relieved by Antoninus's passion, a genuine one, for Dorothea.

Certainly there is too much horror in this tragedy. The daughters of Theophilus are killed on the stage. Theophilus himself is racked, and Dorothea is dragged by the hair, kicked, tortured, and beheaded. Its popularity must therefore in a considerable degree be attributed to the interest occasioned by the contrary agencies of the two spirits, to the glorious vision of the beatified Dorothea at the conclusion of the piece, and the reappearance of Angelo, in his proper character, with the sacred fruit and flowers, from the "heavenly garden," and the "crown of immortality," for Theophilus. DR. IRELAND.

# THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.

[UNNATURAL COMBAT.] Of this Tragedy there is but one edition, which was printed for John Water-  
1639. It does not occur in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book; so that it is probably of a very early  
and indeed Massinger himself calls it "an old tragedy." Like the *Virgin-Martyr*, it has neither  
prologue nor Epilogue, for which the author accounts in his Dedication, by observing that the play was  
acted at a time "when such by-ornaments were not advanced above the fabric of the whole work."  
The editors of the *Biographia Dramatica* speak in rapturous terms of the various excellencies of this piece,  
and ink, "that with very little alteration, it might be rendered a valuable acquisition to the present stage."  
I doubt: it is indeed a most noble performance; grand in conception, and powerful in execution; but  
the passion on which the main part of the story hinges, is of too revolting a nature for public representation  
I admire in the closet what we should turn from on the stage.  
It is said, in the title-page, to have been "presented by the King's Majesty's Servants, at the Globe."

TO  
MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,  
ANTHONY SENTLEGER,  
OF OAKHAM, IN KENT, ESQ.

SIR,  
The patronage of trifles, in this kind, hath long since rendered dedications, and inscriptions obsolete  
and of fashion, I perfectly understand, and cannot but ingenuously confess, that I walking in the same  
may be truly argued by you of weakness, or wilful error: but the reasons and defences, for the  
of my service this way to you, are so just, that I cannot (in my thankfulness for so many favours  
ad) but be ambitious to publish them. Your noble father, Sir Warham Sentleger (whose remarkable  
must be ever remembered), being, while he lived, a master, for his pleasure, in poetry, feared not to  
converse with divers, whose necessitous fortunes made it their profession, among which, by the  
of his judgment, I was not in the last place admitted. You (the heir of his honour and  
inherited his good inclinations to men of my poor quality, of which I cannot give any ampler  
proof, than by my free and glad profession of it to the world. Besides (and it was not the least  
argument to me) many of eminence, and the best of such, who disdained not to take notice of me,  
not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, to be celebrated the patrons of my  
studies: in the first file of which, I am confident, you shall have no cause to blush, to find  
same written. I present you with this old tragedy, without prologue or epilogue, it being composed  
me (and that too, peradventure, as knowing as this) when such by-ornaments were not advanced  
the fabric of the whole work. Accept it, I beseech you, as it is, and continue your favour to the

Your servant,  
PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>ORT senior, governor of Marseilles. ORT junior, his son ORT senior, admiral of Marseilles. ORT junior, his son ORT, } assistants to the governor. JONGE, } R, DEVILLE, a pretended friend to MALEFORT senior. RDE, a poor captain. Sea Captains, of the navy of MALEFORT junior</p>	<p>A Steward. An Usher. A Page. THEOCRINE, daughter to MALEFORT senior Two Waiting Women. Two Courtezans. A Bawd. Servants and Soldiers.</p>
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SCENE.—MARSEILLES.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—A Hall in the Court of Justice.

Enter MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, Usher, Page, and Waiting Women.

*Montr.* Now to be modest, madam, when you are A suitor for your father, would appear Coarser than boldness; you awhile must part with Soft silence, and the blushings of a virgin: Though I must grant, did not this cause command it, They are rich jewels you have ever worn To all men's admiration. In this age, If, by our own forced importunity, Or others purchased intercession, or Corrupting bribes, we can make our approaches To justice, guarded from us by stern power, We bless the means and industry.

*Ush.* Here's music [opium,  
In this bag shall wake her, though she had drunk  
Or eaten mandrakes\*. Let commanders talk  
Of cannons to make breaches, give but fire  
To this petard, it shall blow open, madam,  
The iron doors of a judge, and make you entrance;  
When they (let them do what they can) with all  
Their mines, their culverins, and basiliscos, [look  
Shall cool their feet without; this being the pick-  
That never fails.

*Montr.* 'Tis true, gold can do much,  
But beauty more. Were I the governor,  
Though the admiral, your father, stood convicted  
Of what he's only doubted, half a dozen  
Of sweet close kisses from these cherry lips,  
With some short active conference in private,  
Should sign his general pardon.

*Theoc.* These light words, sir,  
Do ill become the weight of my sad fortune;  
And I much wonder, you, that do profess  
Yourself to be my father's bosom friend,  
Can raise mirth from his misery.

*Montr.* You mistake me;  
I share in his calamity, and only  
Deliver my thoughts freely, what I should do  
For such a rare petitioner: and if  
You'll follow the directions I prescribe,  
With my best judgment I'll mark out the way  
For his enlargement.

*Theoc.* With all real joy  
I shall put what you counsel into act,  
Provided it be honest.

*Montr.* Honesty  
In a fair she client (trust to my experience)  
Seldom or never prospers; the world's wicked:  
We are men, not suits, sweet lady; you must  
practice

The manners of the time, if you intend  
To have favour from it: do not deceive yourself  
By building too much on the false foundations  
Of chastity and virtue. Bid your waiters  
Stand further off, and I'll come nearer to you.

1 *Wom.* Some wicked counsel, on my life.

\* Or eaten mandrakes.] Hill observes, that "the mandrake has a soporific quality, and that it was used by the ancients when they wanted a narcotic of a most powerful kind." To this there are perpetual allusions in our old writers.

2 *Wom.* Ne'er doubt it\*.

If it proceed from him.

*Page* I wonder that  
My lord so much affects him.

*Ush.* Thou'rt a child,  
And dost not understand on what strong basis  
This friendship's raised between this Montreville  
And our lord, Monsieur Malefort; but I'll teach thee:  
From thy years they have been joint purchasers  
In fire and water works, and truck'd together.

*Page.* In fire and water works!

*Ush.* Commodities, boy,  
Which you may know hereafter.

*Page.* And deal in them,  
When the trade has given you over, as appears by  
The increase of your high forehead†.

*Ush.* Here's a crack‡!  
I think they suck this knowledge in their milk.

*Page.* I had an ignorant nurse else. I have tied,  
My lady's garter, and can guess— [air,

*Ush.* Peace, infant;  
Tales out o'school! take heed, you will be breech'd  
else. [Theocrisne retires.

1 *Wom.* My lady's colour changes.

2 *Wom.* She falls off too.

*Theoc.* You are a naughty man, indeed you are;  
And I will sooner perish with my father,  
Than at this price redeem him.

*Montr.* Take your own way,  
Your modest, legal way: 'tis not your veil,  
Nor mourning habit, nor these creatures taught  
To howl, and cry, when you begin to whimper:  
Nor following my lord's coach in the dirt,  
Nor that which you rely upon, a bribe,  
Will do it, when there's something he likes better.  
These courses in an old crone of threescore||,  
That had seven years together tired the court  
With tedious petitions, and clamours,

\* 2 *Wom.* Ne'er doubt it

If it proceed from him.] The character of Montreville is opened with great beauty and propriety. The freedom of his language, and the advice he gives Theocrisne, fully prepare us for any act of treachery or cruelty he may hereafter perpetrate.

† *Ush.* Thou'rt a child,

And dost not understand, &c.] This speech, it is impossible to say why, has been hitherto printed as prose, though nothing is clearer than that the author meant it for verse, into which, indeed, it runs as readily as any other part of the play. (Omitted unintentionally in Edit. 1813.)

‡ *Ush.* Here's a crack!

as appears by  
The increase of your high forehead.] Alluding, perhaps, to the premature baldness occasioned by dealing in the commodities just mentioned; or, it may be, to the falling off of his hair from age: so the women to Anacreon, φίλον ἐστὶν μου μετωπύον.

§ *Ush.* Here's a crack! A crack is an arch, sprightly boy.

Thus, in the Devil's an Ass:

"If we could get a witty boy now, Engine,

That were an excellent crack, I could instruct him

To the great height."

The word occurs again in the Bas'ful Lover, and, indeed,

in most of our old plays.  
|| These courses in an old crone of threescore.] This expression, which, as Johnson says, means an old toothless ewe, is contemptuously used for an old woman, by all the writers of Messenger's time. Thus Jonson:

"—let him alone

With temper'd poison to remove the crone." *Poetaster*

And Shakspeare:

"—take up the bastard:"

"Tak't it up, I say; giv't to thy crone." *Winter's Tale.*

For the recovery of a straggling\* husband,  
To pay, forsooth, the duties of one to her;—  
But for a lady of your tempting beauties,  
Your youth, and ravishing features, to hope only  
In such a suit as this is, to gain favour,  
Without exchange of courtesy,—you conceive me—

*Enter BEAUFORT junior, and BELGARDE.*

Were madness at the height. Here's brave young  
Beaufort,

The meteor of Marseilles, one that holds  
The governor his father's will and power  
In more awe than his own! Come, come, advance,  
Present your bag, cramm'd with crowns of the sun;†  
Do you think he cares for money? he loves pleasure.  
Burn your petition, burn it; he doats on you,  
Upon my knowledge: to his cabinet, do,  
And he will point you out a certain course,  
Be the cause right or wrong, to have your father  
Released with much facility. [Exit.

*Theoc.* Do you hear?

Take a pandar with you.

*Beauf. jun.* I tell thee there is neither  
Employment yet, nor money.

*Belg.* I have commanded,  
And spent my own means in my country's service,  
In hope to raise a fortune.

*Beauf. jun.* Many have hoped so;  
But hopes prove seldom certainties with soldiers.

*Belg.* If no preferment, let me but receive  
My pay that is behind, to set me up  
A tavern, or a vaulting house; while men love  
Or drunkenness, or lechery, they'll ne'er fail me:  
Shall I have that?

*Beauf. jun.* As our prizes are brought in;  
Till then you must be patient.

*Belg.* In the mean time,  
How shall I do for clothes?

*Beauf. jun.* As most captains do:  
Philosopher-like, carry all you have about you‡.

*Belg.* But how shall I do, to satisfy colon||, mon-  
There lies the doubt. [sieur?

*Beauf. jun.* That's easily decided:  
My father's table's free for any man  
That hath born arms.

*Belg.* And there's good store of meat?  
*Beauf. jun.* Never fear that.

*Belg.* I'll seek no other ordinary then,  
But be his daily guest without invitement;  
And if my stomach hold, I'll feed so heartily,  
As he shall pay me suddenly, to be quit of me.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis ah e.  
*Belg.* And further—

\* For the recovery of a straggling husband.] The old copy reads *straggling*.

† The meteor of Marseilles.] It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Marseilles, or as Massinger spells it, Myrsellis, is constantly used by him as a trisyllable, which, in fact, it is.

‡ crowns of the sun:] *Eclat de soleil*, the best kind of crowns, says Cotgrave, that are now made; they have a kind of little star (sun) on one side. This coin is frequently mentioned by our old writers.

§ Philosopher-like, carry all you have about you.] Alluding to the well-known saying of Simonides. "Oinias mea mecum porto."

|| to satisfy colon, monsieur? i. e. the cravings of hunger: the colon is the largest of the human intestines; it frequently occurs in the same sense as here, in our old poets. So in the *Wits*.

¶ Abstain from flesh—whilst colon keeps more noise Than mariners at plays, or apple-wives, That wrangle for a sieve."

*Beauf. jun.* Away, you are troublesome;  
Designs of more weight—

*Belg.* Ha! fair Theocrine.

Nay, if a velvet petticoat move in the front,  
Buff jerkins must to the rear; I know my manners.  
This is, indeed, great business, mine a gewgaw.  
I may dance attendance, this must be dispatch'd,  
And suddenly, or all will go to wreck;  
Charge her home in the flank, my lord: nay, I am  
gone sir. [Exit.

*Beauf. jun.* Nay, pray you, madam, rise, or I'll kneel  
with you.

*Page.* I would bring you on your knees, were I a  
woman.

*Beauf. jun.* What is it can deserve so poor a name  
As a suit to me? This more than mortal form  
Was fashion'd to command, and not entreat:  
Your will but known is served

*Theoc.* Great sir, my father,  
My brave, deserving father;—but that sorrow  
Forbids the use of speech—

*Beauf. jun.* I understand you,  
Without the aids of those interpreters  
That fall from your fair eyes; I know you labour  
The liberty of your father; at the least,  
An equal\* hearing to acquit himself:  
And 'tis not to endear my service to you,  
Though I must add, and pray you with patience  
hear it.

'Tis hard to be effected, in respect  
The state's incensed against him: all presuming,  
The world of outrages his impious son,  
Turn'd worse than pirate in his cruelties,  
Express'd to this poor country, could not be  
With such ease put in execution, if  
Your father, of late our great admiral,  
Held not or correspondence, or conniv'd  
At his proceedings.

*Theoc.* And must he then suffer,  
His cause unheard?

*Beauf. jun.* As yet it is resolved so,  
In their determination. But suppose  
(For I would nourish hope, not kill it, in you)  
I should divert the torrent of their purpose,  
And render them, that are implacable,  
Impartial judges, and not sway'd with spleen;  
Will you, I dare not say in recompense,  
For that includes a debt you cannot owe me,  
But in your liberal bounty, in my suit  
To you, be gracious?

*Theoc.* You entreat of me, sir,  
What I should offer to you, with confession  
That you much undervalue your own worth,  
Should you receive me, since there come with you  
Not lustful fires, but fair and lawful flames.  
But I must be excused, 'tis now no time  
For me to think of Hymeneal joys.  
Can he, (and pray you, sir, consider it)  
That gave me life, and faculties to love,  
Be, as he's now, ready to be devour'd  
By ravenous wolves, and at that instant, I  
But entertain a thought of those delights,  
In which perhaps, my ardour meets with yours!  
Duty and piety forbid it, sir,

\* An equal hearing.] A just impartial hearing; so *equal* is constantly used by Massinger and his contemporaries: thus Fletcher:

"What could this thief have done, had his cause been *equal*?  
He made my heartstrings tremble." *Knight of Malta*.

*Beauf. jun.* But this effected, and your father free,  
What is your answer?

*Theoc.* Every minute to me!  
Will be a tedious age, till our embraces  
Are warrantable to the world.

*Beauf. jun.* I urge no more;  
Confirm it with a kiss.

*Theoc.* I doubtly seal it.

*Uch.* This would do better abed, the business  
ended:—

They are the loving'at couple!

Enter BEAUFORT senior, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, and  
LANOUR.

*Beauf. jun.* Here comes my father,  
With the Council of War: deliver your petition,  
And leave the rest to me. [*Theoc. offers a paper.*]

*Beauf. sen.* I am sorry, lady,  
Your father's guilt compels your innocence  
To ask what I in justice must deny.

*Beauf. jun.* For my sake, sir, pray you receive  
and read it. [*nothing.*]

*Beauf. sen.* Thou foolish boy! I can deny thee

*Beauf. jun.* Thus far we are happy, madam: quit  
You shall hear how we succeed. [*the place;*]

*Theoc.* Goodness reward you!

[*Exeunt Theocrine, Usher, Page, and Women.*]

*Mont.* It is apparent; and we stay too long  
To censure Malefort\* as he deserves.

[*They take their seats.*]

*Cham.* There is no colour of reason that makes for  
him:

Had he discharged the trust committed to him,  
With that experience and fidelity  
He practised heretofore, it could not be  
Our navy should be block'd up, and, in our sight,  
Our goods made prize, our sailors sold for slaves,  
By his prodigious issue†.

*Lan.* I much grieve,  
After so many brave and high achievements,  
He should in one ill forfeit all the good  
He ever did his country.

*Beauf. sen.* Well, 'tis granted‡.

*Beauf. jun.* I humbly thank you, sir.

*Beauf. sen.* He shall have hearing,  
His irons too struck off; bring him before us,  
But seek no further favour.

*Beauf. jun.* Sir, I dare not.

[*Exit.*]

*Beauf. sen.* Monsieur Chamont, Montaigne, Lanour, assistants,  
By a commission from the most Christian king,  
In punishing or freeing Malefort, [not  
Our late great admiral: though I know you need  
Instructions from me, how to dispose of  
Yourselves in this man's trial, that exacts  
Your clearest judgments, give me leave, with favour,

\* To censure Malefort &c.] Malefort is here, and throughout the play, properly used as a trisyllable.

† By his prodigious issue.] i. e. unnatural horrible portentous of evil; in this sense it is often applied to comets, and other extraordinary appearances in the sky.

‡ Behold yon comet shews his head again!  
Twice hath he thus at cross turns thrown on us  
Prodigious looks. The Honest Whore.

Again: "This woman's threats, her eyes e'en red with fury  
Which like prodigious meteors, foretold  
Assured destruction are still before me."

The Captain.

*Beauf. sen.* Well, 'tis granted.] It appears, from the subsequent speeches, that young Beaufort had been soliciting his father to allow Malefort to plead without his chains

To offer my opinion. We are to hear him,  
A little looking back on his fair actions,  
Loyal, and true demennour; not as now  
By the general voice already he's condemn'd.  
But if we find, as most believe, he hath held  
Intelligence with his accursed son,  
Fallen off from all allegiance, and turn'd  
(But for what cause we know not) the most bloody  
And fatal enemy this country ever  
Repented to have brought forth; all compassion\*.

Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd;  
We sit engaged to censure him with all  
Extremity and rigour.

*Cham.* Your lordship shows us  
A path which we will tread in.

*Lan.* He that leaves

To follow, as you lead, will lose himself.

*Mont.* I'll not be singular.

Re-enter BEAUFORT junior, with MONTREVILLE,  
MALEFORT senior, BELGARDE, and Officers.

*Beauf. sen.* He comes, but with  
A strange distracted look.

*Malef. sen.* Live I once more†  
To see these hands and arms free! these, that often,  
In the most dreadful horror of a fight,  
Have been as seamarks to touch such as were  
Seconds in my attempts, to steer between  
The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear,  
To reach the port of victory! when my sword,  
Advanced thus, to my enemies appear'd  
A hairy comet, threatening death and ruin‡  
To such as durst behold it! These the legs,  
That, when our ships were grappled, carried me

all compassion

[*Of what &c.*] The quarto reads,

all compassion

[*Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd:*  
Upon which Mr. M. Mason observes, "This sentence as it  
stands is not sense; if the words *all compassion* are right,  
we must necessarily suppose that *being laid aside*, or word  
of a similar import, have been omitted in the printing: but  
the most natural manner of amending the passage, is by  
reading *no compassion*, the word *having* being understood."

I can neither reconcile myself to *no compassion* of what he  
may be, nor to *all*. He might, if acquitted, be a successful  
commander as before, and to such a circumstance Beaufort  
evidently alludes. I believe that a line is lost, and with due  
hesitation would propose to supply the *cham* somewhat in  
this way:

all compassion

[*Of his years pass'd over, all consideration*  
[*Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd*  
We sit, &c.]

† *Malef. sen.* Live I once more &c.] There is something  
very striking in the indignant burst of savage ostentation  
with which this old warrior introduces himself on the scene.

‡ A hairy comet, &c.] So in *Fuimus Troes*:

"comets shook their flaming hair;

Thus all our wars were acted first on high,

And we taught what to look for."

From this, and the passage in the text, Milton, who appears,  
by various marks of imitation, to have been a careful reader  
of Massinger, probably formed the magnificent and awful  
picture which follows:

On the other side,

Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge  
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war."

(A more explicit illustration may be quoted from Philomel  
Holland's translation of Pliny, b. ii. c. 25.)

"These blazing stars the Greeks call *cometas* our  
*flamines cristatis*: dreadful to be seen with blinding hairs,  
and all over rough and shagged in the top, like the bush of  
of hair upon the head.) E.D.

swift motion from deck to deck,  
at saw it, with amazement cried,  
It run, but flies !  
He still retains  
less of his spirit.

sen. Now cramped with irons,  
And cold, they hardly do support me—  
Set myself. O, my good lords,  
Here as my judges, to determine \*  
The death of Malefort, where are now  
Those cheerful looks, those loud ap-  
petites,

When I return'd laden with spoil,  
Tain'd your admiral ? all's forgotten :  
And here to give account of that  
I am as free and innocent  
As never saw the eyes of him †,  
I stand suspected.

sen. Monsieur Malefort,

Your passion so far transport you,  
Eve from any private malice,  
O your person, you are question'd :  
The suppositions want weight,  
Write us to a strong assurance,  
—

sen. My shame !

sen. Pray you, hear with patience,—never  
Assistance or sure aids from you,  
The pirates of Argiers ‡ and Tunis,

So that you had almost twice defeated,  
Such credit, as with them to be  
Absolute commander (pray you observe me) ;  
And not some contract pass'd between you,  
On occasion served, you would join with  
Them of Marseilles. [them,  
More, what urged  
To turn apostata § ?  
Had he from

Or governor, the least neglect  
You could interpret for a wrong ? [could  
Or, if you slept not in your charge, how  
Ships as do infest our coast,  
In our own harbour shut our navy,  
Unfought with ?

sen. They put him hardly to it.

sen. My lords, with as much brevity as I can,  
For each particular objection [which  
Which you charge me. The main ground, on  
The building of your accusation,

Revenge to my son : should I now curse him,  
In the agony of my troubled soul,  
I had found him in his mother's womb,  
'Tis from the purpose ; and I therefore  
Am to the devil, and so leave him.

Or loyal father but myself  
Unnatural issue ? was't in me  
Much ease to fashion up his mind,  
Generation to form  
As to his body ? Must it follow,

at there as my judges, to determine.] My, which  
the metre, is now first inserted from the old copy.  
yes of him.] So the old copy : the modern editors

with the pirates of Argiers] Argiers is the old  
and is that of every author of Massinger's time.  
Tempest,

no. — Where was she born ? speak ; tell me.  
Or, in Argier.—Ed.)

is invariably modernize it into Algiers.  
on to turn apostata] The modern editors, as before,  
late ! (See note to *Virgin Martyr*, act iv.  
Ed.)

Because that he is impious, I am false ?—  
I would not boast my actions, yet 'tis lawful  
To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.  
Who sunk the Turkish galleys in the streights,  
But Malefort ? Who rescued the French merchants.  
When they were boarded, and stow'd under hatches  
By the pirates of Argiers, when every minute  
They did expect to be chain'd to the oar,  
But your now doubted admiral ! then you fill'd  
The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim,  
When hope had left them, and grim-look'd despair  
Hover'd with sail-stretch'd wings over their heads\*,  
To me, as to the Neptune of the sea,  
They owed the restitution of their goods,  
Their lives, their liberties. O, can it then  
Be probable, my lords, that he that never  
Became the master of a pirate's ship,  
But at the mainyard hung the captain up,  
And caused the rest to be thrown over-board ;  
Should, after all these proofs of deadly hate,  
So oft express'd against them, entertain  
A thought of quarter with them ; but much less  
(To the perpetual ruin of my glories)  
To join with them to lift a wicked arm  
Against my mother-country, this Marseilles,  
Which, with my prodigal expense of blood,  
I have so oft protected !

Beauf. sen. What you have done  
Is granted and applauded ; but yet know  
This glorious relation† of your actions  
Must not so blind our judgments, as to suffer  
This most unnatural crime you stand accused of,  
To pass unquestion'd

Cham. No ; you must produce  
Reasons of more validity and weight,  
To plead in your defence, or we shall hardly  
Conclude you innocent.

Mont. The large volume of  
Your former worthy deeds, with your experience,  
Both what, and when to do, but makes against you.

Len. For had your care and courage been the same  
As heretofore, the dangers we are plunged in  
Had been with ease prevented.

Malef. sen. What have I  
Omitted, in the power of flesh and blood,  
Even in the birth to strangle the designs of  
This hell-bred wolf, my son ? alas ! my lords,  
I am no god, nor like him could foresee  
His cruel thoughts, and cursed purposes ;  
Nor would the sun at my command forbear  
To make his progress to the other world,  
Affording to us one continued light.  
Nor could my breath disperse those foggy mists,  
Cover'd with which, and darkness of the night,  
Their navy undiscern'd, without resistance,  
Beset our harbour : make not that my fault,  
Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune,—

\* *Hover'd with sail stretch'd wings over their heads.* So  
Jonson :

" — o'er our heads  
Black ravenous mete, with *her sail stretch'd wings*,  
Ready to sink us down, and cover us."  
*Every Man out of his Humour.*

And Fletcher :

" Fix here and rest awhile your *sail stretch'd wings*,  
That have outstript the winds." *The Prophetess.*  
Milton, too, has the same bold expression : the original to  
which they are all indebted, is a sublime passage in the  
Fairy Queen. B. I. c. xl. st. 10.

† *This glorious relation.* Our old writers frequently use  
this word in the sense of *glorious*, vain, boastful, ostenta-  
tions.

But if that nor my former acts, nor what  
I have deliver'd, can prevail with you,  
To make good my integrity and truth:  
Rip up this bosom and pluck out the heart  
That hath been ever loyal. [A trumpet within.]

*Beauf. sen.* How! a trumpet! [Exit Montreville.]  
Enquire the cause.

*Malef. sen.* Thou searcher of men's hearts,  
And sure defender of the innocent,  
(My other crying sins—while not look'd on)  
If I in this am guilty, strike me dead,  
Or by some unexpected means confirm,  
I am accused unjustly! [Aside.]

Re-enter MONTREVILLE with a Sea Captain.

*Beauf. sen.* Speak the motives  
That bring thee hither!

*Capt.* From our admiral thus:  
He does salute you fairly, and desires  
It may be understood no public hate  
Hath brought him to Marseilles; nor seeks he  
The ruin of his country, but aims only  
To wreak a private wrong: and if from you,  
He may have leave\* and liberty to decide it  
In single combat, he'll give up good pledges,  
If he fall in the trial of his right,  
We shall weigh anchor, and no more molest  
This town with hostile arms.

*Beauf. sen.* Speak to the man,  
If in this presence he appear to you  
To whom you bring this challenge.

*Capt.* 'Tis to you.

*Beauf. sen.* His father!

*Montr.* Can it be!

*Beauf. jun.* Strange and prodigious!

*Malef. sen.* Thou seest I stand unmoved: were  
thy voice thunder,

It should not shake me; say, what would the viper?  
*Capt.* The reverence a father's name may challenge,  
And duty of a son no more remember'd,  
He does defy thee to the death.

*Malef. sen.* Go on. [Head,

*Capt.* And with his sword will prove it on thy  
Thou art a murderer, an atheist;  
And that all attributes of men turn'd furies  
Cannot express thee; this he will make good,  
If thou dar'st give him meeting.

*Malef. sen.* Dare I live!

Dare I, when mountains of my sins o'erwhelm me,  
At my last gasp ask for mercy! how I bless  
Thy coming, captain; never man to me  
Arrived so opportunely; and thy message,  
However it may seem to threaten death,  
Does yield to me a second life in curing  
My wounded honour. Stand I yet suspected  
As a confederate with this enemy,  
Whom of all men, against all ties of nature,  
He marks out for destruction! you are just,  
Immortal Powers, and in this, merciful;  
And it takes from my sorrow, and my shame  
For being the father to so bad a son,

\* He may have leave, &c.] and if from you  
[This passage is very incorrectly  
pointed in the former editions.]

In that you are pleased to offer up the monster  
To my correction. Blush and repent  
As you are bound, my honourable lords,  
Your ill opinions of me. Not great Brutus  
The father of the Roman liberty  
With more assured constancy beheld  
His traitor sons, for labouring to call home  
The banish'd Tarquins, scourged with rods to death,  
Than I will shew, when I take back the life  
This prodigy of mankind received from me.

*Beauf. sen.* We are sorry, monsieur Malefort,  
for our error,

And are much taken with your resolution;  
But the disparity of years and strength,  
Between you and your son, duly consider'd,  
We would not so expose you.

*Malef. sen.* Then you kill me,  
Under pretence to save me. O my lords,  
As you love honour, and a wrong'd man's fame,  
Deny me not this fair and noble means  
To make me right again to all the world.  
Should any other but myself be chosen  
To punish this apostata with death\*,  
You rob a wretched father of a justice  
That to all after times will be recorded.  
I wish his strength were centuple, his skill equal  
To my experience, that in his fall  
He may not shame my victory! I feel  
The powers and spirits of twenty strong men in me.  
Were he with wild fire circled, I undaunted  
Would make way to him.—As you do affect, sir,  
My daughter Theocrine, as you are  
My true and ancient friend; as thou art valiant†;  
And as all love a soldier, second me

[They all sue to the governor.]

In this my just petition. In your looks  
I see a grant, my lord.

*Beauf. sen.* You shall o'erbear me;  
And since you are so confident in your cause,  
Prepare you for the combat.

*Malef. sen.* With more joy  
Than yet I ever tasted: by the next sun,  
The disobedient rebel shall hear from me,  
And so return in safety. [To the Captain.] My  
good lords,  
To all my service,—I will die, or purchase  
Rest to Marseilles; nor can I make doubt,  
But his impiety is a potent charm,  
To edge my sword, and add strength to my arm.

[Exeunt.]

\* To punish this apostata with death.] Both the editions  
read, To punish this apostate son with death. Here is the  
mischief of altering an author's language. When the metre  
does not suit our new fangled terms, we are obliged to insert  
words of our own to complete it. Apostata stood in the  
verse very well; but Cowley and M. Mason having deter-  
mined to write apostate, found themselves compelled to tack  
son to it, and thus enfeebled the original expression.

† My daughter Theocrine.] Theocrine is constantly used  
as a quadrisyllable. It should be observed that as theocry  
and the names are French, Massinger adopts the French  
mode of enouncing them. The reader must bear this in  
mind.

— as thou art valiant.] This is said to the  
captain who brought the challenge: the other persons ad-  
dressed are young Beaufort and Montreville. It appears, from  
the pointing of the former editions, that the passage was not  
understood.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—An open Space without the City.

Enter three Sea Captains.

Capt. He did accept the challenge, then?

Capt. Nay more,  
Overjoy'd in't; and, as it had been  
An invitation to a solemn feast,  
Not a combat to conclude with death,  
Heerfully embraced it.

Capt. Are the articles  
Set to on both parts?

Capt. At the father's suit,  
Much unwillingness the governor  
Consented to them.

Capt. You are inward with  
Admiral; could you yet never learn  
The nature of the quarrel is, that renders  
Son more than incensed, implacable,  
Against the father?

Capt. Never; yet I have,  
For as manners would give warrant to it,  
My best curiousness of care observed him.  
He sat with him in his cabin a day together,  
Not a syllable exchanged between us.

He did often, as if inward grief  
Melancholy at that instant would  
We up his vital spirits, and now and then  
Two or three, as in derision of  
Toughness of his rugged temper, would  
On his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,  
A sudden flash of fury did dry up;  
Laying then his hand upon his sword,  
Would murmur, but yet so as I oft heard him,  
He would meet, cruel father, yes, we shall;  
And I'll exact, for every womanish drop  
Irraw from these eyes, a strict account  
Each more from thy heart.

Capt. 'Tis wondrous strange.

Capt. And past my apprehension.

Capt. Yet what makes

A miracle greater, when from the maintop  
He's descried, all thoughts that do concern  
Self laid by, no lion, pinch'd with hunger,  
Sees himself more fiercely from his den,  
He comes on the deck; and there how wisely  
Gives directions, and how stout he is  
In executions, we, to admiration,

Have been eyewitnesses: yet he never mind's  
His booty when 'tis made ours: but as if  
Larger, in the purchase of the prey,  
He had him much more than the reward,  
Still made known, he does retire himself  
To a private contemplation, no joy  
Was'd by him for victory.

Enter MALEFORT junior.

Capt. Here he comes,  
With more cheerful looks than ever yet  
He wears.

Malef. jun. It was long since resolved on,  
Must I stagger now [in't]. May the cause,  
Forces me to this unnatural act,

He sat with him in his cabin, &c.] This beautiful  
line, expressing concealed resentment, deserves to be  
read by every reader of taste and judgment. COXETER.  
must I stagger now [in't]. In the old copy, a syl-  
able is dropt out, which renders the line quite unmetrical

Be buried in everlasting silence,  
And I find rest in death, or my revenge!  
To either I stand equal. Pray you, gentlemen,  
Be charitable in your censures of me,  
And do not entertain a false belief  
That I am mad, for undertaking that  
Which must be, when effected, still repented.  
It adds to my calamity, that I have  
Discourse\* and reason, and but too well know  
I can nor live, nor end a wretched life,  
But both ways I am impious. Do not, therefore,  
Ascribe the perturbation of my soul  
To a servile fear of death: I oft have view'd  
All kinds of his inevitable darts,  
Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leap  
From the cloud-cover'd brows of a steep rock,  
Into the deep; or Curtius like, to fill up,  
For my country's safety, and an after name,  
A bottomless abyss, or charge through fire,  
It could not so much shake me, as th' encounter  
Of this day's single enemy.

1 Capt. If you please, sir,  
You may shun it, or defer it.

Malef. jun. Not for the world:  
Yet two things I entreat you: the first is,  
You'll not enquire the difference between  
Myself and him, which as a father once  
I honour'd, now my deadliest enemy;  
The last is, if I fall, to bear my body  
Far from this place, and where you please inter it.—  
I should say more, but by his sudden coming  
I am cut off.

Enter BEAUFORT junior and MONTEVILLE, leading in  
MALEFORT senior; BELGARDE following, with others.

Beauf. jun. Let me, sir, have the honour  
To be your second.

I have no great confidence in the genuineness of what I have  
inserted between brackets: it is harmless, however, and  
serves, as Falstaff says, to fill a pit as well as a better.

\* *Adds to my calamity, that I have*

*Discourse and reason.* It is very difficult to determine  
the precise meaning which our ancestors gave to *discourse*:  
or to distinguish the line which separated it from *reason*.  
Perhaps it indicated a *more rapid* deduction of consequences  
from premises, than was supposed to be effected by *reason*:—but I speak with hesitation. The acute Glanville says,  
"The act of the mind which connects propositions, and  
deduceth conclusions from them, the schools called *discourse*,  
and we shall not miscall it, if we name it *reason*." What-  
ever be the sense, it frequently appears in our old writers,  
by whom it is usually coupled with *reason* or *judgment*,  
which last should seem to be the more proper word. Thus  
in the *City Madam*:

"Such as want  
*Discourse and judgement*, and through weakness fall,  
May merit men's compassion."

Again, in the *Coxcomb*:

"Why should a man that has *discourse* and *reason*,  
And knows how near he loses all in these things,  
Covet to have his wishes satisfied?"

The reader remembers the exclamation of Hamlet,

"Oh heaven! a beast that wants *discourse of reason*, &c.

"This," says Warburton, who contrived to blunder with  
more ingenuity than usually falls to the lot of a commenta-  
tor, "is finely expressed, and with a philosophical exactness!  
Beasts want not *reason*," (this is a new discovery,) "but the  
*discourse of reason*: i. e. the regular inferring one thing  
from another by the assistance of universals!" *Discourse*  
*of reason* is so poor and perplexed a phrase, that without  
regard for the "philosophical exactness" of Shakspeare, I  
should dismiss it at once, for what I believe to be his genuine  
language:

"O heaven! a beast that wants *discourse and reason*," &c.

The whole speech of Malefort here noticed is truly sublime, and above all commendation. COXETER.

Under my shield thou hast fought as securely  
As the young eaglet, cover'd with the wings  
Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.  
All that is manly in thee, I call mine;  
But what is weak and womanish, thine own.  
And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,  
Presuming to contend with him, to whom  
Submission is due, I will take from thee.  
Look, therefore, for extremities, and expect not  
I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee  
As a serpent swollen with poison; who surviving  
A little longer, with infectious breath,  
Would render all things near him, like itself,  
Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,  
Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet,  
And with one general cry howling for mercy,  
Shall not redeem thee.

*Malef. jun.* Thou incensed Power,  
Awhile forbear thy thunder! let me have  
No aid in my revenge, if from the grave  
My mother—

*Malef. sen.* Thou shalt never name her more.

[*They fight.*]

*BEAUFORT junior, MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, and the  
three Sea Captains, appear on the Mount.*

*Beauf. jun.* They are at it.

*2 Capt.* That thrust was put strongly home.

*Montr.* But with more strength avoided.

*Belg.* Well come in;

He has drawn blood of him yet: well done, old

*1 Capt.* That was a strange miss.

[*cock.*]

*Beauf. jun.* That a certain hit.

[*Young Malefort is slain.*]

*Belg.* He's fallen, the day is ours!

*2 Capt.* The admiral's slain.

*Montr.* The father is victorious!

*Belg.* Let us haste

To gratulate his conquest.

*1 Capt.* We to mourn

The fortune of the son.

*Beauf. jun.* With utmost speed  
Acquaint the governor with the good success,  
That he may entertain, to his full merit,  
The father of his country's peace and safety.

[*They retire.*]

*Malef. sen.* Were a new life hid in each mangled  
limb,

I would search, and find it: and howe'er to some  
I may seem cruel thus to tyrannize  
Upon this senseless flesh, I glory in it:—  
That I have power to be unnatural,  
Is my security; die all my fears,  
And waking jealousies, which have so long  
Been my tormentors! there's now no suspicion:  
A fact which I alone am conscious of,  
Can never be discover'd, or the cause  
That call'd this duel on, I being above  
All perturbations; nor is it in  
The power of fate, again make me wretched.

*Re-enter BEAUFORT junior, MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE,  
and the three Sea Captains.*

*Beauf. jun.* All honour to the conqueror! who  
dares tax  
My friend of treachery now?

[*Pope uses the same figure in the Odyssey 6, xix.*]

[*Auxiliary to his son, Ulysses bears*]

[*The plump crested helms and pointed spears  
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.* Ed.]

*Belg.* I am very glad, sir, [much,  
You have sped so well: but I must tell you thus  
To put you in mind that a lowebb must follow  
Your high swell'd tide of happiness, you have pur-  
This honour at a high price. [chased]

*Malef.* 'Tis, Belgarde,  
Above all estimation, and a little  
To be exalted with it cannot savour  
Of arrogance. That to this arm and sword  
Marseilles owes the freedom of her fears,  
Or that my loyalty, not long since eclipsed,  
Shines now more bright than ever, are not things  
To be lamented: though, indeed, they may  
Appear too dearly bought, my falling glories  
Being made up again, and cemented  
With a son's blood. 'Tis true, he was my son,  
While he was worthy; but when he shook off  
His duty to me, (which my fond indulgence,  
Upon submission, might perhaps have pardon'd,)  
And grew his country's enemy, I look'd on him  
As a stranger to my family, and a traitor  
Justly proscribed, and he to be rewarded  
That could bring in his head. I know in this  
That I am censured rugged, and austere,  
That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or tear  
Upon his slaughter'd body: but I rest  
Well satisfied in myself, being assured  
That extraordinary virtues, when they soar  
Too high a pitch for common sights to judge of,  
Losing their proper splendour, are condemn'd  
For most remarkable vices\*.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis too true, sir,  
In the opinion of the multitude;  
But for myself, that would be held your friend,  
And hope to know you by a nearer name,  
They are as they deserve, received.

*Malef.* My daughter  
Shall thank you for the favour.

*Beauf. jun.* I can wish  
No happiness beyond it.

*1 Capt.* Shall we have leave  
To bear the corpse of our dead admiral,  
As he enjoin'd us, from the coast?

*Malef.* Provided  
The articles agreed on be observed,  
And you depart hence with it, making oath  
Never hereafter, but as friends, to touch  
Upon this shore.

*1 Capt.* We'll faithfully perform it.

*Malef.* Then as you please dispose of it: 'tis an  
object  
That I could wish removed. His sins die with him!  
So far he has my charity.

*1 Capt.* He shall have  
A soldier's funeral.

[*The Captains bear the body off with sad music.*  
*Malef.* Farewell!

*Beauf. jun.* These rites  
Paid to the dead, the conqueror that survives  
Must reap the harvest of his bloody labour.  
Sound all loud instruments of joy and triumph,  
And with all circumstance and ceremony,  
Wait on the patron of our liberty,  
Which he at all parts merits.

\* For most remarkable vices.] Remarkable had in Mac-  
singer's time a more dignified sound, and a more appro-  
priate meaning, than it bears at present. With him it con-  
stantly stands for surprising, highly striking, or observable in  
an uncommon degree; of this it will be well to take notice.

*Malef.* I am honour'd  
Beyond my hopes.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis short of your deserts.  
Lead on: oh, sir, you must; you are too modest.  
[*Exeunt with loud music*]

SCENE II.—A Room in MALEFORT'S House.

*Enter THEOCRINE, Page, and Waiting Women.*

*Theoc.* Talk not of comfort; I am both ways  
wretched,  
And so distracted with my doubts and fears,  
I know not where to fix my hopes. My loss  
Is certain in a father, or a brother,  
Or both; such is the cruelty of my fate,  
And not to be avoided.

1 *Wom.* You must bear it,  
With patience, madam.

2 *Wom.* And what's not in you  
To be prevented, should not cause a sorrow  
Which cannot help it.

*Page.* Fear not my brave lord,  
Your noble father; fighting is to him  
Familiar as eating. He can teach  
Our modern duellists how to cleave a button,  
And in a new way, never yet found out  
By old Caranza\*.

1 *Wom.* May he be victorious,  
And punish disobedience in his son!  
Whose death, in reason, should at no part move you,  
He being but half your brother, and the nearness  
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited  
By his impious purpose to kill him, from whom  
He received life. [A shout within.]

2 *Wom.* A general shout—  
1 *Wom.* Of joy.

*Page.* Look up, dear lady; sad news never came  
Usher'd with loud applause.

*Theoc.* I stand prepared  
To endure the shock of it.

*Enter Usher.*

*Ush.* I am out of breath,  
With running to deliver first—  
*Theoc.* What?

*Ush.* We are all made.  
My lord has won the day; your brother's slain;  
The pirates gone: and by the governor,  
And states, and all the men of war, he is  
Brought home in triumph:—nay, no musing, pay me  
For my good news hereafter.

*Theoc.* Heaven is just! [meet him.]

*Ush.* Give thanks at leisure; make all haste to  
I could wish I were a horse, that I might bear you  
To him upon my back.

*Page.* Thou art an ass,  
And this is a sweet burthen.

*Ush.* Peace, you crack-ropes! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Street.

*Loud music.* *Enter* MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, BEAU-  
FORT senior, BEAUFORT junior; MALEFORT, followed  
by MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, and LANOUR.

*Beauf. sen.* All honours we can give you, and  
rewards,  
Though all that's rich or precious in Marseilles

Were laid down at your feet, can hold no weight  
With your deservings: let me glory in  
Your action, as if it were mine own;  
And have the honour, with the arms of love,  
To embrace the great performer of a deed  
Transcending all this country e'er could boast of.

*Mont.* Imagine, noble sir, in what we may  
Express our thankfulness, and rest assured  
It shall be freely granted.

*Cham.* He's an enemy  
To goodness and to virtue, that dares think  
There's any thing within our power to give\*.  
Which you in justice may not boldly challenge.

*Lan.* And as your own; for we will ever be  
At your devotion.

*Malef.* Much honour'd sir,  
And you, my noble lords, I can say only.  
The greatness of your favours overwhelms me,  
And like too large a sail, for the small bark  
Of my poor merits, sinks me. That I stand  
Upright in your opinions, is an honour  
Exceeding my deserts. I having done  
Nothing but what in duty I stood bound to:  
And to expect a recompense were base,  
Good deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.  
Yet since your liberal bounties tell me that  
I may, with your allowance, be a suitor,  
To you, my lord, I am an humble one,  
And must ask that, which known, I fear you will  
Censure me over bold.

*Beauf. sen.* It must be something  
Of a strange nature, if it find from me  
Denial or delay.

*Malef.* Thus then, my lord,  
Since you encourage me: You are happy in  
A worthy son, and all the comfort that  
Fortune has left me, is one daughter; now,  
If it may not appear too much presumption,  
To seek to match my lowness with your height,  
I should desire (and if I may obtain it,  
I write *nil ultra* to my largest hopes)  
She may in your opinion be thought worthy  
To be received into your family,  
And married to your son: their years are equal,  
And their desires, I think, too; she is not  
Ignoble, nor my state contemptible,  
And if you think me worthy your alliance,  
'Tis all I do aspire to.

*Beauf. jun.* You demand  
That which with all the service of my life  
I should have labour'd to obtain from you.  
O sir, why are you slow to meet so fair  
And noble an offer? can France shew a virgin  
That may be parallel'd with her? is she not  
The phoenix of the time, the fairest star  
In the bright sphere of women?

*Beauf. sen.* Be not rapt so:  
Though I dislike not what is motion'd, yet  
In what so near concerns me, it is fit  
I should proceed with judgment.  
*Enter Usher, THEOCRINE, Page, and Waiting Women.*

*Beauf. jun.* Here she comes:  
Look on her with impartial eyes, and then  
Let envy, if it can, name one graced feature  
In which she is defective.

\* *There's any thing within our power to give.* The old copy incorrectly reads, *There's any other thing &c.* and in the next speech, *overwhelm* for *overwhelm*—the last is so common a mode of expression, that I should not have corrected it, if *sinks* had not immediately followed.

\* *By old Caranza.* See the *Guardian*, Vol. IV. p. 175.

Welcome girl!

my comfort, my delight, my all,  
 if thou come to greet my victory  
 in sable habit? this shew'd well  
 thy father was a prisoner, and suspected;  
 his faith and loyalty are admired,  
 man doubted, in your outward garments  
 to express the joy you feel within:  
 would you with more curiousness and care  
 the temple to be made a bride,  
 or, when all men's eyes are fixt upon you,  
 should appear to entertain the honour  
 descending to you, and in which  
 is an equal share.

Heaven has my thanks,  
 humility paid for your fair fortune,  
 or duty binds me; yet a little  
 is a brother's loss, however wicked,  
 earnest familiar to our sex  
 on please, excuse.

Thou art deceived.

My face was a blemish to thy beauties,  
 a death gives ornament and lustre  
 to perfections, but that they are  
 so lately rare, that they admit not  
 addition. Ha! here's yet a print  
 of tear on thy cheek; how it takes from  
 content happiness! with a father's lips  
 a father's lips, I'll kiss it off,  
 and no more remember'd.

You forget, sir,  
 since we are in.

'Tis well consider'd;  
 who is the owner of a treasure  
 of value, but without offence,  
 is in the glad possession of it?  
 if in your excellence beget wonder,  
 are, that looking on the daughter,  
 myself in the imagination  
 of sweet pleasures, and allow'd delights,  
 from the mother, who still lives  
 or perfect model; for she had

Such smooth and high-arch'd brows, such sparkling  
 eyes.

Whose every glance stored Cupid's emptied quiver.  
 Such ruby lips,—and such a lovely bloom\*,  
 Disdaining all adulterate aids of art,  
 Kept a perpetual spring upon her face,  
 As Death himself lamented, being forced  
 To blast it with his paleness: and if now [you,  
 Her brightness dimm'd with sorrow, take and please  
 Think, think, young lord, when she appears herself,  
 This veil removed, in her own natural pureness,  
 How far she will transport you.

Beauf. jun. Did she need it,  
 The praise which you (and well deserved) give to her,  
 Must of necessity raise new desires  
 In one indebted more to years; to me  
 Your words are but as oil pour'd on a fire,  
 That flames already at the height.

Malef. No more;  
 I do believe you, and let me from you  
 Find so much credit; when I make her yours,  
 I do possess you of a gift which I  
 With much unwillingness part from. My good lords  
 Forbear your further trouble; give me leave,  
 For on the sudden I am indisposed  
 To retire to my own house, and rest: to-morrow,  
 As you command me, I will be your guest,  
 And having deck'd my daughter like herself,  
 You shall have further conference.

Beauf. sen. You are master  
 Of your own will: but fail not, I'll expect you.

Malef. Nay, I will be excused; I must part with  
 you. [To young Beaufort and the rest.  
 My dearest Theocrine, give me thy hand,  
 I will support thee.

Theoc. You gripe it too hard, sir.

Malef. Indeed I do, but have no further end in it  
 But love and tenderness, such as I may challenge.  
 And you must grant. Thou art a sweet one; yes,  
 And to be cherish'd.

Theoc. May I still deserve it!

[Exeunt several ways.]

### ACT III.

I.—A Banqueting Room in Beaufort's House.

Enter BEAUFORT senior, and Steward.

sen. Have you been careful?  
 With my best endeavours.  
 bring stomachs, there's no want of meat, sir,  
 and curious viands are prepared,  
 of all kinds of appetites.

sen. 'Tis well,  
 able furnish'd with full plenty,  
 of friends to eat it: but with this caution,  
 not have my house a common inn,  
 men that come rather to devour me,  
 present their service. At this time, too,  
 a serious and solemn meeting,  
 not have my board pester'd with shadows\*,

[not have my board pester'd with shadows.] It  
 is said, Plutarch says, as a mark of politeness, to  
 bid guest know that he was at liberty to bring a  
 two with him; a permission that was, however,  
 abused. These friends the Romans called  
 umbrae, a term which Massinger has very hap-  
 pily used.

That, under other men's protection, break in  
 Without invitation.

Stew. With your favour then, [knowledge  
 You must double your guard, my lord, for on my  
 There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out  
 By a file of musketeers; and 'tis less danger,  
 I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike  
 With an enemy in a breach, than undermined too,  
 And the cannon playing on it, than to stop  
 One harpy, your perpetual guest, from entrance.  
 When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come  
 The service will be lost else! [on,

\* And such a lovely bloom.] For this reading we are in-  
 debted to Mr. M. Mason. All the former editions read  
 brown; which the concluding lines of this beautiful speech  
 incontestably prove to be a misprint.

† When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on,  
 The service will be lost else! It was formerly customary  
 for the cook, when dinner was ready, to knock on the  
 dresser with his knife, by way of summoning the ser-  
 vants to carry it into the hall; to this there are many allu-  
 sions. In the Merry Beggars, Old Rents says, "Hark!

*Beauf. sen.* What is he?

*Stew.* As tall a trencherman\*, that is most certain,  
As e'er demolish'd pye-fortification  
As soon as batter'd; and if the rim of his belly  
Were not made up of a much tougher stuff  
Than his buff jerkin, there were no defence  
Against the charge of his guts: you needs must  
He's eminent for his eating. [know him,

*Beauf. sen.* O, Belgarde?

*Stew.* The same; one of the admiral's cast captains,  
Who swear, there being no war, nor hope of any,  
The only drilling is to eat devoutly,  
And to be ever drinking—that's allow'd of  
But they know not where to get it, there's the spite  
on't.

*Beauf. sen.* The more their misery; yet, if you  
For this day put him off. [can,

*Stew.* It is beyond  
The invention of man.

*Beauf. sen.* No:—say this only, [Whispers to him.  
And as from me; you apprehend me?

*Stew.* Yes, sir.

*Beauf. sen.* But it must be done gravely.

*Stew.* Never doubt me, sir.

*Beauf. sen.* We'll dine in the great room, but let  
the musick

And banquet be prepared here. [Exit.

*Stew.* This will make him  
Lose his dinner at the least, and that will vex him.  
As for the sweetmeats, when they are trod under  
foot,

Let him take his share with the pages and the  
Or scumble in the rushes. [lackies,

Enter BELGARDE.

*Belg.* 'Tis near twelve;  
I keep a watch within me never misses.  
Save thee, master steward!

*Stew.* You are most welcome, sir.

*Belg.* Has thy lord slept well to night? I come  
to enquire.

I had a foolish dream, that, against my will,  
Carried me from my lodging, to learn only  
How he's disposed.

*Stew.* He's in most perfect health, sir.

*Belg.* Let me but see him feed heartily at dinner,  
And I'll believe so too; for from that ever  
I make a certain judgment.

they knock to the dresser." Servants were not then allowed, as at present, to frequent the kitchen, lest they should interfere with the momentous concerns of the cook. Mr. Reed says that this practice "was continued in the family of Lord Fairfax" (and doubtless in that of many others) "after the civil wars: in that nobleman's orders for the servants of his household, is the following: *Then must he warn to the dresser, Gentlemen and yeomen, to the dresser.*" Old Plays xii. 430.

\* Steward. As tall a trencherman, &c.] Tall, in the language of our old writers, meant stout, or rather bold and fearless; but they abused the word (of which they seem fond) in a great variety of senses. A tall man of his hands was a great fighter; a tall man of his tongue, a licentious speaker; and a tall man of his trencher, or, as above, a tall trencherman, a hearty feeder. Instances of these phrases occur so frequently, that it would be a waste of time to dwell upon them.

† *Who swear, &c.* So the old copy; the modern editors read *swears*, than which nothing can be more injudicious.

‡ *Beauf. sen. The more their misery; yet, if you can, For this day put him off.* This has been hitherto given as an imperfect speech; why, it is difficult to imagine.

§ *—but let the music And banquet be prepared here.* That is, the dessert. See the City Madam.

*Stew.* It holds surely  
In your own constitution.

*Belg.* And in all men's,  
'Tis the best symptom; let us lose no time  
Delay is dangerous.

*Stew.* Troth, sir, if I might,  
Without offence, deliver what my lord has  
Committed to my trust, I shall receive it  
As a special favour.

*Belg.* We'll see it, and discourse,  
As the proverb says, for health sake, after dinner,  
Or rather after supper; willingly then  
I'll walk a mile to hear thee\*.

*Stew.* Nay, good sir,  
I will be brief and pithy.

*Belg.* Prithce be so.

*Stew.* He bid me say, of all his guests, that he  
Stands most affected to you, for the freedom  
And plainness of your manners. He ne'er observed  
To twirl a dish about, you did not like of, [you  
All being pleasing to you; or to take  
A sayt, of venison, or stale fowl, by your nose,  
Which, is a solecism at another's table;  
But by strong eating of them, did confirm  
They never were delicious, to your palate,  
But when they were mortified, as the Hugonot says,  
And so your part grows greater; nor do you  
Find fault with the sauce, keen hunger being the  
best,

Which ever, to your much praise, you bring with  
Nor will you with impertinent relations, [you  
Which is a masterpiece when meat's before you,  
Forget your teeth, to use your nimble tongue,  
But do the feat you come for.

*Belg.* Be advised,  
And end your jeering: for if you proceed,  
You'll feel, as I can eat I can be angry,  
And beating may ensue.

*Stew.* I'll take your counsel,  
And roundly come to the point: my lord much  
That you, that are a courtier as a soldier, [wonders,  
In all things else, and every day can vary  
Your actions and discourse, continue constant  
To this one suit.

*Belg.* To one! 'tis well I have one,  
Unpaw'd, in these days; every east commander  
Is not blest with the fortune, I assure you.  
But why this question? does this offend him?

*Stew.* Not much; but he believes it is the reason  
You ne'er presume to sit above the salt;†

\* Or rather after supper; willingly then  
I'll walk a mile to hear thee.] Alluding to the good old proverb, which inculcates temperance at this meal, by recommending a walk after it.

† (In edit. of 1813, Gifford has a long note to this word to prove its distinction from *assay*, a trial, a proof. The same meaning attaches to *say* as in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. vi. c. ii.)

‡ Which when he spyde upon the earth t'encroach.

Through the dead carcasses he made his way;

Monst which he found a sword of better say,

With which he forth went into th' open light.

In King Lear the word also occurs, meaning *proof*, and although somewhat different in the application, this is evidently the sense here intended. Our ancestors doubtless considered the word synonymous with *taste*. Ed.]

§ *You ne'er presume to sit above the salt;* This refers to the manner in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals. The tables being long, the salt was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependents, inferior relations of the master of the house, &c. It argues little for the delicacy of our ancestors

Therefore, this day, our great admiral,  
Other states, being invited guests,  
As entreat you to appear among them,  
In fresh habit.

*Beauf. sen.* This stuff shall not serve  
At the dog off; these are soldier's garments,  
By consequence grow contemptible.

*Beauf. jun.* It has stung him.  
*Beauf. sen.* I would I were acquainted with the players,  
That they might furnish me: but there is  
Nothing in brokers; and for believing tailors,  
Are only to be read of, but not seen;  
Are they are confined to their own bells,  
Where they live invisible. Well, I must not  
Hold off thus: pray you report my service  
To lord governor; I will obey him;  
Though my wardrobe's poor, rather than lose  
Company at this feast, I will put on  
The best suit I have, and fill the chair  
Which makes me worthy of.

[Exit.

*Beauf. jun.* We are shut of him,  
I'll be seen no more here: how my fellows  
Cursed me for his absence! he had starved them,  
And staid a little longer. Would he could,  
For his own sake, shift a shirt! and that's the utmost  
Ambition: adieu, good captain.

[Exit.

#### SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter BEAUFORT senior, and BEAUFORT junior.*

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis a strange fondness,  
*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis beyond example,  
Resolution to part with his estate,  
Like her dower the weightier, is nothing;  
I observe how curious he is  
To own person, to add ornament  
To daughter's ravishing features, is the wonder.  
A page of mine in the way of courtship  
Morning to her, to present my service,  
Whom I understand all: there he found him  
Dressed in what shape she should appear;  
Dressed was rich, but the fashion stale; the other  
Faint, and neat, but the stuff not rich enough:  
Does he curse the tailor, and in rage  
On her shoemaker, for wanting art  
To press in every circumstance the form  
Of most delicate foot; then sits in council

They should admit of such distinctions at their board;  
Truth, they seem to have placed their guests below the  
Or no better purpose than that of mortifying them.  
In his *Strange Footpost*, (P. 3.) gives a very admir-  
able account of the miseries "of a poor scholar," (Hall's  
down satire, "A gentle squire," &c., is a verification  
from which I have taken the following characteristic  
"Now as for his fare, it is lightly at the cheapest  
But he must sit under the salt, that is an axiom in  
Laces;—then, having drawn his knife leisurely, un-  
der his napkin mannerly, after twice or thrice wiping his  
If he have it, he may reach the bread on his knife's  
And fall to his porridge, and between every spoonful  
Much deliberation, as a capon craming, lest he be out  
Porridge before they have buried part of their first  
In their bellies."

A saltcellar was a mazy piece of plate with a cover of  
diamonds. In Nicholl's *Progresses of Queen Eliza-*  
cure a figure of one, and in Diblin's *Literary Remi-*  
sures, is an engraving of one belonging to the celebrated  
shop Parker, it is figured half the original size, and  
some idea may be formed of the dimensions of these  
pieces of furniture. Etc.)

*Beauf. sen.* and fill the chair  
Which makes me worthy of. This too has been hitherto  
As an imperfect sentence; but surely, without ne-  
The meaning is, "I will fill the chair of which that  
The richest suit I have) makes me worthy."

With much deliberation, to find out  
What tire would best adorn her; and one chosen,  
Varying in his opinion, he tears off,  
And stamps it under foot; then tries a second,  
A third, and fourth, and satisfied at length,  
With much ado, in that, he grows again  
Perplex'd and troubled where to place her jewels,  
To be most mark'd, and whether she should wear  
This diamond on her forehead, or between  
Her milkwhite paps, disputing on it both ways;  
Then taking in his hand a rope of pearl,  
(The best of France,) he seriously considers,  
Whether he should dispose it on her arm,  
Or on her neck; with twenty other trifles,  
Too tedious to deliver.

*Beauf. sen.* I have known him  
From his first youth, but never yet observed,  
In all the passages of his life and fortunes.  
Virtues so mix'd with vices: valiant the world  
Speaks him,  
But with that, bloody; liberal in his gifts too,  
But to maintain his prodigal expense,  
A fierce extortioner; an impotent lover  
Of women for a flash\*, but, his fires quench'd,  
Hating as deadly: the truth is, I am not  
Ambitious of this match; nor will I cross you  
In your affections.

*Beauf. jun.* I have ever found you  
(And 'tis my happiness) a loving father,

[Loud music.

And careful of my good:—by the loud music,  
As you gave order for his entertainment,  
He's come into the house. Two long hours since,  
The colonels, commissioners, and captains,  
To pay him all the rites his worth can challenge,  
Went to wait on him hither.

*Enter MALEFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR,  
MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, Usher, Page, and  
Waiting Women.*

*Beauf. sen.* You are most welcome,  
And what I speak to you, does from my heart  
Disperse itself to all.

*Malef.* You meet, my lord,  
Your trouble.

*Beauf. sen.* Rather, sir, increase of honour,  
When you are pleased to grace my house.

*Beauf. jun.* The favour  
Is doubled on my part, most worthy sir,  
Since your fair daughter, my incomparable mistress,  
Deigns us her presence.

*Malef.* View her well, brave Beaufort,  
But yet at distance; you hereafter may  
Make your approaches nearer, when the priest  
Hath made it lawful: and were not she mine,  
I durst aloud proclaim it, Hymen never  
Put on his saffron-colour'd robe, to change  
A barren virgin name, with more good omens  
Than at her nuptials. Look on her again,  
Then tell me if she now appear the same  
That she was yesterday.

*Beauf. sen.* Being herself,  
She cannot but be excellent; these rich  
And curious dressings, which in others might  
Cover deformities, from her take lustre,  
Nor can add to her.

\* ——— an impotent lover

*Of women for a flash, &c.* Wild, fierce, uncontrollable in  
his passions; this is a Latinism, *impotens amoris*, and is a  
very strong expression.

*Malef.* You conceive her right,  
And in your admiration of her sweetness,  
You only can deserve her. Blush not, girl,  
Thou art above his praise, or mine; nor can  
Obsequious Flattery, though she should use  
Her thousand oil'd tongues to advance thy worth,  
Give ought, (for that's impossible,) but take from  
Thy more than human graces; and even then,  
When she hath spent herself with her best strength,  
The wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent,  
That, losing her own servile shape and name,  
She will be thought Detraction: but I  
Forget myself; and something whispers to me,  
I have said too much.

*Mont.* I know not what to think on't,  
But there's some mystery in it, which I fear  
Will be too soon discover'd.

*Malef.* I much wrong  
Your patience, noble sir, by too much hugging  
My proper issue, and, like the foolish crow,  
Believe my black brood swans.

*Beauf. sen.* There needs not, sir,  
The least excuse for this; nay, I must have  
Your arm, you being the master of the feast,  
And this the mistress.

*Theoc.* I am any thing  
That you shall please to make me.

*Beauf. jun.* Nay, 'tis yours,  
Without more compliment.

*Mont.* Your will's a law, sir.

[*Loud music.* *Exeunt Beaufort senior, Malefort,  
Theocrine, Beaufort junior, Montaigne, Chamont,  
Lanour, Moutreville.*]

*Ush.* Would I had been born a lord!

*1 Wom.* Or I a lady!

*Page.* It may be you were both begot in court,  
Though bred up in the city; for your mothers,  
As I have heard, loved the lobby; and there, nightly  
Are seen strange apparitions: and who knows  
But that some noble fawn, heated with wine,  
And cloy'd with partridge, had a kind of longing  
To trade in sprats? this needs no exposition:—  
But can you yield a reason for your wishes?

*Ush.* Why, had I been born a lord, I had been  
no servant. [waiters,

*1 Wom.* And whereas, now necessity makes us  
We had been attended on.

*2 Wom.* And might have slept then  
As long as we pleased, and fed when we had stomachs,  
And worn new clothes, nor lived, as now, in hope  
Of a cast gown, or petticoat.

*Page.* You are fools,  
And ignorant of your happiness. Ere I was sworn  
To the pantofle, I have heard my tutor  
Prove it by logic, that a servant's life  
Was better than his master's: and by that  
I learn'd from him, if that my memory fail not,  
I'll make it good.

*Ush.* Proceed, my little wit  
In decimo sexto.

*Page.* Thus then: from the king  
To the beggar, by gradation, all are servants;

\* *Mont.* So the old copy: it must, however, be a mistake  
for *Theoc.* or rather, perhaps, for *Malef.*

† *Ere I was sworn*  
Sworn to the pantofle, i. e. taken from attending in the  
porter's lodge, (which seems to have been the first degree of  
servitude,) to wait on Theocrine.

And you must grant the slavery is less  
To study to please one, than many.

*Ush.* True. [plain

*Page.* Well then; and first to you, sir, you com-  
You serve one lord, but your lord serves a thousand,  
Besides his passions, that are his worst masters;  
You must humour him, and he is bound to sooth  
Every grim sir above him\*: if he frown,  
For the least neglect you fear to lose your place;  
But if, and with all slavish observation, [stood,  
From the minion's self, to the groom of his close-  
He hourly seeks not favour, he is sure [it  
To be eased of his office, though perhaps he bought  
Nay, more: that high disposer of all such  
That are subordinate to him, serves and fears  
The fury of the many-headed monster,  
The giddy multitude: and, as a horse  
Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings,  
So your men of purchased titles, at their best, are  
But serving men in rich liveries.

*Ush.* Most rare infant!

Where learn'd'st thou this morality?

*Page.* Why, thou dull pate,  
As I told thee, of my tutor.

*2 Wom.* Now for us, boy.

*Page.* I am cut off:—the governor.

*Enter BEAUFORT senior, and BEAUFORT junior; Servants  
setting forth a banquet.*

*Beauf. sen.* Quick, quick, sirs.

See all things perfect.

*Serv.* Let the blame be ours else.

*Beauf. sen.* And, as I said, when we are at the  
banquet,

And high in our cups, for 'tis no feast without it,  
Especially among soldiers; Theocrine  
Being retired, as that's no place for her,  
Take you occasion to rise from the table,  
And lose no opportunity.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis my purpose;  
And if I can win her to give her heart,  
I have a holy man in readiness  
To join our hands; for the admiral, her father,  
Repents him of his grant to me, and seems  
So far transported with a strange opinion  
Of her fair features, that, should we defer it,  
I think, ere long, he will believe, and strongly,  
The dauphin is not worthy of her: I  
Am much amazed with't.

*Beauf. sen.* Nay, dispatch there, fellows.

[*Exeunt Beaufort senior and Beaufort junior.*  
*Serv.* We are ready, when you please. Sweet  
format, your pardon!

It has been such a busy time, I could not,  
Tender that ceremonious respect  
Which you deserve; but now, the great work  
I will attend the less, and with all care [ended,  
Observe and serve you.

\* *he is bound to sooth*

*Every grim sir above him:] Grim sir, Mr. Densley inju-  
diciously altered to trim sir! for this he is honoured with the  
approbation of Coxeter; though nothing can be more certain  
than that the old reading is right. Skelton calls Wolsey a  
grim sire, and Fletcher has a similar expression in the *Elder  
Brother*:*

† *Coxsey.* It is a faith  
That we will die in; since from the blackguard  
To the grim sir in office, there are few  
Hold other tenets.

‡ *Sweet forms, &c.]* This is a paltry play on words. The  
forms meant by the servant, are the long benches on which  
the guests were to sit. The trite pedantry of the speech is  
well exposed by the Page.

*Page.* This is a penn'd speech,  
And serves as a perpetual preface to  
A dinner made of fragments.

*Ufa.* We wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Banquet set forth.*

*Lead Music.* Enter BEAUFORT senior, MALEVORT,  
MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, BEAUFORT junior,  
MONTREVILLE, and Servants.

*Beauf. sen.* You are not merry, sir.

*Malef.* Yes, my good lord,

You have given us ample means to drown all cares :—  
And yet I nourish strange thoughts, which I would  
Most willingly destroy. [*Aside.*]

*Beauf. sen.* Pray you, take your place.

*Beauf. jun.* And drink a health ; and let it be,  
if you please,

To the worthiest of women. Now observe him.

*Malef.* Give me the bowl ; since you do me the  
I will begin it. [*honour,*]

*Cham.* May we know her name, sir ? [*queen's,*]

*Malef.* You shall ; I will not choose a foreign  
Nor yet our own, for that would relish of  
Tame flattery ; nor do their height of title, [*ness,*]  
Or absolute power, confirm their worth and good-  
These being heaven's gifts, and frequently conferr'd  
On such as are beneath them ; nor will I  
Name the king's mistress, howsoever she  
In his esteem may carry it ; but if I,  
As wine gives liberty, may use my freedom,  
Not away'd this way or that, with confidence,  
(And I will make it good on any equal,)  
If it must be to her whose outward form  
Is better'd by the beauty of her mind,  
She lives not that with justice can pretend  
An interest to this so sacred health,  
But my fair daughter. He that only doubts it,  
I do pronounce a villain : this to her, then.

[*Drinks.*]

*Mont.* What may we think of this ?

*Beauf. sen.* It matters not.

*Leu.* For my part, I will sooth him, rather than  
Draw on a quarrel\*.

*Cham.* It is the safest course ;

And one I mean to follow.

*Beauf. jun.* It has gone round, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Malef.* Now you have done her right ; if there  
Worthy to second this, propose it boldly, [*be any*  
I am your pledge.

*Beauf. sen.* Let's pause here, if you please,  
And entertain the time with something else.  
Music there ! in some lofty strain ; the song too  
That I gave order for ; the new one, call'd  
The Soldier's Delight. [*Music and a song.*]

Enter BELGARDE in armour, a case of carbines by  
his side.

*Belg.* Who stops me now ?

Or who dares only say that I appear not  
In the most rich and glorious habit that  
Renders a man complete ? What court so set off

\* *Draw on a quarrel.* This has hitherto been printed,  
*Draw on a quarrel,* Chamont ; and the next speech given  
to Montreville. It is not very probable that the latter  
should reply to an observation addressed to Chamont, with  
whom he does not appear to be familiar ; and besides, the  
verses of metre seems to prove that the name has slipped from  
the margin of the succeeding line into the text of this.

With state and ceremonious pomp, but, thus  
Accounted, I may enter ? Or what feast,  
Though all the elements at once were ransack'd  
To store it with variety transcending  
The curiousness and cost on Trajan's birthday ;  
(Where princes only, and confederate kings,  
Did sit as guests, served and attended on  
By the senators of Rome), at which\* a soldier,  
In this his natural and proper shape,  
Might not, and boldly, fill a seat, and by  
His presence make the great solemnity  
More honour'd and remarkable ?

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis acknowledged ;

And this a grace done to me unexpected.

*Mont.* But why in armour ?

*Malef.* What's the mystery ?

Pray you, reveal that.

*Belg.* Soldiers out of action,

That very rare

but, like unbidden guests,  
Bring their stools with them, for their own defence †.  
At court should feed in gauntlets, they may have  
Their fingers cut else : there your carpet knights,  
That never charged beyond a mistress' lips,  
Are still most keen, and valiant. But to you,  
Whom it does most concern, my lord, I will  
Address my speech, and with a soldier's freedom  
In my reproof, return the bitter scoff  
You threw upon my poverty : you contemn'd  
My courser outside, and from that concluded

\* — at which a soldier &c.] The old copy  
reads, *sat with a soldier.* The emendation, which is a very  
happy one, was made by Mr. M. Mason. The corruption is  
easily accounted for : the printer mistook the second paren-  
thesis for an *s*, and having given *sat* for *at*, was obliged to  
alter the next word, to make sense of the line. This will  
be understood at once by a reference to the quarto, where  
the first parenthesis only appears, which was therefore  
omitted by the succeeding editors. I know not where Mas-  
singer found this anecdote of Trajan : he was, indeed, a  
magnificent, and, in some cases, an ostentatious prince ;  
but neither his pride, nor his prudence, I believe, would  
have allowed the "senators of Rome" to degrade them-  
selves by waiting on the allies of the republic.

† *Belg. Soldiers out of action,*

*That very rare,*

but, like unbidden guests

Bring their stools with them, &c.] So I have ventured to  
print this passage, being persuaded that a line is lost. The  
breaks cannot be filled up, but the sense might be, *Soldiers*  
*out of action, that very rarely find seats reserved for them,*  
i. e. are invited, but, like, &c. How the modern editors  
understood this passage I know not but, they all give it thus.

*Belg. Soldiers out of action,*

*That very rare, but like unbidden guests*

*Bring &c.*

This custom of guests, who are uninvited bringing their  
seats with them, is frequently referred to by our old writers :  
so Rowley :

*Widow.* What cokesmate's this trow ? Who let him in ?  
*Jarvis.* By this light, a fellow of an excellent breeding ;  
he came unbidden, and brought his stool with him.

for their own defence,  
At court should feed in gauntlets, they may have  
Their fingers cut else : Here is the bon-mot for which  
Quin was so much celebrated that "at city feasts it was  
neither safe nor prudent to help one's self without a basket-  
hilted knife." Massinger got it, I suppose, from Barclay's  
*second Eclogue*, which has great merit for the time in which  
it was written :

"If the dishe be pleasant eyther fleshe or fishe,  
Ten handes at once swarine in the dishe—  
To put there thy handes is peril without fayle,  
Without a gauntlet, or els a glove of mayle ;  
Among all those knives, thou one of both must have,  
Or els it is hardie thy fingers to save."  
Where Barclay found it, I cannot tell ; but there is something  
of the kind in Diogenes Laertius. "There is nothing new  
under the sun !"

(As by your groom you made me understand)

I was unworthy to sit at your table,  
Among these tissues and embroideries,  
Unless I changed my habit : I have done it,  
And show myself in that which I have worn  
In the heat and fervour of a bloody fight ;  
And then it was in fashion, not as now,  
Ridiculous and despised. This hath past through  
A wood of pikes, and every one aim'd at it,  
Yet scorn'd to take impression from their fury :  
With this, as still you see it, fresh and new,  
I've charged through fire that would have singed  
your sables,

[colour  
Black fox, and ermines, and changed the proud  
Of scarlet, though of the right Tyrian die.—  
But now, as if the trappings made the man,  
Such only are admired that come adorn'd  
With what's no part of them. This is mine own,  
My richest suit, a suit I must not part from,  
But not regarded now : and yet remember,  
'Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts,  
Banquets, and revels, which, when you possess,  
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us  
To be made sharers in the harvest, which  
Our sweat and industry reap'd, and sow'd for you.  
The silks you wear, we with our blood spin for you ;  
This massy plate, that with the ponderous weight  
Does make your cupboards crack, we (unaffrighted  
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,  
Or dreadful monsters of the deep, that wait  
With open jaws still ready to devour us,)  
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then,  
In after ages, to your shame be spoken,  
That you, with no relenting eyes, look on  
Our wants that feed your plenty : or consume,  
In prodigal and wanton gifts on drones,  
The kingdom's treasure, yet detain from us  
The debt that with the hazard of our lives,  
We have made you stand engaged for ; or force us,  
Against all civil government, in armour  
To require that, which with all willingness  
Should be tender'd ere demanded.

*Beauf. sen.* I commend  
This wholesome sharpness in you, and prefer it  
Before obsequious tameness ; it shews lovely :  
Nor shall the rain of your good counsel fall  
Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit\*,  
Such as you long have wish'd for. And the rest  
Of your profession, like you, discontented  
For want of means, shall in their present payment  
Be bound to praise your boldness : and hereafter  
I will take order you shall have no cause,  
For want of change, to put your armour on,  
But in the face of an enemy ; not as now,  
Among your friends. To that which is due to you,  
To furnish you like yourself, of mine own bounty  
I'll add five hundred crowns.

*Cham.* I, to my power,  
Will follow the example.

*Mont.* Take this, captain,  
'Tis all my present store ; but when you please,  
Command me further.

*Ian.* I could wish it more.

*Belg.* This is the luckiest jest ever came from me.  
Let a soldier use no other scribe to draw  
The form of his petition. This will speed

\* ——— but spring up fruit,) i. e. cause it to  
spring up. This sense of the word is familiar to Massinger  
and his contemporaries.

When your thrice-humble supplications,  
With prayers for increase of health and honours  
To their grave lordships, shall, as soon as read,  
Be pocketed up, the cause no more remember'd ;  
When this dumb rhetoric—Well, I have a life,  
Which I, in thankfulness for your great favours,  
My noble lords, when you please to command it,  
Must never think mine own. Broker, be happy.  
These golden birds fly to thee. [Exit.

*Beauf. sen.* You are dull, sir,  
And seem not to be taken with the passage  
You saw presented.

*Malef.* Passage ! I observed none,  
My thoughts were elsewhere busied. Ha ! she is  
In danger to be lost, to be lost for ever,  
If speedily I come not to her rescue,  
For so my genius tells me.

*Mont.* What chimeras  
Work on your fantasy ?

*Malef.* Fantasies ! they are truths.  
Where is my Theocrine ? you have plotted  
To rob me of my daughter ; bring me to her,  
Or I'll call down the saints to witness for me,  
You are inhospitable.

*Beauf. sen.* You amaze me.  
Your daughter's safe, and now exchanging courtship  
With my son, her servant\*. Why do you hear this  
With such distracted looks, since to that end  
You brought her hither ?

*Malef.* 'Tis confess'd I did ;  
But now, pray you, pardon me ; and, if you please,  
Ere she delivers up her virgin fort,  
I would observe what is the art he uses  
In planting his artillery against it :  
She is my only care, nor must she yield,  
But upon noble terms.

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis so determined.

*Malef.* Yet I am jealous.  
*Mont.* Overmuch, I fear.

What passions are these ?

*Beauf. sen.* Come, I will bring you  
Where you, with these, if they so please, may see  
The love-scene acted.

*Mont.* There is something more  
Than fatherly love in this.

*Mont.* We wait upon you. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—Another Room in BEAUFORT'S House.

Enter BEAUFORT junior, and THEOCRINE.

*Beauf. jun.* Since then you meet my flames with  
equal ardour,  
As you profess, it is your bounty, mistress,  
Nor must I call it debt ; yet 'tis your glory,  
That your excess supplies my want, and makes me  
Strong in my weakness, which could never be,  
But in your good opinion.

*Theoc.* You teach me, sir,  
What I should say ; since from your sun of favour,

\* Your daughter's safe, and now exchanging courtship  
With my son, her servant.) Servant was at this time the  
invariable term for a suitor, who, in return, called the object  
of his addresses, mistress. Thus Shirley, (one example  
for all.)

"*Bon.* What's the gentleman she has married ?

*Serv.* A man of pretty fortune, that has been  
Her servant many years.

*Bon.* How do you mean,  
Wantonly, or does he serve for wages ?

*Serv.* Neither ; I mean her suitor."

m Phoebe, in herself obscure,  
 hat light I have.  
*jun.* Which you return  
 ye increase, since that you will o'ercome,  
 re not contend, were you but pleased  
 what's yet divided one.

I have  
 n my wishes; modesty  
 ne to speak more.  
*jun.* But what as-urance,  
 without offence, may I demand,  
 secure me that your heart and tongue  
 take harmony.  
 Choose any,  
 our love, distinguished from lust,  
 nd mine to grant.

r, behind, BEAUFORT senior, MALEFORT,  
 MONTREVILLE, and the rest.

*sen.* Yonder they are.  
 At distance too! 'tis yet well.  
*jun.* I may take then  
 l, and with a thousand burning kisses,  
 the anchor to my hopes?  
 You may, sir.  
 Somewhat too much.  
*jun.* And this done, view myself  
 true mirrors?  
 Ever true to you, sir:  
 they lose the ability of sight,  
 y seek other object!  
 'This is more  
 n give consent to.  
*jun.* And a kiss  
 sted on your lips, will not distaste you\*?  
 Her lips! [tracted]  
 Why, where should he kiss? are you dis-  
*jun.* Then, when this holy man hath made  
 ful—— [Brings in a Priest.  
 A priest so ready too! I must break in.  
*jun.* And what's spoke here is register'd  
 gross those favours to myself [above];  
 e not to be named.  
 All I can give,  
 they are I know not.  
*jun.* I'll instruct you.  
 O how my blood boils!  
 Pray you, contain yourself;  
 his courtship's modest †.  
*jun.* Then being mine,  
 lly mine, the river of your love  
 en and allies, nay, to your father,  
 out of his tenderness he admires you,)  
 he ocean of your affection  
 e swallow'd up, and want a name,  
 d with what you owe me.  
 'Tis most fit, sir.  
 rger bond that binds me to you, must  
 the weaker.  
 I am ruin'd, if  
 ot fairly off.

*jun.* And a kiss  
 sted on your lips, will not distaste you? [i. e.  
 use: the word perpetually recurs in this sense.  
 the his courtship's modest.] For his the modern  
 ve this. The change is unnecessary. The next  
 Mr. Gitchrist observes, bears a distant resemblance  
 sonnet of Daniel to Della:  
 e boundless ocean of thy beauty  
 this poor river, charg'd with streames of zeale,  
 ng thee the tribute of my dutie.  
 ere my love, my truth, my plaints reveale."

*Beauf. sen.* There's nothing wanting  
 But your consent.

*Malef.* Some strange invention aid me!  
 This! yes, it must be so.

[Aside]

*Montr.* Why do you stagger,  
 When what you seem'd so much to wish, is offer'd,  
 Both parties being agreed too\*?

*Beauf. sen.* I'll not court  
 A grant from you, nor do I wrong your daughter,  
 Though I say my son deserves her.

*Malef.* 'Tis far from  
 My humble thoughts to undervalue him  
 I cannot prize too high: for howsoever  
 From my own fond indulgence I have sung  
 Her praises with too prodigal a tongue,  
 That tenderness laid by, I stand confirm'd  
 All that I fancied excellent in her,  
 Balanced with what is really his own,  
 Holds weight in no proportion.

*Montr.* New turnings!

*Beauf. sen.* Whither tends this?

*Malef.* Had you observed, my lord,  
 With what a sweet gradation he woo'd,  
 As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,  
 Though she did listen with a greedy ear  
 To his fair modest offers: but so great  
 A good as then flow'd to her, should have been  
 With more deliberation entertain'd,  
 And not with such haste swallow'd; she shall first  
 Consider seriously what the blessing is,  
 And in what ample manner to give thanks for't,  
 And then receive it. And though I shall think  
 Short minutes years, till it be perfected †,  
 I will defer that which I most desire;  
 And so must she, till longing expectation,  
 That heightens pleasure, makes her truly know  
 Her happiness, and with what outstretch'd arms  
 She must embrace it.

*Beauf. jun.* This is curiousness  
 Beyond example ‡.

*Malef.* Let it then begin  
 From me: in what's mine own I'll use my will,  
 And yield no further reason. I lay claim to  
 The liberty of a subject. Fall not off,  
 But be obedient, or by the hair  
 I'll drag thee home. Censure me as you please,  
 I'll take my own way.—O the inward fires  
 That, wanting vent, consume me!

[Exit with Theocrina.]

*Montr.* 'Tis most certain  
 He's mad, or worse.

*Beauf. sen.* How worse §?

\* Both parties being agreed too? The old copy gives this  
 hemistich to Beaufort junior, and is probably right, as Male-  
 fort had by this time interposed between the lovers. The  
 alteration is by Coxeter. For *to*, which stands in all the  
 editions, I read *too*. It should be observed that our old writers  
 usually spell those two words alike, leaving the sense to be  
 discovered by the context (omitted in edit. 1813).

† ———till it be perfected,] The old orthography was  
*perfitted*, a mode of spelling much better adapted to poetry,  
 and which I am sorry we have suffered to grow obsolete.

‡ Beauf. jun. This is curiousness

Beyond example.] i. e. a refined and over scrupulous con-  
 sideration of the subject. So the word is frequently applied  
 by our old writers. (It occurs again in the "Parliament of  
 Love," Act. I, sc. 4; and in the Works of Tyndall, folio  
 p. 67, I find the following apposite illustration of this ex-  
 pression, "Be diligent, therefore, that those be not deceived  
 with *curiousness*. For me of no small reputation have been  
 deceived with their owne sophistry."—Ed.)

§ Beauf. sen. How worse? This short speech is not  
 appropriated in the old copy. Doddsley gives it to the present

Montr. Nay, there I leave you ;  
My thoughts are free.

Beauf. jun. This I foresaw.

Beauf. sen. Take comfort,

He shall walk in clouds, but I'll discover him :  
And he shall find and feel, if he excuse not,  
And with strong reasons, this gross injury, [ *Exeunt*  
I can make use of my authority.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in MALEFORT'S House.

*Enter MALEFORT.*

What flames are these my wild desires fan in me ?  
The torch that feeds them was not lighted at  
Thy altars, Cupid : vindicate thyself,  
And do not own it ; and confirm it rather,  
That this infernal brand, that turns me cinders,  
Was by the snake-hair'd sisters thrown into  
My guilty bosom. O that I was ever  
Accurs'd in having issue ! my son's blood,  
(That like the poison'd shirt of Hercules  
Grows to each part about me,) which my hate  
Forced from him with much willingness, may admit  
Some weak defence ; but my most impious love  
To my fair daughter Theocriue, none ;  
Since my affection (rather wicked lust)  
That does pursue her, is a greater crime  
Than any detestation, with which  
I should afflict her innocence. With what cunning  
I have betray'd myself \*, and did not feel  
The scorching heat that now with fury rages !  
Why was I tender of her ? cover'd with  
That fond disguise, this mischief stole upon me.  
I thought it no offence to kiss her often.  
Or twine mine arms about her softer neck †,  
And by false shadows of a father's kindness  
I long deceived myself : but now the effect  
Is too apparent. How I strove to be  
In her opinion held the worthiest man  
In courtship, form, and feature ! envying him  
That was prefer'd before me ; and yet then  
My wishes to myself were not discover'd.  
But still my fires increased, and with delight  
I would call her mistress ‡, willingly forgetting  
The name of daughter, choosing rather she  
Should style me servant, than, with reverence,  
father :

speaker, and is evidently right. M. Mason follows Coxeter, who gives it to no one !

\* — *With what cunning*

*I have betrayed myself* [f. &c.] Gifford, in the edition of 1813, remarks on this speech that it is a close translation of the description of the fatal passion of Hyblis, by Ovid, to whom I must refer the reader for the parallel passage.—*Metamorph.*, Lib. ix, 456.—Ed.)

† *Or twine mine arms about her softer neck*, i. e. her soft neck : our old poets frequently adopt, and indeed with singular good taste, the comparative for the positive. Thus, in a very pretty passage in the *Combat of Love and Friendship*, by R. Mead :

"When I shall sit circled within your arms,  
How shall I cast a blemish on your honour,  
And appear only like some falser stone,  
Placed in a ring of gold, which grows a jewel  
But from the seat which holds it !"

And indeed Massinger himself furnishes numerous instances of this practice ; one occurs just below :

"— which your gentler temper,  
On my submission, I hope, will pardon."

Another we have already had, in the *Virgin-Martyr* :

"Judge not my reader will by the event."

‡ *I would call her mistress*, &c.] See note to Act III, sc. 4. ante.

Yet, waking, I ne'er cherish'd obscene hopes \*.  
But in my troubled slumbers often thought  
She was too near to me, and then sleeping blush'd  
At my imagination ; which pass'd,  
(My eyes being open not condemning it.)  
I was ravish'd with the pleasure of the dream.  
Yet spite of these temptations I have reason  
That pleads against them, and commands me to  
Extinguish these abominable fires ;  
And I will do it ; I will send her back  
To him that loves her lawfully. Within there !

*Enter THEOCRINE.*

Theoc. Sir, did you call ?

Malef. I look no sooner on her,  
But all my boasted power of reason leaves me  
And passion again usurps her empire.  
Does none else wait me ?

Theoc. I am wretched, sir,  
Should any owe more duty ?

Malef. This is worse  
Than disobedience ; leave me.

Theoc. On my knees, sir,  
As I have ever squared my will by yours,  
And liked and loath'd with your eyes. I beseech you  
To teach me what the nature of my fault is,  
That hath incensed you ; sure 'tis one of weakness  
And not of malice, which your gentler temper,  
On my submission, I hope, will pardon :  
Which granted by your piety, if that I  
Out of the least neglect of mine hereafter,  
Make you remember it, may I sink ever  
Under your dread command, sir.

Malef. O my stars !  
Who can but doat on this humility, [ *ters*  
That sweetens — Lovely in her tears ! — The fet-  
That seem'd to lessen in their weight but now †,  
But this grow heavier on me.

\* Yet waking, I ne'er cherish'd obscene hopes.] The old copy reads, *Yet* mocking, — if this be the genuine word, it must mean " notwithstanding my wanton abuse of the terms mentioned above, I never cherished," &c. this is certainly not defective in sense ; but the rest of the sentence calls us loudly for *waking*, that I have not scrupled to insert it in the text ; the corruption, at the press, was sufficiently easy.

† Malef. *O my stars !*

*Who can but doat on this humility,*  
*That sweetens — Lovely in her tears ! — The fetters,*  
*That seem'd to lessen in their weight but now,*

*By this grow heavier on me.* [ So I venture to point the passage : it is abrupt, and denotes the distracted state of the speaker's mind. It stands thus in Mr. M. Mason :

Malef. *O my stars ! who can but doat on this humility*  
*That sweetens (lovely in her tears) the fetters*  
*That seem'd to lessen in their weight ; but now*  
*By this grow heavier on me.*

Coxeter follows the old copies, which only differ from this, in placing a note of interrogation after *tears*. Both are evidently wrong, because unintelligible.

The reader must not be surprised at the portentous verse which begins the quotation from Mr. M. Mason. Neither he, nor Coxeter, nor Dodsley, seems to have had the smallest solicitude (I will not say knowledge) respecting the metre of their author ; and Massinger, the most harmonious of poets, appears, in their desultory pages, as inarticulate as Marston or Donne.

Dear sir.

Peace!

Do not hear thee.

Nor look on me?

No,

as and words are charms.

May they have power then

the tempest of your wrath! Alas, sir,

I know in what I give offence,

penitance I would show my sorrow

is past, and, in my care hereafter,

occasion, or cease to be;

but, without your favour, is to me

would cast off.

O that my heart

it in sunder, that I might expire,

in my death buried! yet I know not,—

thou prevailing oratory 'tis begg'd from me,

leny thee would convince me to

drink'd the milk of tigers: rise, and I,

a perplex'd and mysterious method,

relation: That which all the world

and cries up in thee for perfections,

unhappy me foul blemishes,

acts in nature. If thou hadst been born;

I and crooked in the features of

thy, as the manners of thy mind;

plod, flat-nosed, dim-eyed, and beetle-brow'd

warf's stature to a giant's waist;

ath'd, with claws for fingers on thy hands,

stet, gouty-legg'd, and over all

some leprosy had spread itself,

le thee shunn'd of human fellowships;

in blest.

Why, would you wish a monster

in a one, or worse, you have described)

on father?

Rather than as now.

I had drown'd thee for it in the sea,)

g, as thou dost, a new Pandora,

so's fair cow-eyes, Minerva's brow,

blushing cheeks, Hebe's fresh youth,

oft papa, with Thetis' silver feet.

Sir, you have liked and loved them, and

forced,

passage in my death buried! yet I know not.—  
I apprehend, that his incestuous passion was per-  
petrated. As this passage hath been hitherto pointed,  
to be understood.

is a perplex'd and mysterious method,] We have  
not this expression from the son:

is a perplex'd form and method," &c., Act II, sc. 1.  
ing can more strongly express the character of this  
his father, whose crimes were too horrible for his  
sons, and whose wishes are too flagitious for his  
to hear.

in hadst been born, &c.] Thus in *King John*:

how, that bid'st me be content, wert grise,  
y, and stand'st to thy mother's womb,  
[of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,  
ne, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
sh'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,  
could not care, I then would be content;  
then I should not love thee?" *COMETES.*

*Juno's fair cow-eyes, &c.*] These lines of Mas-  
sachusetts an immediate translation from a pretty Greek

εὐαίς ὄψε, Μελίτη, τὰς χεῖρας Ἀθηνῆς,  
ὡς Παφίης, τὰ σφύρα τῆς Θετιδος, &c.

*Do not*  
eyes, however, make but a sorry kind of an ap-  
proach in English poetry; but so it ever will be when the  
terms of one language are literally applied to  
See the *Emperor of the East*.

With your hyperboles of praise pour'd on them,

My modesty to a defensive red,

Strew'd o'er that paleness, which you then were  
To style the purest white.

*Malef.* And in that cup

I drank the poison I now feel dispersed

Through every vein and artery. Wherefore art thou

So cruel to me? This thy outward shape

Brought a fierce war against me, not to be

By flesh and blood resisted: but to leave me

No hope of freedom, from the magazine

Of thy mind's forces, treacherously thou drew'st up

Auxiliary helps to strengthen that

Which was already in itself too potent.

Thy beauty gave the first charge, but thy duty,

Seconded with thy care and watchful studies

To please, and serve my will, in all that might

Raise up content in me, like thunder brake through

All opposition; and, my ranks of reason

Disbanded, my victorious passions fell

To bloody execution, and compell'd me

With willing hands to tie on my own chains,

And, with a kind of flattering joy, to glory

In my captivity.

*Theoc.* I, in this you speak, sir,

Am ignorance itself.

*Malef.* And so continue;

For knowledge of the arms thou bear'st against me,

Would make thee curse thyself, but yield no aids

For thee to help me; and 'twere cruelty

In me to wound that spotless innocence,

Howe'er it make me guilty. In a word,

Thy plurality\* of goodness is thy ill;

Thy virtues vices, and thy humble lowness

Far worse than stubborn sullenness and pride;

Thy looks, that ravish all beholders else,

As killing as the basilisk's, thy tears,

Express'd in sorrow for the much I suffer,

A glorious insultation†, and no sign

Of pity in thee: and to hear thee speak

In thy defence, though but in silent action,

Would make the hurt, already deeply fester'd,

Incurable: and therefore, as thou wouldst not

By thy presence raise fresh furies to torment me,

I do conjure thee by a father's power,

(And 'tis my curse I dare not think it lawful

To sue unto thee in a nearer name,)

Without reply to leave me.

*Theoc.* My obedience

Never learn'd yet to question your commands,

But willingly to serve them; yet I must,

Since that your will forbids the knowledge of

My fault, lament my fortune.

*Malef.* O that I

Have reason to discern the better way,

And yet pursue the worse‡! When I look on her,

I burn with heat, and in her absence freeze

With the cold blasts of jealousy, that another

\* *Thy plurality of goodness is thy ill*; i. e. thy superabun-  
dant of goodness: the thought is from Shakespeare:

† *For goodness, growing to a pluriaty,*

*Dies in his own too much.*

For *thy*, the old copy reads *the*; it is, however, an evident

error of the press.

† *A glorious insultation*,] used in the sense of *glorious*.

See note to Act I, sc. 1.

‡ *Malef.* O that I

*Have reason to discern the better way,*

*And yet pursue the worse*; This had been said before by

*Medea*:

— *video mellora, proboque,*

*Deteriora sequor.*

Should e'er taste those delights that are denied me ;  
And which of these afflictions brings less torture,  
I hardly can distinguish : Is there then  
No mean ? No ; so my understanding tells me,  
And that by my cross fates it is determined  
That I am both ways wretched.

*Enter Usher and MONTREVILLE.*

*Usher.* Yonder he walks, sir,  
In much vexation : he hath sent my lady,  
His daughter, weeping in ; but what the cause is,  
Rests yet in supposition.

*Montr.* I guess at it,  
But must be further satisfied ; I will sift him  
In private, therefore quit the room.

*Usher.* I am gone, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Malef.* Ha ! who disturbs me ? Montreville ! your  
pardon.

*Montr.* Would you could grant one to yourself !  
With the assurance of a friend, and yet, [I speak it  
Before it be too late, make reparation  
Of the gross wrong your indiscretion offer'd  
To the governor and his son ; nay, to yourself ;  
For there begins my sorrow.

*Malef.* Would I had  
No greater cause to mourn, than their displeasure !  
For I dare justify—

*Montr.* We must not do \*  
All that we dare. We're private, friend. I observed  
Your alterations with a stricter eye,  
Perhaps, than others ; and, to lose no time  
In repetition, your strange demeanour  
To your sweet daughter.

*Malef.* Would you could find out  
Some other theme to treat of.

*Montr.* None but this ;  
And this I'll dwell on ; how ridiculous,  
And subject to construction—

*Malef.* No more !

*Montr.* You made yourself, amazes me, and if  
The frequent trials interchanged between us  
Of love and friendship, be to their desert  
Esteem'd by you ; as they hold weight with me,  
No inward trouble should be of a shape  
So horrid to yourself, but that to me  
You stand bound to discover it, and unlock  
Your secret'st thoughts ; though the most innocent  
Loud crying sins. [were

*Malef.* And so, perhaps, they are :  
And therefore be not curious to learn that  
Which, known, must make you hate me.

*Montr.* Think not so.  
I am yours in right and wrong ; nor shall you find  
A verbal friendship in me, but an active ;  
And here I vow, I shall no sooner know  
What the disease is, but, if you give leave,  
I will apply a remedy. Is it madness !  
† I am familiarly acquainted with

A deep-read man, that can with charms and herbs  
Restore you to your reason ; or suppose  
You are bewitch'd ? he with more potent spells  
And magical rites shall cure you. Is't heaven's  
anger ?

With penitence and sacrifice appease it :—  
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can  
Imagine dreadful ; in your fame and fortunes  
You are secure ; your impious son removed too,  
That render'd you suspected to the state ;  
And your fair daughter—

*Malef.* Oh ! press me no further. [hath she

*Montr.* Are you wrung there ! Why, what of her ?  
Made shipwreck of her honour, or conspired  
Against your life ? or seal'd a contract with  
The devil of hell, for the recovery of  
Her young Inamorato ?

*Malef.* None of these ;  
And yet, what must increase the wonder in you,  
Being innocent in herself, she hath wounded me ;  
But where, enquire not. Yet, I know not how  
I am persuaded, from my confidence  
Of your vow'd love to me, to trust you with  
My dearest secret ; pray you chide me for it,  
But with a kind of pity, not insulting  
On my calamity.

*Montr.* Forward.

*Malef.* This same daughter—

*Montr.* What is her fault ?

*Malef.* She is too fair to me.

*Montr.* Ha ! how is this ?

*Malef.* And I have look'd upon her  
More than a father should, and languish to  
Enjoy her as a husband.

*Montr.* Heaven forbid it !

*Malef.* And this is all the comfort you can give me !  
Where are your promised aids, your charms, your  
herbs,

Your deep-read scholar's spells and magic rites ?  
Can all these disenchant me ? No, I must be  
My own physician, and upon myself  
Practise a desperate cure.

*Montr.* Do not condemn me :  
Enjoin me what you please, with any hazard !  
I'll undertake it. What means have you practised  
To quench this hellish fire ?

*Malef.* All I could think on,  
But to no purpose ; and yet sometimes absence  
Does yield a kind of intermission to  
The fury of the fit.

*Montr.* See her no more, then.

*Malef.* 'Tis my last refuge, and 'twas my intent,  
And still 'tis, to desire your help.

*Montr.* Command it.

[are

*Malef.* Thus then : you have a fort, of which you  
The absolute lord, whither, I pray you, bear her ;  
And that the sight of her may not again  
Nourish those flames, which I feel something lessen'd  
By all the ties of friendship I conjure you,  
And by a solemn oath you must confirm it,  
That though my now calm'd passions should rage  
higher

Than ever heretofore, and so compel me  
Once more to wish to see her ; though I use  
Persuasions mix'd with threatnings, (nay, add to it,  
That I, this failing, should with hands held up thus,  
Kneel at your feet, and bathe them with tears  
Prayers or curses, vows, or imprecations,  
Only to look upon her, though at distance  
You still must be obdurate.

\* *We must not do, &c.* This and the two next speeches are jumbled entirely out of metre by the modern editors. It seems odd that they should not know whether they were printing prose or verse

† *I am familiarly acquainted with a deep-read man, That can with charms and herbs* So the lines stand in all the editions ; upon which Mr. M. Mason remarks, for the first time, that the metre requires a different division. This is well thought of ! In his edition, *the Unnatural Combat* stands towards the end of the third volume, and, to speak moderately, I have already corrected his versification in a hundred places within the compass of as many pages ; nay, of the little which has passed since the entrance of Montreville, nearly a moiety has undergone a new arrangement.

*Montr.* If it be  
Your pleasure, sir, that I shall be unmoved,  
I will endeavour.

*Malef.* You must swear to be  
Inexorable, as you would prevent  
The greatest mischief to your friend, that fate  
Could throw upon him.

*Montr.* Well, I will obey you.  
But how the governor will be answer'd yet,  
And 'tis material, is not consider'd.

*Malef.* Leave that to me. I'll presently give order  
How you shall surprise her; be not frighted with  
Her exclamations.

*Montr.* Be you constant to  
Your resolution, I will not fail  
In what concerns my part.

*Malef.* Be ever bless'd for't!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter BEAUFORT junior, CHAMONT, and LANOUR.*

*Cham.* Not to be spoke with, say you?

*Beauf. jun.* No.

*Lan.* Nor you

Admitted to have conference with her?

*Beauf. jun.* Neither.

His doors are fast lock'd up, and solitude  
Dwells round about them, no access allow'd  
To friend or enemy; but—

*Cham.* Nay, be not moved, sir;

Let his passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse\*,  
'Twill quickly tire itself.

*Beauf. jun.* Or in his death,

Which, for her sake, 'till now I have forbore,  
I will revenge the injury he hath done to  
My true and lawful love.

*Lan.* How does your father,

The governor, relish it?

*Beauf. jun.* Troth, he never had

Affection to the match; yet in his pity  
To me, he's gone in person to his house,  
Nor will he be denied; and if he find not  
Strong and fair reasons, Malefort will hear from him  
In a kind he does not look for.

*Cham.* In the mean time,

Pray you put on cheerful looks.

*Enter MONTAIGNE.*

*Beauf. jun.* Mine suit my fortune.

*Lan.* O here's Montaigne.

*Mont.* I never could have met you  
More opportunely. I'll not stale the jest  
By my relation†; but if you will look on  
The malecontent Belgarde, newly rigg'd up,

\*—and, like a hot-rein'd horse,  
'Twill quickly tire itself.] This is from Shakespeare,

—Anger is like  
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-nestle tires him." COXETER.

† I'll not stale the jest  
By my relation.] i. e. render it flat, deprive it of zest by  
previous intimation. This is one of a thousand instances  
which might be brought to prove that the true reading in  
*Coriolanus*, Act. I. sc. I. is,

"I shall tell you  
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;  
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
To stale† a little more."

The old copies have *scale*, for which Theobald judiciously  
proposed *stale*. To this Warburton objects petulantly enough,  
it must be confessed, because to *scale* signifies to weigh;

With the train that follows him, 'twill be an object  
Worthy of your noting.

*Beauf. jun.* Look you the comedy  
Make good the prologue, or the scorn will dwell  
Upon yourself.

*Mont.* I'll hazard that; observe now.

*BELGARDE comes out in a gallant habit; stays at the  
door with his sword drawn.*

*Several voices within.* Nay, captain! glorious  
captain!

*Belg.* Fall back, rascals!

Do you make an owl of me? this day I will  
Receive no more petitions.—  
Here are bills of all occasions, and all sizes!  
If this be the pleasure of a rich suit, would I were  
Again in my buff jerkin, or my armour!  
Then I walk'd securely by my creditors' noses,  
Not a dog marked me; every officer shunn'd me,  
And not one lousy prison would receive me:  
But now, as the ballad says, *I am turn'd gallant*,  
There does not live that thing I owe a sous to,  
But does torment me. A faithful cobbler told me,  
With his awl in his hand, I was behind hand with  
him

For setting me upright, and bade me look to myself.  
A sempstress too, that traded but in socks,  
Swore she would set a serjeant on my back  
For a borrow'd shirt: my pay, and the benevolence  
The governor and the states bestow'd upon me,  
The city cormorants, my money-mongers,  
Have swallow'd down already; they were sums,  
I grant,—but that I should be such a fool,  
Against my oath, being a cashier'd captain,  
To pay debts, though grown up to one and twenty,  
Deserves more reprehension, in my judgment,  
Than a shopkeeper, or a lawyer that leuds money,  
In a long, dead vacation.

*Mont.* How do you like  
His meditation?

*Cham.* Peace! let him proceed.

*Belg.* I cannot now go on the score for shame,  
And where I shall begin to pawn—ay, marry,  
That is considered timely! I paid for  
This train of yours, dame Estridge\*, fourteen crowns,  
And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly pass  
For a tavern reckoning, unless it be  
To save the charge of painting, nail'd on a post  
For the sign of the feathers. Pox upon the fashion,  
That a captain cannot think himself a captain,  
If he wear not this, like a fore-horse! yet it is not  
Staple commodity: these are perfumed too  
O' the Roman wash, and yet a stale red herring

so, indeed, it does, and many other things; none of which,  
however, bear any relation to the text. Steevens, too, pre-  
fers *scale*, which he proves, from a variety of learned autho-  
rities, to mean "scatter, disperse, spread:" to make any of  
them, however, suit his purpose, he is obliged to give an  
unfaithful version of the text: "Though some of you have  
heard the story, I will *spread* it yet wider, and diffuse it  
among the *real*."! There is nothing of this in Shakespeare;  
and indeed I cannot avoid looking upon the whole of his  
long note, as a feeble attempt to justify a palpable error of  
the press, at the cost of taste and sense.

The mistakes of Steevens are dangerous, and should be  
noticed. They have seduced the editors of Beaumont and  
Fletcher, who have brought back to the text of their authors,  
a corruption long since removed, on the authority (as they  
say) of the quotations produced in the note to *Coriolanus*.  
See Vol. vii. p. 258.

—I paid for  
This train of yours, dame Estridge,] i. e. this tail; there  
is some humour in this lively apostrophe to the ostrich.

Would fill the belly better, and hurt the head less :  
And this is Venice gold ; would I had it again  
In French crowns in my pocket ! O you commanders,

That, like me, have no dead pays, nor can cozen  
The commissary at a muster \*, let me stand  
For an example to you ! as you would  
Enjoy your privileges, *videlicet*,  
To pay your debts, and take your litchery gratis ;  
To have your issue warm'd by others fires ;  
To be often drunk, and swear, yet pay no forfeit  
To the poor, but when you share with one another ;  
With all your other choice immunities :  
Only of this I seriously advise you,  
Let courtiers † trip like courtiers, and your lords  
Of dirt and dunghills mete their woods and acres,  
In velvets, satins, tissues ; but keep you  
Constant to cloth and shamois.

Mont. Have you heard  
Of such a penitent homily ?

Belg. I am studying now  
Where I shall hide myself till the rumour of  
My wealth and bravery vanish ‡ : let me see,  
There is a kind of vaulting house not far off,  
Where I used to spend my afternoons, among  
Suburb she gamesters ; and yet, now I think on't,  
I have crack'd a ring or two there, which they made  
Others to solder : No—

Enter a Bawd, and two Courtezans with two Children.

1 Court. O ! have we spied you ! [time,  
Bawd. Upon him without ceremony ! now's the  
While he's in the paying vein.

2 Court. Save you, brave captain !  
Beauf. jun. 'Slight, how he stares ! they are worse  
than she-wolves to him,

Belg. Shame me not in the streets ; I was coming  
to you.

1 Court. O sir, you may in public pay for the  
You had in private. [fiddling

2 Court. We hear you are full of crowns, sir,  
1 Court. And therefore, knowing you are open-  
handed,

Before all be destroy'd, I'll put you in mind, sir,  
Of your young heir here.

2 Court. Here's a second, sir,  
That looks for a child's portion.

\* ——— O you commanders,

That, like me, have no dead pays, nor can cozen

The commissary at a muster.] The collusive practices  
here alluded to (as Mr. Gilchrist observes) appear not to  
have been unfrequent, and indeed, Sir W. D'Avenant, with  
this, mentions many similar corruptions in the "war depart-  
ment" of his time :

"Can you not gull the state finely,  
Mustering up your ammunition cassocks stuffed with straw,  
Number a hundred forty nine dead pays,  
And thank heaven for your arithmetic !  
Cannot you clothe your ragged infantry  
With cabbage leaves ? devour the reckonings,  
And grow fat in the ribs, but you must hinder  
Poor ancient from eating warm beef ?" *The Siege*, Act III.

† Let courtiers, &c.] The reader will smile at the accu-  
rate notions of metre possessed by the former editors : this  
and the four following lines stand thus in Coxeter, and Mr.  
M. Mason :

Let courtiers trip like courtiers,  
And your lords of dirt and dunghills mete  
Their woods and acres, in velvets, satins, tissues ;  
But keep you constant to cloth and shamois.

Mont. Have you heard of such a penitent homily ?  
† My wealth and bravery vanish :] Bravery is used by  
all the writers of Massinger's time, for ostentatious finery of  
apparel.

Bawd. There are reckonings  
For muskadine and eggs too, must be thought on.  
1 Court. We have not been hasty, sir.

Bawd. But staid your leisure :  
But now you are ripe, and loaden with fruit—

2 Court. 'Tis fit you should be pull'd ; here's a boy,  
Pray you, kiss him, 'tis your own, sir. [sir,

1 Court. Nay, buss this first,  
It bath just your eyes ; and such a promising nose,  
That if the sign deceive me not, in time  
'Twill prove a notable striker \*, like his father.

Belg. And yet you laid it to another.

1 Court. True,  
While you were poor ; and it was policy ;  
But she that has variety of fathers,  
And makes not choice of him that can maintain it,  
Ne'er studied Aristotle †.

Lan. A smart quean !

Belg. Why, braches, will you worry me ? ‡

2 Court. No, but ease you  
Of your golden burthen ; the heavy carriage may  
Bring you to a sweating sickness.

Belg. Very likely ;

I foam all o'er already.

1 Court. Will you come off, sir § ?

Belg. Would I had ne'er come on ! Hear me with  
patience,

Or I will anger you. Go to, you know me,  
And do not vex me further : by my sins,  
And your diseases, which are certain truths,  
Whate'er you think, I am not master, at  
This instant, of a livre.

2 Court. What, and in

Such a glorious suit !

Belg. The liker, wretched things,  
To have no money.

Bawd. You may pawn your clothes, sir.

1 Court. Will you see your issue starve ?

2 Court. Or the mothers beg ?

Belg. Why, you unconscionable strumpets,  
would you have me

Transform my hat to double clouts and higgins !

My corselet to a cradle ? or my belt

To swaddlebands ! or turn my cloak to blankets ?

Or to sell my sword and spurs, for soap and candles !

\* 'Twill prove a notable striker.] A *striker* is a wench:  
the word occurs again in the *Parliament of Love*.

† Ne'er studied Aristotle.] This has been hitherto printed,  
*Ne'er studied Aristotle's problems* : a prosaic redundancy,  
of which every reader of Massinger will readily acquit him.

‡ Belg. *Why, braches, will you worry me ?* A *brache* is  
a female hound. It is strange to see what quantities of paper  
have been wasted in confounding the sense of this plain  
word ! The pages of Shakspeare, and Jonson, and Fletcher,  
are incumbered with endless quotations, which generally  
leave the reader as ignorant as they found him. One, how-  
ever, which has escaped the commentators, at least the  
material part of it, is worth all that they have advanced on  
the word. *The Gentleman's Recreation*, p. 28. "There are  
in England and Scotland two kinds of hunting dogs, and no  
where else in the world ; the first kind is called a *brache*, and  
this is a foot-scenting creature both of wilde beasts, birds, and  
fishes also which lie hid among the rocks. *The female hereof*  
*in England is called a brache* : a *brache* is a MANNERS  
NAME for all hound-bitches." and when we add for all others,  
it will be allowed that enough has been said on the subject.

§ 1 Court. *Will you come off, sir ?* i. e. Will you pay, sir ?  
so the word is used by all our old dramatic writers :

"———— if he  
In the old Justice's suit, whom he robb'd lately,  
Will come off roundly, we'll set him free too." *The Widow*.

Again, in the *Wedding*, by Shirley :

"What was the price you took for Gratiana ?  
Did Marwood come off roundly with his wages ?"

Have you no mercy ? what a chargeable devil  
We carry in our breeches !

*Beauf. jun.* Now 'tis time  
To fetch him off.

*Enter BEAUFORT senior.*

*Mont.* Your father does it for us.

*Bawd.* The governor !

*Beauf. sen.* What are these ?

*1 Court.* An it like your lordship,  
Very poor spinsters.

*Bawd.* I am his nurse and laundress,

*Belg.* You have nurs'd and launder'd me, hell  
Vanish ! [take you for it !

*Cham.* Do, do, and talk with him hereafter.

*1 Court.* 'Tis our best course.

*2 Court.* We'll find a time to fit him.

[*Ereunt Bawd and Courtesans.*]

*Beauf. sen.* Why in this heat, Belgarde ?

*Belg.* You are the cause of 't.

*Beauf. sen.* Who, I ?

*Belg.* Yes, your pied livery and your gold  
Draw these vexations on me ; pray you strip me,

And let me be as I was : I will not lose  
The pleasures and the freedom which I had  
In my certain poverty, for all the wealth  
Fair France is proud of.

*Beauf. sen.* We at better leisure  
Will learn the cause of this.

*Beauf. jun.* What answer, sir,  
From the admiral ?

*Beauf. sen.* None ; his daughter is removed  
To the fort of Montreville, and he himself  
In person fled, but where, is not discover'd ;  
I could tell you wonders, but the time denies me  
Fit liberty. In a word, let it suffice  
The power of our great master is condemn'd  
The sacred laws of God and man profaned ;  
And if I sit down with this injury,  
I am unworthy of my place, and thou  
Of my acknowledgment : draw up all the troops ;  
As I go, I will instruct you to what purpose.  
Such as have power to punish, and yet spare,  
From fear or from connivance, others ill,  
Though not in act, assist them in their will.

[*Ereunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Street near MAREPORT'S House.

*Enter MONTREVILLE with Servants, THEOCRINE, Page,  
and Waiting Women.*

*Montr.* Bind them, and gag their mouths sure ;  
I alone

Will be your convoy.

*1 Wom.* Madam !

*2 Wom.* Dearest lady !

*Page.* Let me fight for my mistress.

*Serv.* 'Tis in vain,  
Little cockerel of the kind.

*Montr.* Away with them,

And do as I command you.

[*Ereunt Servants with Page and Waiting Women.*]

*Theoc.* Montreville,  
You are my father's friend ; nay more, a soldier,  
And if a right one, as I hope to find you,  
Though in a lawful war you had surprised  
A city, that bow'd humbly to your pleasure,  
In honour you stand bound to guard a virgin  
From violence ; but in a free estate,  
Of which you are a limb, to do a wrong  
Which noble enemies never consent to,  
Is such an insolence—

*Montr.* How her heart beats\* !  
Much like a partridge in a sparrow's foot,  
That with a panting silence does lament  
The fate she cannot fly from ! Sweet, take comfort,  
You are safe, and nothing is intended to you,  
But love and service.

*Theoc.* They came never clothed  
In force and outrage. Upon what assurance  
(Remembering only that my father lives,  
Who will not tamely suffer the disgrace)  
Have you presumed to hurry me from his house,

\* *Montr. How her heart beats ! &c.* This is a very pretty  
simile, and, though not altogether new, is made striking by  
the elegance with which it is expressed.

And, as I were not worth the waiting on,  
To snatch me from the duty and attendance  
Of my poor servants ?

*Montr.* Let not that afflict you,  
You shall not want observance ; I will be  
Your page, your woman, parasite, or fool,  
Or any other property, provided  
You answer my affection.

*Theoc.* In what kind ?

*Montr.* As you had done young Beaufort's.

*Theoc.* How !

*Montr.* So, lady ;  
Or, if the name of wife appear a yoke  
Too heavy for your tender neck, so I  
Enjoy you as a private friend or mistress,  
'Twill be sufficient.

*Theoc.* Blessed angels guard me !  
What frontless impudence is this ? what devil  
Hath, to thy certain ruin, tempted thee  
To offer me this motion ? by my hopes  
Of after joys, submission nor repentance  
Shall expiate this foul intent.

*Montr.* Intent !

'Tis more, I'll make it act.

*Theoc.* Ribald, thou dar'st not :  
And if (and with a fever to thy soul)  
Thou but consider that I have a father,  
And such a father, as, when this arrives at  
His knowledge, as it shall, the terror of  
His vengeance, which as sure as fate must follow,  
Will make thee curse the hour in which I taught  
thee

To nourish these bad hopes ;—and 'tis my wonder  
Thou dar'st forget how tender he is of me,  
And that each shadow of wrong done to me,  
Will raise in him a tempest not to be [him—  
But with thy heart-blood calm'd : this, when I see,

*Montr.* As thou shalt never

*Theoc.* Wilt thou murder me ?

*Montr.* No, no, 'tis otherwise determined, fool.  
The master which in passion kills his slave  
That may be useful to him, does himself  
The injury: know, thou most wretched creature,  
That father thou presumest upon, that father,  
That, when I sought thee in a noble way,  
Denied thee to me, fancying in his hope  
A higher match from his excess of dotage,  
Hath in his bowels kindled such a flame  
Of impious and most unnatural lust,  
That now he fears his most furious desires  
May force him to do that, he shakes to think on.

*Theoc.* O me, most wretched!

*Montr.* Never hope again  
To blast him with those eyes: their golden beams  
Are to him arrows of death and hell,  
But unto me divine artillery  
And therefore, since what I so long in vain  
Pursued, is offer'd to me, and by him  
Given up to my possession; do not flatter  
Thyself with an imaginary hope,  
But that I'll take occasion by the forelock,  
And make use of my fortune. As we walk,  
I'll tell thee more.

*Theoc.* I will not stir.

*Montr.* I'll force thee.

*Theoc.* Help, help!

*Montr.* In vain.

*Theoc.* In me my brother's blood  
Is punish'd at the height.

*Montr.* The coach there!

*Theoc.* Dear sir—

*Montr.* Tears, curses, prayers, are alike to me;  
I can, and must enjoy my present pleasure,  
And shall take time to mourn for it at leisure.  
[He bears her off.]

## SCENE II.—A Space before the Fort.

*Enter Malfort.*

I have play'd the fool, the gross fool, to believe  
The bosom of a friend will hold a secret,  
Mine own could not contain; and my industry  
In taking liberty from my innocent daughter,  
Out of false hopes of freedom to myself,  
Is, in the little help it yields me, punish'd.  
She's absent, but I have her figure here;  
And every grace and rarity about her,  
Are by the pencil of my memory,  
In living colours painted on my heart.  
My fires too, a short interim closed up,  
Break out with greater fury. Why was I,  
Since 'twas my fate, and not to be declined,  
In this so tender-conscienced? Say I had  
Enjoy'd what I desired, what had it been  
But incest? and there's something here that tells me  
I stand accountable for greater sins  
I never check'd at\*. Neither had the crime  
Wanted a precedent: I have read in story,

\* —and there's something here that tells me  
I stand accountable for greater sins  
I never check'd at.] These dark allusions to a dreadful

fact, are introduced with admirable judgment, as they awaken,  
without gratifying, the curiosity of the reader, and continue  
the interest of the story.

† —I have read in story, &c.] He had been studying  
Ovid, and particularly the dreadful story of Myrrha.  
This wretched attempt of Malfort (a Christian, at least in  
name, we may suppose) to palliate, or defend his meditated  
crime, by the examples of fabulous deities, men in a state

Those first great heroes, that for their brave deeds  
Were in the world's first infancy styled gods,  
Freely enjoy'd what I denied myself.  
Old Saturn, in the golden age, embraced  
His sister Ops, and, in the same degree,  
The Thunderer Juno, Neptune Thetis, and,  
By their example, after the first deluge,  
Deucalion Pyrrha. Universal nature,  
As every day 'tis evident, allows it  
To creatures of all kinds: the gallant horse  
Covers the mare to which he was the sire;  
The bird with fertile seed gives new increase  
To her that hatch'd him: why should envious man  
Brund that close act, which adds proximity [then  
To what's most near him, with the abhorred title  
Of incest? or our later laws forbid  
What by the first was granted? Let old men,  
That are not capable of these delights,  
And solemn superstitious fools, prescribe  
Rules to themselves; I will not curb my freedom,  
But constantly go on, with this assurance,  
I but walk in a path which greater men  
Have trod before me. Ha! this is the fort:  
Open the gate! Within, there!

*Enter two Soldiers.*

1 *Sold.* With your pardon  
We must forbid your entrance.

*Malef.* Do you know me?

2 *Sold.* Perfectly, my lord.

*Malef.* I am [your] captain's friend\*.

1 *Sold.* It may be so; but till we know his pleas-  
You must excuse us. [surpr.]

2 *Sold.* We'll acquaint him with  
Your waiting here.

*Malef.* Waiting, slave! he was ever  
By me commanded.

1 *Sold.* As we are by him.

*Malef.* So punctual! pray you then, in my name  
His presence. [entr.]

2 *Sold.* That we shall do. [Exeunt]

*Malef.* I must use

Some strange persuasions to work him to  
Deliver her, and to forget the vows,  
And horrid oaths I, in my madness, made him  
Take to the contrary: and may I get her  
Once more in my possession, I will bear her  
Into some close cave or desert, where we'll end  
Our lusts and lives together.

*Enter MONTREVILLE, and Soldiers.*

*Montr.* Fail not, on  
The forfeit of your lives, to execute  
What I command. [Exeunt Soldiers.]

*Malef.* Montreville! how is't friend?

*Montr.* I am glad to see you wear such cheerful  
The world's well alter'd. [looks;]

*Malef.* Yes, I thank my stars:  
But methinks thou art troubled.

*Montr.* Some light cross,  
But of no moment.

of nature, and beasts, is a just and striking picture of the  
eagerness with which a mind resolved on guilt ministers to  
its own deception. This, in the Scripture phraseology, is  
called, "hardening the heart;" and seems to be the last  
stage of human depravation.

\* *Malef.* I am [your] captain's friend.] Coxeter, following  
the old copy, reads, I am this captain's friend. Mr. M.  
Mason altered this to *thy*: if any change be necessary, of  
which I am doubtful, the word now inserted bids fullest to  
be genuine (omitted in edit. 1812).

So I hope; beware  
and impious thoughts; you know how far  
rought on me.

No such come near me, sir.  
like you, no daughter, and much wish  
ver had been curs'd with one.

Who, I?

t deceived, I am most happy in her.

I am glad to hear it.

My incestuous fires  
her are quite burnt out; I love her now  
her, and no further

Fix there then  
stant peace, and do not try a second  
tion from her.

Yes, friend, though she were  
ons of degrees more excellent  
erfections; nay, though she could borrow  
angelical to take my frailty,  
I not do: and therefore, Montreville,  
f delight next her, I come to tell thee  
error and I are reconciled,  
onfirm'd, and with all possible speed,  
large satisfaction to young Beaufort,  
whom I have so much wrong'd: and for  
able in her custody, of which  
discharge thee, there is nothing in  
es or fortunes, but shall ever be  
evotion.

You promise fairly,  
bt I the performance; yet I would not  
r be reported to have been  
icpal occasion of your falling  
lapse: or but suppose, out of  
ness of my nature, and assurance  
firm and can hold out, I could consent;  
ds must know there are so many lets\*  
ke against it, that it is my wonder  
r me the motion; having bound me  
ths and imprecations on no terms,  
, or arguments, you could propose,  
ould admit you to her sight,  
as restore her to you.

Are we soldiers,  
id on oaths!

It is beyond my knowledge  
we are more worthy, than in keeping  
ds, much more our vows.

Heaven pardon all!  
ny thousands, in our heat of wine,  
, and play, and in our younger days,  
e I may say, between ourselves,  
of love, have we to answer for,  
re be scrupulous that way?

You say well:

r aptly call to memory  
is against all ties and rites of friendship  
y you to me.

No more of that.

Yes, 'tis material, and to the purpose:  
(and think upon't) was, when I brought

tant to my mistress then, (the mother  
me daughter,) whom, with dreadful words,  
ous to remember, you swore deeply  
ake never to attempt; yet then,  
en you had a sweet wife of your own,

*reds must know there are so many lets*] i. e. impe-  
detacles, &c. See *the Virgin-Martyr*.

I know not with what arts, philtres, and charms  
(Unless in wealth\* and fame you were above me)  
You won her from me; and, her grant obtain'd,  
A marriage with the second waited on  
The burial of the first, that to the world  
Brought your dead son: this I sat tamely down by,  
Wanting, indeed, occasion and power  
To be at the height revenged.

*Malef.* Yet this you seem'd  
Freely to pardon.

*Montr.* As perhaps I did.  
Your daughter Theocrine growing ripe,  
(Her mother too deceased,) and fit for marriage,  
I was a suitor for her, had your word,  
Upon your honour, and our friendship made  
Authentic, and ratified with an oath,  
She should be mine: but vows with you being like  
To your religion, a nose of wax  
To be turn'd every way, that very day  
The governor's son but making his approaches  
Of courtship to her, the wind of your ambition  
For her advancement, scatter'd the thin sand  
In which you wrote your full consent to me,  
And drew you to his party. What hath pass'd since,  
You bear a register in your own bosom,  
That can at large inform you.

*Malef.* Montreville,  
I do confess all that you charge me with  
To be strong truth, and that I bring a cause  
Most miserably guilty, and acknowledge  
That though your goodness made me mine own judge,  
I should not shew the least compassion  
Or mercy to myself. O, let not yet  
My foulness taint your pureness, or my falsehood  
Divert the torrent of your loyal faith!  
My ills, if not return'd by you, will add  
Lustre to your much good; and to o'ercome  
With noble sufferance, will express your strength  
And triumph o'er my weakness. If you please too  
My black deeds being only known to you,  
And, in surrendering up my daughter, buried,  
You not alone make me your slave, (for I  
At no part do deserve the name of friend,)  
But in your own breast raise a monument  
Of pity to a wretch, on whom with justice  
You may express all cruelty.

*Montr.* You much move me.

*Malef.* O that I could but hope it! To revenge  
An injury is proper to the wishes  
Of feeble women, that want strength to act it:  
But to have power to punish, and yet pardon,  
Peculiar to princes. See! these knees,  
That have been ever stiff to bend to heaven,  
To you are supple. Is there aught beyond this  
That may speak my submission? or can pride  
(Though I well know it is a stranger to you)  
Desire a feast of more humility,  
To kill her growing appetite?

*Montr.* I required not

To be sought to this poor way; yet 'tis so far

\* (Unless in wealth, &c.] i. e. Unless it were that in wealth,  
&c.

† ———— To revenge  
An injury is proper to the wishes  
Of feeble women, that want strength to act it:]  
——— Quipe minui  
Semper et infirmi est animi estyisque voluptas  
Ultio. Continuo sic collige, quod vindicta  
Nemo magis gaudet, quam firmata."  
Juv. Sat. xiii. 192.

‡ *Montr.* I required not  
To be sought to this poor way:] So the old copy: the

A kind of satisfaction, that I will  
Dispense a little with those serious oaths  
You made me take : your daughter shall come to you,  
I will not say, as you deliver'd her,  
But as she is, you may dispose of her  
As you shall think most requisite. [Exit.]

*Malef.* His last words  
Are riddles to me. Here the lion's force  
Would have proved useless, and, against my nature,  
Compell'd me from the crocodile to borrow  
Her counterfeited tears : there's now no turning back-  
ward.

May I but quench these fires that rage within me,  
And full what can fall, I am arm'd to bear it !

*Enter Soldiers, thrusting forth THEOCRINE ; her  
garments loose, her hair dishevelled.*

2 *Sold.* You must be packing.

*Theoc.* Hath he robb'd me of  
Mine honour, and denies me now a room  
To hide my shame !

2 *Sold.* My lord the admiral  
Attends your ladyship.

1 *Sold.* Close the port, and leave them.

*Malef.* Ha ! who is this ? how alter'd ! how de-  
form'd !

It cannot be : and yet this creature has  
A kind of a resemblance to my daughter,  
My Theocrina ! but as different  
From that she was, as bodies dead are, in  
Their best perfections, from what they were  
When they had life and motion.

*Theoc.* 'Tis most true, sir ;  
I am dead, indeed, to all but misery.  
O come not near me, sir, I am infectious ;  
To look on me at distance, is as dangerous  
As from a pinnacle's cloud-kissing spire  
With giddy eyes to view the steep descent ;  
But to acknowledge me, a certain ruin.  
O, sir !

*Malef.* Speak, Theocrina, force me not  
To further question ; my fears already  
Have choked my vital spirits.

*Theoc.* Pray you turn away  
Your face and hear me, and with my last breath  
Give me leave to accuse you : what offence,  
From my first infancy, did I commit,  
That for a punishment you should give up  
My virgin chastity to the treacherous guard  
Of goatish Montreville ?

*Malef.* What hath he done ?

*Theoc.* Abused me, sir, by violence ; and this told,  
I cannot live to speak more : may the cause  
In you find pardon, but the speeding curse  
Of a ravish'd maid fall heavy, heavy on him !  
Beaufort, my lawful love, farewell for ever. [Dies.]

modern editors, ignorant of the language of the time, arbi-  
trarily exchange *to for in*, and thus pervert the sense. *To*  
*seek to*, is to supplicate, entreat, have earnest recourse to,  
&c., which is the meaning of the text.

There was a book, much read by our ancestors, from  
which, as being the pure well-head of English prose, they  
derived a number of phrases that have sorely puzzled their  
descendants. This book, which is fortunately still in existence,  
is the Bible : and I venture to affirm, without fear of con-  
tradiction, that those old fashioned people who have studied  
it well, are as competent judges of the meaning of our ancient  
writers, as most of the devourers of black literature, from  
Theobald to Stevens. The expression in the text frequently  
occurs in it : " And Asa was diseased in his feet—yet in his  
disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians,"  
2 Chron. xvi. 12.

*Malef.* Take not thy flight so soon, immaculate  
'Tis fled already.—How the innocent, [spirit  
As in a gentle slumber, pass away !  
But to cut off the knotty thread of life  
In guilty men, must force stern Atropos  
To use her sharp knife often. I would help  
The edge of her's with the sharp point of mine,  
But that I dare not die, till I have rent  
This dog's heart piecemeal. O, that I had wings  
To scale these walls, or that my hands were cannons,  
To bore their flinty sides ! that I might bring  
The villain in the reach of my good sword ?  
The Turkish empire offer'd for his ransom,  
Should not redeem his life. O that my voice  
Were loud as thunder, and with horrid sounds  
Might force a dreadful passage to his ears,  
And through them reach his soul ! libidinous monster !  
Foul ravisher ! as thou durst do a deed  
Which forced the sun to hide his glorious face  
Behind a sable mask of clouds, appear,  
And as a man defend it ; or like me,  
Shew some compunction for it.

*Enter MONTREVILLE on the Walls above.*

*Montr.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Malef.* Is this an object to raise mirth !

*Montr.* Yes, yes.

*Malef.* My daughter's dead.

*Montr.* Thou hadst best follow her ;

Or if thou art the thing thou art reported,  
Thou shouldst have led the way. Do tear thy hair,  
Like a village nurse, and mourn, while I laugh at thee.  
Be but a just examiner of thyself,  
And in an equal balance poize the nothing,  
Or little mischief I have done, computed [thou  
With the pond'rous weight of thine ; and how canst  
Accuse or argue with me ? mine was a rape,  
And she being in a kind contracted to me,  
The fact may challenge some qualification ;  
But thy intent made nature's self run backward,  
And done, had caused an earthquake.

*Enter Soldiers above.*

1 *Sold.* Captain !

*Montr.* Ha !

2 *Sold.* Our outworks are surprised, the sentinel  
The corps de guard defeated too.

*Montr.* By whom ?

1 *Sold.* The sudden storm and darkness of the night  
Forbids the knowledge ; make up speedily,  
Or all is lost. [Exit.]

*Montr.* In the devil's name, whence comes  
this ? [Exit.]

[A Storm ; with thunder and lightning.]

*Malef.* Do, do rage on ! rend open, Æolus,  
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once  
Thy stormy issue ! Blustering Boreas,  
Aided with all the gales the pilot numbers  
Upon his compass, cannot raise a tempest  
Through the vast region of the air, like that  
I feel within me : for I am possess'd  
With whirlwinds, and each guilty thought to me is  
A dreadful hurricano\*. Though this centre

\* A dreadful hurricano.] So the old copy, and rightly :  
the modern editors prefer *hurricane*, a simple improvement,  
which merely destroys the metre ! How they contrive to  
read the line, thus printed, I cannot conceive. With respect  
to *hurricane*, I doubt whether it was much in use in Mas-  
singer's time ; he and his contemporaries almost invariably  
write *hurricano*, just as they receive it from the Portuguese  
narrators of voyages, &c.

Labour to bring forth earthquakes, and hell open  
Her wide-stretch'd jaws, and let out all her furies.  
They cannot add an atom to the mountain  
Of fears and terrors that each minute threaten  
To fall on my accursed head.—

*Enter the Ghost of young MALEFORT, naked from the waist, full of wounds, leading in the Shadow of a Lady, her face leprous.*

Ha! is't fancy?  
Or hath hell heard me, and makes proof if I  
Dare stand the trial? Yes, I do; and now  
I view these apparitions, I feel  
I once did know the substance. For what come you?  
Are your aerial forms deprived of language,  
And so denied to tell me, that by signs

[*The Ghosts use gestures.*]  
You bid me ask here of myself? 'Tis so:  
And there is something here makes answer for you.  
You come to lance my sear'd up conscience; yes,  
And to instruct me, that those thunderbolts,  
That hurl'd me headlong from the height of glory,  
Wealth, honours, worldly happiness, were forged  
Upon the anvil of my impious wrongs  
And cruelty to you! I do confess it;  
And that my lust compelling me to make way  
For a second wife, I poison'd thee; and that  
The cause (which to the world is undiscover'd)  
That forced thee to shake off thy filial duty  
To me, thy father, had its spring and source  
From thy impatience, to know thy mother,  
That with all duty and obedience served me,  
(For now with horror I acknowledge it.)  
Removed unjustly: yet, thou being my son,  
Wert not a competent judge mark'd out by heaven  
For her revenger, which thy killing by  
My weaker hand confirm'd.—[*Answered still by signs.*]

—'Tis granted by thee,  
Can any penance expiate my guilt,  
Or can repentance save me?—[*The ghosts disappear.*]

—They are vanish'd!  
What's left to do then? I'll accuse my fate,  
That did not fashion me for nobler uses:  
For if those stars cross to me in my birth,  
Had not denied their prosperous influence to it,  
With peace of conscience, like to innocent men,  
I might have ceased to be, and not as now,  
To curse my cause of being —

[*He is killed with a flash of lightning.*]

*Enter BELGARDE with Soldiers.*

Belg. Here's a night  
To season my silks! Buff-jerkin, now I miss thee:  
Thou hast endured many foul nights, but never  
One like to this. How fine my feather looks now!  
Just like a capon's tail stol'n out of the pen,  
And hid in the sink; and yet 't had been dishonour  
To have charged without it.—Wilt thou never cease?  
Is the petard, as I gave directions, fasten'd  
On the portcullis?

1 Sold. It hath been attempted  
By divers, but in vain.

Belg. These are your gallants,  
That at a feast take the first place, poor I  
Hardly allow'd to follow; marry, in

\* You bid me ask here of myself? ΔΙΕΤΙΚΩC, pointing to his breast.

\* Wilt thou never cease? This short apostrophe is addressed to the storm.

These foolish businesses they are content  
That I shall have precedence: I much thank  
Their manners or their fear. Second me, soldiers;  
They have had no time to undermine, or if  
They have, it is but blowing up, and fetching  
A caper or two in the air; and I will do it,  
Rather than blow my nails here.

2 Sold. O brave captain! [*Exeunt.*]

*An alarm; noise and cries within. After a flourish, enter BEAUFORT senior, BEAUFORT junior, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, BELGARDE, and Soldiers, with MONTREVILLE.*

Montr. Racks cannot force more from me than I have  
Already told you: I expect no favour;  
I have cast up my account.

Beauf. sen. Take you the charge  
Of the fort, Belgarde; your dangers have deserved it.

Belg. I thank your excellence; this will keep me  
safe yet

From being pull'd by the sleeve, and bid remember  
The thing I wot of.

Beauf. jun. All that have eyes to weep,  
Spare one tear with me. Theocrine's dead.

Montr. Her father too lies breathless here, I think  
Struck dead with thunder.

Cham. 'Tis apparent: how  
His carcass smells!

Lon. His face is alter'd to  
Another colour.

Beauf. jun. But here's one retains  
Her native innocence, that never yet  
Cull'd down heaven's anger.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis in vain to mourn  
For what's past help. We will refer, bad man,  
Your sentence to the king. May we make use of  
This great example, and learn from it, that  
There cannot be a want of power above,  
To punish murder and unlawful love! [*Exeunt\*.*]

\* This Play opens with considerable interest and vigour: but the principal action is quickly exhausted by its own briskness. The Unnatural Combat ends early in the second act, and leaves the reader at a loss what further to expect. The remaining part, at least from the beginning of the fourth act, might be called the Unnatural Attachment. Yet the two subjects are not without connexion; and this is afforded chiefly by the projected marriage of young Beaufort and Theocrine, which Malefort urges as the consequence of his victory.

The piece is therefore to be considered not so much in its plot, as in its characters; and these are drawn with great force, and admirable discrimination. The pity felt at first for old Malefort, is soon changed into horror and detestation; while the dread inspired by the son is somewhat relieved by the suspicion that he avenges the cause of a murdered mother. Their parley is as terrible as their combat; and they encounter with a fury of passion and a deadliness of hatred approaching to savage nature.—Claudian will almost describe them:—

*Torvus aper, fulvusque leo colere superbia  
Viribus; hic acta savior, ille juba.*

On the other hand, Montreville artfully conceals his enmity till he can be "at the height revenged." Deprived of Theocrine by Malefort's treachery, he yet appears his "bosom friend," offers to be his second in the combat, on account of their tried affection "from his infancy," and seems even to recommend the marriage of Theocrine with his rival. To Theocrine herself, who can less comprehend his design, he shews some glimpses of spleen from the beginning. He takes a malignant pleasure in wounding her delicacy with light and vicious talking; and when at length he has possession of her person, and in preparing the dishonour which ends in her death, he talks to her of his villainous purpose with a coolness which shews him determined on his revenge, and secure of its accomplishment.

Theocrine herself is admirable throughout the piece. She

has a true virgin modesty, and, perhaps, one of the best marks of modesty, a true virgin frankness. We admire her fearless purity of thought, her filial reverence, and her unconsciousness of the iniquity that approaches her; and we are filled with the most tender concern for the indignities to which she is exposed, and the fate which she suffers.

Among the lighter characters, Montaigne, Chamont, and Lanour are well drawn. They are some of those insignificant people who endeavour to support themselves in society by a ready subjection to the will of others. When Malefort is on his trial, they are glad to be his accusers; and it is allowed

that they "push him hard." After his victory, they are most eager to profess themselves his friends and admirers. When he is in his moody humour, they sooth him, that being the "safest course"; and when Beaufort at length takes up the neglected Belgarde, they are the first to lavish their money upon him.—Dr. IRLAND.

\* This consistency in their insipid characters would of itself determine to whom these words belong, if the editor had not given them to Chamont on other accounts.

## THE DUKE OF MILAN.

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DUKE OF MILAN.] Of this Tragedy there are two editions in quarto; the first, which is very correct, very rare, bears date 1623; the other, of little value, 1638. It does not appear in the Office-book censer; from which we may be certain that it was among the author's earliest performances.

Plot, as the editor of the *Companion to the Play House* observes, is founded on Guicciardini, Lib. viii. However, is a mistaken idea, as if Massinger was at all indebted to Guicciardini, it must be to his sixteenth books. It should be added, however, that by this expression nothing more must be understood than that a leading circumstance or two is taken from the historian. There was certainly a struggle, between the emperor and the king of France, in which the duke of Milan sided with the latter, who was taken and taken prisoner at the fatal battle of Pavia. The rest, the poet has supplied, as suited his

Charles was not in Italy when this victory was gained by his generals; and the final restoration of Milanese to Sforza took place at a period long subsequent to that event. The duke is named Ludovico the list of dramatis personæ; and it is observable that Massinger has entered with great accuracy vigorous and active character of that prince: he, however, had long been dead, and Francis Sforza, agent in this play, was little capable of the spirited part here allotted to him. The Italian writers represent a weak and irresolute prince, the sport of fortune, and the victim of indecision.

The remaining part of the plot is from Josephus's *History of the Jews*, lib. xv. ch. 4; an interesting story, as been told in many languages, and more than once in our own. The last piece on the subject of the subject, the *Mariamne* of Fenton, which, though infinitely inferior to the *Duke of Milan*, was, as I read, very well received.

Fenton had read Massinger before he wrote his tragedy, is certain from internal evidence; there are ever, many marks of similarity: on the whole the former is as cold, uninteresting, and improbable, the latter is ardent, natural, and affecting. Massinger has but two deaths; while, in Fenton, six out of seven personages perish, with nearly as much rapidity, and as little necessity as the heroes of *Tom Thumb* or *on the ontologies*.

aid, in the title-page, to have "been often acted by his Majesty's Servants at the Black Friars." Through ignorance or disingenuity, Coxeter and M. Mason represent it as frequently performed in London, as in every other instance, the time of publication for that of its appearance on the stage.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

AND MUCH ESTEEMED FOR HER HIGH BIRTH, BUT MORE ADMIR'D FOR HER VIRTUE,

THE LADY CATHERINE STANHOPE,

WIFE TO PHILIP LORD STANHOPE,

BARON OF SHELFORD.

SIR,

I am not most assured that works of this nature have found both patronage and protection amongst the princesses of Italy, and are at this day cherished by persons most eminent in our kingdom, I do not presume to offer these my weak and imperfect labours at the altar of your favour. Let the opinion of others, more knowing, and more experienced in this kindness (if my boldness offend) plead my excuse, and the rather, since there is no other means left me (my misfortunes having cast me on this course) to shew to the world (if it hold the least good opinion of me) that I am ever your ladyship's creature. I hope, therefore, with the never-failing clemency of your noble disposition, not to condemn the tender pity, who, while he is, will ever be

An humble Servant to your

Ladyship, and yours

PHILIP MASSINGER.

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[crosses] So the quarto 1623. That of 1638 exhibits *princes*, which Coxeter, and consequently M. Mason, follows

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LUDOVICO SPORZA, *supposed duke of Milan.*  
 FRANCISCO, *his especial favourite.*  
 TIBERIO, } *lords of his council.*  
 STEPHANO, }  
 GRACCHO, *a creature of Marianna.*  
 JULIO, } *courtiers.*  
 GIOVANNI, }  
 CHARLES *the emperor.*  
 PESCARA, *an imperialist, but a friend to Sforza.*  
 HERNANDO, }  
 MEDINA, } *captains to the emperor.*  
 ALPHONSO, }

Three Gentlemen.  
 An Officer.  
 Two Doctors. Two Couriers.

MARCELIA, *the dutchess, wife to SPORZA.*  
 ISABELLA, *mother to SPORZA.*  
 MARIANA, *wife to FRANCISCO, and sister to SPORZA.*  
 EUGENIA, *sister to FRANCISCO.*  
 A Gentlewoman.

A Guard, Servants, Fiddlers, Attendants.

SCENE, for the first and second acts, in MILAN; during part of the third, in the IMPERIAL CAMP NEAR PAVIA; the rest of the play, in MILAN, and its neighbourhood.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An outer Room in the Castle\*.*

Enter GRACCHO, JULIO, and GIOVANNI †, with Flaggons.

Grac. Take every man his flaggon: give the oath To all you meet; I am this day the state-drunkard, I'm sure against my will; and if you find A man at ten that's sober, he's a traitor, And, in my name, arrest him.

Jul. Very good, sir:  
 But, say he be a sexton?

Grac. If the bells Ring out of tune ‡, as if the street were burning, And he cry, 'Tis rare music; bid him sleep: 'Tis a sign he has ta'en his liquor; and if you meet An officer preaching of sobriety, Unless he read it in Geneva print §, Lay him by the heels.

\* *Milan. An outer Room in the Castle.* The old copies have no distinction of scenery; indeed, they could have none with their miserable platform and raised gallery, but what was furnished by a board with *Milan* or *Rhodes* painted upon it. I have ventured to supply it, in conformity to the modern mode of printing Shakspeare, and to consult the ease of the general reader. I know not what pricked forward Coxeter, but he thought proper (for the first time) to be precise in this Play, and specify the place of action. I can neither compliment him upon his judgment, nor Mr. M. Mason upon his good sense in following him: the description here is, "*Scene, a public Palace in Pisa.*" Pisa! a place which is not once mentioned, nor even hinted at, in the whole play.

† JULIO, and GIOVANNI, These are not found among the old dramatis personæ, nor are they of much importance. In a subsequent scene, where they make their appearance as 1st and 2nd Gentlemen, I have taken the liberty to name them again. Jovio, which stood in this scene, appears to be a misprint for Julio.

‡ Grac. *If the bells Ring out of tune, &c.* I. e. backward: the usual signal of alarm, on the breaking out of fires. So in the Captain:

" ———— certainly, my body Is all a wildfire, for my head rings backward."

Again: in the *City Match*:  
 " ———— Then, sir, in time You may be remember'd at the quenching of Fired houses, when the bells ring backward, by Your name upon the buckets."

§ *Unless he read it in Geneva print.* Alluding to the spirituous liquor so called. M. MASON.

Jul. But think you 'tis a fault To be found sober?

Grac. It is capital treason;  
 Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay Forty crowns to the poor: but give a pension To all the magistrates you find singing catches, Or their wives dancing; for the courtiers feeding, And the duke himself, I dare not say distemper'd\*, But kind, and in his tottering chair carousing, They do the country service. If you meet One that eats bread, a child of ignorance, And bred up in darkness of no drinking, Against his will you may initiate him In the true posture; though he die in the taking His drench, it skills not: what's a private man, For the public honour? We've nought else to think And so, dear friends, copartners in my travail, [on. Drink hard; and let the health run through the city, Until it reel again, and with me cry, Long live the dutchess!

Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.

Jul. Here are two lords;—what think you? Shall we give the oath to them?

Grac. Fie! no: I know them, You need not swear them; your lord, by his patent, Stands bound to take his rouse. Long live the dutchess! [Exit Grac. Jul. and Gio]

\* ——— *I dare not say distemper'd.* I. e. intoxicated: so the word is frequently used by our old writers. Thus Shakspeare:

" Clear. My lord, he's gone,

" Lod. How!

" Clear. Distemper'd.

" Lod. Not with wine?" *The Grateful Servant.*

It occurs also in *Hamlet*.

† ——— *though he die in the taking His drench, it skills not: &c.* It matters or signifies not. So in the *Gamster*:

" Neph. I desire no man's privilege: it skills not whether I be kin to any man living."

‡ ——— *your lord, by his patent, Stands bound to take his rouse.* This word has never been properly explained. It occurs in *Hamlet*, where it is said by Steevens, as well as Johnson, to mean a quantity of liquor rather too large: the latter derives it from *ruck*, half drunk. Germ. while he brings carouse from *gar aus*, all out! *Rouge*

*Steph.* The cause of this? but yesterday the court  
Wore the sad livery of distrust and fear;  
No smile, not in a buffoon to be seen,  
Or common jester: the Great Duke himself  
Had sorrow in his face; which, waited on  
By his mother, sister, and his fairest dutchess,  
Dispersed a silent mourning through all Milan;  
As if some great blow had been given the state,  
Or were at least expected.

*Tib.* Stephano,  
I know as you are noble, you are honest,  
And capable of secrets of more weight  
Than now I shall deliver. If that Sforza,  
The present duke, (though his whole life hath been  
But one continued pilgrimage through dangers,  
Affrights, and horrors, which his fortune guided  
By his strong judgment, still hath overcome,)  
Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder:  
All that his youth hath labour'd for, the harvest  
Sown by his industry ready to be reap'd too,  
Being now at stake; and all his hopes confirm'd,  
Or lost for ever.

*Steph.* I know no such hazard:  
His guards are strong and sure, his coffers full;  
The people well affected; and so wisely  
His provident care hath wrought, that though war  
rages

In most parts of our western world, there is  
No enemy near us.

*Tib.* Dangers, that we see  
To threaten ruin, are with ease prevented;  
But those strike deadly, that come unexpected:  
The lightning is far off, yet, soon as seen,  
We may behold the terrible effects  
That it produceth. But I'll help your knowledge,

and carouse, however, like *eye* and *reape*, are but the reprobation of the same action, and must therefore be derived from the same source. A *rouse* was a large glass ("not past a pint," as *Iago* says) in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the rest of the company formed a *carouse*. *Barnaby Rudge* is exceedingly angry with the inventor of this custom, which, however, with a laudable zeal for the honour of his country, he attributes to an Englishman, who, it seems "had his brains beat out with a pottlepot" for his ingenuity. "In former ages," says he, "they had no conceit whereby to draw on drunkenness," (*Barnaby* was no great historian,) "their best was, I drinke to you, and I pledge you, till at length some shallow-witted drunkard found out the *carouse*, an invention of that worth and worthiness as it is pite the first founder was not hanged, that we might have found out his name in the antient record of the hangman's register." *English Hue and Cry*, 1617, p. 24. It is necessary to add, that there could be no *rouse* or *carouse*, unless the glasses were emptied: "The leader," continues honest *Barnaby*, "scoops up his breath, turns the bottom of the cuppe upward, and in ostentation of his dexterity, gives it a phyllip, to make it cry *tyng*!" *id.*

In process of time, both these words were used in a laxer sense; but I believe that what is here advanced, will serve to explain many passages of our old dramatists, in which they occur in their primal and appropriate signification:

"Nor. I've ta'en, since supper,

A *rouse* or two too much, and by the gods

It warms my blood."

*Knight of Malta.*

This proves that Johnson and Stevens are wrong: a *rouse* has here a fixed and determinate sense. In the language of the present day it would be, a bumper or two too much.

Again:  
"Duke. Come, bring some wine. Here's to my sister,  
gentlemen,

A health, and mirth to all!

"Archduke. Pray fill it full, sir;

'Tis a high health to virtue. Here, lord Barris,

A maiden health!"

"Duke. Go to, no more of this.

"Archduke. Take the *rouse* freely, sir,

'Twill warm your blood, and make you fit for jollity."

*The Loyal Subject*

And make his cause of fear familiar to you.  
The wars so long continued between  
The emperor Charles, and Francis the French king,  
Have interest'd, in either's cause, the most  
Of the Italian princes\*; among which, Sforza,  
As one of greatest power, was sought by both;  
But with assurance, having one his friend,  
The other lived his enemy.

*Steph.* 'Tis true:  
And 'twas a doubtful choice.

*Tib.* But he, well knowing,  
And hating too, it seems, the Spanish pride,  
Lent his assistance to the King of France:  
Which hath so far incensed the emperor,  
That all his hopes and honours are embark'd  
With his great patron's fortune.

*Steph.* Which stands fair,  
For aught I yet can hear.

*Tib.* But should it change,  
The duke's undone. They have drawn to the field  
Two royal armies, full of fiery youth;  
Of equal spirit to dare, and power to do:  
So near intrench'd†, that 'tis beyond all hope  
Of human counsel they can e'er be severed,  
Until it be determined by the sword,  
Who hath the better cause: for the success  
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquish'd  
Most miserably guilty. How uncertain  
The fortune of the war is, children know;  
And, it being in suspense, on whose fair tent  
Wing'd Victory will make her glorious stand,  
You cannot blame the duke, though he appear  
Perplex'd and troubled.

*Steph.* But why, then,  
In such a time, when every knee should bend  
For the success and safety of his person,  
Are these loud triumphs? in my weak opinion,  
They are unseasonable.

*Tib.* I judge so too;  
But only in the cause to be excused.  
It is the dutchess' birthday, once a year  
Solemnized with all pomp and ceremony;  
In which the duke is not his own, but hers:  
Nay, every day, indeed, he is her creature,  
For never man so doated;—but to tell  
The tenth part of his fondness to a stranger,  
Would argue me of fiction.

*Steph.* She's, indeed,  
A lady of most exquisite form.

*Tib.* She knows it,  
And how to prize it.

\* Have interest'd in either's cause the most  
Of the Italian princes; &c.] So the old copies. The  
modern editors, much to the advantage of the rhythm, read;

"Have interested in either's cause, the most, &c."

Probably they were ignorant of the existence of such a word  
as *interest*, which occurs, however, pretty frequently in our  
old writers. Johnson considers it as synonymous with *inter-  
est*, but in some of the examples which he gives, and in  
many others which I could produce, it seems to convey an idea  
of a more intimate connexion than is usually understood by  
that term; somewhat, for instance, like *implicate*, *involve*,  
*inweave*, &c. in which case, it must be derived from *intrecio*,  
through the medium of the French. (As, one example for all,  
I may refer the reader to Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, Act III. sc. 1.

† Tib. By the Capitoll

And all our Gods, but that the deare Republick  
Our sacred laws, and just authority  
Are interest'd therein, I should be silent."—Ed.]

† So near intrench'd, &c.] The French army was at this  
time engaged in the siege of Pavla, under the walls of which  
the decisive battle was fought, on the 24th of February, 1575.

*Steph.* I ne'er heard her tainted  
In any point of honour.

*Tib.* On my life,  
She's constant to his bed, and well deserves  
His largest favours. But, when beauty is  
Stamp'd on great women, great in birth and fortune,  
And blown by flatterers greater than it is,  
'Tis seldom unaccompanied with pride;  
Nor is she that way free: presuming on  
The duke's affection, and her own desert,  
She bears herself with such a majesty,  
Looking with scorn on all as things beneath her,  
That Sforza's mother, that would lose no part  
Of what was once her own, nor his fair sister  
A lady too acquainted with her worth,  
Will brook it well; and howsoever their hate  
Is smother'd for a time, 'tis more than fear'd  
It will at length break out.

*Steph.* He in whose power it is,  
Turn all to the best!

*Tib.* Come, let us to the court;  
We there shall see all bravery and cost,  
That art can boast of.

*Steph.* I'll bear your company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, and MARIANA.*

*Mari.* I will not go; I scorn to be a spot  
In her proud train.

*Isab.* Shall I, that am his mother,  
Be so indulgent, as to wait on her  
That owes me duty?

*Fran.* 'Tis done to the duke,  
And not to her: and, my sweet wife, remember,  
And, madam, if you please, receive my counsel,  
As Sforza is your son, you may command him;  
And, as a sister, you may challenge from him  
A brother's love and favour: but, this granted,  
Consider he's the prince, and you his subjects,  
And not to question or contend with her  
Whom he is pleased to honour. Private men  
Prefer their wives; and shall he, being a prince,  
And blest with one that is the paradise  
Of sweetness, and of beauty, to whose charge  
The stock of women's goodness is given up,  
Not use her like herself?

*Isab.* You are ever forward  
To sing her praises.

*Mari.* Others are as fair;  
I am sure, as noble.

*Fran.* I detract from none,  
In giving her what's due. Were she deform'd,  
Yet being the dutchess, I stand bound to serve her;  
But, as she is, to admire her. Never wife  
Met with a purer heat her husband's fervour;  
A happy pair, one in the other blest!  
She confident in herself he's wholly her's,  
And cannot seek for change; and he secure  
That 'tis not in the power of man to tempt her.  
And therefore to contest with her, that is  
The stronger and the better part of him,  
Is more than folly: you know him of a nature  
Not to be play'd with; and, should you forget  
To obey him as your prince, he'll not remember  
The duty that he owes you.

*Isab.* 'Tis but truth:  
Come, clear our brows, and let us to the banquet;  
But not to serve his idol.

*Mari.* I shall do  
What may become the sister of a prince;  
But will not stoop beneath it.

*Fran.* Yet, be wise;  
Soar not too high to fall; but stoop to rise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A State Room in the same.*

*Enter three Gentlemen, sitting forth a banquet.*

*1 Gent.* Quick, quick, for love's sake! let the  
court put on

Her choicest outside: cost and bravery  
Be only thought of.

*2 Gent.* All that may be had  
To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,  
Are carefully provided.

*3 Gent.* There's a mask:  
Have you heard what's the invention?

*1 Gent.* No matter:  
It is intended for the dutchess' honour;  
And if it give her glorious attributes,  
As the most fair, most virtuous, and the rest,  
'Twill please the duke. They come.

*3 Gent.* All is in order.

*Enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, SFORZA,  
MARCELIA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, and Attendants.*

*Sfor.* You are the mistress of the feast—sit here,  
O my soul's comfort! and when Sforza bows  
Thus low to do you honour, let none think  
The meanest service they can pay my love,  
But as a fair addition to those titles  
They stand possess'd of. Let me glory in  
My happiness, and mighty kings look pale  
With envy, while I triumph in mine own.  
O mother, look on her! sister, admire her!  
And, since this present age yields not a woman  
Worthy to be her second, borrow of  
Times past, and let imagination help.  
Of those canonized ladies Sparta boasts of,  
And, in her greatness, Rome was proud to owe,  
To fashion one; yet still you must confess,  
The phoenix of perfection ne'er was seen,  
But in my fair Marcelia.

*Fran.* She's, indeed,  
The wonder of all times.

*Tib.* Your excellence,  
Though I confess, you give her but her own,  
Forces\* her modesty to the defence  
Of a sweet blush.

*Sfor.* It need not, my Marcelia;  
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear  
A poor detractor: for thou art, indeed,  
So absolute† in body and in mind,  
That, but to speak the least part to the height,  
Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end  
In silent admiration!

*Isab.* You still court her,  
As if she were a mistress, not your wife.

*Sfor.* A mistress, mother! She is more to me,  
And every day deserves more to be sued to.

\* Forces her modesty. So the edition 1623, which Coxeter does not appear to have often consulted. He reads, after that of 1635, enforces, though it destroys the metre. Mr. M. Mason, of course, follows him.

† So absolute in body and in mind. For this spirited reading, which is that of the first edition, the second has, So perfect both in body and in mind, and thus it stands in Coxeter and M. Mason!

Such as are cloy'd with those they have embraced,  
 May think their wooing done : no night to me  
 But is a bridal one, where Hymen lights  
 His torches fresh and new ; and those delights,  
 Which are not to be clothed in airy sounds,  
 Enjoy'd, beget desires as full of heat  
 And jovial fervour, as when first I tasted  
 Her virgin fruit.—Blest night ! and be it number'd  
 Amongst those happy ones, in which a blessing  
 Was, by the full consent of all the stars,  
 Confer'd upon mankind.

*Marc.* My worthiest lord !  
 The only object I behold with pleasure,—  
 My pride, my glory, in a word, my all !  
 Bear witness, heaven, that I esteem myself  
 In nothing worthy of the meanest praise  
 You can bestow, unless it be in this,  
 That in my heart I love and honour you.  
 And, but that it would smell of arrogance,  
 To speak my strong desire and zeal to serve you,  
 I then could say, these eyes yet never saw  
 The rising sun, but that my vows and prayers  
 Were sent to heaven for the prosperity  
 And safety of my lord : nor have I ever  
 Had other study, but how to appear  
 Worthy your favour ; and that my embraces  
 Might yield a fruitful harvest of content  
 For all your noble travail, in the purchase  
 Of her that's still your servant ; by these lips,  
 Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss—

*Sfor.* O swear, for ever swear !

*Marc.* I ne'er will seek  
 Delight but in your pleasure ; and desire,  
 When you are sated with all earthly glories,  
 And age and honours make you fit for heaven,  
 That one grave may receive us.

*Sfor.* 'Tis believed,  
 Believed, my blest one.

*Mari.* How she winds herself  
 Into his soul !

*Sfor.* Sit all.—Let others feed  
 On shore gross cates, while Sforza banquets with  
 Immortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.  
 I could live ever thus. Command the eunuch  
 To sing the ditty that I last composed,

*Enter a Courier.*

In praise of my Marcella.—From whence ?

*Cour.* From Pavia, my dread lord.

*Sfor.* Speak, is all lost ?

*Cour.* [Delivers a letter.] The letter will inform  
 you. [Exit.]

*Frua.* How his hand shakes,  
 As he receives it !

*Mari.* This is some alloy  
 To his hot passion.

*Sfor.* Though it bring death, I'll read it.

*May it please your excellence to understand, that the  
 very hour I wrote this, I heard a bold defiance delivered  
 by a herald from the emperor, which was cheerfully  
 received by the King of France. The battalions being  
 ready to join, and the vanguard committed to my charge,  
 enforces me to end abruptly.*

*Your highness's humble servant,*

GASPERO.

\* *Sfor.* O swear, for ever swear ! This is the lection of  
 the first quarto ; the second poorly reads, O sweet, for ever  
 swear ! and is followed by Coxeter and M. Mason.

*Ready to join !*—By this, then, I am nothing,  
 Or my estate secure.

*Marc.* My lord.

*Sfor.* To doubt,  
 Is worse than to have lost ; and to despair,  
 Is but to antedate those miseries  
 That must fall on us ; all my hopes depending  
 Upon this battle's fortune. In my soul,  
 Methinks, there should be that imperious power,  
 By supernatural, not usual means,  
 To inform me what I am. The cause consider'd,  
 Why should I fear ? The French are bold and strong,  
 Their numbers full, and in their councils wise ;  
 But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire,  
 Hot in his executions ; fortunate  
 In his attempts ; married to victory :—  
 Ay, there it is that shakes me.

*Fran.* Excellent lady  
 This day was dedicated to your honour ;  
 One gale of your sweet breath will easily [none  
 Disperse these clouds ; and, but yourself, there's  
 That dare speak to him.

*Marc.* I will run the hazard.  
 My lord !

*Sfor.* Ha !—pardon me, Marcella, I am troubled ;  
 And stand uncertain, whether I am master  
 Of aught that's worth the owning.

*Marc.* I am yours, sir ;  
 And I have heard you swear, I being safe,  
 There was no loss could move you. This day, sir,  
 Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke  
 A grant made to Marcella ? your Marcella !—  
 For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle sir,  
 All deep designs, and state-affairs deferr'd,  
 Be, as you purposed, merry.

*Sfor.* Out of my sight ! [Throws away the letter.  
 And all thoughts that may strangle mirth forsake me.  
 Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate :  
 Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,  
 The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,  
 Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,  
 And seek for new life here. Why are you sad ?  
 No other sports ! by heaven, he's not my friend,  
 That wears one furrow in his face. I was told  
 There was a mask.

*Fran.* They wait your highness' pleasure,  
 And when you please to have it.

*Sfor.* Bid them enter :  
 Come, make me happy once again. I am rapt—  
 'Tis not to day, to morrow, or the next.  
 But all my days, and years, shall be employ'd  
 To do thee honor.

*Marc.* And my life to serve you.

[A horn sounded.  
*Sfor.* Another post ! Go hang him, hang him, I  
 say :

I will not interrupt my present pleasures,  
 Although his message should import my head :  
 Hang him, I say.

*Marc.* Nay, good sir, I am pleased  
 To grant a little intermission to you ;  
 Who knows but he brings news we wish to hear,  
 To heighten our delights.

*Sfor.* As wise as fair !

*Enter another Courier.*  
 From Gaspero !

*Cour.* That was, my lord.

*Sfor.* How ! dead ?

*Cour.* [Delivers a letter.] With the delivery of  
 this, and prayers,

To guard your excellency from certain dangers,  
He ceased to be a man. [Exit.]

*Sfor.* All that my fears  
Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish,  
Is fallen upon me. Silence that harsh music;  
'Tis now unseasonable: a tolling bell,  
As a sad harbinger to tell me, that  
This pamper'd lump of flesh must feast the worms,  
Is fitter for me:—I am sick.

*Marc.* My lord!

*Sfor.* Sick to the death\*, *Marcelia*. Remove  
These signs of mirth; they were ominous, and  
but usher'd  
Sorrow and ruin.

*Marc.* Bless us, heaven!

*Isab.* My son.

*Marc.* What sudden change is this?

*Sfor.* All leave the room;  
I'll bear alone the burden of my grief,  
And must admit no partner. I am yet  
Your prince, where's your obedience? Stay,  
*Marcelia*;

I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow,  
In which you must not share.

*Exeunt Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco, Isabella, Mariana,  
and Attendants.*

*Marc.* And cheerfully

I will sustain my part. Why look you pale?  
Where is that wonted constancy, and courage,  
That dared the worst of fortune? where is *Sforza*,  
To whom all dangers, that fright common men,  
Appear'd but panic terrors? why do you eye me  
With such fix'd looks? love, counsel, duty, service,  
May flow from me, not danger.

*Sfor.* O, *Marcelia*!

It is for thee I fear; for thee, thy *Sforza*  
Shakes like a coward; for myself, unmoved  
I could have heard my troops were cut in pieces,  
My general slain, and he, on whom my hopes  
Of rule, of state, of life, had their dependence,  
The King of France, my greatest friend, made pri-  
soner

To so proud enemies†.

*Marc.* Then you have just cause  
To shew you are a man.

*Sfor.* All this were nothing,  
Though I add to it, that I am assured,  
For giving aid to this unfortunate king,  
The emperor, incens'd, lays his command  
On his victorious army, flesh'd with spoil,  
And hold of conquest, to march up against me,  
And seize on my estates: suppose that done too,  
The city ta'en, the kennels running blood,  
The ransack'd temples falling on their saints;  
My mother, in my sight, toss'd on their pikes,  
And sister ravish'd; and myself bound fast  
In chains, to grace their triumph; or what else

An enemy's insolence could load me with,  
I would be *Sforza* still. But, when I think  
That my *Marcelia*, to whom all these  
Are but as atoms to the greatest hill,  
Must suffer in my cause, and for me suffer!  
All earthly torments, nay, even those the damn'd  
Howl for in hell, are gentle strokes, compared  
To what I feel, *Marcelia*.

*Marc.* Good sir, have patience:  
I can as well partake your adverse fortune,  
As I thus long have had an ample share  
In your prosperity. 'Tis not in the power  
Of fate to alter me: for while I am,  
In spite of it, I'm yours.

*Sfor.* But should that will  
To be so, be forc'd\*, *Marcelia*; and I live  
To see those eyes I prize above my own,  
Dart favours, though compell'd, upon another;  
Or those sweet lips, yielding immortal nectar,  
Be gently touch'd by any but myself;  
Think, think, *Marcelia*, what a cursed thing  
I were, beyond expression!

*Marc.* Do not feed  
Those jealous thoughts; the only blessing that  
Heaven hath bestow'd on us, more than on beasts,  
Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to die.  
Besides, where I now in another's power,  
There are so many ways to let out life,  
I would not live, for one short minute, his;  
I was born only yours, and I will die so.

*Sfor.* Angels reward the goodness of this woman!

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

All I can pay is nothing.—Why, uncall'd for?

*Fran.* It is of weight, sir, that makes me thus  
press

Upon your privacies. Your constant friend,  
The marquis of Pescara, tired with haste,  
Hath business that concerns your life and fortunes,  
And with speed, to impart.

*Sfor.* Wait on him hither: [Exit *Francisco*]  
And, dearest, to thy closet. Let thy prayers  
Assist my counsils.

*Marc.* To spare imprecations  
Against myself, without you I am nothing. [Exit.]

*Sfor.* The marquis of Pescara! a great soldier;  
And, though he serv'd upon the adverse party,  
Ever my constant friend.

*Enter FRANCISCO and PESCARA.*

*Fran.* Yonder he walks,  
Full of sad thoughts,  
*Pesc.* Blame him not, good *Francisco*,  
He hath much cause to grieve; would I might  
end so,

And not add this,—to fear.

*Sfor.* My dear *Pescara*;  
A miracle in these times! a friend, and happy,  
Cleaves to a falling fortune!

\* But should that will

To be so, be forc'd† I have ventured to insert *be*, which  
was probably dropt at the press, before *forc'd*. (In the Edit.  
of 1813, Mr. Gifford being dissident of the correctness of his  
emendation, has supplied the place of the inserted *be*, by  
spaces, thus . . . I have however retained his original  
correction, which I think superior to the subsequent one,  
although unnecessary to the rhythm and perhaps rendering the  
verse rather harsh.—*Ed.*)

† *Sfor.* The marquis of Pescara! a great soldier;] The  
duke does not exaggerate the merits of Pescara: he was, in-  
deed, a great soldier, a fortunate commander, an able nego-  
ciator, in a word, one of the greatest ornaments of a period  
which abounded in extraordinary characters.

\* Sick to the death.] The modern editors omit the article,  
no less to the injury of the metre than of the language of the  
poet, which was, indeed, that of the time.

† There is a striking similarity (as Mr. Gilchrist observes  
to me) between this passage, and the parting speech of  
Hector and Andromache:

Αλλ' ὅ μοι Τρώων τόσσον μέλει αλγος ὀπίσσω,  
Οὐτ' αὐτῆς Ἑκάβης, κτε Πριάμοιο ἀνακτος  
Οὐτε κασιγνήτων, οἳ κεν πολέες τε καὶ ἰσθλοὶ  
Ἐν κοίτῃσι πέσσωεν ἔπ' ἀνδράσι δυνάμενται.  
Ὅσσον σὺ, κ. τ. α. Il. vi, 450.

If it were  
 In my weak power, in act, to raise it,  
 To bear a part of sorrow with you,  
 I should have just cause to say, Pescara  
 Not upon your state, but on your virtues,  
 He made suit to be writ in the list  
 Of those you favour'd.—But my haste forbids  
 Compliment; thus, then, sir, to the purpose:  
 I use that, unattended, brought me hither,  
 Not to tell you of your loss, or danger;  
 I have many wings to bring ill tidings,  
 I presume you've heard it; but to give you  
 Friendly counsel, as, perhaps, may make  
 My disaster less.  
 You are all goodness:  
 I give up myself to be disposed of,  
 Your wisdom you think fit.  
 Thus, then, sir:  
 As you can hold out against the emperor,  
 Flattery in yourself\*, to your undoing;  
 Here, the safest course that you can take,  
 Give up yourself to his discretion,  
 As you be compell'd; for, rest assured,  
 Voluntary yielding may find grace,  
 Will admit defence, at least excuse:  
 Should you linger doubtful, till his powers  
 Seize your person and estates perforce,  
 Must expect extremes.  
 I understand you;  
 I will put your counsel into act,  
 Speedily. I only will take order  
 In my domestical affairs, that do  
 Concern me nearly, and with the next sun  
 I wish you; in the mean time, my best friend,  
 Take your rest.  
 Indeed, I have travell'd hard;  
 I'll embrace your counsel. [Exit.  
 With all care,  
 I my noble friend. Stay you, Francisco.  
 How things stand with me?  
 To my grief:  
 The loss of my poor life could be  
 A price to restore them as they were,  
 I gladly would lay it down.  
 I think so;  
 I have ever found you true and thankful,  
 It makes me love the building I have rais'd  
 For advancement; and repent no grace  
 I conferr'd upon you. And, believe me,  
 I now I should repeat my favours to you,  
 Besides I have given you, and the means  
 To your honours; that I thought you  
 My sister and my family,  
 My dukedom made you next myself;  
 Not to upbraid you; but to tell you  
 You are worthy of them, in your love  
 And service to me.  
 Sir, I am your creature;  
 My shape, that you would have me wear,  
 I will put on.  
 Thus, then, Francisco:  
 I am to deliver to your trust  
 A mighty secret; of so strange a nature,  
 Will, I know, appear so monstrous to you,  
 You will tremble in the execution,  
 As I am tortured to command it:

For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,  
 Would strike into a ruffian flesh'd in murders,  
 Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion;  
 And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest,  
 And from me most deserving, such my state  
 And strange condition is, that thou alone  
 Must know the fatal service, and perform it.

Fran. These preparations, sir, to work a stranger,  
 Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,  
 Might appear useful; but to me they are  
 Needless impertinencies: for I dare do  
 Whate'er you dare command.

Sfor. But you must swear it;  
 And put into the oath all joys or torments  
 That fright the wicked, or confirm the good;  
 Not to conceal it only, that is nothing.  
 But, whensoever my will shall speak, Strike now!  
 To fall upon't like thunder.

Fran. Minister  
 The oath in any way or form you please,  
 I stand resolved to take it.

Sfor. Thou must do, then,  
 What no malevolent star will dare to look on,  
 It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee  
 For being the instrument; and the blest angels  
 Forsake me at my need, for being the author:  
 For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!  
 In which the memory of all good actions  
 We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:  
 Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be  
 To fright posterity by our example,  
 That have outgone all precedents of villains  
 That were before us; and such as succeed,  
 Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er  
 Art thou not shaken yet? [come near us.

Fran. I grant you move me:  
 But to a man confirm'd—

Sfor. I'll try your temper:  
 What think you of my wife?

Fran. As a thing sacred;  
 To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly  
 These signs of duty.

Sfor. Is she not the abstract  
 Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman?

Fran. It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it:  
 But to the purpose, sir.

Sfor. Add too, her goodness,  
 Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,  
 Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equall'd;  
 Her innocence, her honour:—O, I am lost  
 In the ocean of her virtues and her graces,  
 When I think of them!

Fran. Now I find the end  
 Of all your conjurations; there's some service  
 To be done for this sweet lady. If she have enemies  
 That she would have removed—

Sfor. Alas! Francisco,  
 Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover;  
 Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.  
 One smile of her's would make a savage tame;  
 One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,  
 Though all the winds at once strove there for  
 empire.

Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,  
 Should I miscarry in this present journey,  
 From whence it is all number to a cipher,  
 I ne'er return with honour, by thy hand  
 Must have her murder'd.

Fran. Murder'd!—She that loves so,  
 And so deserves to be beloved again!

\* See flattery in yourself. So, both the quartos; the  
 editors read, *Were flattery yourself.*

And I, who sometimes you were pleased to favour,  
Pick'd out the instrument!

*Sfor.* Do not fly off:

What is decreed can never be recall'd;  
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out  
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes:  
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,  
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that  
Racks should not have forced from me, O, Francisco!  
There is no heaven without her; nor a hell,  
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,  
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,  
Or any other accident, divorced  
Her purer soul from her unspotted body\*.  
The slavish Indian princes, when they die,  
Are cheerfully attended to the fire,  
By the wife and slave that, living, they loved best,  
To do them service in another world:  
Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more,  
And therefore trifle not, but in thy looks

Express a ready purpose to perform  
What I command; or, by Marcelia's soul,  
This is thy latest minute.

*Fran.* 'Tis not fear

Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it:  
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,  
What warrant have I? If you please to sign one,  
I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,  
Perform your dreadful charge.

*Sfor.* I will, Francisco:

But still remember, that a prince's secrets  
Are balm, conceal'd; but poison, if discover'd.  
I may come back; then this is but a trial  
To purchase thee, if it were possible,  
A nearer place in my affection:—but  
I know thee honest.

*Fran.* 'Tis a character

I will not part with.

*Sfor.* I may live to reward it\*.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. An open Space before the Castle.*

*Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.*

*Steph.* How, left the court!

*Tib.* Without guard or retinue

Fitting a prince.

*Steph.* No enemy near, to force him  
To leave his own strengths, yet deliver up  
Himself, as 'twere, in bonds, to the discretion  
Of him that hates him! 'tis beyond example.  
You never heard the motives that induced him  
To this strange course?

*Tib.* No, those are cabinet councils,  
And not to be communicated, but  
To such as are his own, and sure. Alas!  
We fill up empty places, and in public  
Are taught to give our suffrages to that  
Which was before determined; and are safe so.  
Signior Francisco (upon whom alone  
His absolute power is with all strength conferr'd,  
During his absence) can with ease resolve you:  
To me they are riddles.

*Steph.* Well, he shall not be  
My *Edipus*; I'll rather dwell in darkness.  
But, my good lord *Tiberio*, this *Francisco*  
Is, on the sudden, strangely raised.

*Tib.* O sir  
He took the tariving course: he had a sister,  
A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumour'd,  
The duke was too familiar; but she, cast off  
(What promises soever past between them)

Upon the sight of this, forsook the court,  
And since was never seen. To smother this,  
As honours never fail to purchase silence,  
*Francisco* first was graced, and, step by step,  
Is raised up to this height.

*Steph.* But how is  
His absence born?

*Tib.* Sadly, it seems, by the dutcheas;  
For since he left the court,  
For the most part she hath kept her private chamber,  
No visitants admitted. In the church,  
She hath been seen to pay her pure devotions  
Season'd with tears; and sure her sorrow's true.  
Or deeply counterfeited; pomp, and state,  
And bravery cast of: and she, that lately  
Rivall'd *Poppæa* in her varied shapes,  
Or the Egyptian queen, now, widow-like,  
In sable colours, as her husband's dangers  
Strangled in her the use of any pleasure,  
Mourns for his absence.

*Steph.* It becomes her virtue,  
And does confirm what was reported of her.

*Tib.* You take it right: but, on the other side,  
The darling of his mother, *Mariana*,  
As there were an antipathy between  
Her and the dutcheas' passions; and as  
She'd no dependence on her brother's fortune,  
She ne'er appear'd so full of mirth.

*Steph.* 'Tis strange.

*Enter GRACCHO with Fiddlers.*

But see! her favourite, and accompanied,  
To your report.

*Grac.* You shall scrape, and I will sing  
A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune,  
Repine who dares.

\* Her purer soul from her unspotted body.] Purer is used in perfect concurrence with the practice of Massinger's contemporaries, for pure, the comparative for the positive. See the Unnatural Combat.

† —He had a sister, &c.] There is great art in this introduction of the sister. In the management of these preparatory hints, Massinger surpasses all his contemporaries. In Beaumont and Fletcher, "the end sometimes forgets the beginning;" and even Shakspeare is not entirely free from intentions of a similar nature. I will not here praise the general felicity of our author's plots; but whatever they were, he seems to have minutely arranged all the component parts before a line of the dialogue was written.

\* The observations in the Essay prefixed to this Volume, preclude the necessity of any remarks from me, on this admirable scene: as it seems, however, to have engaged the critic's attention, (to the manifest neglect of the rest,) let me suggest, in justice to the author, that it is equalled, if not surpassed, by some of the succeeding ones, and, among the rest, by that which concludes the second act.

† Upon the sight of this, &c.] I.e. of the present dutcheas. M. MASON.

1 *Fid.* But, if we should offend,  
The dutchess having silenced us;—and these lords  
Stand by to hear us.

*Grac.* They in name are lords,  
But I am one in power: and, for the dutchess,  
But yesterday we were merry for her pleasure,  
We now'll be for my lady's.

*Tib.* Signior Graccho.

*Grac.* A poor man, sir, a servant to the princess;  
But you, great lords\* and counsellors of state,  
Whom I stand bound to reverence.

*Tib.* Come; we know  
You are a man in grace.

*Grac.* Fie! no: I grant,  
I bear my fortunes patiently; serve the princess,  
And have access at all times to her closet,  
Such is my impudence! when your grave lordships  
Are masters of the modesty to attend  
Three hours, nay sometimes four; and then bid  
Upon her the next morning. [wait

*Steph.* He derides us.

*Tib.* Pray you, what news is stirring? you know  
*Grac.* Who, I? alas! I've no intelligence [all.  
At home nor abroad; I only sometimes guess  
The change of the times: I should ask of your lord-  
ships

Who are to keep their honours, who to lose them:  
Who the dutchess smiled on last, or on whom frown'd,  
You only can resolve me; we poor waiters  
Deal, as you see, in mirth, and foolish fiddles:  
It is our element? and—could you tell me  
What point of state 'tis that I am commanded  
To muster up this music, on mine honesty,  
You should much befriend me.

*Steph.* Sirrah, you grow saucy.

*Tib.* And would be laid by the heels.

*Grac.* Not by your lordships,  
Without a special warrant; look to your own stakes;  
Were I committed, here come those would bail me:  
Perhaps, we might change places too.

*Enter ISABELLA, and MARIANA.*

*Tib.* The princess!

We must be patient.

*Steph.* There is no contending.

*Tib.* See, the informing rogue!

*Steph.* That we should stoop  
To such a mushroom!

*Mari.* Thou dost mistake; they durst not  
Use the least word of scorn, although provoked,  
To any thing of mine. Go, get you home,  
And to your servants, friends, and flatterers number  
How many descents you're noble:—look to your  
wives too:

The smooth-clinn'd courtiers are abroad.

*Tib.* No way to be a freeman!

*Exeunt Tiberio and Stephano.*

*Grac.* Your excellence hath the best gift to dispatch  
These arras pictures of nobility,  
I ever read of.

*Mari.* I can speak sometimes.

*Grac.* And cover so your bitter pills, with sweet-  
Of princely language to forbid reply, [ness,  
They are greedily swallowed.

*Isab.* But to the purpose, daughter,  
That brings us hither. Is it to bestow

A visit on this woman, that, because  
She only would be thought truly to grieve  
The absence and the dangers of my son,  
Proclaims a general sadness?

*Mari.* If to vex her  
May be interpreted to do her honour,  
She shall have many of them. I'll make use  
Of my short reign: my lord now governs all;  
And she shall know that her idolater,  
My brother, being not by now to protect her,  
I am her equal.

*Grac.* Of a little thing,  
It is so full of gall! A devil of this size,  
Should they run for a wager to be spiteful.  
Gets not a horse-head of her.

[*Aside,*

*Mari.* On her birthday,  
We were forced to be merry, and now she's musty.  
We must be sad, on pain of her displeasure:  
We will, we will! this is her private chamber,  
Where, like an hypocrite, not a true turtle,  
She seems to mourn her absent mate; her servants  
Attending her like mutes: but I'll speak to her,  
And in a high key too. Play any thing  
That's light and loud enough but to torment her,  
And we will have rare sport. [Music and a song†.

*MARCELIA appears at a Window above, in black.*

*Isab.* She frowns as if  
Her looks could fright us.

*Mari.* May it please your greatness,  
We heard that your late physic hath not work'd;  
And that breeds melancholy, as your doctor tells us  
To purge which, we, that are born your highness'  
vassals,

And are to play the fool to do you service,  
Present you with a fit of mirth. What think you  
Of a new antic?

*Isab.* 'Twould show rare in ladies.

*Mari.* Being intended for so sweet a creature,  
Were she but pleased to grace it.

*Isab.* Fie! she will,  
Be it ne'er so mean; she's made of courtesy.

*Mari.* The mistress of all hearts. One smile, I  
pray you,

On your poor servants, or a fiddler's fee;  
Coming from those fair hands, though but a ducat,  
We will inshrine it as a holy relic.

*Isab.* 'Tis wormwood, and it works.

*Mari.* If I lay by  
My fears and griefs, in which you should be sharers,  
If doting age could let you but remember,  
You have a son; or frontless impudence,  
You are a sister; and in making answer,

\* *Grac.* Of a little thing,

*It is so full of gall!* Nothing more strongly marks the  
poverty of the stage in those times, than the frequent allusions  
we find to the size of the actors, which may be considered  
as a kind of apology to the audience. It is not possible to  
ascertain who played the part of Mariana, but it was, not  
improbably, Theophilus Bourne, who acted Paulina in *the*  
*Renegade*, where an expression of the same nature occurs.  
Domitilla, in *the Roman Actor*, is also little; she was played  
by John Hunniman. I do not condemn these indirect apo-  
logues; indeed, there appears to be something of good sense  
in them, and of proper deference to the understandings of the  
audience. At present, we run intrepidly into every species  
of absurdity, men and women unwieldily at once from age  
and fatness, take upon them the parts of active boys and girls;  
and it is not only in a pantomime that we are accustomed  
to see children of six feet high in leading strings!

† *A song.* This, like many others, does not appear; it was  
probably supplied at pleasure, by the actors

\* *But you, great lords, &c.* So the old copies. Mr. M.  
Mason chooses to deviate from them, and read *But you are*  
*great lords, &c.* Never was alteration more unnecessary.

And I, who sometimes you were pleased to favour,  
Pick'd out the instrument!

*Sfor.* Do not fly off:

What is decreed can never be recall'd;  
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out  
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes:  
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,  
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that  
Racks should not have forced from me. O, Francisco!  
There is no heaven without her; nor a hell,  
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,  
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,  
Or any other accident, divorced  
Her purer soul from her unspotted body\*.  
The slavish Indian princes, when they die,  
Are cheerfully attended to the fire,  
By the wife and slave that, living, they loved best,  
To do them service in another world:  
Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more.  
And therefore trifle not, but in thy looks

Express a ready purpose to perform  
What I command; or, by Marcellia's soul,  
This is thy latest minute.

*Fran.* 'Tis not fear

Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it:  
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,  
What warrant have I? If you please to sign one,  
I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,  
Perform your dreadful charge.

*Sfor.* I will, Francisco:

But still remember, that a prince's secrets  
Are balm, conceal'd; but poison, if discover'd.  
I may come back; then this is but a trial  
To purchase thee, if it were possible,  
A nearer place in my affection:—but  
I know thee honest.

*Fran.* 'Tis a character

I will not part with.

*Sfor.* I may live to reward it\*.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. An open Space before the Castle.*

*Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.*

*Steph.* How, left the court!

*Tib.* Without guard or retinue  
Fitting a prince.

*Steph.* No enemy near, to force him  
To leave his own strengths, yet deliver up  
Himself, as 'twere, in bonds, to the discretion  
Of him that hates him! 'tis beyond example.  
You never heard the motives that induced him  
To this strange course?

*Tib.* No, those are cabinet councils,  
And not to be communicated, but  
To such as are his own, and sure. Alas!  
We fill up empty places, and in public  
Are taught to give our suffrages to that  
Which was before determined; and are safe so.  
Signior Francisco (upon whom alone  
His absolute power is with all strength conferr'd,  
During his absence) can with ease resolve you:  
To me they are riddles.

*Steph.* Well, he shall not be  
My *Edipus*; I'll rather dwell in darkness.  
But, my good lord Tiberio, this Francisco  
Is, on the sudden, strangely raised.

*Tib.* O sir  
He took the tariving course: he had a sistert,  
A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumour'd,  
The duke was too familiar; but she, cast off  
(What promises soever past between them)

Upon the sight of this, forsook the court,  
And since was never seen. To smother this,  
As honours never fail to purchase silence,  
Francisco first was graced, and, step by step,  
Is raised up to this height.

*Steph.* But how is

His absence born?

*Tib.* Sadly, it seems, by the dutchess;  
For since he left the court,  
For the most part she hath kept her private chamber,  
No visitants admitted. In the church,  
She hath been seen to pay her pure devotions  
Season'd with tears; and sure her sorrow's true,  
Or deeply counterfeited; pomp, and state,  
And bravery cast of: and she, that lately  
Rivall'd Poppæa in her varied shapes,  
Or the Egyptian queen, now, widow-like,  
In sable colours, as her husband's dangers  
Strangled in her the use of any pleasure,  
Mourns for his absence.

*Steph.* It becomes her virtue,  
And does confirm what was reported of her.

*Tib.* You take it right: but, on the other side,  
The darling of his mother, Mariana,  
As there were an antipathy between  
Her and the dutchess' passions; and as  
She'd no dependence on her brother's fortune,  
She ne'er appear'd so full of mirth.

*Steph.* 'Tis strange.

*Enter GRACCHO with Fiddlers.*

But see! her favourite, and accompanied,  
To your report.

*Grac.* You shall scrape, and I will sing  
A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune,  
Repine who dares.

\* The observations in the Essay prefixed to this Volume, preclude the necessity of any remarks from me, on this admirable scene: as it seems, however, to have engrossed the critic's attention, (to the manifest neglect of the rest,) let me suggest, in justice to the author, that it is equalled, if not surpassed, by some of the succeeding ones, and, among the rest, by that which concludes the second act.

† [Upon the sight of this, &c.] i. e. of the present dutchess.  
M. MASON.

\* Her purer soul from her unspotted body. Purer is used in perfect concurrence with the practice of Massinger's contemporaries, for pure, the comparative for the positive. See the Unnatural Combat.

† He had a sister, &c.] There is great art in this introduction of the sister. In the management of these preparatory hints, Massinger surpasses all his contemporaries. In Beaumont and Fletcher, "the end sometimes forgets the beginning:" and even Shakespeare is not entirely free from the inconstancies of a similar nature. I will not here praise the general felicity of our author's plots; but whatever they were, he seems to have minutely arranged all the component parts before a line of the dialogue was written.

To what was most unfit for you to speak,  
Or me to hear, borrow of my just anger——

*Isab.* A set speech, on my life.

*Mari.* Penn'd by her chaplain. [speak,

*Marc.* Yes, it<sup>a</sup> can speak, without instruction  
And tell your want of manners, that you are rude,  
And saucily rude, too.

*Grac.* Now the game begins.

*Marc.* You durst not, else, on any hire or hope,  
Remembering what I am, and whose I am,  
Put on the desperate boldness, to disturb  
The least of my retirements.

*Mari.* Note her, now. [presume

*Marc.* For both shall understand, though the one  
Upon the privilege due to a mother,  
The duke stands now on his own legs, and needs  
No nurse to lead him.

*Isab.* How, a nurse!

*Marc.* A dry one,  
And useless too :—but I am merciful,  
And dottage signs your pardon.

*Isab.* I defy thee;

Thee, and thy pardons, proud one.

*Marc.* For you, puppet——

*Mari.* What of me, pine-tree!

*Marc.* Little you are, I grant,  
And have as little worth, but much less wit;  
You durst not else, the duke being wholly mine,  
His power and honour mine, and the allegiance,  
You owe him, as a subject, due to me——

*Mari.* To you?

*Marc.* To me: and therefore, as a vassal,  
From this hour learn to serve me, or you'll see.  
I must make use of my authority,  
And, as a princess, punish it.

*Isab.* A princess!

*Mari.* I had rather be a slave unto a Moor,  
Than know thee for my equal.

*Isab.* Scornful thing!

Proud of a white face.

*Mari.* Let her but remember;  
The issue in her leg.

*Isab.* The charge she puts  
The state to, for perfumes.

*Mari.* And howsoever  
She seems when she's made up, as she's herself,  
She stinks above the ground. O that I could reach  
The little one you scorn so, with her nails [you!

<sup>a</sup> *Marc.* Yes, it can speak.] So the old copies: the modern editions, Yes, I can speak!

<sup>†</sup> *Marc.* For you, puppet——

*Mari.* What of me, pine tree?

"Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures"

*Puppet* and *may pole*, and many other terms of equal elegance are bandied about between *Hermia* and *Helena*, in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, which is here too closely imitated. I forbear to quote the passages, which are familiar to every reader of Shakspeare.

<sup>†</sup> *Mari.* Let her but remember, &c.] For this, Massinger is indebted to less respectable authority, to the treacherous loquacity of the dutchess's waiting woman, in her midnight conference with *Don Quixote*. These traits, however disgusting, are not without their value; they strongly mark the prevailing features of the times, which are universally coarse and indelicate: they exhibit also a circumstance worthy of particular notice, namely, that those vigorous powers of genius which carry men far beyond the literary state of their age, do not enable them to outgo that of its manners. This must serve as an apology for our author; indeed, it is the only one that can be offered for many who stand higher in the ranks of fame than Massinger, and who have still more need of it.

Would tear your painted face, and scratch thine  
Do but come down. [eyes out.

*Marc.* Were there no other way,  
But leaping on thy neck, to break mine own,  
Rather than be outbraved thus. [She retires.

*Grac.* Forty ducats  
Upon the little hen: she's of the kind,  
And will not leave the pit. [Aside.

*Mari.* That it were lawful  
To meet her with a poniard and a pistol!  
But these weak hands shall shew my spleen.

Re-enter MARCELLA below.

*Marc.* Where are you?

You modicum, you dwarf!

*Mari.* Here, giantess, here.

Enter FRANCISCO, TIBERIO, and STEPHANO.

*Fran.* A tumult in the court!

*Mari.* Let her come on.

*Fran.* What wind hath raised this tempest?  
Sever them, I command you. What's the cause?  
Speak, Marianna.

*Mari.* I am out of breath;  
But we shall meet, we shall.—And do you hear sir!  
Or right me on this monster, (she's three feet  
Too high for a woman,) or ne'er look to have  
A quiet hour with me.

*Isab.* If my son were here,  
And would endure this, may a mother's curse  
Pursue and overtake him!

*Fran.* O forbear:  
In me he's present, both in power and will;  
And, madam, I much grieve that, in his absence,  
There should arise the least distaste to move you:  
It being his principal, nay, only charge,  
To have you, in his absence, served and honour'd,  
As when himself perform'd the willing office.

*Mari.* This is true, i'faith.

*Grac.* I would I were well off! [not,

*Fran.* And therefore, I beseech you, madam, frown  
Till most unwittingly he hath deserved it,  
On your poor servant; to your excellence  
I ever was and will be such; and lay  
The duke's authority, trusted to me,  
With willingness at your feet.

*Mari.* O base!

*Isab.* We are like  
To have an equal judge!

*Fran.* But, should I find  
That you are touch'd in any point of honour  
Or that the least neglect is fall'n upon you,  
I then stand up a prince.

1 *Fid.* Without reward,  
Pray you dismiss us.

*Grac.* Would I were five leagues hence!

*Fran.* I will be partial  
To none, not to myself;  
Be you but pleased to shew me my offence,  
Or if you hold me in your good opinion,  
Name those that have offended you.

*Isab.* I am one,  
And I will justify it.

*Mari.* Thou art a base fellow,  
To take her part.

*Fran.* Remember, she's the dutchess.

*Marc.* But used with more contempt, than if I were  
A peasant's daughter; baited, and hooted at,  
Like to a common strumpet; with loud noises  
Forced from my prayers; and my private chamber,  
Which, withall willingness, I would make my prison

During the absence of my lord, denied me :

But if he e'er return—

*Fran.* Were you an actor  
In this lewd comedy ?

*Mari.* Ay, marry was I ;

And will be one again.

*Isab.* I'll join with her,

Though you repine at it.

*Fran.* Think not, then, I speak,

For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you,

But that the duke, that lives in this great lady,

For the contempt of him in her, commands you  
To be close prisoners.

*Isab. Mari.* Prisoners !

*Fran.* Bear them hence ;

This is your charge, my lord Tiberio,

And, Stephano, this is yours.

*Marc.* I am not cruel,

But pleased they may have liberty.

*Isab.* Pleased, with a mischief !

*Mari.* I'll rather live in any loathsome dungeon,

Than in a paradise at her entreaty :

And, for you, upstart—

*Suph.* There is no contending.

*Tib.* What shall become of these ?

*Fran.* See them well whipp'd,

As you will answer it.

*Tib.* Now, signior Graccho,

What think you\* of your greatness ?

*Grac.* I preach patience,

And must endure my fortune.

*1. Fid.* I was never yet

At such a hunt's-up, nor was so rewarded.

[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Marcelin.*]

*Fran.* Let them first know themselves, and how  
you are

To be served and honour'd ; which, when they con-  
fess,

You may again receive them to your favour :

And then it will shew nobly.

*Marc.* With my thanks

The duke shall pay you his, if he return

To bless us with his presence.

*Fran.* There is nothing

That can be added to your fair acceptance ;

That is the prize, indeed ; all else are blanks.

And of no value. As, in virtuous actions,

The undertaker finds a full reward,

Although conferr'd upon unthankful men ;

\* *Tib. Now Signior Graccho,*

*What think you of your greatness ?* So the first quarto.  
Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason follow the second, which reads,

*What's become of your greatness ?*

*1. 1. Fid. I was never yet*

*At such a hunt's-up.* The *hunt's-up* was a lesson on the  
horn, played under the windows of sportsmen, to call them  
up in the morning. It was, probably, sufficiently obstreper-  
ous, for it is frequently applied by our old writers, as in this  
place, to any noise or clamour of an awakening or alarming  
nature. The tone, or rather, perhaps, the words to it, was  
composed by one Gray, in the time of Henry VIII. who, as  
Parsenham tells us, in his *Art of English Poetry*, was much  
pleased with it. Of its popularity there can be no doubt, for  
it was one of the songs travestied by the *Savage Reformers*  
into " our gods and godly ballads," for the edification of the  
elect. The first stanza of the original is come down to us :

" The hunt is up, the hunt is up,

And now it is almost daye ;

And he that's in bed with another man's wife,

It is time to get awaye."

The tune, I suppose, is lost ; but we have a *hunt's-up* of our  
own, which is still played under the windows of the sluggish  
sportsman, and consists of a chorus of men, dogs, and horns,  
and a little alarming.

So, any service done to so much sweetness,

However dangerous, and subject to

An ill construction, in your favour finds

A wish'd, and glorious end.

*Marc.* From you, I take this

As loyal duty ; but, in any other,

It would appear gross flattery.

*Fran.* Flattery, madam !

You are so rare and excellent in all things,

And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,

As that vice cannot reach you\* ; who but looks on

This temple, built by nature to perfection,

But must bow to it ; and out of that zeal,

Not only learn to adore it, but to love it ?

*Marc.* Whither will this fellow ?

[*Aside.*]

*Fran.* Pardon, therefore, madam,

If an excess in me of humble duty,

Teach me to hope, and though it be not in

The power of man to merit such a blessing,

My piety, for it is more than love,

May find reward.

*Marc.* You have it in my thanks ;

And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall take

A full possession of it ; but, take heed

That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it ;

If you do, it will prove fatal.

*Fran.* Be it death,

And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,

Yet I must say, I love you.

*Marc.* As a subject ;

And 'twill become you.

*Fran.* Farewell circumstance !

And since you are not pleased to understand me,

But by a plain and usual form of speech ;

All superstitious reverence laid by,

I love you as a man, and, as a man,

I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me ?

I am no monster, and you but a woman,

A woman made to yield, and by example

Told it is lawful : favours of this nature,

Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest ;

And, therefore, lady—

*Marc.* Keep off. O you Powers !—

Libidinous beast ! and, add to that, unthankful !

A crime, which creatures wanting reason, fly from ;

Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,

Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,

Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,

In three days absence buried ? Hath he made thee,

A thing obscure, almost without a name,

The envy of great fortunes ? Have I graced thee,

Beyond thy rank, and entertain'd thee, as

A friend, and not a servant ? and is this,

This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,

The fair return of both our ventured favours !

*Fran.* Hear my excuse.

*Marc.* The devil may plead mercy,

And with as much assurance, as thou yield one,

Burns lust so hot in thee ? or is thy pride

Grown up to such a height, that, but a princess,

No woman can content thee ; and, add to it,

His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied

In all the bonds of duty ?—Read my life,

And find one act of mine so loosely carried.

That could invite a most self-loving fool,

\* As that vice cannot reach you ;] i. e. flattery : Coxeter  
deserts the old copies here, and reads, I know not for what  
reason,

*That vice can never reach you !*

His Achates follows him, as usual.

Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,  
To the least hope to find way to my favour;  
And, what's the worst mine enemies could wish me,  
I'll be thy strumpet.

*Fran.* 'Tis acknowledged, madam,  
That your whole course of life hath been a pattern  
For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,  
Which I first saw, and loved, as a fair crystal,  
I read your heavenly mind, clear and untainted;  
And while the duke did prize you to your value,  
Could it have been in man to pay that duty,  
I well might envy him, but durst not hope  
To stop you in your full career of goodness:  
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,  
And, howsoever he would appear doting,  
Grown cold in his affection; I presume,  
From his most barbarous neglect of you,  
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,  
To look back on the courtesies of him,  
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.

*Marc.* Unheard-of impudence!

*Fran.* You'll say I am modest,  
When I have told the story. Can he tax me.  
That have received some worldly trifles from him,  
For being ungrateful; when he, that first tasted,  
And hath so long enjoy'd, your sweet embraces,  
In which all blessings that our frail condition  
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended,  
As cloy'd with happiness, contemns the giver  
Of his felicity! and, as he reach'd not  
The masterpiece of mischief which he aims at,  
Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to,  
With fell and deadly hate!—You think he loves you  
With unexampled fervour; nay, dotes on you,  
As there were something in you more than woman:  
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd  
You were among the dead;—and I, you scorn so,  
Perhaps, am your preserver.

*Marc.* Bless me, good angels,  
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,  
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,  
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.  
My husband hate me! give thyself the lie,  
False and accurs'd! Thy soul, if thou hast any,  
Can witness, never lady stood so bound  
To the unfeign'd affection of her lord,  
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work  
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,  
That the earth moves; the sun and stars stand still;  
The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebbs; or that  
There's peace between the lion and the lamb;  
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove  
Keep in one aerie\*, and bring up their young;  
Or any thing that is averse to nature:  
And I will sooner credit it, than that  
My lord can think of me, but as a jewel,  
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

*Fran.* O innocence abused! simplicity cozen'd!  
It were a sin, for which we have no name,  
To keep you longer in this wilful error.  
Read his affection here;—[*Gives her a paper.*]—and  
then observe  
How dear he holds you! 'Tis his character,  
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.

\* Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove  
Kept in one aerie, i. e. in one nest. Mr. M. Mason  
degrades Massinger and himself, by reading, *Keep in one*  
aviary! Such rashness, and such incompetence, it is to be  
hoped, do not often meet in one person.

*Marc.* 'Tis his hand, I'm resolved\* of it. I'll try  
What the inscription is.

*Fran.* Pray you, do so.

*Marc.* [reads.] *You know my pleasure, and the hour  
of Marcelia's death, which fail not to execute, as you  
will answer the contrary, not with your head alone, but  
with the ruin of your whole family. And this, written  
with mine own hand, and signed with my privy signet,  
shall be your sufficient warrant.*

LODOVICO SFORZA.

I do obey it; every word's a poniard,  
And reaches to my heart.

[*She swears.*]

*Fran.* What have I done!  
Madam! for heaven's sake, madam!—O my fate!  
I'll bend her body†: this is, yet, some pleasure:  
I'll kiss her into a new life. Dear lady!—  
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's sake—

*Marc.* Sforza's! stand off; though dead, I will  
be his,

And even my ashes shall abhor the touch,  
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel!  
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another;  
There is no faith in man: Sforza is false,  
False to Marcelia!

*Fran.* But I am true,  
And live to make you happy. All the pomp,  
State, and observance you had, being his,  
Compared to what you shall enjoy, when mine,  
Shall be no more remember'd. Lose his memory,  
And look with cheerful beams on your new creature;  
And know, what he hath plotted for your good,  
Fate cannot alter. If the emperor  
Take not his life, at his return he dies,  
And by my hand; my wife, that is his heir,  
Shall quickly follow:—then we reign alone!  
For with this arm I'll swim through seas of blood,  
Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of men,  
But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,  
Dearest, and best of women!

*Marc.* Thou art a villain!  
All attributes of archvillains made into one,  
Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate  
Of Sforza though it mark me for the grave,  
Before thy base affection. I am yet  
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him;  
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted:  
Nor will I part with innocence, because  
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art  
A thing, that, equal with the devil himself,  
I do detest and scorn.

*Fran.* Thou, then, art nothing:

\* 'Tis his hand, I'm resolved of it.] I am convinced of  
it: so the word is frequently used by Massinger's contem-  
poraries. Thus Fletcher, in the *Faithful Shepherdess*:

"But be they far from me with their foul terror!—  
I am resolved my Chloe yet is true."

And Webster, in the *White Devil*:

"I am resolved,  
Were there a second paradise to lose,  
This devil would betray it."

† I'll bend her body:]—to try if there be any life in it  
Thus, in the *Maid's Tragedy*:

"I've heard, if there be any life, but bow  
The body thus, and it will show itself."

‡ But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,  
Dearest, and best of women!] It would scarcely be cre-  
dited, if we had not the proof before us, that for this bold and  
animated expression, which is that of both the quarrels, Mr.  
M. Mason should presume to print, *But I will grasp you in*  
my arms, in the same rant of modern comedy. *Character's*  
reading is simple nonsense, which is better than specimen  
sophistication, as it excites suspicion.

life is in my power, disdainful woman!  
Don't, and tremble.

Re. No, though thou wert now  
say thy hangman's part.—Thou well may'st be  
executioner, and art only fit  
rich employment; but ne'er hope to have  
last grace from me. I will never see thee,  
is the shame of men: so, with my curses  
error to thy conscience in this life,  
pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee;  
making haste to make my peace with heaven,  
let thee as my hangman. [Exit.

Fran. I am lost

In the discovery of this fatal secret.

Curs'd hope, that flatter'd me, that wrongs could  
make her

A stranger to her goodness! all my plots  
Turn back upon myself; but I am in,  
And must go on: and, since I have put off  
From the shore of innocence, guilt be now my pilot!  
Revenge first wrought me\*; murder's his twin-  
brother:

One deadly sin, then, help to cure another; [Exit.

### ACT III.

ENE I.—*The Imperial Camp, Before Pavia.*

Enter MEDINA, HERNANDO, and ALPHONSO.

H. The spoil, the spoil? 'tis that the soldier  
lights for.

Victory, as yet, affords us nothing  
sounds and empty honour. We have pass'd  
hazard of a dreadful day, and forced  
usage with our swords through all the dangers  
page-like, wait on the success of war;  
now expect reward.

M. Hell put it in  
enemy's mind to be desperate, and hold out!  
ings and compositions will undo us;  
what is that way given, for the most part,  
is to the emperor's coffers, to defray  
charge of the great action, as 'tis rumour'd;  
s, usually, some thing in grace, that ne'er  
heard

Canon's roaring tongue, but at a triumph,  
in, and for his intercession shares  
that we fought for: the poor soldier left  
arve, or fill up hospitals.

H. But, when  
enter towns by force, and carve ourselves,  
are with pillage, and the richest wines,  
our shrunk-up veins, and pour into them  
blood and fervour—

M. I long to be at it;  
these chuffs\*, that every day may spend  
dier's entertainment for a year,  
make a third meal of a bunch of raisins†:

These sponges, that suck up a kingdom's fat,  
Battening like scarabs† in the dung of peace,  
To be squeezed out by the rough hand of war;  
And all that their whole lives have heap'd together;  
By cozenage, perjury, or sordid thrift,  
With one gripe to be ravish'd.

Hern. I would be tousing  
Their fair madonas, that in little dogs,  
Monkeys, and paraquitos, consume thousands:  
Yet, for the advancement of a noble action,  
Repine to part with a poor piece of eight:  
War's plagues upon them! I have seen them stop  
Their scornful noses first, then seem to swoon,  
At sight of a buff jerkin, if it were not  
Perfumed, and hid with gold: yet these nice wantons,  
Spurr'd on by lust, cover'd in some disguise,  
To meet some rough court-stallion, and be leap'd  
Durst enter into any common brothel,  
Though all varieties of stink contend there;  
Yet praise the entertainment.

Med. I may live  
To see the tatter'd† rascals of my troop  
Drag them out of their closets with a vengeance;  
When neither threatening, flattering, kneeling, how-  
ling,

Can ransom one poor jewel, or redeem  
Themselves, from their blunt wooing.

Hern. My main hope is,  
To begin the sport at Milan: there's enough,  
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,  
To satisfy the most covetous.

Alph. Every day,  
We look for a remove.

Med. For Lodowick Sforza,  
The duke of Milan, I, on mine own knowledge,

sober and frogal citizen, who lived within his income?  
"Surely," says Plotwell, in the *City Match*,

"Surely, myself,

Clyber his factor, and an ancient cat,  
Did keep strict diet, had our Spanish fare,  
Four olives among three! My uncle would  
Look fat with fasting; I have known him surfeit  
Upon a bunch of raisins, swoon at sight  
Of a whole joint, and rise an epicure  
From half an orange."

\* *Revenge first wrought me, &c.* The reader should not  
suffer these hints, of which he will find several in the suc-  
ceeding pages, to escape him: they are not thrown out at  
random by Massinger, but intended to prepare the mind for  
the dreadful retaliation which follows.

† *Battening like scarabs.* Scarabs means beetles. M.  
Mason. Very true; and beetles means scarabs!

to see these chuffs.] So it stood in every edition before  
F. Mason's, when it was altered to *choughs*, and ex-  
plained in a note, to mean *maggies*! What magpies could  
do here, it would, perhaps, have puzzled the editor,  
who thought at all on the subject, to discover. The truth  
is, that *chuff* is the genuine word: it is always used in a bad  
sense, and means a coarse unmanly clown, at once sordid  
and filthy.

† *make a third meal of a bunch of raisins.* So all the  
editions: and so, indeed, Coxeter; but Mr. M. Mason,  
who equally nothing escapes, detected the poet's blunder,  
and a third suggested, nay, actually printed, *this*. "This,"  
quoth he, "appears to be erroneous: the making  
of a meal of raisins, if they made two good meals of ore,  
be no proof of penuriousness. I therefore read *this*."  
And, as if this were ever alteration so capricious, was ever rea-  
son so absurd! Where is it said that these chuffs "had  
two good meals before!" Is not the whole tendency  
of the speech to shew that they starved themselves in time  
of abundance? and are not the reproaches such, as have  
last, in all ages, by men of Medina's stamp, on the

Can say thus much : he is too much a soldier,  
Too confident of his own worth, too rich too,  
And understands too well the emperor hates him,  
To hope for composition.

*Alph.* On my life,  
We need not fear his coming in \*.

*Hern.* On mine,  
I do not wish it : I had rather that,  
To shew his valour, he'd put us to the trouble  
To fetch him in by the ears.

*Med.* The emperor.

*Flourish.* Enter CHARLES, PESCARA, and Attendants

*Charl.* You make me wonder :—nay, it is no counsel †.

You may partake it, gentlemen : who'd have thought,  
That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd amity  
When he was sued to, should, ere he be summon'd  
(Whether persuaded to it by base fear,  
Or flatter'd by false hope, which, 'tis uncertain,)  
First kneel for mercy ?

*Med.* When your majesty  
Shall please to instruct us who it is, we may  
Admire it with you

*Charl.* Who, but the duke of Milan,  
The right hand of the French ! of all that stand  
In our displeasure, whom necessity  
Compels to seek our favour, I would have sworn  
Sforza had been the last.

*Hern.* And should be writ so,  
In the list of those you pardon. Would his city  
Had rather held us out a siege, like Troy.  
Than, by a feign'd submission, he should cheat you  
Of a just revenge ; or us, of those fair glories  
We have sweat blood to purchase !

*Med.* With your honour  
You cannot hear him.

*Alph.* The sack alone of Milan  
Will pay the army.

*Charl.* I am not so weak,  
To be wrought on, as you fear ; nor ignorant  
That money is the sinew of the war :  
And on what terms soever he seek peace,  
'Tis in our power to grant it, or deny it :  
Yet, for our glory, and to shew him that  
We've brought him on his knees, it is resolved  
To hear him as a suppliant. Bring him in ;  
But let him see the effects of our just anger,  
In the guard that you make for him.

[Exit Pescara.]

*Hern.* I am now  
Familiar with the issue ; all plagues on it !  
He will appear in some dejected habit,  
His countenance suitable, and, for his order,  
A rope about his neck : then kneel, and tell  
Old stories, what a worthy thing it is  
To have power, and not to use it ; then add to that,  
A tale of king Tigranes, and great Pompey,  
Who said, forsooth, and wisely ! 'Twas more honour  
To make a king, than kill one ; which, applied  
To the emperor, and himself, a pardon's granted  
To him, an enemy ; and we, his servants,  
Condemn'd to beggary.

\* *Alph.* On my life  
We need not fear his coming in.] His surrender of himself.  
Hernando, in the next speech, plays upon the word.

† — nay, it is no counsel,] i. e. no secret : so

in *Cupid's Revenge* :

" — I would worry her,  
As never cur was worried, I would, neighbour,  
Till my teeth met I know where ; but that is counsel."

*Med.* Yonder he comes ;  
But not as you expected.

*Re-enter PESCARA with SFORZA.*

*Alph.* He looks as if  
He would out face his dangers.

*Hern.* I am cozen'd :

A suitor, in the devil's name !

*Med.* Hear him speak.

*Sfor.* I come not, emperor, to invade thy mercy,  
By fawning on thy fortune ; nor bring with me  
Excuses, or denials. I profess,  
And with a good man's confidence, even this instant  
That I am in thy power, I was thine enemy ;  
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy : one that wish'd  
Confusion to thy person and estates ;  
And with my utmost powers, and deepest counsels,  
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it.  
Nor will I now, although my neck were under  
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable  
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king,  
More than thyself, and all men,

*Med.* By saint Jaques,  
This is no flattery

*Hern.* There is fire and spirit in't ;  
But not long-lived, I hope.

*Sfor.* Now give me leave,  
My hate against thyself, and love to him  
Freely acknowledged, to give up the reasons  
That made me so affected : In my wants  
I ever found him faithful : had supplies  
Of men and monies from him ; and my hopes,  
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again :  
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel,  
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak,  
Nay, must and will, his praise now, in as high  
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.  
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not  
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own  
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.  
And, though my fortunes, poor, compared to his,  
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing,  
Are in thy fury burnt, let it be mention'd,  
They served but as small tapers to attend  
The solemn flame at this great funeral \* :  
And with them I will gladly waste myself,  
Rather than undergo the imputation  
Of being base, or unthankful.

*Alph.* Nobly spoken !

*Hern.* I do begin, I know not why, to bate him  
Less than I did.

*Sfor.* If that, then, to be grateful  
For courtesies received, or not to leave  
A friend in his necessities, be a crime  
Amongst you Spaniards, which other nations  
That, like you, aim'd at empire, loved, and cherish'd  
Where'er they found it, Sforza brings his head  
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,  
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,  
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,  
For a forestall'd remission : that were poor,  
And would but shame thy victory ; for conquest  
Over base foes, is a captivity,  
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,  
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd  
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,

\* — at this great funeral:] Mr. M. Mason,  
whether by design or not, I will not say, reads, his great  
funeral : meaning, perhaps, the French king's ; but the old  
reading is better in every respect.

This crown upon my head, and to my side  
This sword was girt; and witness truth, that, now  
Tis in another's power when I shall part  
With them and life together, I'm the same:  
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now  
Shrink they for fear. Know, sir, that Sforza stands  
Prepared for either fortune.

*Hern.* As I live,  
I do begin strangely to love this fellow;  
And could part with three quarters of my share in  
The promised spoil, to save him.

*Sfor.* But, if example  
Of my fidelity to the French, whose honours,  
Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours,  
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names,  
Has power to invite you to make him a friend,  
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,  
And to be thankful; this my crown, now yours,  
You may restore me, and in me instruct [change,  
These brave commanders, should your fortune  
Which now I wish not, what they may expect  
From noble enemies, for being faithful,  
The charges of the war I will defray.  
And, what you may, not without hazard, force,  
Bring freely to you: I'll present the cries  
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,  
Which, in a city sack'd, call on heaven's justice,  
And stop the course of glorious victories:  
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,  
That have in the late battle done best service,  
And are to be rewarded, I myself,  
According to their quality and merits,  
Will see them largely recompensed.—I have said,  
And now expect my sentence.

*Alph.* By this light,

'Tis a brave gentleman.

*Med.* How like a block

The emperor sits!

*Hern.* He hath deliver'd reasons\*,  
Especially in his purpose to enrich  
Such as fought bravely, I myself am one,  
I care not who knows it, as I wonder that  
He can be so stupid. Now he begins to stir:  
Mercy, an't be thy will!

*Charl.* Thou hast so far  
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,  
For such I hold thee;—and true constancy,  
Raised on a brave foundation, bears such palm  
And privilege with it, that where we behold it,  
Though in an enemy, it does command us  
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,  
I am glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,  
Thou didst not borrow of vice her indirect,  
Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,  
That since my purposes must now be changed,  
Touching thy life and fortunes, the world cannot  
Tax me of levity in my settled counsels;  
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,  
Nor servile flattery; but forced into it  
By a fair war of virtue.

\* *He hath deliver'd reasons,*] *Hernando* evidently means to say that *Sforza* has spoken rationally, especially in expressing his purpose of enriching those who fought bravely: the word *reasons* in the plural will not express that sense. *M. Mason.*

He therefore alters it to *reason*! To attempt to prove that the old copies are right, would be superfluous:—but I cannot reflect, without some indignation, on the scandalous manner in which *Mr. M. Mason* has given this speech. He first deprives it of metre and sense, and then builds up new readings on his own blunders.

*Hern.* This sounds well.

*Charl.* All former passages of hate be buried:  
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,  
And as a friend embrace it; and so far  
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,  
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,  
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;  
And do not only style thee, Duke of Milan,  
But vow to keep thee so. Yet, not to take  
From others to give only to myself\*,  
I will not hinder your magnificence  
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;  
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you  
To be your own disposer.

[*Flourish. Exit with Attendants.*]

*Sfor.* May I live  
To seal my loyalty, though with loss of life,  
In some brave service worthy *Cæsar's* favour,  
And I shall die most happy! Gentlemen,  
Receive me to your loves; and if henceforth  
There can arise a difference between us,  
It shall be in a noble emulation  
Who hath the fairest sword, or dare go farthest,  
To fight for *Charles* the emperor.

*Hern.* We embrace you,  
As one well read in all the points of honour:  
And there we are your scholars.

*Sfor.* True; but such  
As far outstrip the master. We'll contend  
In love hereafter; in the mean time, pray you,  
Let me discharge my debt, and, as an earnest  
Of what's to come, divide this cabinet:  
In the small body of it there are jewels  
Will yield a hundred thousand pistolets,  
Which honour me to receive.

*Med.* You bind us to you. [his presence,

*Sfor.* And when great *Charles* commands me to  
If you will please to excuse my abrupt departure,  
Designs that most concern me, next this mercy,  
Calling me home, I shall hereafter meet you,  
And gratify the favour.

*Hern.* In this, and all things,  
We are your servants.

*Sfor.* A name I ever owe you.

[*Exeunt Medina, Hernando, and Alphonso.*]

*Pesc.* So, sir; this tempest is well overblown,  
And all things fall out to our wishes: but,  
In my opinion, this quick return,  
Before you've made a party in the court  
Among the great ones, (for these needy captains  
Have little power in peace,) may beget danger,  
At least suspicion.

*Sfor.* Where true honour lives,  
Doubt hath no being: I desire no pawn  
Beyond an emperor's word, for my assurance.  
Besides, *Pescara*, to thyself, of all men,  
I will confess my weakness:—though my state  
And crown's restored me, though I am in grace,  
And that a little stay might be a step  
To greater honours, I must hence. Alas!  
I live not here; my wife, my wife *Pescara*†,

\* ———— *Yet, not to take*

*From others, to give only to myself,*] This is the reading of all the old copies, and nothing can be clearer than that it is perfectly proper. The modern editors, however, choose to weaken both the sense and the sentiment, by a conceit of their own: they print, ———— *to give only to thyself!*

† ———— *my wife, my wife, Pescara,*] *Mr. M. Mason* feebly and unmetrically reads, ———— *my wife, Pescara.* There is great beauty in the repetition; it is, besides, perfectly in character.

Being absent, I am dead. Prithee, excuse,  
And do not chide, for friendship's sake, my fondness,  
But ride along with me; I'll give you reasons,  
And strong ones, to plead for me.

*Pesc.* Use your own pleasure;  
I'll bear you company.

*Sfor.* Farewell, grief! I am stored with  
Two blessings most desired in human life,  
A constant friend, an unsuspected wife. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Milan.—A Room in the Castle\*.

Enter an Officer with GRACCHO.

*Offic.* What I did, I had warrant for; you have  
tasted

My office gently, and for those soft strokes,  
Flea-bitings to the jerks I could have lent you,  
There does belong a feeling.

*Grac.* Must I pay

For being tormented, and dishonour'd?

*Offic.* Fie! no,

Your honour's not impair'd in't. What's the letting  
Of a little corrupt blood†, and the next way too?

There is no surgeon like me, to take off

A courtier's itch that's rampant at great ladies,  
Or turns knave for preferment, or grows proud  
Of his rich cloaks and suits, though got by brokage,  
And so forgets his betters.

*Grac.* Very good, sir:

But am I the first man of quality

That e'er came under your fingers?

*Offic.* Not by a thousand;

And they have said I have a lucky hand too:

Both men and women of all sorts have bow'd

Under this sceptre. I have had a fellow

That could endite, forsooth, and make fine metres

To tinkle in the ears of ignorant madams,

That, for defaming of great men, was sent me

Threadbare and lousy, and in three days after,

Discharged by another that set him on, I have seen

Cap à pié gallant, and his stripes wash'd off [him]  
With oil of angels‡.

*Grac.* 'Twas a sovereign cure.

*Offic.* There was a sectary too, that would not be

Conformable to the orders of the church,

Nor yield to any argument of reason,

But still rail at authority, brought to me,

When I had worm'd his tongue, and truss'd his  
haunches,

Grew a fine pulpitman, and was beneficed:

Had he not cause to thank me?

*Grac.* There was physick

Was to the purpose.

*Offic.* Now, for women, sir,

For your more consolation, I could tell you

Twenty fine stories, but I'll end in one,

And 'tis the last that's memorable.

*Grac.* Prithee, do;

For I grow weary of thee.

*Offic.* There was lately\*

A fine she-waiter in the court, that doted  
Extremely of a gentleman, that had  
His main dependence on a signior's favour  
I will not name, but could not compass him  
On any terms. This wanton at dead midnight,  
Was found at the exercise behind the arras,  
With the 'foresaid signior: he got clear off,  
But she was seized on, and, to save his honour,  
Endured the lash; and, though I made her often  
Curvet and caper, she would never tell  
Who play'd at pushpin with her.

*Grac.* But what follow'd?

Prithee be brief.

*Offic.* Why this, sir: She, deliver'd,  
Had store of crowns assign'd her by her patron,  
Who forced the gentleman, to save her credit,  
To marry her, and say he was the party  
Found in lob's pound; so she, that, before, gladly  
Would have been his whore, reigns o'er him as his  
wife;

Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but truth, then,  
Is not my office lucky?

*Grac.* Go, there's for thee;

But what will be my fortune?

*Offic.* If you thrive not

After that soft correction, come again.

*Grac.* I thank you, knave.

*Offic.* And then, knave, I will fit you. [Exit.]

*Grac.* Whipt like a rogue! no lighter punishment  
serve

To balance with a little mirth: 't is well.

My credit sunk for ever, I am now

Fit company only for pages and for footboys,

That have perused the porter's lodge‡.

Enter JULIO and GIOVANNI‡.

*Giov.* See, Julio,

Yonder the proud slave is; how he looks now,  
After his castigation!

*Jul.* As he came

From a close fight§ at sea under the hatches,  
With a she-Dunkirk, that was shot before

\* *Offic.* There was lately, &c.] I have little doubt but that this lively story was founded in fact, and well understood by the poet's contemporaries. The courtiers were not slow in indemnifying themselves for the morose and gloomy hours which they had passed during the last two or three years of Elizabeth; and the coarse and inelegant manners of James, which bordered closely on licentiousness, afforded them ample opportunities.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that wherever our old dramatists laid the scene of their plays, the habits and manners of them are, generally speaking, as truly English as the language.

† Fit company for pages and for footboys,

That have perused the porter's lodge.] i. e. that have been whip'd there. The porter's lodge, in our author's days, when the great claimed, and, indeed, frequently exercised, the right of chastising their servants, was the usual place of punishment. Thus Shirley, in *the Grateful Servant*:

"My friend, what make you here? Begone, begone, I say:—there is a porter's lodge else, where you may have due chastisement."

‡ Enter JULIO and GIOVANNI.] This has been hitherto printed, Enter two Gentlemen, though one of them is immediately named. Not to multiply characters unnecessarily, I have supposed them to be the same that appear with Graccho, in the first scene of the first act.

§ *Jul.* As he came

From a close fight, &c.] Our old poets made very free with one another's property: it must be confessed, however, that their literary rapine did not originate in poverty, for they gave as liberally as they took. This speech has been "convey'd" by Fletcher into his excellent comedy of *the Elder Brother*:

\* Milan. A Room in the Castle.] Here too Coxeter prints, "Scene changes to Pisa!" and here too he is followed by the "most accurate of editors," Mr. M. Mason.

† Of a little corrupt blood.] So the old copies; the modern editors read, *Of a little corrupted blood!* This reduces the line to very good prose, which is indeed its only merit.

‡ With oil of angels.] It may be just necessary to observe, that this is a pleasant allusion to the gold coin of that name.

Between wind and water ; and he hath sprung a leak  
Or I am cozen'd. [too,

*Giov.* Let's be merry with him.

*Grac.* How they stare at me ! am I turn'd to an  
The wonder, gentlemen ? [owl?

*Jul.* I read this morning,  
Strange stories of the passive fortitude  
Of men in former ages, which I thought  
Impossible, and not to be believed :  
But, now I look on you my wonder ceases.

*Grac.* The reason, sir ?

*Jul.* Why, sir, you have been whipt,  
Whipt, signior Graccho ; and the whip, I take it,  
Is, to a gentleman, the greatest trial  
That may be of his patience.

*Grac.* Sir, I'll call you  
To a strict account for this.

*Giov.* I'll not deal with you,  
Unless I have a beadle for my second ;  
And then I'll answer you.

*Jul.* Farewell, poor Graccho.

[*Exeunt Julio and Giovanni.*]

*Grac.* Better and better still. If ever wrongs  
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,

*Enter FRANCISCO and a Servant.*

Hell now inspire me ! How, the lord protector !  
My judge ; I thank him ! Whither thus in private ?  
I will not see him. [Stands aside.

*Fran.* If I am sought for,  
Say I am indisposed, and will not hear  
Or suits, or suitors.

*Serv.* But, sir, if the princess  
Enquire, what shall I answer ?

*Fran.* Say, I am rid\*  
Abroad to take the air ; but by no means  
Let her know I'm in court.

*Serv.* So I shall tell her.

[*Exit.*]

*Fran.* Within there, ladies !

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gentlew.* My good lord, your pleasure ?

*Fran.* Prithce, let me beg thy favour for access  
To the dutchess.

*Gentlew.* In good sooth, my lord, I dare not ;  
She's very private.

*Fran.* Come, there's gold to buy thee  
A new gown, and a rich one.

*Gentlew.* I once swore†  
If e'er I lost my maidenhead, it should be  
With a great lord, as you are ; and I know not how,  
I feel a yielding inclination in me,  
If you have appetite.

\* ———— They look ruefully,  
As they had newly come from a vaulting house,  
And had been quite shot through between wind and water  
By a she-Dunkirk, and had sprung a leak, sir."  
I charge the petty depredation on Fletcher, because the publication of the *Duke of Milan* preceded that of the *Elder Brother*, by many years.

\* *Fran.* Say I am rid  
Abroad, &c.] So the old copies : the modern editors, with equal accuracy and elegance,

† *I once swore*] Both the quartos have a marginal hemistich here : they read, *This will tempt me* ; an addition of the prompter, or an unnecessary interpolation of the copyist, which spoils the metre. Canzoner and Mr. M. Mason have advanced it into the text.

*Fran.* Pox on thy maidenhead !  
Where is thy lady ?

*Gentlew.* If you venture on her,  
She's walking in the gallery ; perhaps,  
You will find her less tractable.

*Fran.* Bring me to her.

*Gentlew.* I fear you'll have cold entertainment,  
when [tion  
You are at your journey's end ; and 'twere discre-  
To take a snatch by the way.

*Fran.* Prithce, leave fooling :  
My page waits in the lobby ; give him sweetmeats ;  
He is train'd up\* for his master's ease,  
And he will cool thee. [*Exeunt Fran. and Gentlew.*]

*Grac.* A brave discovery beyond my hope,  
A plot even offer'd to my hand to work on !  
If I am dull now, may I live and die  
The scorn of worms and slaves !—Let me consider ;  
My lady and her mother first committed,  
In the favour of the dutchess, and I whipt !  
That, with an iron pen, is writ in brass  
On my tough heart, now grown a harder metal.—  
And all his bribed approaches to the dutchess  
To be conceal'd ! good, good. This to my lady  
Deliver'd, as I'll order it, runs her mad.  
But this may prove but courtship † ; let it be,  
I care not, so it feed her jealousy. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

*Enter MARCELIA and FRANCISCO.*

*Marc.* Believe thy tears or oaths ! can it be hoped,  
After a practice so abhor'd and horrid,  
Repentance e'er can find thee ?

*Fran.* Dearest lady,  
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodness,  
Make a superlative of excellence,  
In being greatest in your saving mercy.  
I do confess, humbly confess my fault,  
To be beyond all pity ; my attempt  
So barbarous, y rude, that it would turn  
A saint-like patience into savage fury.  
But you, that are all innocence and virtue,  
No spleen or anger in you of a woman,  
But when a holy zeal to piety fires you,  
May, if you please, impute the fault to love,  
Or call it beastly lust, for 'tis no better ;  
A sin, a monstrous sin ! yet with it many  
That did prove good men after, have been tempted ;  
And, though I'm crooked now, 'tis in your power  
To make me straight again.

*Marc.* Is't possible  
This can be cunning !

*Fran.* But, if no submission,  
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know  
'Tis not the fear of death that makes me sue thus,  
But a loath'd detestation of my madness,  
Which makes me wish to live to have your pardon ;  
I will not wait the sentence of the duke,  
Since his return is doubtful, but I myself  
Will do a fearful justice on myself,  
No witness by but you, there being no more,

\* *He is train'd up, &c.*] A hemistich, or more, is lost here, or, not improbably, purposely omitted. I only mention it to account for the defect of metre ; for the circumstance itself is not worth regretting.

† *But this may prove but courtship ; &c.*] That is, merely paying his court to her as dutchess. M. Mason.

When I offended. Yet, before I do it,  
For I perceive in you no signs of mercy,  
I will disclose a secret, which, dying with me,  
May prove your ruin.

*Marc.* Speak it; it will take from  
The burthen of thy conscience.

*Fran.* Thus, then, madam:

The warrant by my lord sign'd for your death,  
Was but conditional; but you must swear  
By your unspotted truth, not to reveal it,  
Or I end here abruptly.

*Marc.* By my hopes  
Of joys hereafter. *On.*

*Fran.* Nor was it hate  
That forced him to it, but excess of love:  
*And, if I ne'er return, (so said great Sforza,) No living man deserving to enjoy My best Marcelia, with the first news That I am dead, (for no man after me Must e'er enjoy her) fail not to kill her, But till certain proof Assure thee I am lost (these were his words,) Observe and honour her, as if the soul Of woman's goodness only dwelt in her's. This trust I have abused, and basely wrong'd; And, if the excelling pity of your mind Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it, Rather than look on my offended lord, I stand resolved to punish it.*

*Marc.* Hold! 'tis forgiven,  
And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair life  
Hereafter, study to deserve this bounty.  
Which thy true penitence, such I believe it,  
Against my resolution hath forced from me.—  
But that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem  
My life fit only as a page, to wait on  
The various course of his uncertain fortunes;  
Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,  
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me;  
Nor does his envy less deserve mine anger,  
Which, though, such is my love, I would not nourish,  
Will sluck the ardour that I had to see him  
Return in safety.

*Fran.* But if your entertainment  
Should give the least ground to his jealousy,  
To raise up an opinion I am false,  
You then destroy your mercy. Therefore, madam,  
(Though I shall ever look on you as on  
My life's preserver, and the miracle  
Of human pity,) would you but vouchsafe,  
In company, to do me those fair graces,  
And favours, which your innocence and honour  
May safely warrant, it would to the duke,  
I being to your best self alone known guilty,  
Make me appear most innocent.

*Marc.* Have your wishes,  
And something I may do to try his temper,  
At least, to make him know a constant wife  
Is not so slav'd to her husband's doting humours,  
But that she may deserve to live a widow,  
Her fate appointing it.

*Fran.* It is enough;  
Nay, all I could desire, and will make way  
To my revenge, which shall disperse itself  
On him, on her, and all. [*Shout and flourish.*]

*Marc.* What shout is that?

*Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.*

*Tib.* All happiness to the dutchess, that may flow  
From the duke's new and wish'd return!

*Marc.* He's welcome.

*Steph.* How coldly she receives it!

*Tib.* Observe the encounter.

*Flourish. Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, ISABELLA,  
MARIANA, GRACCHO, and Attendants.*

*Mari.* What you have told me, Graccho, is be-  
And I'll find time to stir in't. [*lieved.*]

*Grac.* As you see cause;

I will not do ill offices.

*Sfor.* I have stood

Silent thus long, Marcelia, expecting  
When, with more than a greedy haste, thou wouldst  
Have flown into my arms, and on my lips  
Have printed a deep welcome. My desires  
To glass myself in these fair eyes, have borne me  
With more than human speed: nor durst I stay  
In any temple, or to any saint  
To pay my vows and thanks for my return,  
Till I had seen thee.

*Marc.* Sir, I am most happy  
To look upon you safe, and would express  
My love and duty in a modest fashion,  
Such as might suit with the behaviour  
Of one that knows herself a wife, and bow  
To temper her desires, not like a wanton  
Fired with hot appetite; nor can it wrong me  
To love discreetly.

*Sfor.* How! why, can there be  
A mean in your affections to Sforza?  
Or any act, though ne'er so loose, that may  
Invite or heighten appetite, appear  
Immodest or uncomely? Do not move me,  
My passions to you are in extremes,  
And know no bounds:—come; kiss me.

*Marc.* I obey you.

*Sfor.* By all the joys of love, she does salute me  
As if I were her grandfather! What witch,  
With cursed spells, hath quench'd the amorous heat  
That lived upon these lips? Tell me, Marcelia,  
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine  
That hath begot this coldness? or neglect  
Of others, in my absence?

*Marc.* Neither, sir:

I stand indebted to your substitute,  
Noble and good Francisco, for his care  
And fair observance of me: there was nothing  
With which you, being present, could supply me,  
That I dare say I wanted.

*Sfor.* How!

*Marc.* The pleasures

That sacred Hymen warrants us, excepted,  
Of which, in troth, you are too great a doter;  
And there is more of beast in it than man.  
Let us love temperately; things violent last not,  
And too much dotage rather argues folly  
Than true affection.

*Grac.* Observe but this,  
And how she praised my lord's care and observance,  
And then judge, madam, if my intelligence  
Have any ground of truth.

*Mari.* No more; I mark it.

*Steph.* How the duke stands!

*Tib.* As he were rooted there,  
And had no motion.

*Pesc.* My lord, from whence  
Grows this amazement?

*Sfor.* It is more, dear my friend;  
For I am doubtful whether I've a being

But certain that my life's a burthen to me.  
Take me back, good Pescara, shew me to Cæsar  
In all his rage and fury; I disclaim  
His mercy: to live now, which is his gift,  
Is worse than death and with all studied torments.  
Marcelia is unkind, nay, worse, grown cold  
In her affection; my excess of fervour,  
Which yet was never equall'd, grown distasteful.  
—But have thy wishes, woman; thou shalt know  
That I can be myself, and thus shake off  
The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight,  
Without reply; for I am apt to do  
Something I may repent.—[Exit Marc]—Oh! who  
would place

His happiness in most accursed woman,  
In whom obsequiousness engenders pride;  
And harshness deadly hatred?—From this hour  
I'll labour to forget there are such creatures;  
True friends be now my mistresses. Clear your  
brows,  
And, though my heart-strings crack for't, I will be  
To all a free example of delight:  
We will have sports of all kinds, and propound  
Rewards to such as can produce us new:  
Unsatisfied, though we surfeit in their store,  
And never think of curs'd Marcelia more. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter FRANCISCO and GRACCHO.

Franc. And is it possible thou shouldst forget  
A wrong of such a nature, and then study  
My safety and content?

Grac. Sir, but allow me  
Only to have read the elements of courtship\*,  
Not the abstruse and hidden arts to thrive there;  
And you may please to grant me so much knowledge,  
That injuries from one in grace, like you,  
Are noble favours. Is it not grown common  
In every sect, for those that want, to suffer  
From such as have to give? Your captain cast,  
If poor, though not thought daring, but approved so,  
To raise a coward into name, that's rich,  
Suffers disgraces publicly; but receives  
Rewards for them in private.

Franc. Well observed.  
Put on; we'll be familiar, and discourse  
A little of this argument. That day,  
In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,  
Great Sforza thought me worthy of his favour,  
I found myself to be another thing;  
Not what I was before. I passed then  
For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too,  
And was perhaps received so; but, once raised,  
The liberal courtier made me master of  
Those virtues which I ne'er knew in myself:  
If I pretended to a jest, 'twas made one  
By their interpretation; if I offer'd  
To reason of philosophy, though absurdly,  
They had helps to save me, and without a blush  
Would swear that I, by nature, had more know-  
ledge,

Than others could require by any labour:  
Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another  
Was not remarkable, in me shew'd rarely.

Grac. But then they tasted of your bounty.

Fran. True:

They gave me those good parts I was not born to,  
And, by my intercession, they got that  
Which, had I cross'd them, they durst not have hoped  
for.

Grac. All this is oracle: and shall I, then,  
For a foolish whipping, leave to honour him,  
That holds the wheel of fortune? no; that savours  
Too much of the ancient freedom. Since great men  
Receive disgraces and give thanks, poor knaves  
Must have nor spleen, nor anger. Though I love  
My limbs as well as any man, if you had now  
A humour to kick me lame into an office,  
Where I might sit in state and undo others,  
Stood I not bound to kiss the foot that did it?  
Though it seem strange, there have been such  
things seen

In the memory of man.

Fran. But to the purpose,  
And then, that service done, make thine own for-  
tunes.

My wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too  
Familiar with the dutchess.

Grac. And incensed  
For her commitment in her brother's absence;  
And by her mother's anger is spurr'd on  
To make discovery of it. This her purpose  
Was trusted to my charge, which I declined  
As much as in me lay; but, finding her  
Determinately bent to undertake it,  
Though breaking my faith to her may destroy  
My credit with your lordship, I yet thought,  
Though at my peril, I stood bound to reveal it.

Fran. I thank thy care, and will deserve this  
secret,

In making thee acquainted with a greater,  
And of more moment. Come into my bosom,  
And take it from me: Canst thou think, dull

Graccho,

My power and honours were conferr'd upon me,  
And, add to them, this form, to have my pleasures  
Confined and limited? I delight in change,  
And sweet variety; that's my heaven on earth,  
For which I love life only. I confess,

\* — the elements of courtship,] i.e. of

court-policy. M. MASON.

† — is it not grown common, &c.] Graccho is an apt  
scholar: these notable observations are derived from the les-  
sons of the Officer, in the last act.

‡ Put on;] Be covered; a frequent expression in these  
plays.

My wife pleased me a day, the dutchess, two,  
(And yet I must not say I have enjoy'd her.)  
But now I care for neither: therefore, Graccho,  
So far I am from stopping Mariana  
In making her complaint, that I desire thee  
To urge her to it.

*Grac.* That may prove your ruin:  
The duke already bring, as 'tis reported,  
Doubtful she hath play'd false.

*Fran.* There thou art cozen'd;  
His dotage, like an ague, keeps his course,  
And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose time,  
And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,  
Thou art to be my instrument; and, in spite  
Of the old saw, that says, It is not safe  
On any terms to trust a man that's wrong'd,  
I dare thee to be false.

*Grac.* This is a language,  
My lord, I understand not.

*Fran.* You thought, sirrah,  
To put a trick on me for the relation  
Of what I knew before, and, having won  
Some weighty secret from me, in revenge  
To play the traitor. Know, thou wretched thing,  
By my command thou wert whipt; and every day  
I'll have thee freshly tortured, if thou miss  
In the least charge that I impose upon thee.  
Though what I speak, for the most part, is true;  
Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses  
To be depos'd they heard it, 'tis in me,  
With one word, such is Sforza's confidence  
Of my fidelity not to be shaken,  
To make all void, and ruin my accusers.  
Therefore look to't; bring my wife hotly on  
To accuse me to the duke—I have an end in't,  
Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,  
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a fool  
To hope, by being acquainted with my courses,  
To curb and awe me; or that I should live  
Thy slave, as thou didst saucily divine:  
For prying in my counsels, still live mine. [Exit.]

*Grac.* I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for a  
piousne  
In policy's Protean school, to try conclusions  
With one that hath commenced, and gone out doctor\*.  
If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,  
I shall not be believed: if I fall off  
From him, his threats and actions go together,  
And there's no hope of safety. Till I get  
A plummet that may sound his deepest counsels,  
I must obey and serve him: Want of skill  
Now makes me play the rogue against my will.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter MARCELLA, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, and  
Gentlewoman.

*Marc.* Command me from his sight, and with such  
scorn  
As he would rate his slave!

\* ———— to try conclusions

With one that hath commenced, and gone out doctor.)  
To try conclusions, a very common expression, is, to try  
experiments: "God help them," says Gabriel Harvey, in his  
third letter, "that have neither ability to helpe, nor wit to  
pille themselves, but will needs try conclusions between their  
heads and the next wall." Commenced, and gone out, which  
occur in the next line, are University terms, and to be met  
with in most of our old dramas:

*Tib.* 'Twas in his fury.

*Steph.* And he repents it, madam.

*Marc.* Was I born

To observe his humours? or, because he dotes,  
Must I run mad?

*Tib.* If that your excellence  
Would please but to receive a feeling knowledge  
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least  
Unkindness wounds from you, you would excuse  
His hasty language.

*Steph.* He hath paid the forfeit  
Of his offence, I'm sure, with such a sorrow,  
As, if it had been greater, would deserve  
A full remission.

*Marc.* Why, perhaps, he hath it;  
And I stand more afflicted for his absence,  
Then he can be for mine:—so, pray you, tell him.  
But, till I have digested some sad thoughts,  
And reconciled passions that are at war  
Within myself, I purpose to be private.  
And have you care, unless it be Francisco,  
That no man be admitted. [Exit Gentlewoman.]

*Tib.* How, Francisco!

*Steph.* He, that at every stage keeps livery mis-  
The stallion of the state! [treasures.]

*Tib.* They are things above us,

And so no way concern us.

*Steph.* If I were

The duke, (I freely must confess my weakness,)

Enter FRANCISCO.

I should wear yellow breeches\*. Here he comes.

*Tib.* Nay, spare your labour, lady, we know our  
And quit the room. [duty.]

*Steph.* Is this her privacy!  
Though with the hazard of a check, perhaps,  
This may go to the duke.

[Exit Tiberio and Stephano.]

*Marc.* Your face is full  
Of fears and doubts: the reason?

*Fran.* O best madam,  
They are not counterfeit. I, your poor convert,  
That only wish to live in sad repentance,  
To mourn my desperate attempt of you,  
That have no ends nor aims, but that your goodness  
Might be a witness of my penitence,  
Which seen, would teach you how to love your mercy.  
Am robb'd of that last hope. The duke, the duke,  
I more than fear, hath found that I am guilty.

*Marc.* By my unspotted honour, not from me;  
Nor have I with him changed one syllable,  
Since his return, but what you heard.

*Fran.* Yet malice  
Is eagle-eyed, and would see that which is not;  
And jealousy's too apt to build upon  
Unsure foundations.

*Marc.* Jealousy!

*Fran.* [Aside.] It tak's.

"How many that have done ill, and pined,  
Women that take degrees in wantonness,  
Commence, and rise in rudiments of lust," &c.

The Queen of Corinth.  
\* I should wear yellow breeches.] i. e. Be jealous; yellow,  
with our old poets, being the livery of jealousy: this needs  
no example.

† Nay, spare your labour, lady, we know our duty.  
And quit the room.] Duty was inserted by Cosseter;  
that, or a word of similar import, having been dropt at the  
press. Both the quartos have, we know our exit, with this  
difference, that the last (1638) exhibits exit, as here, in italic  
characters.

*Marc.* Who dares but only think I can be tainted ?  
But for him, though almost on certain proof,  
To give it hearing, not belief, deserves  
My hate for ever.

*Fran.* Whether grounded on  
Your noble, yet chaste favours shewn unto me ;  
Or her imprisonment, for her contempt  
To you, by my command, my frantic wife  
Hath put it in his head.

*Marc.* Have I then lived  
So long, now to be doubted ? Are my favours  
The themes of her discourse ? or what I do,  
That never trod in a suspected path,  
Subject to base construction ? He undaunted ;  
For now, as of a creature that is mine,  
I rise up your protectress : all the grace  
I hitherto have done you, was bestow'd  
With a shut hand ; it shall be now more free,  
Open, and liberal. But let it not,  
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you  
To nourish saucy hopes.

*Fran.* May I be blasted,  
When I prove such a monster !

*Marc.* I will stand then  
Between you and all danger. He shall know,  
Suspicion overturns what confidence builds ;  
And he that dares but doubt when there's no ground,  
Is neither to himself nor others sound. [Exit.]

*Fran.* So, let it work ! Her goodness, that denied  
My service, branded with the name of lust,  
Shall now destroy itself ; and she shall find,  
When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd  
With power, to be his advocates, the denial  
Is a disease as killing as the plague,  
And chastity a clue that leads to death.  
Hold but thy nature, duke, and be but rash  
And violent enough, and then at leisure,  
Repent ; I care not.  
And let my plots produce this long'd-for birth,  
In my revenge I have my heaven on earth. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter SPORZA, PESCARA, and three Gentlemen.*

*Pesc.* You promised to be merry.

1 *Gent.* There are pleasures,  
And of all kinds, to entertain the time.

2 *Gent.* Your excellence vouchsafing to make  
Of that which best affects you. [choice]

*Sfor.* Hold your prating.

Learn manners too ; your are rude.

3 *Gent.* I have my answer,  
Before I ask the question. [Aside.]

*Pesc.* I must borrow  
The privilege of a friend, and will ; or else  
I am like these, a servant, or, what's worse,  
A parasite to the sorrow Sforza worships  
In spite of reason.

*Sfor.* Pray you, use your freedom ;  
And so far, if you please, allow me mine,  
To hear you only ; not to be compell'd  
To take your moral potions. I am a man,  
And, though philosophy, your mistress, rage for't,  
Now I have cause to grieve, I must be sad ;  
And I dare shew it.

*Pesc.* Would it were bestow'd  
Upon a worthier subject.

*Sfor.* Take heed, friend !

You rub a sore, whose pain will make me mad ;  
And I shall then forget myself and you.  
Lance it no further.

*Pesc.* Have you stood the shock  
Of thousand enemies, and outfaced the anger  
Of a great emperor, that vow'd your ruin.  
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,  
That had no precedent ? are you return'd with honour,  
Loved by your subjects ? does your fortune court  
you,

Or rather say, your courage does command it ?  
Have you given proof, to this hour of your life,  
Prosperity, that searches the best temper,  
Could never puff you up, nor adverse fate  
Deject your valour ? Shall, I say, these virtues,  
So many and so various trials of  
Your constant mind, be buried in the frown  
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair woman ;  
Yet I have seen her equals.

*Sfor.* Good Pescara,  
This language in another were profane ;  
In you it is unmannerly.—Her equal !  
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly,  
(To all men else my sword should make reply,)  
Her goodness does disdain comparison,  
And, but herself, admits no parallel\*.  
But you will say she's cross ; 'tis fit she should be,  
When I am foolish ; for she's wise, Pescara,  
And knows how far she may dispose her bounties,  
Her honour safe ; or, if she were adverse,  
'Twas a prevention of a greater sin  
Ready to fall upon me ; for she's not ignorant,  
But truly understands how much I love her,  
And that her rare parts do deserve all honour.  
Her excellence increasing with her years too,  
I might have fallen into idolatry,  
And, from the admiration of her worth,  
Been taught to think there is no Power above her ;  
And yet I do believe, had angels sexes,  
The most would be such women, and assume  
No other shape, when they were to appear  
In their full glory.

*Pesc.* Well, sir, I'll not cross you,  
Nor labour to diminish your esteem,  
Hereafter, of her. Since your happiness,

\* *Her goodness does disdain comparison,*  
And, but herself, admits no parallel.] The reader who  
has any acquaintance with the literary squabbles of the last  
century, cannot but recollect how Theobald was annoyed by  
the jests levelled at him for this line in the *Double False-*  
*hood* :

"None but himself can be his parallel."

He justified it, indeed, at some length ; but "it is not for  
gravity," as Sir Toby well observes, "to play at cherry-pit  
with Satan ;" his waggish antagonists drove him out of his  
patience, and he, who had every thing but wit on his side,  
is at this moment labouring under the consequences of his  
imagined defeat. With respect to the phrase in question, it  
is sufficiently common ; and I could produce, if it were ne-  
cessary, twenty instances of it from Massinger's contem-  
poraries alone : nor is it peculiar to this country, but exists  
in every language with which I am acquainted. Even while I  
am writing this note, the following pretty example flies  
before me, in the address of a grateful Hindoo to Sir William  
Jones :

"To you there are many like me ; yet to me there is none  
like you, but yourself ; there are numerous groves of night  
flowers ; yet the night flower sees nothing like the moon, but  
the moon. A hundred chiefs rule the world, but thou art an  
ocean, and they are mere wells ; many luminaries are awake  
in the sky, but which of them can be compared to the sun ?"  
*See Memoirs of his Life, by Lord Teignmouth.*

As you will have it, has alone dependence  
Upon her favour, from my soul I wish you  
A fair atonement\*.

*Sfor.* Time, and my submission,

*Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.*

May work her to it.—O! you are well return'd;  
Say, am I blest? hath she vouchsafed to hear you?  
Is there hope left that she may be appeased?  
Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe  
To her conditions.

*Tib.* She, sir, yet is froward,  
And desires respite, and some privacy.

*Steph.* She was harsh at first; but ere we parted,  
Implacable. [seem'd not

*Sfor.* There's comfort yet: I'll ply her  
Each hour with new ambassadors of more honours,  
Titles, and eminence: my second self,  
Francisco, shall solicit her.

*Steph.* That a wise man,  
And what is more, a prince that may command,  
Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his wife,  
As she were a victorious enemy,  
At whose proud feet, himself, his state, and country,  
Basely begg'd mercy!

*Sfor.* What is that you mutter?  
I'll have thy thoughts.

*Steph.* You shall. You are too fond,  
And feed a pride that's swollen too big already,  
And surfeits with observance.

*Sfor.* O my patience!

My vassal speak thus!

*Steph.* Let my head answer it,  
If I offend. She, that you think a saint,  
I fear, may play the devil.

*Pesc.* Well said, old fellow.

*Steph.* And he that hath so long engross'd your  
favours,

Though to be named with reverence lord Francisco,  
Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,  
I think's too near her.

*Pesc.* Hold, sir! this is madness.

*Steph.* It may be they confer of joining lordships;  
I'm sure he's private with her.

*Sfor.* Let me go,  
I scorn to touch him; he deserves my pity,  
And not my anger. Dotard! and to be one  
Is thy protection, else thou durst not think  
That love to my Marcellia hath left room  
In my full heart for any jealous thought:—  
That idle passion dwell with thick-skinn'd trades-  
men †.

The undeserving lord, or the unable!  
Lock up thy own wife, fool, that must take physic  
From her young doctor, physic upon her back,  
Because thou hast the palsy in that part  
That makes her active. I could smile to think  
What wretched things they are that dare be jealous:  
Were I match'd to another Messaline,  
While I found merit in myself to please her,

\* A fair atonement.] i. e. as Mr. M. Mason observes, a reconciliation. To atone has often this sense in our old writers: so Shakspeare:

"He and Antinous can no more atone,

Than violentest contrarieties." *Coriolanus.*

† That idle passion dwell with thick-skinn'd tradesmen.] Thick-skinn'd is the reading of both the quartos; the modern editors wantonly, and, I may add, ignorantly, displaced it for thick-skinn'd. It is not to a want of understanding, but to a bluntness of feeling, that the speaker alludes.

In this your studied purpose to deprave her;  
And all the shot made by your foul detraction,  
Falling upon her sure-arm'd innocence,  
I should believe her chaste, and would not seek  
To find out my own torment; but, alas!  
Enjoying one that, but to me, 's a Dian\*,  
I am too secure.

*Tib.* This is a confidence  
Beyond example.

*Enter GRACCHO, ISABELLA, and MARIANA.*

*Grac.* There he is—now speak,  
Or be for ever silent.

*Sfor.* If you come  
To bring me comfort, say that you have made  
My peace with my Marcellia.

*Isab.* I had rather  
Wait on you to your funeral.

*Sfor.* You are my mother;  
Or, by her life, you were dead else.

*Mari.* Would you were,  
To your dishonour! and, since dotage makes you  
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes,  
Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh?  
A lump of patience only? no fire in you?  
But do your pleasure:—here your mother was  
Committed by your servant, (for I scora  
To call him husband,) and myself, your sister,  
If that you dare remember such a name,  
Mew'd up, to make the way open and free  
For the adulteress, I am unwilling  
To say, a part of Sforza.

*Sfor.* Take her head off!  
She hath blasphemed! and by our law must die  
*Isab.* Blasphemed! for calling of a whore, a whore?

*Sfor.* O hell, what do I suffer!

*Mari.* Or is it treason  
For me, that am a subject, to endeavour  
To save the honour of the duke, and that  
He should not be a wittol on record?  
For by posterity 'twill be believed,  
As certainly as now it can be proved,  
Francisco, the great minion that sways all,  
To meet the chaste embraces of the dutchess,  
Hath leap'd into her bed.

*Sfor.* Some proof, vile creature!  
Or thou hast spoke thy last.

*Mari.* The public fame,  
Their hourly private meetings; and e'en now,  
When, under a pretence of grief or anger,  
You are denied the joys due to a husband,  
And made a stranger to her, at all times  
The door stands open to him. To a Dutchman,  
This were enough, but to a right Italian,  
A hundred thousand witnesses.

*Isab.* Would you have us  
To be her bawds?

*Sfor.* O the malice  
And envy of base women, that, with horror,  
Knowing their own defects and inward guilt,  
Dare lie, and swear, and damn, for what's most false,  
To cast aspersions upon one untainted!  
Ye are in your nature's devils, and your ends,  
Knowing your reputations sunk for ever,  
And not to be recover'd, to have all  
Wear your black livery. Wretches; you have raised  
A monumental trophy to her pureness,

\* ———— that, but to me, 's a Dian,] A contraction of Diana. M. Mason. And so it is!

Returns upon yourselves ; and, if my love  
 Could suffer an addition, I'm so far  
 From giving credit to you, this would teach me  
 More to admire and serve her. You are not worthy  
 To fall as sacrifices to appease her ;  
 And therefore live till your own envy burst you.  
*Isab.* All is in vain ; he is not to be moved.  
*Mari.* She has bewitch'd him.  
*Pesc.* 'Tis so past belief,  
 To me it shews a fable.

*Enter FRANCISCO, speaking to a Servant within.*

*Fran.* On thy life,  
 Provide my horses, and without the port  
 With care attend me.

*Serv. [within.]* I shall, my lord.

*Grac.* He's come.

What gimcrack have we next ? \*

*Fran.* Great sir.

*Sfor.* Francisco,  
 Though all the joys in women are fled from me,  
 In thee I do embrace the full delight  
 That I can hope from man.

*Fran.* I would impart,  
 Please you to lend your ear, a weighty secret,  
 I am in labour to deliver to you.

*Sfor.* All leave the room. Excuse me, good Pescara,  
 Ere long I will wait on you.

*Pesc.* You speak, sir,  
 The language I should use.

*Sfor.* Be within call,  
 Perhaps we may have use of you.

*Tib.* We shall sir.

*[Exeunt all but Sforza and Francisco.]*

*Sfor.* Say on, my comfort.

*Fran.* Comfort ! no, your torment,  
 For so my fate appoints me. I could curse  
 The hour that gave me being.

*Sfor.* What new monsters  
 Of misery stand ready to devour me ?  
 Let them at once dispatch me.

*Fran.* Draw your sword then,  
 And, as you wish your own peace, quickly kill me ;  
 Consider not, but do it.

*Sfor.* Art thou mad ?

*Fran.* Or, if to take my life be too much mercy,  
 As death, indeed, concludes all human sorrows,  
 Cut off my nose and ears ; pull out an eye.  
 The other only left to lend me light  
 To see my own deformities. Why was I born  
 Without some mulet imposed on me by nature ?  
 Would from my youth a loathsome leprosy  
 Had run upon this face, or that my breath  
 Had been infectious, and so made me shunn'd  
 Of all societies ! curs'd be he that taught me  
 Discourse or manners, or lent any grace  
 That makes the owner pleasing in the eye  
 Of wanton women ! since those parts, which others  
 Value as blessings, are to me afflictions,  
 Such my condition is.

\* *What gimcrack have we next ?* It may be that Coxeter has hit upon the right word ; but the first syllable is omitted in the old copies ; probably it was of an offensive tendency. Besides the terror of the law that hung over the poet's head about this time, the Master of the Revels kept a scrutinising eye upon every passage of an indecent (indecent for the times) or profane tendency. It is Massinger's peculiar praise, that he is altogether free from the latter.

*Sfor.* I am on the rack :  
 Dissolve this doubtful riddle\*.

*Fran.* That I alone,  
 Of all mankind, that stand most bound to love you,  
 And study your content, should be appointed,  
 Not by my will, but forced by cruel fate,  
 To be your greatest enemy !—not to hold you  
 In this amazement longer, in a word,  
 Your dutchess loves me.

*Sfor.* Loves thee ?

*Fran.* Is mad for me,  
 Pursues me hourly.

*Sfor.* Oh !

*Fran.* And from hence grew  
 Her late neglect of you.

*Sfor.* O women ! women !

*Fran.* I labour'd to divert her by persuasion,  
 Then urged your much love to her, and the danger ;  
 Denied her, and with scorn.

*Sfor.* 'Twas like thyself.

*Fran.* But when I saw her smile, then heard her  
 say,

Your love and extreme dotage as a cloak,  
 Should cover our embraces, and your power  
 Fright others from suspicion ; and all favours  
 That should preserve her in her innocence,  
 By lust inverted to be used as bawds ;  
 I could not but in duty (though I know  
 That the relation kills in you all hope  
 Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill shew  
 Both base and poor to rise up her accuser)  
 Freely discover it.

*Sfor.* Eternal plagues  
 Pursue and overtake her ! for her sake,  
 To all posterity may he prove a cuckold,  
 And, like to me, a thing so miserable  
 As words may not express him, that gives trust  
 To all deceiving women ! Or, since it is  
 The will of heaven, to preserve mankind,  
 That we must know and couple with these serpents,  
 No wise man ever, taught by my example,  
 Hereafter use his wife with more respect  
 Than he would do his horse that does him service ;  
 Base woman being in her creation made  
 A slave to man. But, like a village nurse,  
 Stand I now cursing and considering, when  
 The tamest fool would do !—Within there ! Stephano,  
 Tiberio, and the rest.—I will be sudden,  
 And she shall know and feel, love in extremes  
 Abused, knows no degree in hate†.

*Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.*

*Tib.* My lord.

*Sfor.* Go to the chamber of that wicked woman—

*Steph.* What wicked woman, sir ?

*Sfor.* The devil, my wife.

Force a rude entry, and, if she refuse  
 To follow you, drag her hither by the hair,  
 And know no pity ; any gentle usage  
 To her will call on cruelty from me,  
 To such as show it.—Stand you staring ! Go,  
 And put my will in act.

\* *Dissolve this doubtful riddle.* Our old writers used *dissolve* and *solve* indiscriminately ; or, if they made any difference, it was in favour of the former :

—he is pointed at

For the fine courtier, the woman's man,  
 That tells my lady stories, *dissolves riddles.*"

*The Queen of Corinth.*

† —no degree in hate.] For no degree in hate, the modern editors very incorrectly read, no degree of hate.

*Steph.* There's no disputing.

*Tib.* But 'tis a tempest on the sudden raised,  
Who durst have dream'd of?

[*Exeunt Tiberio and Stephano.*]

*Sfor.* Nay, since she dares damnation,  
I'll be a fury to her.

*Fran.* Yet, great sir,  
Exceed not in your fury; she's yet guilty  
Only in her intent.

*Sfor.* Intent, Francisco!  
It does include all fact; and I might sooner  
Be won to pardon treason to my crown,  
Or one that kill'd my father.

*Fran.* You are wise,  
And know what's best to do:—yet, if you please,  
To prove her temper to the height, say only  
That I am dead, and then observe how far  
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,  
But be within your call. Now to the upshot?  
Howe'er I'll shift for one. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, and Guard with MARCELLA.*

*Marc.* Where is this monster,  
This walking tree of jealousy, this dreamer,  
This horned beast that would be? Oh! are you here,  
Is it by your commandment or allowance, [*sir,*  
I am thus basely used? Which of my virtues,  
My labours, services, and cares to please you,  
For, to a man suspicious and unthankful,  
Without a blush I may be mine own trumpet,  
Invites this barbarous course? dare you look on me  
Without a seal of shame?

*Sfor.* Impudence,  
How ugly thou appear'st now! thy intent  
To be a whore, leaves thee not blood enough  
To make an honest blush; what had the act done?

*Marc.* Return'd thee the dishonour thou deservest,  
Though willingly I had given up myself  
To every common lecher.

*Sfor.* Your chief minion,  
Your chosen favourite, your woo'd Francisco,  
Has dearly paid for't; for, wretch! know, he's dead,  
And by my hand.

*Marc.* The bloodier villain thou!  
But 'tis not to be wondered at, thy love  
Does know no other object:—thou hast kill'd then,  
A man I do profess I loved; a man

For whom a thousand queens might well be rivals.  
But he, I speak it to thy teeth, that dares be  
A jealous fool, dares be a murderer,  
And knows no end in mischief.

*Sfor.* I begin now  
In this my justice.

[*Stabs her.*]

*Marc.* Oh! I have fool'd myself  
Into my grave, and only grieve for that  
Which, when you know you've slain an innocent,  
You needs must suffer.

*Sfor.* An innocent! Let one  
Call in Francisco, for he lives, vile creature,  
[*Exit Stephano.*]

To justify thy falsehood, and how often,  
With whorish flatteries thou hast tempted him;  
I being only fit to live a stale,  
A bawd and property to your wantonness.

*Re-enter STEPHANO.*

*Steph.* Signior Francisco, sir, but even now,  
Took horse without the porta.

*Marc.* We are both abused,  
And both by him undone. Stay, death, a little,  
Till I have clear'd me to my lord, and then\*  
I willingly obey thee. O my Sforza!  
Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter;  
And, as he thought to win me, shew'd the warrant  
That you sign'd for my death.

*Sfor.* Then I believe thee;  
Believe thee innocent too.

*Marc.* But, being condemn'd,  
Upon his knees with tears he did beseech me,  
Not to reveal it; I, soft-hearted fool,  
Judging his penitence true, was won unto it:  
Indeed, the unkindness to be sentenced by you,  
Before that I was guilty in a thought,  
Made me put on a seeming anger towards you,  
And now—behold the issue. As I do,  
May heaven forgive you!

[*Dies.*]

*Tib.* Her sweet soul has left  
Her beauteous prison.

*Steph.* Look to the duke; he stands  
As if he wanted motion.

*Tib.* Grief hath stopp'd  
The organ of his speech.

*Steph.* Take up this body,  
And call for his physicians.

*Sfor.* O my heart-strings!

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Milanese. A Room in EUGENIA'S House.*

*Enter FRANCISCO and EUGENIA in male attire.*

*Fran.* Why, couldst thou think, Eugenia that  
rewards,  
Graces, or favours, though strew'd thick upon me,  
Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour?  
Or that I tamely would sit down, before  
I had dried these eyes still wet with showers of tears,  
By the fire of my revenge? look up, my dearest!  
For that proud fair, that, thief-like, stepp'd between  
Thy promised hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune

Almost in thy possession, hath found,<sup>1</sup>  
With horrid proof, his love, she thought her glory.  
And an assurance of all happiness,  
But hastened her sad ruin.

*Eug.* Do not flatter  
A grief that is beneath it; for, however  
The credulous duke to me proved false and cruel,  
It is impossible he could be wrought

\* *Till I have clear'd me to my lord, and then* This is the reading of the first quarto; the second, which is that followed by the modern editors, gives the line in this unmetrical manner:

*Till I have clear'd myself unto my lord, and then!*

To look on her, but with the eyes of dotage,  
And so to serve her.

*Fran.* Such, indeed, I grant,  
The stream of his affection was, and ran  
A constant course, till I, with cunning malice,  
And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice,  
Made it turn backward; and hate, in extremes,—  
(Love banish'd from his heart,) to fill the room:  
In a word, know the fair Marcelia's dead\*.

*Eug.* Dead! [you?

*Fran.* And by Sforza's hand. Does it not move  
How coldly you receive it! I expected  
The mere relation of so great a blessing,  
Born proudly on the wings of sweet revenge,  
Would have call'd on a sacrifice of thanks,  
And joy not to be bounded or conceal'd.  
You entertain it with a look, as if  
You wish'd it were undone.

*Eug.* Indeed I do:

For, if my sorrows could receive addition,  
Her sad fate would increase, not lessen them.  
She never injured me, but entertain'd  
A fortune humbly offer'd to her hand,  
Which a wise lady gladly would have kneel'd for.  
Unless you would impute it as a crime,  
She was more fair than I, and had discretion  
Not to deliver up her virgin fort, [tears,  
Though strait besieged with flatteries, vows, and  
Until the church had made it safe and lawful.  
And had I been the mistress of her judgment  
And constant temper, skilful in the knowledge  
Of man's malicious falsehood, I had never,  
Upon his hell-deep oaths to marry me,  
Given up my fair name, and my maiden honour,  
To his foul lust; nor lived now, being branded  
In the forehead for his whore, the scorn and shame  
Of all good women.

*Fran.* Have you then no gall,  
Anger, or spleen, familiar to your sex?  
Or is it possible that you could see  
Another to possess what was your due,  
And not grow pale with envy?

*Eug.* Yes, of him

That did deceive me. There's no passion, that  
A maid so injured ever could partake of,  
But I have dearly suffer'd. These three years,  
In my desire and labour of revenge,  
Trusted to you, I have endured the throes  
Of teeming women; and will hazard all  
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach  
Thy heart, false Sforza! You have trifled with me,  
And not proceeded with that fiery zeal  
I look'd for from a brother of your spirit.  
Sorrow forsake me, and all signs of grief  
Farewell for ever. Vengeance, arm'd with fury,  
Possess me wholly now!

*Fran.* I be reason, sister,  
Of this strange metamorphosis?

*Eug.* Ask thy fears:

Thy base, unmanly fears, thy poor delays,  
Thy dull forgetfulness equal with death;  
My wrong, else, and the scandal which can never  
Be wash'd off from our house, but in his blood,  
Would have stirr'd up a coward to a deed  
In which, though he had fallen, the brave intent  
Had crown'd itself with a fair monument

Of noble resolution. In this shape  
I hope to get access; and, then, with shame,  
Hearing my sudden execution, judge  
What honour thou hast lost, in being transcended  
By a weak woman.

*Fran.* Still mine own, and dearer!  
And yet in this you but pour oil on fire,  
And offer your assistance where it needs not.  
And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,  
But had your wrongs stamp'd deeply on my heart  
By the iron pen of vengeance, I attempted,  
By whoring her, to cuckold him: that failing,  
I did begin his tragedy in her death,  
To which it served as prologue, and will make  
A memorable story of your fortunes  
In my assured revenge: Only best sister,  
Let us not lose ourselves in the performance,  
By your rash undertaking; we will be  
As sudden as you could wish.

*Eug.* Upon those terms  
I yield myself and cause, to be disposed of  
As you think fit.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Fran.* Thy purpose?

*Serv.* There's one Graccho,  
That follow'd you, it seems, upon the track,  
Since you left Milan, that's importunate  
To have access, and will not be denied;  
His haste, he says, concerns you.

*Fran.* Bring him to me. [Exit Servant,  
Though he hath laid an ambush for my life,  
Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him,  
And work mine own ends out.

*Enter GRACCHO.*

*Grac.* Now for my whipping!  
And if I now outstrip him not, and catch him,  
And by a new and strange way too, hereafter  
I'll swear there are worms in my brains. [Aside.

*Fran.* Now, my good Graccho;  
We meet as 'twere by miracle.

*Grac.* Love, and duty,  
And vigilance in me for my lord's safety,  
First taught me to imagine you were here,  
And then to follow you. All's come forth, my lord,  
That you could wish conceal'd. The dutchess'  
wound,  
In the duke's rage put home, yet gave her leave  
To acquaint him with your practices, which your  
Did easily confirm. [flight

*Fran.* This I expected;  
But sure you come provided of good counsel,  
To help in my extremes.

*Grac.* I would not hurt you. [death;

*Fran.* How! hurt me? such another word's thy  
Why, dar'st thou think it can fall in thy will,  
To outlive what I determine?

*Grac.* How he awes me! [Aside.

*Fran.* Be brief; what brought thee hither?

*Grac.* Care to inform you  
You are a condemn'd man, pursued and sought for,  
And your head rated at ten thousand ducats  
To him that brings it.

*Fran.* Very good.

*Grac.* All passages  
Are intercepted, and choice troops of horse  
Scour o'er the neighbour plains; your picture sent  
To every state confederate with Milan:  
That, though I grieve to speak it, in my judgment,

\* In a word, know the fair Marcelia's dead. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason omit the artifice, which utterly destroys the rhythm of the line.

So thick your dangers meet, and run upon you,  
It is impossible you should escape  
Their curious search.

*Eug.* Why, let us then turn Romans,  
And, falling by our own hands, mock their threats,  
And dreadful preparations.

*Fran.* 'Twould show nobly ;  
But that the honour of our full revenge  
Were lost in the rash action. No, Eugenia,  
Graccho is wise, my friend too, not my servant,  
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.  
We would, and thou must help us to perform it,  
First kill the duke—then, fall what can upon us !  
For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,  
And not to be forgotten.

*Grac.* He instructs me

[*Aside.*

What I should do.

*Fran.* What's that ?

*Grac.* I labour with  
A strong desire to assist you with my service ;  
And now I am deliver'd oft.

*Fran.* I told you.

Speak, my oraculous Graccho.

*Grac.* I have heard, sir,  
Of men in debt that, lay'd for by their creditors,  
In all such places where it could be thought  
They would take shelter, chose, for sanctuary,  
Their lodgings underneath their creditors' noses,  
Or near that prison to which they were design'd,  
If apprehended ; confident that there  
They never should be sought for.

*Eug.* 'Tis a strange one !

*Fran.* But what infer you from it ?

*Grac.* This, my lord ;  
That, since all ways of your escape are stopp'd,  
In Milan only, or, what's more, in the court,  
Whither it is presumed you dare not come,  
Conceal'd in some disguise, you may live safe.

*Fran.* And not to be discover'd !

*Grac.* But by myself.

[*Graccho.*

*Fran.* By thee ! Alas ! I know thee honest  
And I will put thy counsel into act,  
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful  
For all thy loving travail to preserve me,  
What bloody end soe'er my stars appoint, [there ?  
Thou shalt be safe, good Graccho.—Who's within ?

*Grac.* In the devil's name, what means he\* !

*Enter Servants.*

*Fran.* Take my friend  
Into your custody, and bind him fast ;  
I would not part with him.

*Grac.* My good lord.

*Fran.* Dispatch :

'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, Graccho :  
I would not have ten thousand ducats tempt you,  
Being of a soft and wax-like disposition,  
To play the traitor ; nor a foolish itch  
To be revenged for your late excellent whipping.  
Give you the opportunity to offer  
My head for satisfaction. Why, thou fool !  
I can look through and through thee ; thy intents  
Appear to me as written in thy forehead  
In plain and easy characters : and but that

\* *Grac.* In the devil's name, what means he ? The second quarto omits the adjuration and tamely reads,—*what means he ?* The licenser, in many cases, seems to have acted capriciously : here, as well as in several other places, he has strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel. The expression has already occurred in the *Unnatural Combat*.

I scorn a slave's base blood should rust that sword  
That from a prince expects a scarlet die,  
Thou now wert dead ; but live, only to pray  
For good success to crown my undertakings ;  
And then, at my return, perhaps I'll free thee,  
To make me further sport. Away with him !  
I will not hear a syllable.

[*Exit Servants with Graccho.*

We must trust  
Ourselves, Eugenia ; and though we make use of  
The counsel of our servants, that oil spent,  
Like snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.—  
But now to our last scene, which we'll so carry,  
That few shall understand how 'twas begun,  
Till all, with half an eye, may see 'tis done.

*Exit.*

#### SCENE II.—Milan. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter PESCARA, TIBERIO, and STEPHANO.*

*Pesc.* The like was never read of.

*Steph.* In my judgement,  
To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear  
A most impossible fable.

*Tib.* For Francisco,  
My wonder is the less, because there are  
Too many precedents of unthankful men  
Raised up to greatness, which have after studied  
The ruin of their makers.

*Steph.* But that melancholy,  
Though ending in distraction, should work  
So far upon a man, as to compel him  
To court a thing that has no sense nor being,  
Is unto me a miracle.

*Pesc.* 'Tis true, I'll tell you,  
And briefly as I can, by what degrees  
He fell into this madness. When, by the care  
Of his physicians, he was brought to life,  
As he had only pass'd a fearful dream,  
And had not acted what I grieve to think on,  
He call'd for fair Marcella, and being told  
That she was dead, he broke forth in extremes,  
(I would not say blasphem'd,) and cried that  
heaven,

For all the offences that mankind could do,  
Would never be so cruel as to rob it  
Of so much sweetness, and of so much goodness ;  
That not alone was sacred in herself,  
But did preserve all others innocent,  
That had but converse with her. Then it came  
Into his fancy that she was accused  
By his mother and his sister ; thrice he curs'd them  
And thrice his desperate hand was on his sword  
To have kill'd them both ; but he restrain'd, and they  
Shunning his fury, spite of all prevention  
He would have turn'd his rage upon himself ;  
When wisely his physicians looking on  
The dutchess' wound, to stay his ready hand,  
Cried out, it was not mortal.

*Tib.* 'Twas well thought on.

*Pesc.* He easily believing what he wish'd,  
More than a perpetuity of pleasure  
In any object else ; flatter'd by hope,  
Forgetting his own greatness, he fell prostrate  
At the doctor's feet, implored their aid, and swore,  
Provided they recover'd her, he would live  
A private man, and they should share his dukedom.  
They seem'd to promise fair, and every hour  
Vary their judgments, as they find his fit

To suffer intermission or extremes :  
For his behaviour since——

*Sfor.* [within.] As you have pity,  
Support her gently.

*Pesc.* Now, be your own witnesses ;  
I am prevented.

*Enter SPORZA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, Doctors and  
Servants with the Body of MARCELLIA.*

*Sfor.* Carefully, I beseech you,  
The gentlest touch torments her ; and then think  
What I shall suffer. O you earthly gods,  
You second natures, that from your great master,  
Who join'd the limbs of torn Hippolitus,  
And drew upon himself the Thunderer's envy,  
Are taught those hidden secrets that restore  
To life death-wounded men ! you have a patient,  
On whom to express the excellence of art,  
Will bind even heaven your debtor, though it pleases  
To make your hands the organs of a work  
The saints will smile to look on, and good angels  
Clap their celestial wings to give it plaudits.  
How pale and wan she looks ! O pardon me,  
That I presume (died o'er with bloody guilt,  
Which makes me, I confess, far, far unworthy)  
To touch this snow-white hand. How cold it is !  
This once was Cupid's fire-brand, and still  
'Tis so to me. How slow her pulses beat too !  
Yet, in this temper, she is all perfection,  
And mistress of a heat so full of sweetness,  
The blood of virgins, in their pride of youth,  
Are balls of snow or ice compared unto her.

*Mari.* Is not this strange ?

*Isab.* Oh ! cross him not, dear daughter ;  
Our conscience tells us we have been abused,  
Wrought to accuse the innocent, and with him  
Are guilty of a fact——

*Enter a Servant, and whispers PESCANA.*

*Mari.* 'Tis now past help.

*Pesc.* With me ? What is he ?

*Serv.* He has a strange aspect ;  
A Jew by birth, and a physician  
By his profession, as he says, who, hearing  
Of the duke's frenzy, on the forfeit of  
His life will undertake to render him  
Perfect in every part :—provided that  
Your lordship's favour gain him free access,  
And your power with the duke a safe protection,  
Till the great work be ended.

*Pesc.* Bring me to him ;  
As I find cause, I'll do. [*Exeunt Pesc. and Serv.*]

*Sfor.* How sound she sleeps !  
Heaven keep her from a lethargy !—How long  
(But answer me with comfort, I beseech you)  
Does your sure judgment tell you, that these lids,  
That cover richer jewels than themselves,  
Like envious night, will bar these glorious suns  
From shining on me ?

1 *Doct.* We have given her, sir,  
A sleepy potion, that will hold her long,  
That she may be less sensible of the torment  
The searching of her wound will put her to.

2 *Doct.* She now feels little ; but, if we should  
wake her,  
To hear her speak would fright both us and you,  
And therefore dare not hasten it.

*Sfor.* I am patient.  
You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure.  
What do you think she dreams of now ? for sure,

Although her body's organs are bound fast,  
Her fancy cannot slumber.

1 *Doct.* That, sir, looks on  
Your sorrow for your late rash act, with pity  
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares  
To meet the free confession of your guilt  
With a glad pardon.

*Sfor.* She was ever kind ;  
And her displeasure, though call'd on, short-lived  
Upon the least submission. O you Powers,  
That can convey our thoughts to one another  
Without the aid of eyes or ears, assist me !  
Let her behold me in a pleasing dream  
Thus, on my knees before her ; (yet that duty  
In me is not sufficient ;) let her see me  
Compel my mother, from whom I took life,  
And this my sister, partner of my being,  
To bow thus low unto her ; let her hear us  
In my acknowledgment freely confess  
That we in a degree as high are guilty  
As she is innocent. Bite your tongues, vile creatures,  
And let your inward horror fright your souls,  
For having belied that pureness, to come near which,  
All women that posterity can bring forth  
Must be, though striving to be good, poor rivals.  
And for that dog Francisco, that seduced me,  
In wounding her, to raise a temple built  
To chastity and sweetness, let her know  
I'll follow him to hell, but I will find him,  
And there live a fourth fury to torment him.  
Then, for this cursed hand and arm, that guided  
The wicked steel, I'll have them, joint by joint,  
With burning irons sear'd off, which I will eat,  
I being a vulture fit to taste such carrion ;  
Lastly——

1 *Doct.* You are too loud, sir ; you disturb  
Her sweet repose.

*Sfor.* I am hush'd. Yet give us leave,  
Thus prostrate at her feet, our eyes bent downwards,  
Unworthy and ashamed, to look upon her,  
To expect her gracious sentence.

2 *Doct.* He's past hope.

1 *Doct.* The body too will putrify, and then  
We can no longer cover the imposture.

*Tib.* Which in his death will quickly be dis-  
I can but weep his fortune. [cover'd.]

*Steph.* Yet be careful  
You lose no minute to preserve him ; time  
May lessen his distraction.

*Re-enter PESCANA, with FRANCISCO as a Jew and  
EUGENIA disguised.*

*Fran.* I am no god, sir,  
To give a new life to her ; yet I'll hazard  
My head, I'll work the senseless trunk t' appear  
To him as it had got a second being,  
Or that the soul that's fled from't, were call'd back  
To govern it again. I will preserve it  
In the first sweetness, and by a strange vapour,  
Which I'll infuse into her mouth, create  
A seeming breath ; I'll make her veins run high too,  
As if they had true motion.

*Pesc.* Do but this,  
Till we use means to win upon his passions  
T' endure to hear she's dead with some small patience,  
And make thy own reward.

\* *Tib.* Which in his death will quickly be discover'd.] I  
know not how the modern editors understood this line, but  
for his, they read, her death : a strange sophistication !

*Fran.* The art I use  
Admits no looker on : I only ask  
The fourth part of an hour to perfect that  
I boldly undertake.

*Pesc.* I will procure it.

*2 Dact.* What stranger's this?

*Pesc.* Sooth me in all I say ;  
There is a main end in't.

*Fran.* Beware !

*Eug.* I am warn'd.

*Pesc.* Look up, sir, cheerfully ; comfort in me  
Flows strongly to you.

*Sfor.* From whence came that sound !  
Was it from my Marcelia ? If it were,  
I rise, and joy will give me wings to meet it.

*Pesc.* Nor shall your expectation be deferr'd  
But a few minutes. Your physicians are  
Mere voice, and no performance ; I have found  
A man that can do wonders. Do not hinder  
The dutchess' wish'd recovery, to enquire  
Or what he is, or to give thanks, but leave him  
To work this miracle.

*Sfor.* Sure, 'tis my good angel.  
I do obey in all things ; be it death  
For any to disturb him, or come near,  
Till he be pleased to call us. O, be prosperous,  
And make a duke thy bondman !

[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Eugenia.*]

*Fran.* 'Tis my purpose ;  
If that to fall a long-wish'd sacrifice  
To my revenge can be a benefit.  
I'll first make fast the doors ;—so !

*Eug.* You amaze me :  
What follows now ?

*Fran.* A full conclusion  
Of all thy wishes. Look on this, Eugenia,  
Even such a thing, the proudest fair on earth  
(For whose delight the elements are ransack'd,  
And art with nature studied to preserve her,)  
Must be, when she is summon'd to appear  
In the court of death. But I lose time.

*Eug.* What mean you ?

*Fran.* Disturb me not. Your ladyship looks pale ;  
But I, your doctor, have a ceruse for you.  
See, my Eugenia, how many faces,  
That are adorned in court, borrow these helps,

[*Paints the cheeks.*]

And pass for excellence, when the better part  
Of them are like to this. Your mouth smells sour  
But here is that shall take away the scent ; [too,  
A precious antidote old ladies use, [rotten.  
When they would kiss, knowing their gums are  
These hands too, that disdain'd to take a touch  
From any lip, whose owner writ not lord,  
Are now but as the coarsest earth ; but I  
Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid too,  
To give them seeming beauty. So ! 'tis done.  
How do you like my workmanship ?

*Eug.* I tremble :

And thus to tyrannize upon the dead  
Is most inhuman.

*Fran.* Come we for revenge,  
And can we think on pity ! Now to the upshot,  
And, as it proves, applaud it. My lord the duke,  
Enter with joy, and see the sudden change  
Your servant's hand hath wrought.

*Re-enter Sforza and the rest.*

*Sfor.* I live again

In my full confidence that Marcelia may  
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet ?

*Fran.* No :

You must not look for all your joys at once ;  
That will ask longer time.

*Pesc.* 'Tis wondrous strange !

*Sfor.* By all the dues of love I have had from her,  
This hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it.  
These lips invite too : I could ever feed  
Upon these roses, they still keep their colour  
And native sweetness : only the nectar's wanting,  
That, like the morning dew in flowery May,  
Preserved them in their beauty.

*Enter GRACCHO hastily.*

*Grac.* Treason, treason !

*Tib.* Call up the guard.

*Fran.* Graccho ! then we are lost.

*Grac.* I am got off, sir Jew ; a bribe hath done it.  
For all your serious charge ; there's no disguise  
Can keep you from my knowledge.

*Sfor.* Speak.

*Grac.* I am out of breath,

But this is—

*Fran.* Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco \*

*All.* Monster of men !

*Fran.* Give me all attributes  
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory  
To be the thing I was born. I am Francisco ;  
Francisco, that was raised by you, and made  
The minion of the time ; the same Francisco,  
That would have whored this trunk, when it had life ;  
And, after, breathed a jealousy upon thee,  
As killing as those damps that belch out plagues  
When the foundation of the earth is shaken :  
I made thee do a deed heaven will not pardon,  
Which was—to kill an innocent.

*Sfor.* Call forth the tortures  
For all that flesh can feel.

*Fran.* I dare the worst :

Only, to yield some reason to the world  
Why I pursued this course, look on this face,  
Made old by thy base falsehood ; 'tis Eugenia.

*Sfor.* Eugenia !

*Fran.* Does it start you, sir ? my sister,  
Seduced and fool'd by thee : but thou must pay  
The forfeit of thy falsehood. Does it not work yet !  
Whate'er becomes of me, which I esteem not,  
Thou art mark'd for the grave : I've given thee  
poison

In this cup \*, (now observe me,) which thy last  
Carousing deeply of, made thee forget  
Thy vow'd faith to Eugenia.

*Pesc.* O damn'd villain !

*Isab.* How do you, sir ?

*Sfor.* Like one

That learns to know in death what punishment  
Waits on the breach of faith. Oh ! now I feel

\* *Fran.* Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco.] Francisco's bold avowal of his guilt, with an emphatical repetition of his name, and the enumeration of his several acts of villainy, which he justifies from a spirit of revenge, in all probability gave rise to one of the most animated scenes in dramatic poetry. The reader will easily see, that I refer to the last act of Dr. Young's *Revenge*, where Zanga, like Francisco, defends every cruel and treacherous act he has committed from a principle of deep resentment. *Davies.*

*I've given thee poison*  
In this cup, &c.] i. e. in the lips of Marcelia. This is a terrible scene, and has the air of being taken from some Italian story

An Ætna in my entrails.—I have lived  
A prince, and my last breath shall be command.  
—I burn, I burn! yet ere life be consumed,  
Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture  
That witty cruelty can invent.

*Pesc.* Away with him!

*Tib.* In all things we will serve you.

*Fran.* Farewell, sister!

Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn:  
I leave the world with glory. They are men,  
And leave behind them name and memory,  
That wrong'd, do right themselves before they die.

[*Exeunt Guard with Francisco.*]

*Steph.* A desperate wretch!

*Sfor.* I come: Death! I obey thee.

Yet I will not die raging; for, alas!

My whole life was a frenzy. Good Eugenia,  
In death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her  
To some religious house, there let her spend  
The remnant of her life: when I am ashes,  
Perhaps she'll be appeased, and spare a prayer  
For my poor soul. Bury me with Marcelia,  
And let our epitaph be—

[*Dies.*]

*Tib.* His speech is stopt.

*Steph.* Already dead?

*Pesc.* It is in vain to labour

To call him back. We'll give him funeral,

And then determine of the state affairs:

And learn, from this example, There's no trust

In a foundation that is built on lust. [*Exeunt*®.]

\* Mr. M. Mason, contrary to his custom, has given an account of this play; but it is too loose and unsatisfactory to be presented to the reader. He has observed, indeed, what could not easily be missed,—the beauty of the language, the elevation of the sentiments, the interesting nature of the situations, &c. But the interior motive of the piece,—the spring of action from which the tragic events are made to flow,—seems to have utterly escaped him. He has taken the accessory for the primary passion of it, and, upon his own error, founded a comparison between *the Duke of Milan* and *Othello*.—But let us hear Massinger himself. Fearing that, in a reverse of fortune, his wife may fall into the possession of another, Sforza gives a secret order for her murder, and attributes his resolution to the excess of his attachment:

“Tis more than love to her, that marks her out  
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes.”

Act I. sc. iii.

This is carefully remembered in the conference between Marcelia and Francisco, and connected with the feelings which it occasions in her:

“—that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem  
My life fit only as a page, to wait on  
The various course of his uncertain fortunes;  
Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,  
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me.”

Act III. sc. ii.

Upon this disapprobation of his selfish motive, is founded her reserve towards him,—a reserve, however, more allied to tenderness than to anger, and meant as a prudent corrective of his unreasoning desires. And from this reserve, ill interpreted by Sforza, proceeds that jealousy of his in the fourth act, which Mr. M. Mason will have to be the ground work of the whole subject!

But if Massinger must be compared with somebody, let it be with himself: for, as the reader will by and by perceive, *the Duke of Milan* has more substantial connexion with *the Picture* than with *Othello*. In his anxiouslyness,—his dotting ecstasies of his wife's favours,—his abject requests of the

mediation of others for him, &c. &c. Sforza strongly resembles Ladiolans; while the friendly and bold reproofs of his fondness by Pescara and Stephano prepare us for the rebukes afterwards employed against the same failing by the intrepid kindness of Enbula. And not only do we find this similarity in some of the leading sentiments of the two plays, but occasionally the very language of the one is carried into the other.

As to the action itself of this piece, it is highly animating and interesting; and its connexion, at the very opening, with an important passage of history, procures for it at once a decided attention. This is, for the most part, well maintained by strong and rapid alternations of fortune, till the catastrophe is matured by the ever-working vengeance of Francisco. Even here, the author has contrived a novelty of interest little expected by the reader: and the late appearance of the injured Eugenia throws a fresh emotion into the conclusion of the play, while it explains a considerable part of the plot, with which, indeed, it is essentially connected.

The character of Sforza himself is strongly conceived. His passionate fondness for Marcelia,—his sudden rage at her apparent coolness,—his resolute renunciation of her,—his speedy repentance and fretful impatience of her absence,—his vehement defence of her innocence,—his quick and destructive vengeance against her, upon a false assertion of her dishonour,—and his prostrations and mad embraces of her dead body,—shew the force of dotage and hate in their extremes. His actions are wild and ungoverned, and his whole life is (as he says) made up of frenzy.

One important lesson is to be drawn from the principal feature of this character. From Sforza's ill-regulated fondness for Marcelia flows his own order for her murder. The discovery of it occasions the distant behaviour of the wife, the revenge of the husband, and the death of both.—Let us use the blessings of life with modesty and thankfulness. He who aims at intemperate gratifications, disturbs the order of Providence: and, in the premature loss of the object which he too fondly covets, is made to feel the just punishment of unreasonable wishes, and ungoverned indulgence. DR. IRELAND.

# THE BOND MAN.

THE BOND MAN.] Hitherto we have had no clue to guide us in ascertaining the true date of these dramas. The fortunate discovery of Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book enables us, from this period, to proceed with every degree of certainty.

*The Bondman* was allowed by the Master of the Revels, and performed at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, on the third of December, 1623. It was printed in the following year, and again in 1638. This edition is full of errors, which I have been enabled to remove, by the assistance of the first copy, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Malone

This ancient story (for so it is called by Massinger) is founded on the life of Timoleon the Corinthian, as recorded by Plutarch. The revolt and subsequent reduction of the slaves to their duty, is taken from Herodotus, or, more probably, from Justin\*, who repeats the tale. The tale, however, more especially the catastrophe, is trifling enough, and does little honour to those who invented, or those who adopted it; but the beautiful episode here founded upon it, and which is entirely Massinger's own, is an inimitable piece of art.

This is one of the few plays of Massinger that have been revived since the Restoration. In 1660 it was brought on the stage by Betterton, then a young man, who played, as Downes the prompter informs us, the part of Pisander, for which nature had eminently qualified him. It was again performed at Drury Lane in 1719, and given to the press with a second title of *Love and Liberty*, and a few insignificant alterations; and in 1779 a modification of it was produced by Mr. Cumberland, and played for a few nights at Covent Garden, but, as it appears, with no extraordinary encouragement. It was not printed.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE, MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD,

PHILIP EARL OF MONTGOMERY,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

However I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your lordship, yet a desire, born with me, to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts, descended to me as an inheritance from my dead father, Arthur Massingert. Many years he happily spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it; leaving his† to be ever most glad and ready, to be at the command of all such as derive themselves from his most honoured master, your lordship's most noble father. The consideration of this encouraged me (having no other means to present my humblest service to your honour) to shroud this trifle under the wings of your noble protection; and I hope, out of the clemency of your heroic disposition, it will find, though perhaps not a welcome entertainment, yet, at the worst, a gracious pardon. When it was first acted, your lordship's liberal suffrage taught others to allow it for current, it having received the undoubted stamp of your lordships allowance: and if in the perusal of any vacant hour, when your honour's more serious occasions shall give you leave to read it, it answer, in your lordship's judgment, the report and opinion it had upon the stage, I shall esteem my labours not ill employed, and, while I live, continue

the humblest of those that

truly honour your lordship.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

\* It may, indeed, be taken from an account of Russia in *Purchas's Pilgrims*, a book that formed the delight of our ancestors. There it is said, that the Boiards of Novgorod reduced their slaves, who had seized the town, by the whip, just as the Scythians are said to have done theirs.

† *My dead father, Arthur Massinger.* So reads the first edition. The modern editors follow the second, which has *Philip Massinger*. See the Introduction.

‡ *Leaving his to be ever most glad, &c.* So it stands in both the old quartos, and in Coxeter. Mr. M. Mason, without authority, and indeed without reason, inserts *son* after *his*: but the dedication, as given by him, and his predecessor, after the second quarto, is full of errors.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMOLEON, *the general, of Corinth.*ARCHIDAMUS, *prætor of Syracuse.*DIPHILUS, *a senator of Syracuse.*CLEON, *a fat impotent lord.*PISANDER, *a gentleman of Thebes; disguised as a slave, named Marullo. (The Bondman.)*POLIPHRON, *friend to Pisander; also disguised as a slave.*LEOSTHENES, *a gentleman of Syracuse, enamoured of Cleora.*ASOTUS, *a foolish lover, and the son of Cleon.*TIMAGORAS, *the son of Archidamus.*GRACCULO, } *slaves.*  
CIMBRIO, }  
A Gæoler.CLEORA, *daughter of Archidamus.*CORISCA, *a proud wanton lady, wife to Cleon.*OLYMPIA, *a rich widow.*STATILIA, *sister to Pisander, slave to Cleora, named Timandra.*ZANTHIA, *slave to Corisca.*

Other slaves, Officers, Senators.

SCENE, Syracuse, and the adjacent country.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of Timoleon, near Syracuse.**Enter TIMAGORAS and LEOSTHENES.**Timag.* Why should you droop, Leosthenes, or despairMy sister's favour? What before you purchased  
By courtship and fair language, in these wars  
(For from her soul you know she loves a soldier)  
You may deserve by action.*Leost.* Good Timagoras,When I have said my friend, think all is spoken  
That may assure me yours; and pray you believe,  
The dreadful voice of war that shakes the city,  
The thundering threats of Carthage, nor their army,  
Raised to make good those threats, affright not me.—  
If fair Cleora were confirm'd his prize,  
That has the strongest arm and sharpest sword,  
I'd court Bellona in her horrid trim,  
As if she were a mistress; and bless fortune,  
That offers my young valour to the proof,  
How much I dare do for your sister's love.  
But, when that I consider how averse  
Your noble father, great Archidamus,  
Is, and hath ever been, to my desires,  
Reason may warrant me to doubt and fear,  
What seeds soever I sow in these wars  
Of noble courage, his determinate will  
May blast and give my harvest to another,  
That never toil'd for it.*Timag.* Prithes, do not nourish [me,  
These jealous thoughts; I am thine, (and pardon  
Though I repeat it,) thy Timagoras\*,  
That, for thy sake, when the bold Theban sued,  
Far-famed Pisander, for my sister's love,  
Sent him disgraced and discontented home.  
I wrought my father then; and I, that stopp'd not  
In the career of my affection to thee,  
When that renowned worthy, that, brought with him†

\* (and pardon me;

*Though I repeat it,) thy Timagoras.]* So the old copies.  
What induced the modern editors to make nonsense of the  
passage, and print my *Leosthenes*, I cannot even guess.† *When that renowned worthy, that, brought with him]*  
In this line Mr. M. Mason omits the second *that*, which, he  
says "destroys both sense and metre." The reduplication isHigh birth, wealth, courage, as fee'd advocates  
To mediate for him: never will consent  
A fool, that only has the shape of man,  
Asotus, though he be rich Cleon's heir,  
Shall bear her from thee.*Leost.* In that trust I love\*.*Timag.* Which never shall deceive you.*Enter PISANDER.**Pisan.* Sir, the general,  
Timoleon, by his trumpets hath given warning  
For a remove.*Timag.* 'Tis well; provide my horse.*Pisan.* I shall, sir. [Exit.*Leost.* This slave has a strange aspect. [knave:*Timag.* Fit for his fortune; 'tis a strong-limb'd  
My father bought him for my sister's litter.  
O pride of women! Coaches are too common—  
They surfeit in the happiness of peace,  
And ladies think they keep not state enough,  
If, for their pomp and ease, they are not born  
In triumph on men's shoulders†.*Leost.* Who commands

The Carthaginian fleet?

*Timag.* Gisco's their admiral,And 'tis our happiness; a raw young fellow,  
One never train'd in arms, but rather fashion'd  
To tilt with ladies' lips, than crack a lance;  
Ravish a feather from a mistress' fan,  
And wear it as a favour. A steel helmet,  
Made horrid with a glorious plume, will crack  
His woman's neck.*Leost.* No more of him.—The motives,  
That Corinth gives us aid?entirely in Massinger's manner, and assuredly destroys neither.  
With respect to the sense, that is enforced by it; and no  
very exquisite ear is required, to perceive that the metre is  
improved.—How often will it be necessary to observe, that  
our old dramatists never counted their syllables on their  
fingers?\* *Leost. In that trust I love.]* Love is the reading of both  
the quartos. In the modern editions it is unnecessarily  
altered to *live*.† *In triumph on men's shoulders.]* Referring to the then  
recently introduced sedan-chairs, which excited much indig-  
nation in Massinger's time.

*Timag.* The common danger ;  
For Sicily being afire, she is not safe :  
It being apparent that ambitious Carthage,  
That, to enlarge her empire, strives to fasten,  
An unjust gripe on us that live free lords  
Of Syracuse, will not end, till Greece  
Acknowledge her their sovereign.

*Leost.* I am satisfied,  
What think you of our general ?

*Timag.* He's a man [Trumpets sound.  
Of strange and reserved parts, but a great soldier \*.  
His trumpets call us, I'll forbear his character ;  
To-morrow, in the senate-house, at large  
He will express himself.

*Leost.* I'll follow you, [Ereunt.

SCENE II.—SYRACUSE. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter CLEON, CORISCA, and GRACULO.

*Coris.* Nay, good chuck.

*Cleon.* I've said it ; stay at home,  
I cannot brook your gadding ; you're a fair one,  
Beauty invites temptations, and short heels  
Are soon tripp'd up.

*Coris.* Deny me ! by my honour,  
You take no pity on me. I shall swoon  
As soon as you are absent ; ask my man else,  
You know he dares not tell a lie.

*Grac.* Indeed,  
You are no sooner out of sight, but she [doctor,  
Does feel strange qualms ; then sends for her young  
Who ministers physic to her on her back,  
Her ladyship lying as she were entranced :  
(I've peep'd in at the keyhole, and observed them :)  
And sure his potions never fail to work,  
For she's so pleasant in the taking them,  
She tickles again.

*Coris.* And all's to make you merry,  
When you come home.

*Cleon.* You flatter me : I'm old,  
And wisdom cries, Beware.

*Coris.* Old, duck ! To me  
You are a young Adonis.

*Grac.* Well said, Venus ;  
I am sure she Vulcan's him.

*Coris.* I will not change thee  
For twenty boisterous young things without beards.  
These bristles give the gentlest titillations,  
And such a sweet dew flows on them, it cures  
My lips without pomatum. Here's a round belly !  
'Tis a down pillow to my back ; I sleep  
So quietly by it : and this tunable nose,  
Faith, when you hear it not, affords such music,  
That I curse all night-fiddlers.

*Grac.* This is gross.  
Not finds she flouts him !

*Coris.* As I live, I am jealous.

*Cleon.* Jealous of me, wife ?

*Coris.* Yes ; and I have reason ;  
Knowing how lusty and active a man you are.

*Cleon.* Hum, hum ! [will make him  
*Grac.* This is no cunning quean † ! alight, she

\* *Timag.* He's a man  
Of strange and reserved parts, but a great soldier. Strange  
signifies here distant. M. MASON.  
I do not pretend to know the meaning of distant parts.  
Maulinger, however, is clear enough : strange and reserved,  
in his language, is, strangely (i. e. singularly) reserved.  
† *Grac.* This is no cunning quean ? In our author's time,  
as is justly observed by Warburton, "the negative, in com-

To think that, like a stag, he has cast his horns,  
And is grown young again.

*Coris.* You have forgot  
What you did in your sleep, and, when you waked,  
Call'd for a caudle.

*Grac.* It was in his sleep ;  
For, waking, I durst trust my mother with him.

*Coris.* I long to see the man of war : Cleora,  
Archidamus' daughter, goes, and rich Olympia ;  
I will not miss the show.

*Cleon.* There's no contending :  
For this time I am pleased, but I'll no more on't.

[Ereunt.

SCENE III.—The same. The Senate-house.

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, CLEON, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA,  
CORISCA, CLEORA, and ZANTHIA.

*Archid.* So careless we have been, my noble lords  
In the disposing of our own affairs,  
And ignorant in the art of government,  
That now we need a stranger to instruct us.  
Yet we are happy that our neighbour Corinth,  
Pitying the unjust gripe Carthage would lay  
On Syracuse, hath vouchsafed to lend us  
Her man of men, Timoleon, to defend  
Our country and our liberties.

*Diph.* 'Tis a favour  
We are unworthy of, and we may blush  
Necessity compels us to receive it. [nation

*Archid.* O shame ! that we, that are a populous  
Engaged to liberal nature, for all blessings  
An island can bring forth ; we, that have limbs,  
And able bodies ; shipping, arms, and treasure,  
The sinews of the war, now we are call'd  
To stand upon our guard, cannot produce  
One fit to be our general.

*Cleon.* I am old and fat ;  
I could say something else.

*Archid.* We must obey  
The time and our occasions ; ruinous buildings,  
Whose bases and foundations are infirm,  
Must use supporters : we are circled round [wings,  
With danger ; o'er our heads with sail-stretch'd  
Destruction hovers, and a cloud of mischief  
Ready to break upon us ; no hope left us  
That may divert it, but our sleeping virtue,  
Roused up by brave Timoleon.

*Cleon.* When arrives he ?

*Diph.* He is expected every hour.

*Archid.* The braveries  
Of Syracuse, among whom my son  
Timagoras, Leosthenes, and Asotus,  
Your hopeful heir, lord Cleon, two days since  
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to  
The city ; every minute we expect  
To be bless'd with his presence.

[Shouts within ; then a flourish of trumpets.

*Cleon.* What shout's this ?

mon speech, was used ironically to express the excess of a  
thing." Thus, in the *Roman Actor* :

"This is no flattery !"

And again, in the *City Madam* :

"Here's no gross flattery ! Will she swallow this ?"

and in a thousand other places.

\* *Archid.* The braveries

Of Syracuse, &c.] i. e. the young nobility, the gay and  
fashionable gallants of the city. Thus Clarimont, in his de-  
scription of Sir Amorous la Foole, observes that "he is one  
of the braveries, though he be none of the wits." *The Silent  
Woman.*

Diph. 'Tis seconded with loud music.  
 Archid. Which confirms  
 His wish'd-for entrance. Let us entertain him  
 With all respect, solemnity, and pomp,  
 A man may merit, that comes to redeem us  
 From slavery and oppression.  
 Cleon. I'll lock up [Corinth.  
 My doors, and guard my gold; these lads of  
 Have nimble fingers, and I fear them more,  
 Being within our walls, than those of Carthage;  
 They are far off.

Archid. And, ladies, be it your care  
 To welcome him and his followers with all duty:  
 For rest resolved, their hands and swords must  
 keep you  
 In that full height of happiness you live:  
 A dreadful change else follows.

[Exeunt Archidamus, Cleon, and Diphilus.]

Olymp. We are instructed.  
 Coris. I'll kiss him for the honour of my country,  
 With any she in Corinth\*.

Olymp. Were he a courtier,  
 I've sweetmeat in my closet shall content him,  
 Be his palate ne'er so curious.

Coris. And, if need be, [orchard.  
 I have a couch and a banquetting-house in my  
 Where many a man of honour† has not scorn'd  
 To spend an afternoon.

Olymp. These men of war,  
 As I have heard, know not to court a lady.  
 They cannot praise our dressings, kiss our hands,  
 Usher us to our litters, tell love-stories,  
 Commend our feet and legs, and so search upwards;  
 A sweet becoming boldness! they are rough,  
 Boisterous, and saucy, and at the first sight  
 Ruffle and touze us, and, as they find their stomachs,  
 Fall roundly to it.

Coris. 'Tis true, I like them the better:  
 I can't endure to have a perfumed sir  
 Stand cringing in the lams, licking his lips  
 Like a spaniel over a fermenty-pot, and yet  
 Has not the boldness to come on, or offer  
 What they know we expect.

Olymp. We may commend  
 A gentleman's modesty, manners, and fine language,  
 His singing, dancing, riding of great horses,  
 The wearing of his clothes, his fair complexion;  
 Take presents from him, and extol his bounty:  
 Yet, though he observe, and waste his state upon  
 us †,

\* Coris. I'll kiss him for the honour of my country,  
 With any she in Corinth. The reputation of the Corinthian ladies stood high among the ancients for gallantry; and to this Corisæ alludes.

† Coris. And if need be  
 I have a couch and a banquetting-house in my orchard,  
 Where many a man of honour, &c. Our old plays are full of allusions to these garden-houses, which appear to have been abused to the purposes of debauchery. A very homely passage from Stobæus's *Anatomie of Abuse*, 1599, will make all this plain: "In the suburbs of the cities, they (the women) have gardens either paled or walled round about very high, with their harbours and bowers fit for the purpose; and lest they might be espied in these open places, they have their banquetting-houses with galleries, turrets, and what not, therein sumptuously erected; wherein they may, and doubtless do, many of them, play the filthy persons." See too, the *City Madam*.

— and waste his state upon us.† Everywhere the modern editors print this word with the mark of elision, as if it were contracted from *estate*; but it is not so: *state* is the genuine word, and is used by all our old poets, and by Massinger himself, in many hundred places, where we should now write and print *estate*. I may incidentally observe here,

If he be staunch\*, and bid not for the stock  
 That we were born to traffic with; the truth is,  
 We care not for his company.

Coris. Musing, Cleora? [strangers;

Olymp. She's studying how to entertain these  
 And to engross them to herself.

Cleo. No, surely;  
 I will not cheapen any of their wares,  
 Till you have made your market; you will buy,  
 I know, at any rate.

Coris. She has given it you.

Olymp. No more; they come: the first kiss for  
 this jewel.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter TIMAGORAS, LEOSTHENESE,  
 ASOTUS, TIMOLEON in black, led in by ARCHIDAMUS,  
 DIPHILUS, and CLEON, followed by PISANDER,  
 GRACCULO, CIMBRIO, and others.

Archid. It is your seat: which, with a general  
 suffrage, [Offering him the state †.

that many terms which are now used with a mark of elision, and supposed to have suffered an aphæresis, are really and substantially perfect. In some cases, the Saxon prefix has been corrupted into a component part of the word, and in others, prepositions have been added in the progress of refinement, for the sake of euphony, or metre; but, generally speaking, the simple term is the complete one.

\* If he be staunch, &c.] I don't think that *staunch* can be sense in this passage; we should probably read *starch'd*, that is *precise, formal*. M. MASON.

This is a singular conjecture. Let the reader peruse again Olympia's description, which is that of a complete gentleman; and then any what there is of starched, formal, or precise, in it! *Staunch* is as good a word as he could have chosen, and is here used in its proper sense for steady, firm, full of integrity; and her meaning is, "It with all the accomplishments of a fine gentleman, he possesses the fixed principles of a man of honour, and does not attempt to debauch us, he is not for our purpose."

When I wrote this, I had not seen the appendix which is subjoined to some copies of the last edition. Mr. M. Mason has there revised his note, and given his more mature thoughts on the subject: "On the first consideration of this passage, I did not apprehend that the word *staunch* could import any meaning that would render it intelligible, and I therefore amended the passage by reading *starch'd* instead of *staunch*; but I have since found a similar acceptance of that word in Jonson's *Silent Woman*, where Trucwit says: "If your mistress love valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be *staunch* in fighting." This is one of the many instances that may be produced to prove how necessary it is for the editor of any ancient dramatic writer, to read with attention the other dramatic productions of the time."

I participate in Mr. M. Mason's self-congratulations on this important discovery; and will venture to suggest another, still more important, which appears to have eluded his researches: it is simply—"the necessity for the editor of any ancient dramatic writer, to read with attention"—that dramatic writer himself.

But what, after all, does Mr. M. Mason imagine he has found out? and what is the sense he would finally affix to *staunch*? these are trifles he has omitted to mention. I can discover nothing from his long note, but that he misunderstood Jonson now, as he misunderstood Massinger before. Each of these great poets uses the word in its proper and ordinary sense: "Though you be *staunch* in fighting," says Trucwit, (i. e. really brave, and consequently not prone to boasting,) "yet, to please your mistress, you must talk of your sword," &c.

† Offering him the state.] The *state* was a raised platform, on which was placed a chair with a canopy over it. The word occurs perpetually in our old writers. It is used by Dryden, but seems to have been growing obsolete while he was writing: in the first edition of *Mac Flecknoe*, the monarch is placed on a *state*; in the subsequent ones, he is seated, like his fellow kings, on a throne: it occurs also, and I believe for the last time, in Swift: "As she affected not the grandeur of a *state* with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow chair." *Hist. of John Bull*, c. l.

As to the supreme magistrate, Sicily tenders\*,  
And prays Timoleon to accept.

*Timol.* Such honours

To one ambitious of rule† or titles,

Whose heaven on earth is placed in his command,  
And absolute power o'er others, would with joy,  
And veins swollen high with pride, be entertain'd.

They take not me; for I have ever loved  
An equal freedom, and proclaim'd all such

As would usurp on other's liberties‡.

Rebels to nature, to whose bounteous blessings

All men lay claim as true legitimate sons:

But such as have made forfeit of themselves

By vicious courses, and their birthright lost,

'Tis not injustice they are mark'd for slaves

To serve the virtuous. For myself, I know

Honours and great employments are great burthens,

And must require an Atlas to support them.

He that would govern others, first should be

The master of himself, richly endued

With depth of understanding, height of courage,

And those remarkable graces which I dare not

Ascribe unto myself.

*Archid.* Sir, empty men

Are trumpets of their own deserts; but you,

That are not in opinion, but in proof,

Really good, and full of glorious parts,

Leave the report of what you are to fame;

Which, from the ready tongues of all good men,

Aloud proclaims you.

*Diph.* Besides, you stand bound,

Having so large a field to exercise

Your active virtues offer'd you, to impart

Your strength to such as need it.

*Timol.* 'Tis confess'd:

And, since you'll have it so, such as I am,

For you, and for the liberty of Greece,

I am most ready to lay down my life:

But yet consider, men of Syracuse,

Before that you deliver up the power,

Which yet is yours, to me,—to whom 'tis given:

To an impartial man, with whom nor threats,

Nor prayers, shall prevail; for I must steer

An even course.

*Archid.* Which is desired of all.

*Timol.* Timophanes, my brother, for whose death

I am tainted in the world||, and foully tainted;

\* As to the supreme magistrate, Sicily tenders.] For Sicily, the old copies have surely. The emendation, which is a very happy one, was made by Coxeter.

† To one ambitious of rule, &c.] Massinger has here finely drawn the character of Timoleon, and been very true to history. He was descended from one of the noblest families in Corinth, loved his country passionately, and discovered upon all occasions a singular humanity of temper, except against tyrants and bad men. He was an excellent captain; and as in his youth he had all the maturity of age, in age he had all the fire and courage of the most ardent youth. COXETER.

‡ As would usurp on other's liberties.] So the first quarto; the second, which the modern editors follow, has, another's liberties. In the preceding line, for proclaim'd, Mr. M. Mason arbitrarily reads, proclaim: an injudicious alteration.

§ Nor prayers shall prevail.] Ever, which the modern editors arbitrarily insert after shall, is neither required by the sense nor the metre. (Omitted in ed. 1813.)

|| *Timol.* Timophanes, my brother, for whose death I'm tainted in the world, &c.] Timoleon had an elder brother, called Timophanes, whom he tenderly loved, as he had demonstrated in a battle, in which he covered him with his body, and saved his life at the great danger of his own; but his country was still dearer to him. That brother having made himself tyrant of it, so black a crime gave him the sharpest affliction. He made use of all possible means to bring him back to his duty: kindness, friendship, affection,

In whose remembrance I have ever worn,

In peace and war, this livery of sorrow.

Can witness for me, how much I detest

Tyrannous usurpation; with grief

I must remember it: for, when no persuasion

Could win him to desist from his bad practice,

To change the aristocracy of Corinth

Into an absolute monarchy, I chose rather

To prove a pious and obedient son

To my country, my best mother\*, than to lend

Assistance to Timophanes, though my brother,

That, like a tyrant, strove to set his foot

Upon the city's freedom.

*Timag.* 'Twas a deed

Deserving rather trophies than reproof.

*Leost.* And will be still remembered to your honour,

If you forsake not us.

*Diph.* If you free Sicily

From barbarous Carthage's yoke,† 'twill be said,

In him you slew a tyrant.

*Archid.* But, giving way

To her invasion, not vouchsafing us.

That fly to your protection, aid and comfort,

'Twill be believed, that, for your private ends,

You kill'd a brother.

*Timol.* As I then proceed,

To all posterity may that act be crown'd

With a deserved applause, or branded with

The mark of infamy!—Stay yet; ere I take

This seat of justice, or engage myself

To fight for you abroad, or to reform

Your state at home, swear all upon my sword,

And call the gods of Sicily to witness

The oath you take, that whatsoever I shall

Propound for safety of your commonwealth,

remonstrances, and even menaces. But, finding all his endeavours ineffectual, and that nothing could prevail upon a heart abandoned to ambition, he caused his brother to be assassinated in his presence (so; not in his presence) by two of his friends and intimates, and thought, that upon such an occasion, the laws of nature ought to give place to those of his country. COXETER.

Coxeter has copied with sufficient accuracy, the leading traits of Timoleon's character, from the old translation of Plutarch's *Lives*. With Plutarch, indeed, Timoleon appears to be a favourite, and not undeservedly; in an age of great men, he was eminently conspicuous: his greatest praise, however, is, that he profited by experience, and suffered the wild and savage enthusiasm of his youth to mellow into a steady and rational love of liberty. The assassination of his brother, which *not heavy on his soul*, taught him "that an action should not only" (it is Plutarch who speaks) "be just and laudable in itself, but the principle from which it proceeds, firm and immovable; in order that our conduct may have the sanction of our own approbation."

It is impossible to read a page of his latter history, without seeing that prudence was the virtue on which he chiefly relied for fame; prodigies and portents foretold all his achievements; part of which he undoubtedly fabricated, and all of which he had the dexterity to turn to his account; but he was not only indebted to prudence for fame, but for happiness also; since, when he had given victory and peace to the Syracusans, he wisely declined returning to Greece, where proscription or death probably awaited him: and chose to spend the remainder of his days at Syracuse. Those days were long and happy, and when he died he was honoured with a public funeral, and the tears of a people whom he had saved.

\* To my country, my best mother,] In this expression, Timoleon alludes to the conduct of his natural mother, who would never see him after the assassination of his brother, and always called him *fratricide*, *impiumque*.

† *Diph.* If you free Sicily,

From barbarous Carthage's yoke, &c.] This and the next speech are literally from Plutarch; Massinger has in this instance adhered more closely to his story than usual; for, to confess the truth, it cannot be said of him, that his historical plays are "more authentic than the chronicles!"

Not circumscribed or bound in, shall by you  
Be willingly obey'd.

*Archid. Diph. Cleon.* So may we prosper,  
As we obey in all things.

*Timag. Leost. Asot.* And observe  
All your commands as oracles!

*Timol.* Do not repent it. [*Takes the state.*]

*Olymp.* He ask'd not our consent.

*Coris.* He's a clown I warrant him.

*Olymp.* I offer'd myself twice, and yet the churl  
Would not salute me.

*Coris.* Let him kiss his drum!

I'll save my lips, I rest on it\*.

*Olymp.* He thinks women

No part of the republic.

*Coris.* He shall find

We are a commonwealth.

*Cleo.* The less your honour.

*Timol.* First then a word or two, but without bit-  
terness. †

(And yet mistake me not, I am no flatterer.)

Concerning your ill government of the state;  
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich,  
Stand, in the first file guilty.

*Cleon.* Ha! how's this?

*Timol.* You have not, as good patriots should do,  
studied

The public good, but your particular ends;

Factionous among yourselves, preferring such

To offices and honours, as ne'er read

The elements of saving policy;

But deeply skill'd in all the principles

That usher to destruction.

*Leost.* Sharp.

*Timag.* The better.

*Timol.* Your senate-house, which used not to ad-  
A man, however popular, to stand [mit

At the helm of government, whose youth was not

Made glorious by action; whose experience, [sels,

Crown'd with gray hairs, gave warrant to his coun-  
Heard and received with reverence, is now fill'd

With green heads, that determine of the state

Over their cups, or when their sated lusts

Afford them leisure; or supplied by those

Who, rising from base arts and sordid thrift,

Are eminent for their wealth not for their wisdom:

Which is the reason that to hold a place

In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,

And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost

Lustre and reputation, and is made

A mercenary purchase.

*Timag.* He speaks home.

*Leost.* And to the purpose.

*Timol.* From whence proceeds

That the treasure of the city is engross'd

By a few private men, the public coffers

Hollow with want; and they, that will not spare

One talent for the common good, to feed

The pride and bravery of their wives, consume,

\* *I'll save my lips, I rest on it.* I am fixed, determined, on it; a metaphor taken from play, where the highest stake the parties were disposed to venture, was called *the rest*. To appropriate this term to any particular game, as is sometimes done, is extremely incorrect; since it was anciently applied to cards, to dice, to bowls, in short to any amusement of chance, where money was wagered, or, to use a phrase of the times, set up.

† *Are eminent for their wealth, not for their wisdom.* I have inserted *their* from the invaluable first quarto: it strengthens and completes the verse.

In plate, and jewels, and superfluous slaves,  
What would maintain an army.

*Coris.* Have at us!

*Olymp.* We thought we were forgot.

*Cleo.* But it appears

You will be treated of.

*Timol.* Yet, in this plenty,

And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were train'd

In martial discipline; and your ships unrigg'd,

Rot in the harbour: no defence prepared,

But thought unuseful; as if that the gods,

Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you

A perpetuity of pride and pleasure,

No change fear'd or expected. Now you find

That Carthage, looking on your stupid sleeps,

And dull security, was invited to

Invade your territories.

*Archid.* You have made us see, sir,

To our shame, the country's sickness: now, from you,

As from a careful and a wise physician,

We do expect the cure.‡

*Timol.* Old fester'd sores

Must be lanced to the quick, and cauterized:

Which born with patience, after I'll apply

Soft unguents. For the maintenance of the war,

It is decreed all monies in the hand

Of private men, shall instantly be brought

To the public treasury.

*Timag.* This bites sore.

*Cleo.* The cure

Is worse than the disease; I'll never yield to't:

What could the enemy, though victorious,

Inflame more on us? All that my youth hath toil'd for,

Purchased with industry, and preserved with care,

Forced from me in a moment!

*Diph.* This rough course

Will never be allow'd of.

*Timol.* O blind men!

If you refuse the first means that is offer'd

To give you health, no hope's left to recover

Your desperate sickness. Do you prize your muck

Above your liberties; and rather choose

To be made bondmen, than to part with that

To which already you are slaves? Or can it

Be probable in your flattering apprehensions,

You can capitulate with the conqueror,

And keep that yours which they come to possess,

And, while you kneel in vain, will ravish from you?

—But take your own ways; brood upon your gold,

Sacrifice to your idol, and preserve

The prey entire, and merit the report

Of careful stewards; yield a just account

To your proud masters, who, with whips of iron,

Will force you to give up what you conceal,

Or tear it from your throats: adorn your walls

With Persian hangings wrought of gold and pearl;

Cover the floors on which they are to tread,

With costly Median silks; perfume the rooms

With cassia and amber, where they are

To feast and revel; while, like servile grooms,

You wait upon their trenchers; feed their eyes

With massy plate, until your cupboards crack

With the weight that they sustain; set forth your

And daughters in as many varied shapes [wives

As there are nations to provoke their lusts,

And let them be embraced before your eyes,

The object may content you! and to perfect

Their entertainment, offer up your sons,

And able men, for slaves; while you, that are

Unfit for labour, are spurn'd out to starve,

Unpitied, in some desert, no friend by,  
Whose sorrow may spare one compassionate tear,  
In the remembrance of what once you were.

*Leost.* The blood turns.

*Timag.* Observe how old Cleon shakes,  
As if in picture he had shown him what  
He was to suffer.

*Coris.* I am sick; the man  
Speaks poniards and diseases.

*Olymp.* O my doctor!  
I never shall recover.

*Cleon.* [coming forward.] If a virgin,  
Whose speech was ever yet usher'd with fear;  
One knowing modesty and humble silence  
To be the choicest ornaments of our sex,  
In the presence of so many reverend men  
Struck dumb with terror and astonishment,  
Presume to clothe her thought in vocal sounds,  
Let her find pardon. First to you, great sir,  
A bashful maid's thanks, and her zealous prayers  
Wing'd with pure innocence, bearing them to heaven,  
For all prosperity that the gods can give  
To one whose piety must exact their care,  
Thus low I offer.

*Timol.* 'Tis a happy omen.  
Rise, blest one, and speak boldly. On my virtue,  
I am thy warrant, from so clear a spring  
Sweet rivers ever flow.

*Cleon.* Then, thus to you,  
My noble father, and these lords, to whom  
I next owe duty: no respect forgotten  
To you, my brother, and these bold young men,  
(Such I would have them,) that are, or should be,  
The city's sword and target of defence.  
To all of you I speak; and, if a blush  
Steal on my cheeks, it is shown to reprove  
Your paleness, willingly I would not say,  
Your cowardice or fear: Think you all treasure  
Hid in the bowels of the earth, or shipwreck'd  
In Neptune's wat'ry kingdom, can hold weight,  
When liberty and honour fill one scale,  
Triumphant Justice sitting on the beam?  
Or dare you but imagine that your gold is  
Too dear a salary for such as hazard  
Their blood and lives in your defence? For me,  
An ignorant girl, bear witness, heaven! so far  
I prize a soldier, that, to give him pay,  
With such devotion as our flames offer  
Their sacrifices at the holy altar,  
I do lay down these jewels, will make sale  
Of my superfluous wardrobe, to supply  
The meanness of their wants. [Lays down her jewels.]

*Timol.* Brave masculine spirit!

*Diph.* We are shown, to our shame, what we in  
Should have taught others. [honour]

*Archid.* Such a fair example  
Must needs be follow'd.

*Timag.* Ever my dear sister,  
But now our family's glory!

*Leost.* Were she deform'd,  
The virtues of her mind would force a Stoic  
To sue to be her servant.

*Cleon.* I must yield;  
And, though my heart-blood part with it, I will  
Deliver in my wealth.

*Ant.* I would say something;  
But, the truth is, I know not what,

*Timol.* We have money;  
And men must now be thought on.

*Archid.* We can press

Of labourers in the country, men inured  
To cold and heat, ten thousand.

*Diph.* Or, if need be,  
Enrol our slaves, lusty and able varlets,  
And fit for service.

*Cleon.* They shall go for me;  
I will not pay and fight too.

*Cleo.* How! your slaves?  
O stain of honour!—Once more, sir, your pardon;  
And, to their shames, let me deliver what  
I know in justice you may speak.

*Timol.* Most gladly:  
I could not wish my thoughts a better organ  
Than your tongue, to express them.

*Cleo.* Are you men!  
(For age may qualify, though not excuse.  
The backwardness of these,) able young men!  
Yet, now your country's liberty's at the stake,  
Honour and glorious triumph made the garland\*  
For such as dare deserve them; a rich feast  
Prepared by Victory, of immortal viands,  
Not for base men, but such as with their swords  
Dare force admittance, and will be her guests:  
And can you coldly suffer such rewards  
To be proposed to labourers and slaves?  
While you, that are born noble, to whom these,  
Valued at their best rate, are next to horses,  
Or other beasts of carriage, cry aim!

\* Yet, now your country's liberty's at the stake,

Honour and glorious triumph made the garland.] Mr. M. Mason has improved these lines, in his opinion, by omitting the article in the first, and changing the in the second, into a. These are very strange liberties to take with an author, upon caprice, or blind conjecture.

† *W hile you* — — — cry aim!

*Like idle lookers on.* Coxeter, who seems not to have understood the expression, gave the incorrect reading of the second quarto, *cry, Ay me!* which, after all, was nothing more than an accidental disjunction of the last word (*ayme*) at the press. Mr. M. Mason follows him in the text, but observes, in a note, that we should read *cry aim*. There is no doubt of it; and so it is distinctly given in the first and best copy. The expression is so common in the writers of Massinger's time, and, indeed, in Massinger himself, that it is difficult to say how it could ever be misunderstood. The phrase, as Warburton observes, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. iii. was taken from archery: "When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts, the standers-by used to say one to the other, *Cry aim*, i. e. accept the challenge." Stevens rejects this explanation, which, in fact, has neither truth nor probability to recommend it; and adds: "It seems to have been the office of the *aim-cryer*, to give notice to the *archer* when he was within a proper distance of his mark," &c. Here this acute critic has fallen, with the rest of the commentators, into an error. *Aim!* for so it should be printed, and not *cry aim*, was always addressed to the person about to shoot: it was an hortatory exclamation of the by-standers, or, as Massinger has it, of the *idle lookers on*, uttered for his encouragement. But the mistake of Stevens arises from his confounding *cry aim!* with *give aim*. To *cry aim!* as I have already observed, was to encourage; to *give aim*, was to direct, and in these distinct and appropriate senses the words perpetually occur. There was no such office as *aim-cryer*, as asserted above; the business of encouragement being abandoned to such of the spectators as chose to interfere: to that of direction, indeed, there was a special person appointed. Those who cried *aim!* stood by the archers; he who *gave it*, was stationed near the butts, and pointed out after every discharge, how wide, or how short, the arrow fell of the mark. A few examples will make all this clear:

"It ill becomes this presence to cry *aim!*" *King John*  
i. e. to encourage.

"Before his face plotting his own abuse,

To which himself *gives aim*;

While the broad arrow with the forked head,

Misses his brows but narrowly."

*A Mad World my Masters*

i. e. directs.

Like idle lookers on, till their proud worth  
Make them become your masters!

*Timol.* By my hopes,  
There's fire and spirit enough in this to make  
Thersites valiant.

*Cleo.* No; far, far be it from you:  
Let these of meaner quality contend  
Who can endure most labour; plough the earth,  
And think they are rewarded when their sweat  
Brings home a fruitful harvest to their lords;  
Let them prove good artificers, and serve you  
For use and ornament, but not presume  
To touch at what is noble. If you think them  
Unworthy to taste of those cates you feed on,  
Or wear such costly garments, will you grant them  
The privilege and prerogative of great minds,  
Which you were born to? Honour won in war,  
And to be styled preservers of their country,  
Are titles fit for free and generous spirits,  
And not for bondmen: had I been born a man,  
And such ne'er-dying glories made the prize  
To bold heroic courage, by Diana,  
I would not to my brother, nay, my father,  
Be bribed to part with the least piece of honour  
I should gain in this action!

*Timol.* She's inspired,  
Or in her speaks the genius of your country,  
To fire your blood in her defence; I am rapt  
With the imagination. Noble maid,  
Timoleon is your soldier, and will sweat  
Drops of his best blood, but he will bring home  
Triumphant conquest to you. Let me wear  
Your colours, lady; and though youthful heats\*,  
That look no further than your outward form,  
Are long since buried in me, while I live,  
I am a constant lover of your mind,  
That does transcend all precedents.

*Cleo.* 'Tis an honour, [Gives her scarf.  
And so I do receive it.

*Coria.* Plague upon it!  
She has got the start of us: I could even burst  
With envy at her fortune.

To the viceroy's base embraces, and cry aim!  
While he by force," &c. *The Renegade.*

*l. e.* encourage them.

"This way I told in vain, and give but aim  
To infamy and ruin; he will fall,  
My blessing cannot stay him." *The Roaring Girl.*

*l. e.* direct them.

"—Standing rather in his window to—crye aime! than  
helping any way to part the fray." *Fenton's Tragical Discourses.*

*l. e.* to encourage.

"I myself gave aim thus,—Wide, four bows! short, three  
and a halt." *Middleton's S. and his Gypsy.*

*l. e.* directed.

I should apologize for the length of this note, were it not  
that I state myself the distinct and appropriate meaning of  
these two phrases is ascertained in it, and finally established.

—Let me wear  
Your colours, lady; and though youthful heats,  
That look no further than your outward form,  
Are long since buried in me, while I live,  
I am, &c.] This is evidently copied from that much con-  
tested speech of Othello, Act I. sc. iii.: "I therefore beg it  
not," &c., as in the following passage, in *The Fair Maid of  
the Inn*:

"Shall we take our fortune? and while our cold fathers,  
In whom long since their youthful heats were dead,  
Talk much of Mars, serve under Venus' ensigns,  
And seek a mistress?"

And as this shows how Shakespeare's contemporaries under-  
stood the lines, it should, I think, with us, be decisive of  
their meaning. The old reading, with the alteration of one  
letter by Johnson, stands thus:

*Olymp.* A raw young thing! [bands say,—  
We have too much tongue sometimes, our hus-  
And she outstrip us!

*Leost.* I am for the journey.

*Timag.* May all diseases sloth and litchery bring,  
Fall upon him that stays at home!

*Archid.* Though old,  
I will be there in person.

*Diph.* So will I:

Methinks I am not what I was; her words  
Have made me younger, by a score of years,  
Than I was when I came hither.

*Cleon.* I am still  
Old Cleon, fat and unwieldy; I shall never  
Make a good soldier, and therefore desire  
To be excused at home.

*Asot.* 'Tis my suit too:

I am a gristle, and these spider fingers  
Will never hold a sword. Let us alone  
To rule the slaves at home; I can so yerk them—  
But in my conscience I shall never prove  
Good justice in the war.

*Timol.* Have your desires;  
You would be burthens to us, no way aids.  
Lead, fairest, to the temple; first we'll pay  
A sacrifice to the gods for good success:  
For all great actions the wish'd course do run,  
That are, with their allowance, well begun.

[Exeunt all but Pisan, Grac. and Cimb.]

*Pisan.* Stay, Cimbrio and Graculo.

*Cimb.* The business? [grove,

*Pisan.* Meet me to-morrow night near to the  
Neighbouring the east part of the city.

*Grac.* Well. [you:

*Pisan.* And bring the rest of our condition with  
I've something to impart may break our fetters,  
If you dare second me.

*Cimb.* We'll not fail.

*Grac.* A cart-rope

Shall not bind me at home.

*Pisan.* Think on't, and prosper. [Exeunt.

"—I therefore beg it not

To please the palate of my appetite;

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects

In me defunct, and proper satisfaction," &c.

The admirers of Shakespeare cannot but recollect with  
dismay, the prodigious mass of conjectural criticism which  
Steevens has accumulated on this passage, as well as the  
melancholy presage with which it terminates; that, after all,  
"it will probably prove a lasting source of doubt and con-  
troversy." I confess I see little occasion for either; nor can  
I well conceive why, after the rational and unforced expla-  
nation of Johnson, the worthless reveries of Theobald, Tollet,  
&c., were admitted.—*Affects* occur incessantly in the sense  
of passions, affections: *young affects* is therefore perfectly  
synonymous with *youthful heats*. Othello, like Timoleon,  
was not an old man, though he had lost the fire of youth; the  
critics might therefore have dismissed that concern for the  
lady, which they have so delicately communicated for the  
edification of the rising generation.

I have said thus much on the subject, because I observe,  
that the numerous editions of Shakespeare now preparing, lay  
claim to patronage on the score of religiously following the  
text of Steevens. I am not prepared to deny that this is the  
best which has hitherto appeared; though I have no difficulty  
in affirming that those will deserve well of the public, who  
shall bring back some readings which he has discarded, and  
reject others which he has adopted. In the present instance,  
for example, his text, besides being unwarranted, and totally  
foreign from the meaning of his author, can scarcely be  
reconciled either to grammar or sense.

I would wish the future editors of Shakespeare to consider,  
whether he might not have given *affect* in the singular (this  
also is used for passion), to correspond with *heat*; and then  
the lines may be thus regulated:

"Nor to comply with heat, (the young affect's  
In me defunct,) and proper satisfaction."

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in ARCHIDAMUS'S House.*

*Enter ARCHIDAMUS, TIMAGORAS, LEOSTHENES, with gorgets; and PISANDER.*

*Archid.* So, so, 'tis well: how do I look?

*Pisan.* Most sprightly. [I'm old

*Archid.* I shrink not in the shoulders; though I'm tough, steel to the back; I have not wasted My stock of strength in featherbeds: here's an arm too;

There's stuff in't, and I hope will use a sword As well as any beardless boy of you all.

*Timag.* I'm glad to see you, sir, so well prepared To endure the travail of the war.

*Archid.* Go to, sirrah!

I shall endure, when some of you keep your cabins, For all your flaunting feathers; nay, Leosthenes, You are welcome too\*, all friends and fellows now.

*Leost.* Your servant, sir.

*Archid.* Pish! leave these compliments, They stink in a soldier's mouth; I could be merry, For, now my gown's off, farewell gravity†! And must be bold to put a question to you, Without offence, I hope.

*Leost.* Sir, what you please.

*Archid.* And you will answer truly?

*Timag.* On our words, sir.

*Archid.* Go to, then; I presume you will confess That you are two notorious whoremasters; Nay, spare your blushing, I've been wild myself, A smack or so for physic does no harm; Nay, it is physic, if used moderately: But to lie at rack and manger—

*Leost.* Say we grant this, For if we should deny't, you'll not believe us, What will you infer upon it?

*Archid.* What you'll groan for, [us, I fear, when you come to the test. Old stories tell There's a month call'd October‡, which brings in Cold weather; there are trenches too, 'tis rumour'd, In which to stand all night to the knees in water, In gallants breeds the toothach; there's a sport too, Named *lying pe due*, do you mark me! 'tis a game Which you must learn to play at; now in these And choice variety of exercises, [seasons,

\* *nay, Leosthenes, You are welcome too, &c.* It should be remembered that Archidamas is, with great judgment, represented in the first scene, as averse to the marriage of Leosthenes with his daughter.

† *For, now my gown's off, farewell gravity!* This is said to have been a frequent expression with the great but playful Sir Thomas More, who was never so happy as when he shook off the pomp of office. Fuller tells a similar story of Lord Bureleigh.

‡ *Old stories tell us, There's a month called October, &c.* This pleasant old man forgets he is talking of Sicily, where October is the most delightful month of the year. All our old poets loved and thought only of their country. Whatever region was the subject, England was the real theme: their habits, customs, peculiarities, were all derived from thence. This, though it must condemn them as historians, may save them as patriots! and, indeed, it is not much to be regretted that they should overlook manners, with which they were very imperfectly acquainted, in favour of those with which they were hourly conversant—at least, it would be ungrateful in us, who profit so much by their minute descriptions, to be offended at their disregard of what are quaintly called the *costumi*.

(Nay, I come to you,) and fasts, not for devotion, Your rambling hunt-smock feels strange alterations; And in a frosty morning looks as if He could with ease creep in a pottle-pot, Instead of his mistress' placket. Then he curses The time he spent in midnight visitations; And finds what he superfluously parted with, To be reported good at length, and well breath'd\*, If but retrieved into his back again†, Would keep him warmer than a scarlet waistcoat,

*Enter DIPHILUS and CLEORA.*

Or an armour lined with fur—O welcome! welcome!

You have cut off my discourse; but I will perfect My lecture in the camp.

*Diph.* Come, we are stay'd for;

The general's afire for a remove, And longs to be in action.

*Archid.* 'Tis my wish too.

We must part—nay, no tears, my best Cleora; I shall melt too, and that were ominous. Millions of blessings on thee! All that's mine I give up to thy charge; and, sirrah, look

[To Pisander.

You with that care and reverence observe her, Which you would pay to me. A kiss; farewell, girl!

*Diph.* Peace wait upon you, fair one!

[Exit Archidamas, Diphilus, and Pisander.]

*Timag.* 'Twere impertinence

To wish you to be careful of your honour, That ever keep in pay a guard about you Of faithful virtues. Farewell: friend, I leave you To wipe our kisses off; I know that lovers Part with more circumstance and ceremony; Which I give way to. [Exit

*Leost.* 'Tis a noble favour,

For which I ever owe you. We are alone; But how I should begin, or in what language Speak the unwilling word of parting from you, I am yet to learn.

*Cleo.* And still continue ignorant; For I must be most cruel to myself, If I should teach you.

*Leost.* Yet it must be spoken, Or you will chide my slackness. You have fired me With the heat of noble action to deserve you; And the least spark of honour that took life From your sweet breath, still fann'd by it and Must mount up in a glorious flame, or I [cherish'd, Am much unworthy.

*Cleo.* May it not burn here, And, as a seamark, serve to guide true lovers, Toss'd on the ocean of luxurious wishes, Safe from the rocks of lust, into the harbour Of pure affection! rising up an example

\* *To be reported good, at length, and well breath'd* at length, which completes the verse, is carelessly dropt by both the editors.

† *If but retrieved into his back again* This (with the exception of *But* for *If but*, which I am accountable for) is the reading of the second quarto; the first quarto reads:

"But *If* retained into his back again."

fortimes shall witness to our glory,  
 k from us beginning.

'Tis a happiness

to my country, and mine honour  
 consent to; besides, add to these,  
 our pleasure, fortified by persuasion,  
 ngth of reason, for the general good,  
 hould go.

Alas! I then was witty

against myself; and mine eye, fix'd  
 e hill of honour, ne'er descended  
 into the vale of certain dangers,  
 which you were to cut your passage to it.  
 I'll stay at home, then.

No, that must not be;

o serve my own ends, and to gain  
 wreath myself, I rob you of  
 a triumph, which must fall upon you,  
 ie's turn'd a handmaid to blind Fortune. ✓  
 my soul divided! to confirm you  
 inion of the world, most worthy  
 loved (with me you're at the height,  
 advance no further,) I must send you  
 the goddess of stern war, who, if  
 you with my eyes, will ne'er return you,  
 w enamour'd of you.

Sweet, take comfort!

at I offer you, you must vouchsafe me,  
 wretched: all the dangers that  
 counter in the war, are trifles;  
 nies abroad, to be condemn'd;  
 adful foes, that have the power to hurt me,  
 at home with you.

With me?

Nay, in you,  
 part about you, they are arm'd  
 against me.

Where?

There's no perfection  
 u are mistress of, but musters up  
 against me, and all sworn  
 lestruction.

This is strange!

But true, sweet;  
 of love can work such miracles!  
 is ivory forehead are intrench'd  
 usand rivals, and these suns command  
 s from all the world, on pain to forfeit  
 mfortable beams; these ruby lips,  
 xchequer to assure their pay;  
 ad, Sibylla's golden bough to guard them,  
 a hell and horror, to the Elysian springs;  
 who'll not venture for? and, should I name  
 the virtues of your mind invite,  
 umbers would be infinite.

Can you think

e tempted?

You were never proved\*.

I have conversed with you no further  
 ould become a brother. I ne'er tuned  
 otes to your chaste ears; or brought rich  
 artillery, to batter down [presents  
 reas of your honour; nor endeavour'd  
 e your blood run high at solemn feasts  
 and that provoke; the speeding philtres:

t. *you were never proved.*] The whole of this  
 eminently beautiful; yet I cannot avoid recom-  
 to the reader's particular notice, the speech which  
 Its rhythm is so perfect, that it drops on the ear  
 sweetest melody.

I work'd no bawds to tempt you; never practis'd  
 The cunning and corrupting arts they study,  
 That wander in the wild maze of desire;  
 Honest simplicity and truth were all  
 The agents I employ'd; and when I came  
 To see you, it was with that reverence  
 As I beheld the altars of the gods:  
 And love, that came along with me, was taught  
 To leave his arrows and his torch behind,  
 Quench'd in my fear to give offence.

Cleo. And 'twas  
 That modesty that took me and preserves me,  
 Like a fresh rose, in mine own natural sweetness,  
 Which, sullied with the touch of impure hands,  
 Loses both scent and beauty.

Leost. But, Cleora,  
 When I am absent, as I must go from you  
 (Such is the cruelty of my fate), and leave you,  
 Unguarded, to the violent assaults  
 Of loose temptations; when the memory  
 Of my so many years of love and service  
 Is lost in other objects; when you are courted  
 By such as keep a catalogue of their conquests,  
 Won upon credulous virgins; when nor father  
 Is here to owe you, brother to advise you\*,  
 Nor your poor servant by, to keep such off,  
 By lust instructed how to undermine,  
 And blow your chastity up; when your weak senses,  
 At once assaulted, shall conspire against you,  
 And play the traitors to your soul, your virtue;  
 How can you stand? 'Faith, though you fall, and I  
 The judge before whom you then stood accused,  
 I should acquit you.

Cleo. Will you then confirm  
 That love and jealousy, though of different natures,  
 Must of necessity be twins; the younger  
 Created only to defeat the elder,  
 And spoil him of his birthright†? 'tis not well.  
 But being to part, I will not chide, I will not;  
 Nor with one syllable or tear, express  
 How deeply I am wounded with the arrows  
 Of your distrust: but when that you shall hear,  
 At your return, how I have borne myself,  
 And what an austere penance I take on me,  
 To satisfy your doubts; when, like a vestal,  
 I shew you, to your shame, the fire still burning,  
 Committed to my charge by true affection,  
 The people joining with you in the wonder;  
 When, by the glorious splendour of my sufferings,  
 The prying eyes of jealousy are struck blind,  
 The monster too that feeds on fears, e'en starved  
 For want of seeming matter to accuse me;  
 Expect, Leosthenes, a sharp reproof  
 From my just anger.

Leost. What will you do?

Cleo. Obey me,  
 Or from this minute you are a stranger to me;  
 And do't without reply. All-seeing sun,  
 Thou witness of my innocence, thus I close  
 Mine eyes against thy comfortable light,

\* — when nor father  
*Is here to owe you, brother to advise you.*] *Owe* is the reading  
 of both the quartos; and is evidently right. The *property* of  
 Cleora was in the father; this is distinguished from the  
 only right the brother had:—*to advise*. The modern edi-  
 tors, not comprehending this, sophisticate the text; and print—  
*here to owe you!*

† *And spoil him of his birthright!*] This is a happy  
 allusion to the history of Jacob and Esau. It is, the more  
 so, for being void of all profaneness; to which, indeed  
 Massinger had no tendency.

'Till the return of this distrustful man!  
Now bind them sure;—nay, do't: [*He binds her eyes.*] If, uncompell'd,  
I loose this knot, until the hands that made it  
Be pleased to untie it, may consuming plagues  
Fall heavy on me! pray you guide me to your lips.  
This kiss, when you come back, shall be a virgin  
To bid you welcome; nay, I have not done yet:  
I will continue dumb, and, you once gone,  
No accent shall come from me. Now to my chamber,  
My tomb, if you miscarry: there I'll spend  
My hours in silent mourning, and thus much  
Shall be reported of me to my glory.  
And you confess it, whether I live or die,  
My chastity triumphs o'er your jealousy. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter ASOTUS, driving in GRACCULO.*

*Asot.* You slave! you dog! down, cur.  
*Grac.* Hold, good young master,  
For pity's sake!  
*Asot.* Now am I in my kingdom:—  
Who says I am not valiant? I begin  
To frown again: quake, villain.  
*Grac.* So I do, sir;  
Your looks are agues to me.  
*Asot.* Are they so, sir!  
'Slight, if I had them at this bay that flout me,  
And say I look like a sheep and an ass, I'd make them  
Feel that I am a lion.  
*Grac.* Do not roar, sir,  
As you are a valiant beast: but do you know  
Why you use me thus?  
*Asot.* I'll beat thee a little more,  
Then study for a reason. O! I have it:  
One brake a jest on me, and then I swore,  
Because I durst not strike him, when I came home  
That I would break thy head.  
*Grac.* Plague on his mirth\*!  
I'm sure I mourn for't.  
*Asot.* Remember too, I charge you,  
To teach my horse good manners yet; this morning,  
As I rode to take the air, the untutor'd jade  
Threw me, and kick'd me.  
*Grac.* I thank him for't. [*Aside.*]  
*Asot.* What's that?  
*Grac.* I say, sir, I will teach him to hold his heels,  
If you will rule your fingers.  
*Asot.* I'll think upon't.  
*Grac.* I am bruised to jelly: better be a dog,  
Than slave to a fool or coward. [*Aside.*]  
*Asot.* Here's my mother.

*Enter CORISCA and ZANTHIA.*

She is chastising too: how brave we live,  
That have our slaves to beat, to keep us in breath  
When we want exercise!  
*Coris.* Careless harlotry, [*Striking her.*]  
Look to't; if a curl fall, or wind or sun  
Take my complexion off, I will not leave  
One hair upon thine head.  
*Grac.* Here's a second show

\* *Grac.* Plague on his mirth.] This is marked as a side speech by the modern editors; it is spoken, however, to *Asotus*: and alludes to what he calls a *jest* in the preceding line. It is worth observing, that the editor of the second quarto frequently varies the exclamations of the first, and always for the worse: thus *Plague*! is uniformly turned into *P—s*! Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason follow him.

Of the family of pride.

[*Aside.*]

*Coris.* Fie on these wars!  
I'm starved for want of action; not a gamester left  
To keep a woman play. If this world last  
A little longer with us, ladies must study  
Some new-found mystery to cool one another;  
We shall burn to cinders else. I have heard there  
have been  
Such arts in a long vacation; would they were  
Reveal'd to me! they have made my doctor too  
Physician to the army; he was used  
To serve the turn at a pinch; but I am now  
Quite unprovided.

*Asot.* My mother-in-law is, sure,  
At her devotion.

*Coris.* There are none but our slaves left,  
Nor are they to be trusted. Some great women,  
Which I could name, in a dearth of visitants,  
Rather than be idle, have been glad to play  
At small game; but I am so queasy-stomach'd,  
And from my youth have been so used to dainties,  
I cannot taste such gross meat. Some that are  
Draw on their shoemakers, and take a fall [hungry  
From such as mend mats in their galleries;  
Or when a tailor settles a petticoat on,  
Take measure of his bodkin; fie upon't!  
'Tis base; for my part, I could rather lie with  
A gallant's breeches, and conceive upon them,  
Than stoop so low.

*Asot.* Fair madam, and my mother. [*country,*]

*Coris.* Leave the last out, it smells rank of the  
And shews coarse breeding; your true courtier  
knows not

His niece, or sister, from another woman,  
If she be apt and cunning. I could tempt now  
This fool, but he will be so long a working!  
Then he's my husband's son:—the fitter to  
Supply his wants; I have the way already,  
I'll try if it will take. When were you with  
Your mistress, fair Cleora?

*Asot.* Two days sithence;  
But she's so coy, forsooth, that ere I can [for her,  
Speak a penn'd speech I have bought and studied  
Her woman calls her away.

*Coris.* Here's a dull thing!  
But better taught, I hope. Send off your man.

*Asot.* Sirrah, be gone.

*Grac.* This is the first good turn  
She ever did me. [*Exit.*]

*Coris.* We'll have a scene of mirth;  
I must not have you shamed for want of practice.  
I stand here for Cleora, and, do you hear, minion,  
That you may tell her what her woman should do,  
Repeat the lesson over that I taught you,  
When my young lord came to visit me; if you miss  
In a syllable or posture—

*Zant.* I am perfect.

*Asot.* Would I were so! I fear I shall be out.

*Coris.* If you are, I'll help you in. Thus I walk  
You are to enter, and, as you pass by, [musing:  
Salute my woman;—be but bold enough,  
You'll speed, I warrant you. Begin.

*Asot.* Have at it—

Save thee, sweet heart! a kiss.

*Zant.* Venus forbid, sir,  
I should presume to taste your honour's lips  
Before my lady.

*Coris.* This is well on both parts.

*Asot.* How does thy lady?

*Zant.* Happy in your lordship,

As oft as she thinks on you.

*Coris.* Very good ;  
This wench will learn in time.

*Asot.* Does she think of me ?

*Zant.* O, sir ! and speaks the best of you ; admires  
Your wit, your clothes, discourse ; and swears, but  
that

You are not forward enough for a lord, you were  
The most complete and absolute man,—I'll shew  
Your lordship a secret.

*Asot.* Not of thine own ?

*Zant.* O ! no, sir,  
'Tis of my lady : but, upon your honour,  
You must conceal it.

*Asot.* By all means.

*Zant.* Sometimes  
I lie with my lady ; as the last night I did ;  
She could not say her prayers for thinking of you :  
Nay, she talk'd of you in her sleep, and sigh'd out,  
*O sweet Asotus, sure thou art so backward,*  
*That I must ravish thee !* and in that fervour  
She took me in her arms, threw me upon her,  
Kiss'd me, and hugg'd me, and then waked, and wept,  
Because 'twas but a dream.

*Coris.* This will bring him on,  
Or he's a block. A good girl !

*Asot.* I am mad,

Till I am at it.

*Zant.* Be not put off, sir,  
With, *Away, I dare not ;—fie, you are immodest ;—*  
*My brother's up ;—my father will hear.*—Shoot home,  
You cannot miss the mark. [sir,

*Asot.* There's for thy counsel.

This is the fairest interlude,—if it prove earnest,  
I shall wish I were a player.

*Coris.* Now my turn comes.

I am exceeding sick, pray you send my page  
For young Asotus, I cannot live without him ;  
Pray him to visit me ; yet, when he's present,  
I must be strange to him.

*Asot.* Not so, you are caught :

Lo, whom you wish ; behold Asotus here !

*Coris.* You wait well, minion ; shortly I shall not  
speak

My thoughts in my private chamber, but they must  
Lie open to discovery.

*Asot.* 'Slid, she's angry.

*Zant.* No, no, sir, she but seems so. To her again.

*Asot.* Lady, I would descend to kiss your hand,  
But that 'tis gloved, and civet makes me sick ;  
And to presume to taste your lip's not safe,  
Your woman by.

*Coris.* I hope she's no observer

Of whom I grace. [Zanthia looks on a book.

*Asot.* She's at her book, O rare ! [Kisses her.

*Coris.* A kiss for entertainment is sufficient ;

Too much of one dish cloy's me.

*Asot.* I would serve in

The second course ; but still I fear your woman.

*Coris.* You are very cautious\*.

[Zanthia seems to sleep.

\* *Coris.* You are very cautious.] This word occurs continually in the sense of wary, suspicious, over-circumspect, &c.

"This cannot be Briaac, that worthy gentleman.  
"He is too prudent, and too cautious: *The Elder Brother*; yet Mr. M. Mason chooses to displace it for *cautious*, which, besides being a feebler expression, has the further recommendation, of polling the metre. I cannot avoid subjoining, that this, and the preceding scene, are most

*Asot.* 'Slight, she's asleep !

'Tis pity these instructions are not printed ;  
They would sell well to chambermaids. 'Tis no  
time now

To play with my good fortune, and your favour ;  
Yet to be taken, as they say :—a scout,  
To give the signal when the enemy comes,

[Exit Zanthia.

Were now worth gold.—She's gone to watch.

A waiter so train'd up were worth a million

To a wanton city madam.

*Coris.* You are grown conceited\*.

*Asot.* You teach me. Lady, now your cabinet—

*Coris.* You speak as it were yours.

*Asot.* When we are there,  
I'll shew you my best evidence.

*Coris.* Hold ! you forget,

I only play Cleora's part.

*Asot.* No matter,

Now we've begun, let's end the act.

*Coris.* Forbear, sir ;

Your father's wife !—

*Asot.* Why, being his heir, I am bound,

Since he can make no satisfaction to you.

To see his debts paid

Enter ZANTHIA running.

*Zant.* Madam, my lord !

*Coris.* Fall off ;

I must trifle with the time too ; hell confound it

*Asot.* Plague on his toothless chaps ! he cannot  
do't

Himself, yet hinders such as have good stomachs.

Enter CLEON.

*Cleon.* Where are you, wife ? I fain would go  
abroad,  
But cannot find my slaves that bear my litter ;  
I am tired. Your shoulder, son ;—nay, sweet, thy  
hand too ;

A turn or two in the garden, and then to supper.

And so to bed.

*Asot.* Never to rise, I hope, more. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—A Grove near the Walls of Syracuse.

Enter PISANDER and POLIPHON, A Table.

*Pisan.* 'Twill take, I warrant thee.

*Poliph.* You may do your pleasure ;  
But, in my judgment, better to make use of  
The present opportunity.

*Pisan.* No more.

*Poliph.* I am silenced.

*Pisan.* More wine ; prithee drink hard, friend,  
And when we're hot, whatever I propound,

Enter CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, and other Slaves.

Second with vehemence. Men of your words, all  
welcome !

Slaves use no ceremony ; sit down, here's a health.

*Poliph.* Let it run round, fill every man his glass.

*Grac.* We look for no waiters ; this is wine !

scandalously given by both the editors ; scarcely a single  
speech being without a misprint or an omission.

\* *Coris.* You are grown conceited,] I.e. facetious, witty :  
so in *Ram Alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611.

*Throats.* What brought you hither ?

*Boat.* Why, these small legs.

*Throats.* You are conceited, sir.

*Pisan.* The better, [us  
Strong, lusty wine: drink deep, this juice will make  
As free as our lords. [Drinks.

*Grac.* But if they find we taste it,  
We are all damn'd to the quarry during life,  
Without hope of redemption.

*Pisan.* Pish! for that  
We'll talk anon: another rouse\*! we lose time; [Drinks.

When our low blood's wound up a little higher,  
I'll offer my design; nay, we are cold yet;  
These glasses contain nothing:—do me right, [Takes the bottle.

As e'er you hope for liberty. 'Tis done bravely;  
How do you feel yourselves now?

*Cimb.* I begin  
To have strange conundrums in my head.

*Grac.* And I [now,  
To loath base water: I would be hang'd in peace  
For one month of such holidays.

*Pisan.* An age, boys,  
And yet defy the whip; if you are men,  
Or dare believe you have souls.

*Cimb.* We are no brokers.  
*Grac.* Nor whores, whose marks are out of their  
mouths, they have none;

They hardly can get salt enough to keep them  
From stinking above ground.

*Pisan.* Our lords are no gods—  
*Grac.* They are devils to us, I am sure.

*Pisan.* But subject to  
Cold, hunger, and diseases.

*Grac.* In abundance.  
Your lord that feels no ach in his chine at twenty,  
Forfeits his privilege; how should their surgeons  
Or ride on their footcloths? [build else,

*Pisan.* Equal Nature fashion'd us  
All in one mould. The bear serves not the bear,  
Nor the wolf the wolf; 'twas odds of strength in  
tyrants,

That pluck'd the first link from the golden chain  
With which that THING OF THINGS† bound in the  
world.

Why then, since we are taught, by their examples,  
To love our liberty, if not command, [ones?  
Should the strong serve the weak, the fair, deform'd  
Or such as know the cause of things, pay tribute  
To ignorant fools? All's but the outward gloss,  
And politick form, that does distinguish us.  
*Cimbrio*, thou art a strong man; if, in place  
Of carrying burthens, thou hadst been train'd up  
In martial discipline, thou might'st have proved  
A general, fit to lead and fight for Sicily,  
As fortunate as Timoleon.

*Cimb.* A little fighting  
Will serve a general's turn.

*Pisan.* Thou, Gracculo,  
Hast fluency of language, quick conceit;  
And, I think, cover'd with a senator's robe,  
Formally set on the bench, thou wouldst appear  
As brave a senator.

*Grac.* Would I had lands,

\* — another rouse! Another full glass, another bumper. See the *Duke of Milan*.

† *Grac.* Nor whores, whose marks are out of their mouths, they have none;] They have none; is omitted both by Coxeter and M. Mason.

‡ That THING OF THINGS.] A literal translation, as Mr. M. Mason observes, of *ENS ENTIVM*. I know not where Pisander acquired his revolutionary philosophy: his golden chain, perhaps he found in Homer.

Or money to buy a place; and if I did not  
Sleep on the bench with the drowsiest of them, play  
with my chain, [and wear

Look on my watch, when my guts chimed twelve,  
A state beard, with my barber's help, rank with  
them

In their most choice peculiar gifts; degrade me,  
And put me to drink water again, which, now  
I have tasted wine, were poison!

*Pisan.* 'Tis spoke nobly,  
And like a gownman: none of these, I think too,  
But would prove good burghers.

*Grac.* Hum! the fools are modest;  
I know their insides: here's an ill-faced fellow,  
(But that will not be seen in a dark shop,)

If he did not in a month learn to outswear, [man  
In the selling of his wares, the cunning'st trades-  
In Syracusa, I have no skill. Here's another,  
Observe but what a cozening look he has!—

Hold up thy head, man; if, for drawing gallants  
Into mortgages for commodities, or cheating heirs  
With your new counterfeit gold thread, and gum'd  
velvets,

He does not transcend all that went before him,  
Call in his patent: pass the rest; they'll all make  
Sufficient beccos, and with their brow-antlers  
Bear up the cap of maintenance.

*Pisan.* Is't not pity, then,  
Men of such eminent virtues should be slaves?

*Cimb.* Our fortune.

*Pisan.* 'Tis your folly: daring men  
Command and make their fates. Say, at this instant,  
I mark'd you out a way to liberty;  
Possess'd you of those blessings, our proud lords  
So long have surfeited in; and, what is sweetest,  
Arm you with power, by strong hand to revenge  
Your stripes, your unregarded toil, the pride,  
The insolence of such as tread upon  
Your patient sufferings; fill your famish'd mouths  
With the fat and plenty of the land; redeem you  
From the dark vale of servitude, and seat you  
Upon a hill of happiness; what would you do  
To purchase this, and more?

*Grac.* Do! any thing:  
To burn a church or two, and dance by the light on't,  
Were but a May-game.

*Poliph.* I have a father living;  
But, if the cutting of his throat could work this,  
He should excuse me.

*Cimb.* 'Slight! I would cut mine own.  
Rather than miss it, so I might but have  
A taste on't, ere I die.

\* — if, for drawing gallants

Into mortgages for commodities, &c.] i. e. for wares, of which the needy borrower made what he could: "First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money:" *Measure for Measure*. This is ridiculous enough; and, indeed, our old writers are extremely pleasant on the heterogeneous articles, which the usurers of their days forced on the necessity of the thoughtless spendthrift, in lieu of the money for which he had rashly signed. Fielding has imitated them in his *Miscer*, without adding much to their humour: and Foote, in *The Minor*, has servilely followed his example. The spectators of those scenes probably thought that the writers had gone beyond real life, and drawn on imagination for their amusement: but transactions (not altogether proper, perhaps, to be specified here) have actually taken place in our own times, which leave their boldest conceptions at an humble distance; and prove, beyond a doubt, that in the arts of raising money, the invention of the most fertile poet must yield to that of the meanest scrivener.

*Pisan.* Be resolute men,  
You shall run no such hazard, nor groan under  
The burthen of such crying sins.

*Cimb.* The means?

*Grac.* I feel a woman's longing.

*Poliph.* Do not torment us  
With expectation.

*Pisan.* Thus, then: Our proud masters,  
And all the able freemen of the city,  
Are gone unto the wars—

*Poliph.* Observe but that.

*Pisan.* Old men, and such as can make no resist-  
ance,

Are only left at home—

*Grac.* And the proud young fool,  
My master: If this take, I'll hamper him.

*Pisan.* Their arsenal, their treasure, 's in our  
power,

If we have hearts to seize them. If our lords fall  
In the present action, the whole country's ours:  
Say they return victorious, we have means  
To keep the town against them: at the worst,  
To make our own conditions. Now, if you dare  
Fall on their daughters and their wives, break up  
Their iron chests, banquet on their rich beds,  
And carve yourselves of all delights and pleasure  
You have been barr'd from, with one voice cry with  
Liberty, liberty!

*All.* Liberty, liberty!

*Pisan.* Go then, and take possession: use all free-  
But shed no blood.—So, this is well begun;  
But not to be commended, till't be done. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in ARCHIDAMUS'S  
House.*

*Enter PISANDER and TIMANDRA.*

*Pisan.* Why, think you that I plot against myself\*?   
Fear nothing, you are safe; these thick-skin'd slaves  
I use as instruments to serve my ends,  
Pierce not my deep designs; nor shall they dare  
To lift an arm against you.

*Timand.* With your will.  
But turbulent spirits, raised beyond themselves  
With ease, are not so soon laid; they oft prove  
Dangerous to him that call'd them up.

*Pisan.* 'Tis true,  
In what is rashly undertook. Long since  
I have consider'd seriously their natures,  
Proceeded with mature advice, and know  
I hold their wills and faculties in more awe  
Than I can do my own. Now, for their license  
And riot in the city, I can make  
A just defence and use: it may appear too  
A politick prevention of such ills  
As might, with greater violence and danger,  
Hereafter be attempted; though some smart for't,  
It matters not:—however, I'm resolved;  
And asleep you with security. Holds Cleora  
Constant to her rash vow?

*Timand.* Beyond belief;  
To me, that see her hourly, it seems a fable.  
By signs I guess at her commands, and serve them  
With silence; such her pleasure is, made known  
By holding her fair hand thus. She eats little,  
Sleeps less, as I imagine; once a day,  
I lead her to this gallery, where she walks  
Some half a dozen turns, and, having offer'd  
To her absent saint a sacrifice of sighs,  
She points back to her prison.

*Pisan.* Guide her hither,  
And make her understand the slaves' revolt;  
And, with your utmost eloquence, enlarge

Their insolence, and rapes done in the city:  
Forget not too, I am their chief, and tell her  
You strongly think my extreme dotage on her,  
As I'm Marullo, caused this sudden uproar  
To make way to enjoy her.

*Timand.* Punctually

I will discharge my part.

[Exit.

*Enter POLIPHON.*

*Poliph.* O, sir, I sought you: [loose;  
You've miss'd the best\* sport! Hell, I think's broke  
There's such variety of all disorders,  
As leaping, shouting, drinking, dancing, whoring,  
Among the slaves; answer'd with crying, howling,  
By the citizens and their wives; such a confusion,  
In a word, not to tire you, as, I think,  
The like was never read of.

*Pisan.* I share in  
The pleasure, though I'm absent. This is some  
Revenge for my disgrace.

*Poliph.* But, sir, I fear,  
If your authority restrain them not,  
They'll fire the city, or kill one another,  
They are so apt to outrage; neither know I  
Whether you wish it, and came therefore to  
Acquaint you with so much.

*Pisan.* I will among them;  
But must not long be absent.

*Poliph.* At your pleasure.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Shouts within. Enter CLEORA and TIMANDRA.*

*Timand.* They are at our gates: my heart! affrights  
and horrors

Increase each minute. No way left to save us,  
No flattering hope to comfort us, or means  
But miracle to redeem us from base lust  
And lawless rapine! Are there gods, yet suffer  
Such innocent sweetness to be made the spoil

\* *Pisan.* Why, think you that I plot against myself?   
The plot opens here with wonderful address, and the suc-  
ceeding conference, or rather scene, between Pisander and  
Cleora, is immitably beautiful.

\* *You've miss'd the best sport!* Best, which is not in  
Coxeter, or M. Mason, is only found in the first edition; it  
seems necessary to the metre.

Of brutish appetite? or, since they decree  
To ruin nature's masterpiece, of which  
They have not left one pattern, must they choose,  
To set their tyranny off, slaves to pollute  
The spring of chastity, and poison it -  
With their most loath'd embraces? and, of those,  
He, that should offer up his life to guard it,  
Marullo, curs'd Marullo, your own bondman,  
Purchased to serve you, and fed by your favours!—  
Nay, start not: it is he; he, the grand captain  
Of these libidinous beasts, that have not left  
One cruel act undone, that barbarous conquest  
Yet ever practised in a captive city.  
He, doting on your beauty, and to have fellows  
In his foul sin, hath raised these mutinous slaves  
Who have begun the game by violent rapes  
Upon the wives and daughters of their lords:  
And he, to quench the fire of his base lust,  
By force comes to enjoy you:—do not wring  
Your innocent hands, 'tis bootless; use the means  
That may preserve you. 'Tis no crime to break  
A vow when you are forced to it; shew your face,  
And with the majesty of commanding beauty,  
Strike dead his loose affections: if that fail,  
Give liberty to your tongue, and use entreaties;  
There cannot be a breast of flesh and blood,  
Or heart so made of flint, but must receive  
Impression from your words; or eyes so stern,  
But, from the clear reflection of your tears,  
Must melt, and bear them company. Will you not  
Do these good offices to yourself? poor I, then,  
Can only weep your fortune:—here he comes.

*Enter PISANDER, speaking at the door.*

*Pisan.* He that advances  
A foot beyond this, comes upon my sword:  
You have had your ways, disturb not mine.  
*Timand.* Speak gently,  
Her fears may kill her else.

*Pisan.* Now Love inspire me!  
Still shall this canopy of envious night  
Obscure my suns of comfort? and those dainties  
Of purest white and red, which I take in at  
My greedy eyes, denied my famish'd senses?—  
The organs of your hearing yet are open;  
And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe  
To give them warrant to convey unto  
Your understanding parts, the story of  
A tortured and despairing lover, whom  
Not fortune but affection marks your slave:—  
Shake not, best lady! for believe't, you are  
As far from danger as I am from force:  
All violence I shall offer, tends no further  
Than to relate my sufferings, which I dare not  
Presume to do, till, by some gracious sign,  
You shew you are pleased to hear me.

*Timand.* If you are,  
Hold forth your right hand.

[*Cleora holds forth her right hand.*]

*Pisan.* So, 'tis done; and I  
With my glad lips seal humbly on your foot,  
My soul's thanks for the favour: I forbear  
To tell you who I am, what wealth, what honours  
I made exchange of, to become your servant:  
And, though I knew worthy Leosthenes  
(For sure he must be worthy, for whose love  
You have endured so much) to be my rival;  
When rage and jealousy counsel'd me to kill him,  
Which then I could have done with much more ease,  
Than now, in fear to grieve you, I dare speak it,

Love, seconded with duty, boldly told me  
The man I hated, fair Cleora favour'd:  
And that was his protection.

[*Cleora bows.*]

*Timand.* See, she bows  
Her head in sign of thankfulness.

*Pisan.* He removed by  
The occasion of the war, (my fires increasing  
By being closed and stopp'd up,) frantic affection  
Prompted me to do something in his absence,  
That might deliver you into my power,  
Which you see is effected; and, even now,  
When my rebellious passions chide my dulness,  
And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes,  
Now it is in my power to bear you hence,

[*Cleora starts.*]

Or take my wishes here, (nay, fear not, madam,  
True love's a servant, brutish lust a tyrant.)  
I dare not touch those viands that ne'er taste well,  
But when they're freely offer'd: only thus much,  
Be pleased I may speak in my own dear cause,  
And think it worthy your consideration,  
(I have loved truly, cannot say deserved,  
Since duty must not take the name of merit.)  
That I so far prize your content, before  
All blessings that my hope can fashion to me,  
That willingly I entertain despair,  
And, for your sake, embrace it: for I know,  
This opportunity lost, by no endeavour  
The like can be recover'd. To conclude  
Forget not that I lose myself to save you:  
For what can I expect but death and torture,  
The war being ended? and, what is a task  
Would trouble Hercules to undertake,  
I do deny you to myself, to give you,  
A pure unspotted present, to my rival.  
I have said: If it distaste not, best of virgins,  
Reward my temperance with some lawful favour,  
Though you condemn my person.

[*Cleora kneels, then pulls off her glove, and offers her hand to Pisan.*]

*Timand.* See, she kneels;  
And seems to call upon the gods to pay  
The debt she owes your virtue: to perform which,  
As a sure pledge of friendship, she vouchsafes you  
Her fair\* right hand.

*Pisan.* I am paid for all my sufferings.  
Now, when you please, pass to your private chamber,  
My love and duty, faithful guards, shall keep you  
From all disturbance; and when you are sat  
With thinking of Leosthenes, as a fee  
Due to my service, spare one sigh for me.

[*Exeunt. Cleora makes a low courtesy as she goes off.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter GRACULO, leading ASOTUS in an ape's habit, with a chain about his neck; ZANTHIA in CORNECA's clothes, she bearing up her train.*

*Grac.* Come on, sir.

*Asot.* Oh!

*Grac.* Do you grumble? you were ever  
A brainless ass; but, if this hold, I'll teach you  
To come aloft, and do tricks like an ape.

Your morning's lesson: if you miss—  
*Asot.* O no, sir.

\* *Her fair right hand.* I have inserted *four* from the first quarto: the subsequent editions dropt it.

Grac. What for the Carthaginians? [*Asotus makes moppes.*] a good beast\*.  
 What for ourself, your lord? [*Dances.*] Exceeding well†.  
 There's your reward. Not kiss your paw! So, so,  
 Zant. Was ever lady, the first day of her honour,  
 So waited on by a wrinkled crone? She looks now,  
 Without her painting, curling, and perfumes,  
 Like the last day of January; and stinks worse  
 Than a hot brache in the dogdays. Further off!  
 So—stand there like an image; if you stir,  
 Till, with a quarter of a look, I call you,  
 You know what follows.  
 Coris. O, what am I fallen to!  
 But 'tis a punishment for my lust and pride,  
 Justly return'd upon me.  
 Grac. How dost thou like  
 Thy ladyship, Zanthia?  
 Zant. Very well; and bear it  
 With as much state as your lordship.  
 Grac. Give me thy hand:  
 Let us, like conquering Romans, walk in triumph;†  
 Our captives following: then mount our tribunals,  
 And make the slaves our footstools.  
 Zant. Fine, by Jove!  
 Are your hands clean, minion?  
 Coris. Yes, forsooth.  
 Zant. Fall off then. [*duties—*]  
 So, now come on; and, having made your three  
 Down, I say—are you stiff in the bams?—now kneel,  
 And tie our shoe: now kiss it, and be happy.  
 Grac. This is state, indeed.  
 Zant. It is such as she taught me;  
 A tickling itch of greatness, your proud ladies  
 Expect from their poor waiters: we have changed  
 parts;  
 She does what she forced me to do in her reign,  
 And I must practise it in mine.  
 Grac. 'Tis justice:  
 O! here come more.

\* Grac. *What for the Carthaginians?* [*Asotus makes moppes.*] For this word, which signifies that quick and grinning motion of the teeth and lips which apes make when they are irritated, and which is found in both the copies, the modern editors, in kindness to their readers, I suppose, have *mouths*: indeed, they do not seem to have understood the humour of this scene, which, in both, especially in Mr. M. Mason, is most negligently printed.

† *What for ourself, your lord?* Here *Asotus* must be supposed to come *aloft*, i. e. to leap, or rather tumble, in token of satisfaction. Our ancestors certainly excelled us in the education which they gave to their animals. Banks's horse far surpassed all that have been brought up in the academy of Mr. Astley; and the apes of these days are mere clowns to their progenitors. The apes of Massinger's time were gifted with a pretty smattering of politics and philosophy. The widow Wild had one of them: "He would come *over* for all my friends, but was the dogged'st thing to my enemies; he would sit upon his tail before them, and frown like John-a-apes when the pope is named." *The Person's Wedding.* Another may be found in *Ram Alley*:

"Men say you've tricks; remember, noble captain,  
 You skip when I shall shake my whip. Now, sir,  
 What can you do for the great Turk?  
 What can you do for the Pope of Rome?  
 Lo!  
 He stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth not.  
 What can you do for the town of Geneva, sirrah?"

["*Captain holds up his hand,*" &c.]

‡ Grac. *Give me thy hand:*  
 Let us, like conquering Romans, walk in triumph.] Graculo speaks in the spirit of prophecy; for the conquering Romans were at this time struggling with their neighbours for a few miserable hats to hide their heads in; and if any captives followed, or rather preceded, their triumphs, it was a herd of stolen beavers.

Enter CIMBRIO, CLEON, POLIPHON, and OLYMPIA.

Cimb. Discover to a drachma,  
 Or I will famish thee.

Cleon. O! I am pined already.

Cimb. Hunger shall force thee to cut off the brawns  
 From thy arms and thighs, then broil them on the  
 For carbonadoes. [*coals*]

Poliph. Spare the old jade, he's founder'd.

Grac. Cut his throat then,  
 And hang him out for a scarecrow.

Poliph. You have all your wishes  
 In your revenge, and I have mine. You see  
 I use no tyranny: when I was her slave,  
 She kept me as a sinner, to lie at her back  
 In frosty nights, and fed me high with dainties,  
 Which still she had in her belly again ere morning,  
 And in requital of those courtesies,  
 Having made one another free, we are married;  
 And, if you wish us joy, join with us in  
 A dauce at our wedding.

Grac. Agreed; for I have thought of  
 A most triumphant one, which shall express  
 We are lords, and these our slaves.

Poliph. But we shall want  
 A woman.

Grac. No, here's Jane-of-apes shall serve\*;  
 Carry your body swimming—Where's the music?

Poliph. I have placed it in yon window.

Grac. Begin then sprightly.

[*Music, and then a dance.*]

Enter PISANDER behind.

Poliph. Well done on all aides! I have prepared a  
 Let's drink and cool us. [*banquet;*]

Grac. A good motion.

Cimb. Wait here;

You have been tired with feasting, learn to fast now.

Grac. I'll have an apple for Jack, and may be  
 May fall to your share. [*some scraps*]

[*Exeunt Grac. Zant. Cimb. Poliph. and Olymp.*]

Coris. Whom can we accuse  
 But ourselves, for what we suffer? Thou art just,  
 Thou all-creating Power! and misery  
 Instructs me now, that yesterday acknowledged  
 No deity beyond my lust and pride,  
 There is a heaven above us, that looks down  
 With the eyes of justice, upon such as number  
 Those blessings freely given, in the account  
 Of their poor merits; else it could not be,  
 Now miserable I, to please whose palate  
 The elements were ransack'd, yet complain'd  
 Of nature, as not liberal enough  
 In her provision of rarities  
 To sooth my taste, and pamper my proud flesh,  
 Should wish in vain for bread.

Cleon. Yes, I do wish too,

For what I fed my dogs with.

Coris. I, that forgot

I was made of flesh and blood, and thought the silk  
 Spun by the diligent worm, out of their entrails,  
 Too coarse to clothe me, and the softest down  
 Too hard to sleep on; that disdain'd to look  
 On virtue being in rags, that stopp'd my nose  
 At those that did not use adulterate arts  
 To better nature; that from those that served me  
 Expected adoration, am made justly

\* Grac. *No, here's Jane-of-apes shall serve;* Meaning Corisca: he plays upon *Jack-an-apes*, the name he had given to *Asotus*.

The scorn of my own bondwoman.

*Asot.* I am punish'd,  
For seeking to cuckold mine own natural father :  
Had I been gelded then, or used myself  
Like a man, I had not been transform'd, and forced  
To play an overgrown ape.

*Cleon.* I know I cannot [both ;  
Last long, that's all my comfort. Come, I forgive  
'Tis in vain to be angry ; let us, therefore,  
Lament together like friends.

*Pisan.* What a true mirror  
Were this sad spectacle for secure greatness !  
Here they, that never see themselves, but in  
The glass of servile flattery, might behold  
The weak foundation upon which they build  
Their trust in human frailty. Happy are those,  
That knowing, in their births, they are subject to  
Uncertain change, are still prepared, and arm'd  
For either fortune : a rare principle,  
And with much labour, learn'd in wisdom's school !  
For, as these bondmen, by their actions, shew  
That their prosperity, like too large a sail  
For their small bark of judgment, sinks them with  
A fore-right gale of liberty, ere they reach  
The port they long to touch at : so these wretches,  
Swollen with the false opinion of their worth,  
And proud of blessings left them, not acquired ;  
That did believe they could with giant arms  
Fathom the earth, and were above their fates,  
Those borrow'd helps, that did support them, van-  
ish'd,

Fall of themselves, and by unmanly suffering,  
Betray their proper weakness, and make known  
Their boasted greatness was lent, not their own.

*Cleon.* O for some meat ! they sit long,  
*Coris.* We forgot,  
When we drew out intemperate feasts till midnight ;  
Their hunger was not thought on, nor their watch-  
ings ;

Nor did we hold ourselves served to the height,  
But when we did exact and force their duties  
Beyond their strength and power.

*Asot.* We pay for't now :  
I now could be content to have my head  
Broke with a rib of beef, or for a coffin,  
Be buried in the dripping pan.

*Re-enter POLIPHON, CIMBRIO, GRACULO, ZANTHIA,  
and OLYMPIA, drunk and quarrelling.*

*Cimb.* Do not hold me :  
Not kiss the bride !

*Poliph.* No, sir.

*Cimb.* She's common good,  
And so we'll use her.

*Grac.* We'll have nothing private.

*Pisan.* [coming forward] Hold !

*Zant.* Here's Marullo.

*Olymp.* He's your chief.

*Cimb.* We are equals ;  
I will know no obedience.

*Grac.* Nor superior—  
Nay, if you are lion-drunk, I will make one ;  
For lightly ever he that parts the fray,  
Goes away with the blows.\*

\* For lightly ever he that parts the fray,  
Goes away with the blows. Lightly is commonly, usu-  
ally ; so in *The New Inn* :

*Bras.* What insolent, half-witted things, these are ;  
*Lat.* So are all smatterers, insolent and impudent ;  
they lightly go together.

*Pisan.* Art thou mad too ?  
No more, as you respect me.

*Poliph.* I obey, sir.

*Pisan.* Quarrel among yourselves !

*Cimb.* Yes, in our wine, sir,

And for our wenches.

*Grac.* How could we be lords else ?

*Pisan.* Take heed ; I've news will cool this heat  
Remember what you were. [and make you

*Cimb.* How !

*Pisan.* Send off these,

And then I'll tell you. [Zanthia beats Corisca.

*Olymp.* This is tyranny,

Now she offends not.

*Zant.* 'Tis for exercise,

And to help digestion. What is she good for else ?  
To me it was her language.

*Pisan.* Lead her off,

And take heed, madam minx, the wheel may turn.

Go to your meat and rest ; and from this hour

Remember he that is a lord to day,

May be a slave tomorrow.

*Cleon.* Good morality !

[Exeunt Cleon, Asot. Zant. Olymp. and Coris.

*Cimb.* But what would you impart ?

*Pisan.* What must invite you

To stand upon your guard, and leave your feasting ;

Or but imagine what it is to be

Most miserable, and rest assured you are so.

Our masters are victorious.

*All.* How !

*Pisan.* Within

A day's march of the city, flesh'd with spoil,

And proud of conquest ; the armada sunk ;

The Carthaginian admiral, hand to hand,

Slain by Leosthenes.

*Cimb.* I feel the whip

Upon my back already.

*Grac.* Every man

Seek a convenient tree, and hang himself.

*Poliph.* Better die once, than live an age, to suffer

New tortures every hour.

*Cimb.* Say, we submit,

And yield us to their mercy ?—

*Pisan.* Can you flatter

Yourselves with such false hopes ? Or dare you think

That your imperious lords, that never fail'd

To punish with severity petty slips

In your neglect of labour, may be won

To pardon those licentious outrages

Which noble enemies forbear to practise

Upon the conquer'd ? What have you omitted,

That may call on their just revenge with horror,

And studied cruelty ? we have gone too far

To think now of retiring ; in our courage,

And daring\*, lies our safety ; if you are not

Slaves in your abject minds, as in your fortunes,

Since to die is the worst, better expose

Our naked breasts to their keen swords, and sell

Our lives with the most advantage, than to trust

In a forestall'd remission, or yield up

Our bodies to the furnace of their fury ;

Thrice heated with revenge.

Again, in *The Fox* :

" — I knew 'twould take ;  
For lightly, they that use themselves most license,  
Are still most jealous."

\* — in our courage,  
And daring, lies our safety :] The old copies read during :  
but it is an evident misprint.

*Grac.* You led us on.

*Cimb.* And 'tis but justice you should bring us off.

*Grac.* And we expect it.

*Pisan.* Hear then and obey me ;

And I will either save you, or fall with you :  
Man the walls strongly, and make good the ports ;  
Boldly deny their entrance, and rip up  
Your grievances, and what compell'd you to  
This desperate course : if they disdain to hear  
Of composition, we have in our powers  
Their aged fathers, children, and their wives,  
Who, to preserve themselves, must willingly  
Make intercession for us. 'Tis not time now  
To talk, but do : a glorious end, or freedom,  
Is now proposed us ; stand resolved for either,  
And, like good fellows, live or die together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Country near Syracuse. The  
Camp of Timoleon.*

*Enter LEOSTHENES and TIMAGORAS.*

*Timag.* I am so far from envy, I am proud  
You have outstripp'd me in the race of honour.  
O 'twas a glorious day, and bravely won !  
Your bold performance gave such lustre to  
Timoleon's wise directions, as the army  
Rests doubtful, to whom they stand most engaged  
For their so great success.

*Leost.* The gods first honour'd,  
The glory be the general's ; 'tis far from me  
To be his rival.

*Timag.* You abuse your fortune,  
To entertain her choice and gracious favours  
With a contracted brow ; plumed Victory  
Is truly painted with a cheerful look,  
Equally distant from proud insolence,  
And base dejection.

*Leost.* O Timagoras,  
You only are acquainted with the cause  
That loads my sad heart with a hill of lead ; [nour  
Whose ponderous weight, neither my new-got ho-  
Assisted by the general applause  
The soldier crowns it with\*, nor all war's glories  
Can lessen or remove : and would you please,  
With fit consideration, to remember  
How much I wrong'd Cleora's innocence  
With my rash doubts ; and what a grievous penance  
She did impose upon her tender sweetness,  
To pluck away the vulture jealousy,  
That fed upon my liver ; you cannot blame me,  
But call it a fit justice on myself,  
Though I resolve to be a stranger to  
The thought of mirth or pleasure.

*Timag.* You have redeem'd  
The forfeit of your fault with such a ransom  
Of honourable action, as my sister  
Must of necessity confess her sufferings

\* *The soldier crowns it with.* This is a much better  
reading than the sophistication of the modern editors, the  
*soldiers crown, &c.*

Weigh'd down by your fair merits ; and, when she  
views you,

Like a triumphant conqueror, carried through  
The streets of Syracuse, the glad people  
Pressing to meet you, and the senators  
Contending who shall heap most honours on you ;  
The oxen, crown'd with garlands, led before you,  
Appointed for the sacrifice ; and the altars  
Smoking with thankful incense to the gods :  
The soldiers chanting loud hymns to your praise,  
The windows fill'd with matrons and with virgins,  
Throwing upon your head as you pass by,  
The choicest flowers, and silently invoking  
The queen of love, with their particular vows,  
To be thought worthy of you ; can Cleora  
(Though, in the glass of self-love, she behold  
Her best deserts) but with all joy acknowledge,  
What she endured was but a noble trial  
You made of her affection ? and her anger,  
Rising from your too amorous cares\*, soon drench'd  
In Lethe, and forgotten.

*Leost.* If those glories

You so set forth were mine, they might plead for me ;  
But I can lay no claim to the least honour  
Which you, with foul injustice, ravish from her  
Her beauty in me wrought a miracle,  
Taught me to aim at things beyond my power,  
Which her perfections purchased, and gave to me  
From her free bounties ; she inspired me with  
That valour which I dare not call mine own ;  
And, from the fair reflexion of her mind,  
My soul received the sparkling beams of courage.  
She, from the magazine of her proper goodness,  
Stock'd me with virtuous purposes ; sent me forth  
To trade for honour ; and, she being the owner  
Of the bark of my adventures, I must yield her  
A just account of all, as fits a factor.  
And, howsoever others think me happy,  
And cry aloud, I have made a prosperous voyage,  
One frown of her dislike at my return,  
Which, as a punishment for my fault, I look for,  
Strikes dead all comfort.

*Timag.* Tush ! these fears are needless ;  
She cannot, must not, shall not, be so cruel.  
A free confession of a fault wins pardon,  
But, being seconded by desert, commands it.  
The general is your own, and, sure, my father  
Repents his harshness ; for myself, I am  
Ever your creature.—One day shall be happy  
In your triumph, and your marriage.

*Leost.* May it prove so,  
With her consent and pardon.

*Timag.* Ever touching  
On that harsh string ! She is your own, and you  
Without disturbance seize on what's your due.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* *Rising from your too amorous cares.* The old copies  
read *cares*, which seems merely an error of the press, for  
*cares*. Coxeter, however, printed it *ears*, which, being  
without any meaning, was corrected at random by Mr. M.  
Mason into *fears*. The correction was not amiss ; but the  
genuine word is undoubtedly that which I have given.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Syracuse. *A Room in Archidamus's House.**Enter PISANDER and TIMANDRA.**Pisan.* She has her health, then?*Timand.* Yes, sir; and as often

As I speak of you, lends attentive ear  
To all that I deliver; nor seems tired,  
Though I dwell long on the relation of  
Your sufferings for her, heaping praise on praise  
On your unequal'd temperance, and command  
You hold o'er your affections.

*Pisan.* To my wish:

Have you acquainted her with the defeature\*  
Of the Carthaginians, and with what honours  
Leosthenes comes crown'd home with?

*Timand.* With all care.*Pisan.* And how does she receive it?*Timand.* As I guess,

With a seeming kind of joy; but yet appears not  
Transported, or proud of his happy fortune.  
But when I tell her of the certain ruin  
You must encounter with at their arrival  
In Syracuse, and that death, with torments,  
Must fall upon you, which you yet repent not,  
Esteeming it a glorious martyrdom,  
And a reward of pure unspotted love,  
Preserved in the white robe of innocence,  
Though she were in your power; and, still spurr'd on  
By insolent lust, you rather chose to suffer  
The fruit untasted, for whose glad possession  
You have call'd on the fury of your lord,  
Than that she should be grieved, or tainted in  
Her reputation——

*Pisan.* Doth it work compunction?  
Pities she my misfortune?

*Timand.* She express'd

All signs of sorrow which, her vow observed,  
Could witness a grieved heart. At the first hearing,  
She fell upon her face, rent her fair hair,  
Her hands held up to heaven, and vented sighs,  
In which she silently seem'd to complain  
Of heaven's injustice.

*Pisan.* 'Tis enough: wait carefully,  
And, on all watch'd occasions, continue  
Speech and discourse of me: 'tis time must work her.

*Timand.* I'll not be wanting, but still strive to  
serve you. [Exit.]

*Enter POLIPHRON.**Pisan.* Now, Poliphron, the news?

*Poliph.* The conquering army  
Is within ken.

*Pisan.* How brook the slaves the object?*Poliph.* Cheerfully yet; they do refuse no labour,

\* *Have you acquainted her with the defeature?* The modern editors removed this word in favour of *defeat*, and, doubtless, applauded their labour; it happens, however, as in most cases where they have interposed, that they might have spared it altogether: for the words are the same, and used indiscriminately by our old writers: "*Defaictre*," says Cotgrave, "a *defeat*, or *defeature*;" and, in the second part of his dictionary, he verbally repeats the explanation. There is much strange conjecture on this word, in the last act of *The Comedy of Errors*: I wonder that none of the commentators should light upon its meaning;—but it was too simple for their apprehension.

And seem to scoff at danger; 'tis your presence  
That must confirm them: with a full consent  
You are chosen to relate the tyranny  
Of our proud masters; and what you subscribe to,  
They gladly will allow of, or hold out  
To the last man.

*Pisan.* I'll instantly among them.

If we prove constant to ourselves, good fortune  
Will not, I hope, forsake us.

*Poliph.* 'Tis our best refuge.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Before the walls of Syracuse.**Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, LEOSTHENES, TIMAGORAS, and soldiers.*

*Timol.* Thus far we are return'd victorious; crown'd  
With wreaths triumphant, (famine, blood, and death,  
Banish'd your peaceful confines,) and bring home  
Security and peace. 'Tis therefore fit  
That such as boldly stood the shock of war,  
And with the dear expense of sweat and blood  
Have purchased honour, should with pleasure reap  
The harvest of their toil: and we stand bound  
Out of the first file of the best deservers,  
(Though all must be consider'd to their merits,)  
To think of you, Leosthenes, that stand,  
And worthily, most dear in our esteem,  
For your heroic valour.

*Archid.* When I look on

The labour of so many men and ages.  
This well-built city, not long since design'd  
To spoil and rapine, by the favour of  
The gods, and you, their ministers, preserved,  
I cannot, in my height of joy, but offer  
These tears for a glad sacrifice.

*Diph.* Sleep the citizens?

Or are they overwhelm'd with the excess  
Of comfort that flows to them?

*Leost.* We receive

A silent entertainment.

*Timag.* I long since

Expected that the virgins and the matrons,  
The old men striving with their age, the priests,  
Carrying the images of their gods before them,  
Should have met us with procession.—Ha! the gates  
Are shut against us!

*Archid.* And upon the walls

Arm'd men seem to defy us!

*Enter above, on the Walls, PISANDER, POLIPHON,  
CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, and the rest.*

*Diph.* I should know

These faces: they are our slaves.

*Timag.* The mystery, rascals!

Open the ports, and play not with an anger  
That will consume you.

*Timol.* This is above wonder.*Archid.* Our bondmen stand against us!*Grac.* Some such things

[turn'd]

We were in man's remembrance. The slaves are  
Lords of the town, or so—nay, be not angry:  
Perhaps, upon good terms, giving security  
You will be quiet men, we may allow you  
Some lodgings in our garrets or outhouses:  
Your great looks cannot carry it.

*Cimb.* The truth is,  
We've been bold with your wives, toy'd with your daughters—

*Leost.* O my prophetic soul!

*Grac.* Rifled your chests,  
Been busy with your wardrobes.

*Timag.* Can we endure this?

*Leost.* O my Cleora!

*Grac.* A caudle for the gentleman;  
He'll die o' the pip else.

*Timag.* Scorn'd too! are you turn'd stone?  
Hold parley with our bondmen! force our entrance,  
Then, villains, expect—

*Timol.* Hold! you wear men's shapes,  
And if, like men, you have reason, shew a cause  
That leads you to this desperate course, which must  
In your destruction. [end]

*Grac.* That, as please the fates;  
But we vouchsafe—Speak, captain.

*Timag.* Hell and furies!

*Archid.* Bay'd by our own curs!

*Cimb.* Take heed you be not worried.

*Poliph.* We are sharp set.

*Cimb.* And sudden.

*Pisan.* Briefly thus, then,  
Since I must speak for all; your tyranny  
Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times  
When lords were styled fathers of families,  
And not imperious masters! when they number'd  
Their servants almost equal with their sons,  
Or one degree beneath them! when their labours  
Were cherish'd and rewarded, and a period  
Set to their sufferings; when they did not press  
Their duties or their wills beyond the power  
And strength of their performance! all things or-  
With such decorum as\* wise lawmakers, [der'd  
From each well-govern'd private house derived  
The perfect model of a commonwealth.  
Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men,  
And thankful masters carefully provided  
For creatures wanting reason. The noble horse,  
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils  
Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through  
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord  
Safe to triumphant victory; old or wounded,  
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.  
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew  
Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods,  
The great work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed  
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found  
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,  
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave;  
Since pride stepp'd in and riot, and o'erturn'd  
This goodly frame of concord, teaching masters  
To glory in the abuse of such as are  
Brought under their command; who, grown un-  
useful,

Are less esteem'd than beasts.—This you have  
practised,

Practised on us with rigour; this hath forced us  
To shake our heavy yokes off; and, if redress  
Of these just grievances be not granted us,  
We'll right ourselves, and by strong hand defend  
What we are now possess'd of.

*Grac.* And not leave  
One house unfired.

\* With such decorum as wise law-makers.] As, in this  
passage, has the force of that. M. MASON.  
Or rather there is an ellipsis of that, as usual.

*Cimb.* Or throat uncut of those  
We have in our power.

*Poliph.* Nor will we fall alone;  
You shall buy us dearly.

*Timag.* O the gods!

Unheard-of insolence!

*Timol.* What are your demands?

*Pisan.* A general pardon\* first, for all offences  
Committed in your absence. Liberty  
To all such as desire to make return  
Into their countries; and, to those that stay,  
A competence of land freely allotted  
To each man's proper use, no lord acknowledged;  
Lastly, with your consent, to choose them wives  
Out of your families.

*Timag.* Let the city sink first.

*Leost.* And ruin seize on all, ere we subscribe  
To such conditions.

*Archid.* Carthage, though victorious,  
Could not have forced more from us.

*Leost.* Scale the walls;  
Capitulate alter.

*Timol.* He that wins the top first,  
Shall wear a mural wreath. [Exeunt.

*Pisan.* Each to his place. [Flourish and alarms.  
Or death or victory! Charge them home, and fear  
not. [Exeunt Pisanter and Slaves.

Re-enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, and Senators.

*Timol.* We wrong ourselves, and we are justly  
punish'd,  
To deal with bondmen, as if we encounter'd  
An equal enemy.

*Archid.* They fight like devils;  
And run upon our swords, as if their breasts  
Were proof beyond their armour.

Re-enter LEOSTHENES and TIMAGORAS.

*Timag.* Make a firm stand.  
The slaves, not satisfied they have beat us off,  
Prepare to sally forth.

*Timol.* They are wild beasts,  
And to be tamed by policy. Each man take  
A tough whip in his hand, such as you used  
To punish them with, as masters: in your looks  
Carry severity and awe; 'twill fright them  
More than your weapons. Savage lions fly from;  
The sight of fire; and these, that have forgot  
That duty you ne'er taught them with your swords,  
When, unexpected, they behold those terrors  
Advanced aloft, that they were made to shake at,  
'Twill force them to remember what they are,  
And stoop to due obedience.

*Archid.* Here they come.

Enter, from the City, CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, and other  
Slaves.

*Cimb.* Leave not a man alive; a wound's but a  
To what we suffer'd, being slaves. [fla-biting

\* Pisan. A general pardon, &c.] It is evident, from the  
unreasonable nature of these demands, that Pisanter does  
not wish them to be accepted. The last article, indeed, has  
a reference to himself, but he seems desirous of previously  
trying the fortune of arms. See, however, the next scene,  
and his defence, in the last act.

† [Flourish and alarms.] Flourish and arms, says Mr. M.  
Mason, after Coxeter. No degree of nonsense could tempt  
him to consult the old copies.

‡—Savage lions fly from, &c.] A transient passion  
for the antique has here seized the modern editors: they  
print *salvage* lions, &c. It is unluckily a little mal-a-pro-  
pos, for the old copy reads as I have given it. (Omitted in  
Ed. 1813).

*Grac.* O, my heart!  
*Cimbrio*, what do we see? the whip! our masters\*!  
*Timag.* Dare you rebel, slaves!

[*The Senators shake their whips, the Slaves throw away their weapons, and run off.*]

*Cimb.* Mercy! mercy! where  
 Shall we hide us from their fury?

*Grac.* Fly, they follow;

O, we shall be tormented!

*Timol.* Enter with them,  
 But yet forbear to kill them: still remember  
 They are part of your wealth; and being disarm'd,  
 There is no danger.

*Archid.* Let us first deliver  
 Such as they have in fetters, and at leisure  
 Determine of their punishment.

*Leost.* Friend, to you  
 I leave the disposition of what's mine:  
 I cannot think I am safe without your sister,  
 She is only worth my thought; and, till I see  
 What she has suffer'd, I am on the rack,  
 And furies my tormentors. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Syracuse. A Room in ARCHIDAMUS'S House.

Enter PISANDER and TIMANDRA.

*Pisan.* I know I am pursued; nor would I fly,  
 Although the ports were open, and a convoy  
 Ready to bring me off: the baseness of  
 These villains, from the pride of all my hopes,  
 Hath thrown me to the bottomless abyss  
 Of horror and despair: had they stood firm,  
 I could have bought Cleora's free consent  
 With the safety of her father's life, and brother's;  
 And forced Leosthenes to quit his claim,  
 And kneel a suitor for me†.

*Timand.* You must not think [tised,  
 What might have been, but what must now be prac-  
 And suddenly resolve.

*Pisan.* All my poor fortunes  
 Are at the stake, and I must run the hazard.  
 Unseen, convey me to Cleora's chamber;  
 For in her sight, if it were possible,  
 I would be apprehended: do not enquire  
 The reason why, but help me.

*Timand.* Make haste,—one knocks. [Exit *Pisander*.  
 Jove turn all to the best!

Enter LEOSTHENES.

You are welcome, sir.

*Leost.* Thou giv'st it in a heavy tone.

\* *Cimbrio*, what do we see? the whip! our masters! "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" Surely Massinger was not so strictly bound to the literal relation of this foolish adventure, but that he might have given it a little probability, if it were only to maintain the decorum of his action, and the interest of his under-plot. He sometimes deviates from his authorities with fewer prospects of advantage than were here opened to him.

† And kneel a suitor for me.] This is the reading of all the old copies, and is undoubtedly genuine; yet the modern editors, by an obliquity of reasoning into which I cannot enter, choose to vary the expression, and print,

—kneel a suitor to me!

Is it not evident "to any formal capacity," that *Pisander* means,—If my designs had succeeded, I would not only have compelled *Leosthenes* to renounce his pretensions to *Cleora*, but even to entreat her father and brother to give her to me: what is there in this that requires alteration, especially into nonsense? for *Leosthenes* could have nothing to ask of *Pisander*.

*Timand.* Alas! sir,  
 We have so long fed on the bread of sorrow,  
 Drinking the bitter water of afflictions,  
 Made loathsome too by our continued fears,  
 Comfort's a stranger to us.

*Leost.* Fears! your sufferings\*.—  
 For which I am so overgone with grief,  
 I dare not ask, without compassionate tears,  
 The villain's name that robb'd thee of thy honour.  
 For being train'd up in chastity's cold school,  
 And taught by such a mistress as *Cleora*,  
 'Twere impious in me to think *Timandra*  
 Fell with her own consent.

*Timand.* How mean you, fell, sir?  
 I understand you not.

*Leost.* I would thou did'st not,  
 Or that I could not read upon thy face,  
 In blushing characters, the story of  
 Libidinous rape: confess it, for you stand not  
 Accountable for a sin, against whose strength  
 Your o'ermatch'd innocence could make no resist-  
 Under which odds, I know, *Cleora* fell too, [ance;  
 Heaven's help in vain invoked; the amazed sun  
 Hiding his face behind a mask of clouds,  
 Not daring to look on it! In her sufferings  
 All sorrows comprehended: what *Timandra*,  
 Or the city, has endured, her loss consider'd,  
 Deserves not to be named.

*Timand.* Pray you do not bring, sir,  
 In the chimeras of your jealous fears,  
 New monsters to affright us.

*Leost.* O, *Timandra*,  
 That I had faith enough but to believe thee!  
 I should receive it with a joy beyond  
 Assurance of Elysian shades hereafter,  
 Or all the blessings, in this life, a mother  
 Could wish her children crown'd with,—but I must  
 Credit impossibilities; yet I strive [not  
 To find out that whose knowledge is a curse,  
 And ignorance a blessing. Come, discover  
 What kind of look he had that forced thy lady,  
 (Thy ravisher I will enquire at leisure.)  
 That when, hereafter, I behold a stranger  
 But near him in aspect, I may conclude,  
 Though men and angels should proclaim him honest,  
 He is a hell-bred villain.

*Timand.* You are unworthy  
 To know she is preserved, preserved untainted  
 Sorrow, but ill bestow'd, hath only made  
 A rape upon her comforts in your absence.  
 Come forth, dear madam. [Leads in *Cleora*.  
*Leost.* Ha! [Knocks.

*Timand.* Nay, she deserves  
 The bending of your heart; that, to content you,  
 Has kept a vow, the breach of which a Vestal,  
 Though the infringing it had call'd upon her  
 A living funeral,† must of force have shrunk at.  
 No danger could compel her to dispense with

\* *Leost.* Fears! your sufferings.—] The character of *Leosthenes* is everywhere preserved with great nicety. His jealous disposition breaks out in this scene with peculiar beauty.

† Though the infringing it had call'd upon her  
 A living funeral, &c.] The poet alludes to the manner in which the Vestals, who had broken their vow of chastity, were punished. They had literally a living funeral, being plunged alive into a subterraneous cavern, of which the opening was immediately closed upon them, and walled up. The confusion of countries and of customs may possibly strike the critical reader: but of this, as I have already observed, our old dramatists were not aware or sollicitous.

Her cruel penance, though hot lust came arm'd  
To seize upon her; when one look or accent  
Might have redeem'd her.

*Leost.* Might! O do not shew me  
A beam of comfort, and straight take it from me.  
The means by which she was freed? speak, O speak  
quickly;

Each minute of delay's an age of torment;  
O speak, Timandra.

*Timand.* Free her from her oath;  
Herself can best deliver it.

*Leost.* O blest office! [*Unbinds her eyes.*]

Never did galley-slave shake off his chains,  
Or look'd on his redemption from the oar,  
With such true feeling of delight as now  
I find myself possessed of.—Now I behold  
True light indeed; for, since these fairest stars,  
Cover'd with clouds of your determinate will,  
Denied their influence to my optic sense,  
The splendour of the sun appear'd to me  
But as some little glimpse of his bright beams  
Convey'd into a dungeon, to remember  
The dark inhabitants there, how much they wanted\*.  
Open these long-shut lips, and strike mine ears  
With music more harmonious than the spheres  
Yield in their heavenly motions: and if ever  
A true submission for a crime acknowledged,  
May find a gracious hearing, teach your tongue,  
In the first sweet articulate sounds it utters,  
To sign my wish'd-for pardon.

*Cleo.* I forgive you.

*Leost.* How greedily I receive this! Stay, best lady,  
And let me by degrees ascend the height  
Of human happiness! all at once deliver'd,  
The torrent of my joys will overwhelm me:—  
So now a little more; and pray excuse me,  
If, like a wanton epicure, I desire  
The pleasant taste these cates of comfort yield me,  
Should not too soon be swallow'd. Have you not,  
By your unspotted truth I do conjure you  
To answer truly, suffer'd in your honour,  
By force, I mean, for in your will I free you,  
Since I left Syracuse?

*Cleo.* I restore

This kiss, so help me goodness! which I borrow'd,  
When I last saw you†.

*Leost.* Miracle of virtue!

One pause more, I beseech you; I am like  
A man whose vital spirits consumed and wasted  
With a long and tedious fever, unto whom  
Too much of a strong cordial, at once taken,  
Brings death, and not restores him. Yet I cannot  
Fix here; but must enquire the man to whom  
I stand indebted for a benefit,  
Which to requite at full, though in this hand  
I grasp all sceptres the world's empire bows to,

\* ——— to remember

*The dark inhabitants there, how much they wanted.*  
In this most beautiful passage, *remember* is used for *cause*  
to remember, in which sense it frequently occurs in our old  
writers. So Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*Croc.* Do you remember

Her to come after you, that she may behold  
Her daughter's charity."—*The Sea Voyage.*

† *Cleo.* I restore

*This kiss, so help me goodness! which I borrow'd,*  
*When I last saw you.* This is a modest and a pretty  
imitation of Shakespeare:

"Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since."—*Coriolanus.*

Would leave me a poor bankrupt. Name him, lady;  
If of a mean estate, I'll gladly part with  
My utmost fortunes to him; but if noble,  
In thankful duty study how to serve him;  
Or if of higher rank, erect him altars,  
And as a god adore him.

*Cleo.* If that goodness,  
And noble temperance, the queen of virtues,  
Bridling rebellious passions, to whose sway  
Such as have conquer'd nations have lived slaves,  
Did ever wing great minds to fly to heaven,  
He that preserved mine honour, may hope boldly  
To fill a seat among the gods, and shake off  
Our frail corruption.

*Leost.* Forward.

*Cleo.* Or if ever

The powers above did mask in human shapes  
To teach mortality, not by cold precepts  
Forgot as soon as told, but by examples,  
To imitate their pureness, and draw near  
To their celestial natures, I believe  
He's more than man.

*Leost.* You do describe a wonder.

*Cleo.* Which will increase, when you shall under-  
He was a lover. [*stand*]

*Leost.* Not yours, lady?

*Cleo.* Yes;

Loved me, Leosthenes; nay more, so doted,  
(If e'er affections scorning gross desires  
May without wrong be styled so,) that he durst not  
With an immodest syllable or look,  
In fear it might take from me, whom he made  
The object of his better part, discover  
I was the saint he sued to.

*Leost.* A rare temper\*!

*Cleo.* I cannot speak it to the worth: all praise  
I can bestow upon it will appear  
Envious detraction. Not to rack you further,  
Yet make the miracle full, though, of all men,  
He hated you, Leosthenes, as his rival;  
So high yet he prized my content, that, knowing  
You were a man I favour'd, he disdain'd not,  
Against himself, to serve you.

*Leost.* You conceal still

The owner of these excellencies.

*Cleo.* 'Tis Marullo,

My father's bondman.

*Leost.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Cleo.* Why do you laugh?

*Leost.* To hear the labouring mountain of your  
Deliver'd of a mouse. [*praise*]

*Cleo.* The man deserves not

This scorn I can assure you.

*Leost.* Do you call

What was his duty, merit?

*Cleo.* Yes, and place it

As high in my esteem, as all the honours  
Descended from your ancestors, or the glory,  
Which you may call your own, got in this action,  
In which, I must confess, you have done nobly;  
And I could add, as I desired, but that  
I fear 'twould make you proud.

*Leost.* Why, lady, can you

Be won to give allowance, that your slave  
Should dare to love you?

*Cleo.* The immortal gods

\* A rare temper! The old copies read *tempter*: corrected  
by Mr. M. Mason.

Accept the meanest altars\*, that are raised  
By pure devotions; and sometimes prefer  
An ounce of frankincense, honey or milk,  
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gums,  
Offer'd in ostentation.—Are you sick  
Of your old disease? I'll fit you.

[Aside.]

Leost. You seem moved.

Cleo. Zealous, I grant, in the defence of virtue.  
Why, good Leosthenes, though I endured  
A penance for your sake, above example;  
I have not so far sold myself, I take it,  
To be at your devotion, but I may  
Cherish desert in others, where I find it.  
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possess'd of  
That which is only yours in expectation,  
That now prescribe such hard conditions to me?

Leost. One kiss, and I am silenced.

Cleo. I vouchsafe it;

Yet, I must tell you 'tis a favour that  
Marullo, when I was his, not mine own,  
Durst not presume to ask: no: when the city  
Bow'd humbly to licentious rapes and lust,  
And when I was, of men and gods forsaken,  
Deliver'd to his power, he did not press me  
To grace him with one look or syllable,  
Or urged the dispensation of an oath  
Made for your satisfaction:—the poor wretch,  
Having related only his own sufferings,  
And kiss'd my hand, which I could not deny him,  
Defending me from others, never since  
Solicited my favours.

Leost. Pray you, end;

The story does not please me.

Cleo. Well, take heed

Of doubts and fears;—for know, Leosthenes,  
A greater injury cannot be offer'd  
To innocent chastity, than unjust suspicion.  
I love Marullo's fair mind, not his person;  
Let that secure you. And I here command you,  
If I have any power in you, to stand  
Between him and all punishment, and oppose  
His temperance to his folly; if you fail—  
No more; I will not threaten.

[Exit.]

Leost. What a bridge

Of glass I walk upon, over a river  
Of certain ruin, mine own weighty fears  
Cracking what should support me! and those helps,  
Which confidence lends to others, are from me  
Ravish'd by doubts, and wilful jealousy.

[Exit.]

#### SCENE IV.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter TIMAGORAS, CLEON, ASOTUS, CORISCA, and  
OLYMPIA.

Cleon. But are you sure we are safe?

\* Cleo. *The immortal gods*

*Accept the meanest altars, &c.] Milton's invocation on  
the opening of Paradise Lost, is not unlike this.*

"And chiefly thou, O spirit," &c.—COXETER.

I cannot discover much *likeness* in the two quotations;  
the author had Horace in his thoughts:

*Immunis aram si tetigit manus,*

*Non sumptuosa blandior hostia*

*Molliri avertos penates*

*Farre pio, saliente mica.*

A beautiful passage, which the critics, with Dacier and Sana-  
don at their head, strangely maintain to be 'ironical.' I  
believe that Horace was perfectly sincere. The lessons of  
piety are so consonant to human feelings that very fre-  
quently those who do not experience their full influence  
themselves, earnestly and honestly labour to impress them  
upon others.

Timag. You need not fear;

They are all under guard, their fangs pared off:  
The wounds their insolence gave you, to be cured  
With the balm of your revenge.

Asot. And shall I be

The thing I was born, my lord?

Timag. The same wise thing.

[never]

'Slight, what a beast they have made thee! Afric  
Produced the like.

Asot. I think so:—nor the land

[walnuts,

Where apes and monkeys grow, like crabs and  
On the same tree. Not all the catalogue  
Of conjurers or wise women bound together  
Could have so soon transform'd me, as my rascal  
Did with his whip; for not in outside only,  
But in my own belief, I thought myself  
As perfect a baboon—

Timag. An ass thou wert ever.

[heart]

Asot. And would have given one leg, with all my  
For good security to have been a man  
After three lives, or one and twenty years,  
Though I had died on crutches.

Cleon. Never varlets

So triumph'd o'er an old fat man: I was famish'd.

Timag. Indeed you are fallen away.

Asot. Three years of feeding

On cullises and jelly, though his cooks  
Lard all he eats with marrow, or his doctors  
Pour in his mouth restoratives as he sleeps,  
Will not recover him.

Timag. But your ladyship looks

Sad on the matter, as if you had miss'd  
Your ten-crown amber possets, good to smooth  
The cutis, as you call it, and prepare you,  
Active and high, for an afternoon's encounter  
With a rough gamester, on your couch. Fie on't!  
You are grown thrifty, smell like other women;  
The college of physicians have not sat,  
As they were used, in council, how to fill  
The crannies in your cheeks, or raise a rampire  
With mummy, ceruses, or infants' fat,  
To keep off age and time.

Coris. Pray you, forbear;

I am an alter'd woman.

Timag. So it seems;

A part of your honour's ruff stands out of rank too.

Coris. No matter, I have other thoughts.

Timag. O strange!

Not ten days since it would have vex'd you more  
Than the loss of your good name: pity, this cure  
For your proud itch came no sooner! Marry,  
Seems to bear up still.

[Olympia]

Olymp. I complain not, sir;

I have borne my fortune patiently.

Timag. Thou wert ever

An excellent bearer; so is all your tribe,

If you may choose your carriage.

Enter LEOSTHENES and DIPHILOS with a Guard.

How now, friend,

Looks our Cleora lovely?

Leost. In my thoughts, sir.

Timag. But why this guard?

Diph. It is Timoleon's pleasure;

The slaves have been examin'd, and confess  
Their riot took beginning from your house;  
And the first mover of them to rebellion

Your slave Marullo.

[Exeunt Diph. and Guard.]

Leost. Ha! I more than fear.

Timag. They may search boldly.

*Enter TIMANDRA, speaking to the Guard within.*

*Timand.* You are unmanner'd grooms  
To pry into my lady's private lodgings;  
There's no Marullo's there.

*Re-enter DIPHILUS, and Guard with PISANDER.*

*Timag.* Now I suspect too:  
Where found you him?

*Diph.* Close hid in your sister's chamber.

*Timag.* Is that the villain's sanctuary?

*Leost.* This confirms

All she deliver'd, false.

*Timag.* But that I scorn  
To rust my good sword<sup>e</sup> in thy slavish blood,  
Thou now wert dead.

*Pisan.* He's more a slave than fortune  
Or misery can make me, that insults  
Upon unweapon'd innocence.

*Timag.* Prate you, dog!

*Pisan.* Curs snap at lions in the toil, whose looks  
Frighted them, being free.

*Timag.* As a wild beast,

Drive him before you.

*Pisan.* O divine Cleora!

*Leost.* Dar'st thou presume to name her?

*Pisan.* Yes, and love her;

And may say, have deserved her.

*Timag.* Stop his mouth,

Load him with irons too.

[*Exit Guard with Pisander.*]

*Cleon.* I am deadly sick

To look on him.

*Asot.* If he get loose, I know it,

I caper like an ape again: I feel

The whip already.

*Timand.* This goes to my lady.

[*Exit.*]

*Timag.* Come, cheer you, sir; we'll urge his punishment

To the full satisfaction of your anger.

*Leost.* He is not worth my thoughts. No corner  
left

In all the spacious rooms of my vex'd heart,

But is fill'd with Cleora, and the rape

She has done upon her honour, with my wrong,

The heavy burthen of my sorrow's song. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in ARCHIDAMUS'S House.*

*Enter ARCHIDAMUS and CLEORA.*

*Archid.* Thou art thine own disposer. Were his  
honours

And glories centupled, as I must confess,  
Leosthenes is most worthy, yet I will not,  
However I may counsel, force affection.

*Cleo.* It needs not, sir; I prize him to his worth,  
Nay, love him truly; yet would not live slaved  
To his jealous humours: since, by the hopes of  
heaven,

As I am free from violence, in a thought  
I am not guilty.

*Archid.* 'Tis believ'd, Cleora; for't!  
And much the rather, our great gods be praised  
In that I find, beyond my hopes, no sign  
Of riot in my house, but all things order'd,  
As if I had been present.

*Cleo.* May that move you  
To pity poor Marullo?

*Archid.* 'Tis my purpose  
To do him all the good I can, Cleora;  
But this offence being against the state,  
Must have a public trial. In the mean time,  
Be careful of yourself, and stand engaged  
No further to Leosthenes, than you may  
Come off with honour; for, being once his wife,  
You are no more your own, nor mine, but must  
Resolve to serve, and suffer his commands,  
And not dispute them:—ere it be too late,  
Consider it duly. I must to the senate. [*Exit.*]

*Cleo.* I am much distracted: in Leosthenes  
I can find nothing justly to accuse,

But his excess of love, which I have studied  
To cure with more than common means; yet still  
It grows upon him. And, if I may call  
My sufferings merit<sup>e</sup>, I stand bound to think on  
Marullo's dangers; though I save his life,  
His love is unrewarded:—I confess,  
Both have deserved me, yet of force must be  
Unjust to one; such is my destiny.

*Enter TIMANDRA.*

How now! whence flow these tears?

*Timand.* I have met, madam,  
An object of such cruelty, as would force  
A savage to compassion.

*Cleo.* Speak, what is it?

*Timand.* Men pity beasts of rapine, if o'ermatch'd,  
Though baited for their pleasure; but these mons-  
Upon a man that can make no resistance, [ters,  
Are senseless in their tyranny. Let it be granted,  
Marullo is a slave, he's still a man;  
A capital offender, yet in justice  
Not to be tortured, till the judge pronounce  
His punishment.

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Timand.* Dragg'd to prison [spit on  
With more than barbarous violence; spurn'd and  
By the insulting officers, his hands  
Pinion'd behind his back; loaden with fetters:  
Yet, with a saint-like patience, he still offers  
His face to their rude buffets.

*Cleo.* O my grieved soul!  
By whose command?

<sup>e</sup> *My sufferings merit.*] So it stood in every edition previous to that of Mr. M. Mason, who reads, his *sufferings merit*. It is evident that he mistook the sense of the passage. Three lines below, he reads, after Coxeter, indeed, yet of force I must be:—the pronoun, which destroys both the measure and the rhyme, is not in the old copies; but these are not the only errors in this short speech, which disgrace the modern editions.

<sup>e</sup> *To rust my good sword, &c.*] Good, which completes the metre, is only found in the first quarto: the modern editors follow the second, which abounds in similar omissions, almost beyond credibility.

*Timand.* It seems, my lord your brother's,  
For he's a looker-on: and it takes from  
Honour'd Leosthenes, to suffer it,  
For his respect to you, whose name in vain  
The griev'd wretch loudly calls on.

*Cleo.* By Diana,  
'Tis base in both; and to their teeth I'll tell them  
That I am wrong'd in't. [Going forth.]

*Timand.* What will you do?

*Cleo.* In person  
Visit and comfort him.

*Timand.* That will bring fuel  
To the jealous fires which burn too hot already  
In lord Leosthenes.

*Cleo.* Let them consume him!  
I am mistress of myself. Where cruelty reigns,  
There dwells nor love, nor honour. [Exit.]

*Timand.* So! it works.  
Though hitherto I have run a desperate course  
To serve my brother's purposes: now 'tis fit

*Enter LEOSTHENES and TIMAGORAS.*

I study mine own ends. They come: assist me  
In these my undertakings, Love's great patron,  
As my intents are honest!

*Leost.* 'Tis my fault\*:  
Distrust of others springs, Timagoras,  
From diffidence in ourselves: but I will strive,  
With the assurance of my worth and merits,  
To kill this monster, jealousy.

*Timag.* 'Tis a guest,  
In wisdom, never to be entertain'd  
On trivial probabilities; but, when  
He does appear in pregnant proofs, not fashion'd  
By idle doubts and fears, to be received:  
They make their own horns that are too secure,  
As well as such as give them growth and being  
From mere imagination. Though I prize  
Cleora's honour equal with mine own,  
And know what large additions of power  
This match brings to our family, I prefer  
Our friendship, and your peace of mind, so far  
Above my own respects, or hers, that if  
She hold not her true value in the test,  
'Tis far from my ambition, for her cure  
That you should wound yourself.

*Timand.* This argues for me.

\* *Leost.* 'Tis my fault:  
*Distrust of others springs, Timagoras,*  
*From diffidence in ourselves:* My fault, i. e. my mis-  
fortune. That the word anciently had this meaning, I could  
prove by many examples; one, however, will be thought  
sufficiently decisive:

"*Bawd.* You are lit into my hands, where you are like  
to live.

*Marina.* The more my fault,  
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die."

*Pericles, Act. IV. sc. iii.*  
This too will ascertain, beyond a doubt, the meaning of  
Shallow, which Steevens evidently mistook, and Mr. Ma-  
lone delivered with some degree of hesitation:

"*Sen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard  
say, he was out-run on Cotsale.

*Page.* It could not be judg'd, sir.

*Sen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—  
'Tis a good dog."

Poor Slender is one of Job's comforters, as they say; he  
persists in reminding Page, who evidently dislikes the sub-  
ject, of his defeat: hence the good-natured consolation of  
Shallow: "He needs not confess it, cousin;—you were un-  
fortunate, sir; your loss must be attributed to accident, for  
your dog is a good dog."

*Timag.* Why she should be so passionate for a  
bondman,  
Falls not in compass of my understanding,  
But for some nearer interest: or he raise  
This mutiny, if he loved her, as, you say,  
She does confess he did, but to enjoy,  
By fair or foul play, what he ventured for,  
To me's a riddle.

*Leost.* Pray you, no more; already  
I have answer'd that objection, in my strong  
Assurance of her virtue.

*Timag.* 'Tis unfit then,  
That I should press it further.

*Timand.* Now I must  
Make in, or all is lost. [*Rushes forward distractedly.*]

*Timag.* What would Timandra?

*Leost.* How wild she looks! How is it with thy

*Timag.* Collect thyself, and speak. [Lady?]

*Timand.* As you are noble,  
Have pity, or love piety\*.—Oh!

*Leost.* Take breath.

*Timag.* Out with it boldly.

*Timand.* O, the best of ladies,

I fear, is gone for ever.

*Leost.* Who, Cleora?

*Timag.* Deliver, how? 'Sdeath, be a man, sir!—

Speak.

*Timand.* Take it then in as many sighs as words,  
My lady—

*Timag.* What of her?

*Timand.* No sooner heard  
Marullo was imprison'd, but she fell;  
Into a deadly swoon.

*Timag.* But she recover'd.  
Say so, or he will sink too; hold, sir; fie!  
This is unmanly.

*Timand.* Brought again to life,  
But with much labour, she awhile stood silent,  
Yet in that interim vented sighs, as if  
They labour'd, from the prison of her flesh,  
To give her griev'd soul freedom. On the sudden,  
Transported on the wings of rage and sorrow,  
She flew out of the house, and, unattended,  
Enter'd the common prison.

*Leost.* This confirms  
What but before I fear'd.

*Timand.* There you may find her;  
And, if you love her as a sister—

*Timag.* Damn her!

*Timand.* Or you respect her safety as a lover,  
Procure Marullo's liberty.

*Timag.* Impudence

Beyond expression!

*Leost.* Shall I be a bawd  
To her lust, and my dishonour?

*Timand.* She'll run mad, else,  
Or do some violent act upon herself:  
My lord, her father, sensible of her sufferings,  
Labours to gain his freedom.

*Leost.* O, the devil!

Has she bewitch'd him too?

*Timag.* I'll hear no more.

Come, sir, we'll follow her; and if no persuasion  
Can make her take again her natural form,  
Which by lust's powerful spell she has cast off,  
This sword shall disenchant her.

\* *Have pity, or love piety.*—] So the old copies: the  
moderis editors, here, as almost everywhere else, corrupt  
this last word, and feebly read, *have pity, or love pity.*

*Leost.* O my heart-strings!

[*Exeunt Leosthenes and Timagoras.*]

*Timand.* I knew 'twould take. Pardon me, fair Cleora,  
Though I appear a traitress; which thou wilt do,  
In pity of my woes, when I make known  
My lawful claim, and only seek mine own. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Prison. *PISANDER* discovered in chains.

*Enter CLEORA and Gaoler.*

*Cleo.* There's for your privacy. Stay, unbind his

*Gaol.* I dare not, madam. [*hands.*]

*Cleo.* I will buy thy danger:

Take more gold:—do not trouble me with thanks,  
I do suppose it done. [*Exit Gaoler.*]

*Pisan.* My better angel  
Assumes this shape to comfort me, and wisely;  
Since, from the choice of all celestial figures,  
He could not take a visible form so full  
Of glorious sweetness. [*Kneels.*]

*Cleo.* Rise. I am flesh and blood,  
And do partake thy tortures.

*Pisan.* Can it be,  
That charity should persuade you to descend  
So far from your own height, as to vouchsafe  
To look upon my sufferings? How I bless  
My fetters now, and stand engaged to fortune  
For my captivity—no, my freedom, rather!  
For who dare think that place a prison, which  
You sanctify with your presence? or believe,  
Sorrow has power to use her sting on him,  
That is in your compassion arm'd, and made  
Impregnable, though tyranny raise at once  
All engines to assault him?

*Cleo.* Indeed virtue,  
With which you have made evident proofs that you  
Are strongly fortified, cannot fall, though shaken  
With the shock of fierce temptations: but still  
In spite of opposition. For myself, [*triumphs*]  
I may endeavour to confirm your goodness,  
(A sure retreat, which never will deceive you.)  
And with unfeigned tears express my sorrow  
For what I cannot help.

*Pisan.* Do you weep for me!  
O, save that precious balm for nobler\* uses:  
I am unworthy of the smallest drop,  
Which, in your prodigality of pity,  
You throw away on me. Ten of these pearls  
Were a large ransom to redeem a kingdom [*geance,*  
From a consuming plague, or stop heaven's ven-  
Call'd down by crying sins, though, at that instant,  
In dreadful flashes falling on the roofs  
Of bold blasphemers. I am justly punish'd  
For my intent of violence to such pureness;  
And all the torments flesh is sensible of,  
A soft and gentle penance.

*Cleo.* Which is ended  
In this your free confession.

*Enter LEOSTHENES and TIMAGORAS behind.*

*Leost.* What an object  
Have I encountered!

*Timag.* I am blasted too:

Yet hear a little further.

*Pisan.* Could I expire now, [*thus.*]  
These white and innocent hands closing my eyes  
Twere not to die, but in a heavenly dream  
To be transported, without the help of Charon,  
To the Elysian shades. You make me bold;  
And, but to wish such happiness, I fear,  
May give offence.

*Cleo.* No; for believe it, Marullo,  
You've won so much upon me, that I know not  
That happiness in my gift, but you may challenge.

*Leost.* Are you yet satisfied?

*Cleo.* Nor can you wish  
But what my vows will second, though it were  
Your freedom first, and then in me full power  
To make a second tender of myself,  
And you receive the present. By this kiss,  
From me a virgin bounty\*, I will practise  
All arts for your deliverance; and that purchased,  
In what concerns your further aims, I speak it,  
Do not despair, but hope—

[*Timagoras and Leosthenes come forward.*]

*Timag.* To have the hangman,  
When he is married to the cross, in scorn  
To say, Gods give you joy!

*Leost.* But look on me,  
And be not too indulgent to your folly;  
And then, but that grief stops my speech, imagine  
What language I should use.

*Cleo.* Against thyself.  
Thy malice cannot reach me.

*Timag.* How?

*Cleo.* No, brother,  
Though you join in the dialogue to accuse me:  
What I have done, I'll justify; and these favours,  
Which, you presume, will taint me in my honour,  
Though jealousy use all her eyes to spy out  
One stain in my behaviour, or envy,  
As many tongues to wound it, shall appear  
My best perfections. For, to the world,  
I can in my defence allege such reasons,  
As my accusers shall stand dumb to hear them:  
When in his fetters this man's worth and virtues,  
But truly told, shall shame your boasted glories,  
Which fortune claims a share in.

*Timag.* The base villain  
Shall never live to hear it. [*Draws his sword.*]

*Cleo.* Murder! help!  
Through me you shall pass to him.

*Enter ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, and Officers.*

*Archid.* What's the matter?  
On whom is your sword drawn? Are you a judge?  
Or else ambitious of the hangman's office,  
Before it be design'd you? You are bold, too;  
Unhand my daughter.

*Leost.* She's my valour's prize. [*urge*]

*Archid.* With her consent, not otherwise. You may  
Your title in the court; if it prove good,  
Possess her freely. Guard him safely off too.

*Timag.* You'll hear me, sir?

*Archid.* If you have aught to say,  
Deliver it in public; all shall find  
A just judge of Timoleon.

\* O save that precious balm for nobler uses:] Nobler is the reading of the first quarto, and is evidently right. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, follow the second, which has noble.

\* — By this kiss, From me a virgin bounty.] Meaning, I presume, to Pisander; for she had given one to Leosthenes before.

*Diph.* You must  
Of force now use your patience.

[*Exeunt all but Timagorus and Leosthenes.*]

*Timag.* Vengeance rather!  
Whirlwinds of rage possess me: you are wrong'd  
Beyond a stoic sufferance; yet you stand  
As you were rooted.

*Leost.* I feel something here,  
That boldly tells me, all the love and service  
I pay Cleora is another's due,  
And therefore cannot prosper.

*Timag.* Melancholy;  
Which now you must not yield to.

*Leost.* 'Tis apparent:  
In fact your sister's innocent, however  
Changed by her violent will.

*Timag.* If you believe so,  
Follow the chase still; and in open court  
Plead your own interest: we shall find the judge  
Our friend, I fear not.

*Leost.* Something I shall say,  
But what—

*Timag.* Collect yourself as we walk thither.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*The Court of Justice.*

*Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, CLEORA, and Officers.*

*Timol.* 'Tis wondrous strange! nor can it fall  
The reach of my belief, a slave should be [within]  
The owner of a temperance which this age  
Can hardly parallel in freeborn lords,  
Or kings proud of their purple.

*Archid.* 'Tis most true;  
And, though at first it did appear a fable,  
All circumstances meet to give it credit;  
Which works so on me, that I am compell'd  
To be a suitor, not to be denied,  
He may have equal hearing.

*Cleo.* Sir, you graced me  
With the title of your mistress\*; but my fortune  
Is so far distant from command, that I  
Lay by the power you gave me, and plead humbly  
For the preserver of my fame and honour.  
And pray you, sir, in charity believe,  
That since I had ability of speech,  
My tongue has been so much inured to truth,  
I know not how to lie.

*Timol.* I'll rather doubt  
The oracles of the gods, than question what  
Your innocence delivers; and, as far  
As justice and mine honour can give way,  
He shall have favour. Bring him in unbound:

[*Exeunt Officers.*]

And though Leosthenes may challenge from me,  
For his late worthy service, credit to  
All things he can allege in his own cause,  
Marullo, so, I think, you call his name,  
Shall find I do reserve one ear for him,

\* *Cleo.* Sir you graced me  
With the title of your mistress;] This alludes to the request in the first act, that he might be permitted to wear her colours. In those days of gallantry, I mean those of Massinger, not certainly, those of Timoleon, to wear a lady's colours, that is, a scarf, or a riband, taken from her person, was to become her authorized champion and servant.

*Enter CLEON, ASOTUS, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA, and CORISCA.*

To let in mercy. Sit, and take your places;  
The right of this fair virgin first determined,  
Your bondmen shall be censured\*.

*Clem.* With all rigour,  
We do expect.

*Coris.* Temper'd, I say, with mercy.

*Enter at one door, LEOSTHENES and TIMAGORAS; at the other, Officers with PISANDER and TIMANDRA.*

*Timol.* Your hand, Leosthenes: I cannot doubt,  
You, that have been victorious in the war,  
Should, in a combat fought with words, come off  
But with assured triumph.

*Leost.* My deserts, sir,  
If, without arrogance, I may style them such,  
Arm me from doubt and fear.

*Timol.* 'Tis nobly spoken.  
Nor be thou daunted (howsoever thy fortune  
Has mark'd thee out a slave) to speak thy merits:  
For virtue, though in rags, may challenge more  
Than vice, set off with all the trim of greatness.

*Pisan.* I had rather fall under so just a judge,  
Than be acquitted by a man corrupt  
And partial in his censure.

*Archid.* Note his language;  
It relishes of better breeding than  
His present state dares promise.

*Timol.* I observe it.  
Place the fair lady in the midst, that both,  
Looking with covetous eyes upon the prize  
They are to plead for, may, from the fair object,  
Teach Hermes eloquence.

*Leost.* Am I fallen so low?  
My birth, my honour, and what's dearest to me,  
My love, and witness of my love, my service,  
So undervalued, that I must contend  
With one, where my excess of glory must  
Make his overthrow a conquest? Shall my fulness  
Supply defects in such a thing, that never  
Knew any thing but want and emptiness,  
Give him a name, and keep it such, from this  
Unequal competition? If my pride,  
Or any bold assurance of my worth,  
Has pluck'd this mountain of disgrace upon me,  
I am justly punish'd, and submit; but if  
I have been modest, and esteem'd myself  
More injured in the tribute of the praise,  
Which no desert of mine, prized by self-love,  
Ever exacted, may this cause and minute  
For ever be forgotten. I dwell long  
Upon mine anger, and now turn to you,  
Ungrateful fair one; and, since you are such,  
'Tis lawful for me to proclaim myself,  
And what I have deserved.

*Cleo.* Neglect and scorn  
From me, for this proud vaunt.

*Leost.* You nourish, lady,  
Your own dishonour in this harsh reply,  
And almost prove what some hold of your sex;  
You are all made up of passion: for, if reason  
Or judgment could find entertainment with you,

\* *Your bondmen shall be censured.*] i. e. judged. To prevent the necessity of recurring to this word, about which more than sufficient has been written, it may be proper to observe, that our ancestors used *censure* precisely as we now do *judgment*: sometimes for a quality of the mind, and sometimes for a judicial determination.

Or that you would distinguish of the objects  
 You look on, in a true glass, not seduced  
 By the false light of your too violent will,  
 I should not need to plead for that which you  
 With joy should offer. Is my high birth a blemish?  
 Or does my wealth, which all the vain expense  
 Of women cannot waste, breed loathing in you?  
 The honours I can call mine own, thought scandals?  
 Am I deform'd, or, for my father's sins,  
 Mulcted by nature? If you interpret these  
 As crimes, 'tis fit I should yield up myself  
 Most miserably guilty. But, perhaps,  
 (Which yet I would not credit,) you have seen  
 This gallant pitch the bar, or bear a burthen  
 Would crack the shoulders of a weaker bondman;  
 Or any other boisterous exercise,  
 Assuring a strong back to satisfy  
 Your loose desires, insatiate as the grave——

*Cleo.* You are foul-mouth'd.

*Archid.* Ill-manner'd too.

*Leost.* I speak

In the way of supposition, and entreat you,  
 With all the fervour of a constant lover,  
 That you would free yourself from these aspersions,  
 Or any imputation black-tongued slander  
 Could throw on your unspotted virgin whiteness:  
 To which there is no easier way, than by  
 Vouchsafing him your favour,—him, to whom,  
 Next to the general, and the gods and fautors\*,  
 The country owes her safety.

*Timag.* Are you stupid?

'Slight, leap into his arms, and there ask pardon—  
 Oh! you expect your slave's reply; no doubt  
 We shall have a fine oration: I will teach  
 My spaniel to howl in sweeter language,  
 And keep a better method.

*Archid.* You forget

The dignity of the place.

*Diph.* Silence!

*Timol.* [To *Pisander*.] Speak boldly.

*Pisan.* 'Tis your authority gives me a tongue,  
 I should be dumb else; and I am secure,  
 I cannot clothe my thoughts, and just defence,  
 In such an abject phrase, but 'twill appear  
 Equal, if not above my low condition.  
 I need no bombast language, stolen from such  
 As make nobility from prodigious terms  
 The hearers understand not; I bring with me  
 No wealth to boast of; neither can I number  
 Uncertain fortune's favours with my merits;  
 I dare not force affection, or presume  
 To censure her discretion, that looks on me  
 As a weak man, and not her fancy's idol.  
 How I have loved, and how much I have suffer'd,  
 And with what pleasure undergone the burthen  
 Of my ambitious hopes, (in aiming at  
 The glad possession of a happiness,  
 The abstract of all goodness in mankind  
 Can at no part deserve,) with my confession  
 Of mine own wants, is all that can plead for me.  
 But if that pure desires, not blended with

Foul thoughts, that, like a river, keeps his course,  
 Retaining still the clearness of the spring  
 From whence it took beginning, may be thought  
 Worthy acceptance; then I dare rise up,  
 And tell this gay man to his teeth, I never  
 Durst doubt her constancy, that, like a rock,  
 Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury  
 Of the proud waves; nor, from my jealous fears,  
 Question that goodness to which, as an altar  
 Of all perfection, he that truly loved  
 Should rather bring a sacrifice of service,  
 Than raze it with the engines of suspicion:  
 Of which, when he can wash an Æthiop white,  
 Leosthenes may hope to free himself;  
 But, till then, never.

*Timag.* Bold, presumptuous villain!

*Pisan.* I will go further, and make good upon him,  
 I' the pride of all his honours, birth, and fortunes,  
 He's more unworthy than myself.

*Leost.* Thou liest.

[decided,

*Timag.* Confute him with a whip, and, the doubt  
 Punish him with a halter.

*Pisan.* O the gods!

My ribs, though made of brass, cannot contain  
 My heart, swollen big with rage. The lie!—a whip!  
 Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which  
 I long have march'd disguised\*; [Throws off his  
*disguise.*] that, when they know [horror  
 Whom they have injured, they may faint with  
 Of my revenge, which, wretched men, expect,  
 As sure as fate, to suffer.

*Leost.* Ha! *Pisander*!

*Timag.* 'Tis the bold Theban!

*Asot.* There's no hope for me then:

I thought I should have put in for a share,  
 And borne *Cleora* from them both; but now  
 This stanger looks so terrible, that I dare not  
 So much as look on her.

*Pisan.* Now as myself,

Thy equal at thy best, *Leosthenes*.  
 For you, *Timagoras*, praise heaven you were born  
*Cleora's* brother, 'tis your safest armour.  
 But I lose time,—I' the base lie cast upon me,  
 I thus return: Thou art a perjured man,  
 False, and perfidious, and hast made a tender  
 Of love and service to this lady, when  
 Thy soul, if thou hast any, can bear witness,  
 That thou wert not thine own: for proof of this,  
 Look better on this virgin, and consider,  
 This Persian shape laid by †, and she appearing  
 In a Greekish dress, such as when first you saw her,  
 If she resemble not *Pisander's* sister,  
 One call'd *Statilia*?

*Leost.* 'Tis the same! my guilt

So chokes my spirits, I cannot deny  
 My falsehood, nor excuse it.

*Pisan.* This is she,

To whom thou wert contracted: this the lady,  
 That, when thou wert my prisoner, fairly taken

\* Let fury then disperse these clouds in which

I long have march'd disguised;] The old copies read *mask'd*; but this seems so unworthy of the author, that I have not scrupled to place the other word (*march'd*) in the text. I believe *Massinger* had the first Æneid in his thoughts.

† This Persian shape laid by,] i. e. this Persian dress; a term borrowed from the tiring-room of the theatres. In the list of dramatis personæ prefixed to the *Virgin-Martyr*, *Harpax* is said to be, "an evil spirit, following *Theophilus*, in the shape (habit) of a secretary."

\* Next to the general, and the gods and fautors.] So read both the quartos: the modern editors not knowing what to make of the gods and fautors, (which, in the language of the author, means the favouring gods), accommodate the line to their own conceptions with wondrous facility, and read:

Next to the general, and to the gods.

Alas! for *Massinger*.

In the Spartan war, that begg'd thy liberty,  
And with it gave herself to thee, ungrateful!

*Statil.* No more, sir, I entreat you: I perceive  
True sorrow in his looks, and a consent  
To make me reparation in mine honour;  
And then I am most happy.

*Pisan.* The wrong done her  
Drew me from Thebes, with a full intent to kill thee:  
But this fair object met me in my fury,  
And quite disarm'd me. Being denied to have her,  
By you, my lord Archidamus, and not able  
To live far from her; love, the mistress of  
All quaint devices, prompted me to treat  
With a friend of mine, who, as a pirate, sold me  
For a slave to you, my lord, and gave my sister  
As a present to Cleora.

*Timol.* Strange meanders!

*Pisan.* There how I bare myself, needs no relation;  
But, if so far descending from the height  
Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the lowest  
Condition of a man, to have means only  
To feed my eye with the sight of what I honour'd;  
The dangers too I underwent, the sufferings;  
The clearness of my interest; may deserve  
A noble recompense in your lawful favour;  
Now 'tis apparent that Leosthenes  
Can claim no interest in you, you may please  
To think upon my service.

*Cleo.* Sir, my want  
Of power to satisfy so great a debt,  
Makes me accuse my fortune: but if that  
Out of the bounty of your mind, you think  
A free surrender of myself full payment,  
I gladly tender it.

*Archid.* With my consent too,  
All injuries forgotten.

*Timag.* I will study,  
In my future service, to deserve your favour,  
And good opinion.

*Leost.* Thus I gladly fee  
This advocate to plead for me. [Kissing Statilia.]

*Pisan.* You will find me  
An easy judge. When I have yielded reasons  
Of your bondmen's falling off from their obedience,  
Then after, as you please, determine of me.  
I found their natures apt to mutiny  
From your too cruel usage, and made trial  
How far they might be wrought on; to instruct you  
To look with more prevention and care  
To what they may hereafter undertake  
Upon the like occasions. The hurt's little  
They have committed, nor was ever cure  
But with some pain effected. I confess,  
In hope to force a grant of fair Cleora,  
I urged them to defend the town against you:  
Nor had the terror of your whips, but that  
I was preparing for defence elsewhere,  
So soon got entrance\*: in this I am guilty;  
Now, as you please, your censure.

*Timol.* Bring them in;  
And, though you've given me power, I do entreat  
Such as have undergone their insolence,  
It may not be offensive though I study

\* Nor had the terror of your whips, but that  
I was preparing for defence elsewhere,  
So soon got entrance:] I am pleased with this, because it  
looks as if the author was sensible of the improbability of  
the circumstance. It is, indeed, the only defective part of  
this beautiful story.

Pity, more than revenge.

*Coris.* 'Twill best become you.

*Cleon.* I must consent.

*Asot.* For me, I'll find a time  
To be revenged hereafter.

*Enter GRACULO, CIMBRIO, POLIPHON, ZANTHA,  
and the rest, with halters about their necks.*

*Grac.* Give me leave;  
I'll speak for all.

*Timol.* What canst thou say, to hinder  
The course of justice?

*Grac.* Nothing.—You may see  
We are prepared for hanging, and confess  
We have deserved it: our most humble suit is,  
We may not twice be executed.

*Timol.* Twice!  
How mean'st thou?

*Grac.* At the gallows first, and after in a ballad  
Sung to some villanous tune. There are ten-groat  
rhymers

About the town, grown fat on these occasions.  
Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fired\*,  
A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,  
Or any such like accident, and, before [made,  
They are cold in their graves, some damn'd ditty's  
Which makes their ghosts walk.—Let the state take  
For the redress of this abuse, recording [order  
'Twas done by my advice, and, for my part,  
I'll cut as clean a caper from the ladder,  
As ever merry Greek did.

*Timol.* Yet I think  
You would shew more activity to delight  
Your master for a pardon.

*Grac.* O! I would dance.

As I were all air and fire. [Capers.]

*Timol.* And ever be  
Obedient and humble;

*Grac.* As his spaniel,  
Though he kick'd me for exercise; and the like  
I promise for all the rest.

\* Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fired, &c.] There  
is much good humour, as well as truth, in these remarks.  
They are, it must be confessed, strangely out of time, and  
still more strangely out of place; but the readers of our old  
dramatists must be prepared to overlook these anomalies.

Much of the wit, and more, perhaps, of the interest, of  
our old dramas, is irretrievably lost through our ignorance  
of collateral circumstances. A thousand temporary allu-  
sions are received with indifference, or perhaps escape us  
altogether, which excited the strongest sensations of pleasure  
and pain in the bosoms of our ancestors. This play was  
performed for the first time, December 3, 1623; and on the  
24th of October, in the same year, a chapel, or, as the con-  
tinuator of Stow calls it, a chamber fell down "in Hun-  
den House, in the Black Fryars, where was assembled above  
three hundred men, women, and youths, to hear a Romane  
Catholicque priest preach, in which fall was slain the  
preacher, and almost one hundred of his auditory, and well  
nigh as many more hurt." Immediately after this, follows  
an article of *Aring a street*. "Wednesday, the 12th of No-  
vember, 1623, one of the warehouses of Sir W. Cockayne,"  
(a name familiar to Massinger,) "knight, alderman of Lon-  
don, in Broad Street, took fire the next morning, in which space  
it burnt his whole house, and three of his neighbour's houses,  
to the great danger and damage of many neere inhabitants,"  
&c.—*Annals*, p. 1635, ed. 1631.

These apposite references, for which I am indebted to  
Mr. Gilchrist, prove, I think, that the tragical events in  
Graculo's speech were not the suggestions of fancy. The  
foolish lover, who hung himself for pure love, was, perhaps,  
beneath the notice of the Chronicler; but I suspect that,  
if we could have recourse to the *ditty* of the day,  
we should find his melancholy story to be no less real than  
the other unfortunate occurrences.

*Timol.* Rise then, you have it.  
*All the Slaves.* Timoleon! Timoleon!  
*Timol.* Cease these clamours.  
 And now, the war being ended to our wishes,

\* Massinger never writes with more effect, than when he combines his own fancy with somewhat of real history. In this case, the reader will not expect that the history should proceed in a regular order, or without the admission of foreign incidents, or that it should maintain to the end, the commanding interest with which it begins. It is enough for Massinger, if he can secure attention at the outset, through the remembrance of some important event, and if, under cover of this, he can prepare the part which imagination is to supply. It is on these principles he has proceeded in *The Bondman*, and produced a piece which, with a few exceptions, is at once stately and playful, impressive and tender. He matures the love, under cover of the history; till at length the interest changes, and the history becomes subordinate to the love.

The characters are drawn with much variety and interest; the modest gravity and self command of Timoleon well agree with the ancient descriptions of the man, from whose mouth *nihil unquam insolens, neque gloriosum exit*; and our admiration of the heroic Pisander, who cannot appear in his proper character till towards the conclusion, is skillfully excited by early notices, apparently incidental, of his great powers of body, his language, sentiments, &c., far above his supposed condition. His signal temperance, the charm which wins the pure Cleora, is well contrasted with the unreasonable distrust and jealousy of Leosthenes, who, however, observes, with much self-complacency, while he mars his own happiness by his impatience, that women have but little judgment, and are mostly made up of passion! It may be remarked here, that Massinger seems fond of punishing his men for undue suspicions and alarms in matters of love; and that this is one of the methods he takes to exalt the character of his females, and to exhibit, as in Cleora, the complete ascendancy of chastity over jealousy. Other marks of his accustomed management appear in this play. He is fond of fulfilling expressions in a sense not intended by the speakers. Timagoras unconsciously says, that Pisander was "bought for his sister's service;" and Archidamus bids him treat her with particular "care and reverence," the very circumstance which gains her affections. In *The Duke of Milan* too, Sforza and Marcella wish that, after a life of unvaried happiness, "one grave may receive them;" and they are buried together, after she has fallen by his hand. He is fond of reserving some injured person,

And such as went the pilgrimage of love,  
 Happy in full fruition of their hope,  
 'Tis lawful, thanks paid to the powers divine,  
 To drown our cares in honest mirth and wine.

[*Exeunt*.\*]

whose late appearance may justify what has been done, and hasten the conclusion of the plot. He reserves Statilia for the sake of vindicating Pisander, and reminds us of Eugenia, whose wrongs explain the vengeance of Francisco. He is also fond of throwing his lovers into difficulties, by confessing their attachment, while those who are interested in opposing it, listen from behind. Cleora precipitates her expressions of kindness for Pisander, that her family may be enraged at the discovery. And a similar contrivance will by and by strike the reader, in the plot of *The Renegade*, where Donusa and Vitelli are overheard by Asanbeg and Mastapha.

The ludicrous characters are not without their merit, always excepting the licentiousness which stains them; licentiousness, however, which, fortunately, is neither spirited nor attractive. The slaves turned masters, "fret their hour" in their new dignity with becoming insolence. It is a fine stroke of nature which Plautus has given to one of his slaves: suddenly growing rich, and laying the plan of his future enjoyments, he determines to have slaves of his own:

— *domum instruam, agrum, edes, mancipia.* —

*Rudens*, Act. IV. sc. ii.

If Massinger is to be suspected of political allusions, this play betrays him. The character of Gisco the admiral does not suit him, but agrees very well with the Duke of Buckingham:

— a raw young fellow,

One never train'd in arms, but rather fashion'd

To tilt with ladies' lips, than crack a lance," &c.

The "green heads that determine of the state over their cups," &c., were now in possession of all power, and playing their wildest schemes. And towards the end of the reign of James, (the date of this play,) it might well be said, by the friends to the safety of their country:

— in this plenty

And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were train'd

In martial discipline; and your ships unrigg'd,

Rot in the harbour." —

One of those friends of his country was Massinger: and it is hardly possible to point out, in any writer, ancient or modern, a finer strain of patriotism amidst the public danger, than that which animates the last scene of the first act *DR. IRELAND*.

# THE RENEGADO.

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THE RENEGADO.] This tragi-comedy, for so Massinger terms it, appears from the office-book of the master of the revels, to have been first produced on the stage, April 17th, 1624: it was not given to the public till several years after,—the entry in the stationers' register bearing date March 6th, 1629-30.

The story, though wild and extravagant, is not all, perhaps, invention; the pirates of Tunis and Algiers ravaged the northern coasts of the Mediterranean at pleasure; and the Spanish and Italian writers of those days are full of adventures similar to this before us; some of which were undoubtedly founded in fact.

The language and ideas of this play are strictly catholic; notwithstanding which, it seems to have been a favourite with the public; and even the modest author speaks of its merits with some degree of complacency. It was not, however, reprinted.

It is said, in the title-page, to have been "often acted by the queen's majesties servants, at the private play-house in Drury Lane." After the death of Queen Anne, in 1618, (as Mr. Malone informs me,) the players at this house were called, the *Lady Elizabeth's servants*, (i. e. James's daughter, then married to the Palsgrave,) although she was not in England: but after the marriage of Charles, they took the name of the *queen's servants*; i. e. of Henrietta Maria. The denomination, therefore, in the title-page of the old play, alludes to the time of its publication, and not to that of its "allowance;" when, as appears from the first edition of *The Bondman*, 1624, the players were still in possession of the former appellation.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE HARDING,

BARON BERKELEY, OF BERKELEY CASTLE, AND KNIGHT OF THE  
HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH\*.

MY GOOD LORD,

To be honoured for old nobility, or hereditary titles, is not alone proper to yourself, but to some few of your rank, who may challenge the like privilege with you: but in our age to vouchsafe (as you have often done) a ready hand to raise the dejected spirits of the contemned sons of the muses; such as would not suffer the glorious fire of poesy to be wholly extinguished, is so remarkable and peculiar to your lordship, that with a full vote and suffrage, it is acknowledged that the patronage and protection of the dramatic poem is yours, and almost without a rival. I despair not therefore, but that my ambition to present my service in this kind, may in your clemency meet with a gentle interpretation. Confirm it, my good lord, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle; in which, if I were not confident there are some pieces worthy the perusal, it should have been taught an humbler flight; and the writer, your countryman, never yet made happy in your notice and favour, had not made this an advocate to plead for his admisaion among such as are wholly and sincerely devoted to your service. I may live to tender my humble thankfulness in some higher strain; and till then, comfort myself with hope, that you descend from your height to receive

Your honour's commanded servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

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\* He was made a knight of the bath at the creation of Charles, Prince of Wales, November 4, 1616; three years after he succeeded his grandfather, Henry, eleventh Lord Berkeley.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ASAMBERO\*, *viceroy of Tunis*,  
MUSTAPHA, *basha of Aleppo*,  
VITELLI, a *Venetian gentleman*,  
*disguised as a merchant*,  
FRANCISCO, a *Jesuit*,  
ANTONIO GRIMALDI, the *Renegado*,  
CARAZIE, an *eunuch*,  
GAZET, *servant to Vitelli*,  
Aga.

## Actors' Names.

John Blayne.  
John Sumner.  
  
Mich. Bowyer.  
Wm. Reignolds.  
  
Wm. Allen.  
Wm. Robins.  
Ed. Shakerley.

## Actors' Names.

Capiaga.  
Janizaries.  
Master.  
Boatswain.  
Sailors.  
A Gaoler. Turks.  
  
DONUSA, *niece to Amurath*,  
PAULINA, *sister to Vitelli*,  
MANTO, *servant to Donusa*.

Ed. Rogers.  
Theo. Bourne.

SCENE, Tunis.



## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—A Street near the Bazar.

Enter VITELLI, and GAZET.

Vitel. You have hired a shop, then?

Gaz. Yes, sir; and our wares,  
Though brittle as a maidenhead at sixteen,  
Are safe unladen; not a crystal crack'd,  
Or china dish needs soldering; our choice pictures,  
As they came from the workman, without blemish:  
And I have studied speeches for each piece,  
And, in a thrifty tone, to sell them off,  
Will swear by Mahomet and Termagant†,  
That this is mistress to the great Duke of Florence,  
That, niece to old King Pepin, and a third,  
An Austrian princess by her Roman nose,  
Howe'er my conscience tells me they are figures  
Of bawds and common courtezans in Venice.

Vitel. You make no scruple of an oath, then?

Gaz. Fie, sir!

'Tis out of my indentures; I am bound there  
To swear for my master's profit, as securely  
As your intelligencer‡ must for his prince,

\* Or, as we should now say, *Hassan Bey*.

† *Will swear by Mahomet and Termagant*.] Dr. Percy, in his remarks on the ancient ballad of *King Estmere*, says, that Termagant is the name given by the authors of the old romances to the god of the Saracens; and as he was generally represented as a very furious being, the word termagant was applied to any person of a turbulent outrageous disposition, though at present it is appropriated to the female sex. M. MASON.

I have retained a part of this note, though there is little in it. Our zealous ancestors, who were somewhat of Sir Andrew's way of thinking, and cordially disposed to beat the Turks like dogs, for being Mahomedans, innocently charged them with delities whom they never acknowledged. Termagant, whether derived from the Saxon, or (which, in this case, is nearly the same), from the Latin, cannot possibly be a Saracenic divinity; the word was originally used, I suppose, as an attribute of the Supreme Being of the Saxons, a people little less odious to our romantic writers, than the Saracens, and sometimes confounded with them.

‡ *I am bound there*

To swear for my master's profit, as securely

As your intelligencer, &c.] Here is, probably, an allusion to the celebrated definition of an ambassador, by Sir Henry Wotton: "An honest man appointed to *lie* abroad for the good of his country,"—a definition, by the bye, which cost him dear; for Sir Henry, not satisfied with entertaining his

That sends him forth an honourable spy,  
To serve his purposes. And if it be lawful  
In a Christian shopkeeper to cheat his father,  
I cannot find but to abuse a Turk  
In the sale of our commodities, must be thought  
A meritorious work.

Vitel. I wonder, sirrah,

What's your religion?

Gaz. Troth, to answer truly,  
I would not be of one that should command me  
To feed upon poor John\*, when I see pheasants  
And partridges on the table: nor do I like  
The other, that allows us to eat flesh  
In Lent, though it be rotten, rather than be  
Thought superstitious; as your zealous cobbler,  
And learned botcher preach at Amsterdam,  
Over a hotchpotch†. I would not be confined  
In my belief: when all your sects and sectaries  
Are grown of one opinion, if I like it  
I will profess myself,—in the mean time,  
Live I in England, Spain, France, Rome, Geneva,  
I'm of that country's faith.

Vitel. And what in Tunis?

Will you turn Turk here?

countrymen, would needs translate his wit into Latin, for the amusement of foreigners. *Lye*, which was then the term for lodge or dwell, made a tolerable pun; but *mentendium*, into which it was turned, had neither humour nor ambiguity in it, and sorely scandalized the corps diplomatique.

\* *To feed upon poor John*.] *Poor John*, Mr. Malone says, is hake, dried, and salted.

† — as your zealous cobbler

And learned botcher preach at Amsterdam.

Over a hotchpotch.] The religious troubles of Holland, in the 16th century, arose principally from the Anabaptists. There was an insurrection at Amsterdam, headed by a tailor, a disciple of John of Leyden (the Munster king), himself a tailor: but, indeed, the toleration allowed to religious sects of all denominations, had, about this time, filled Amsterdam with fanatics from every country in Europe. To this aggregation of zealots, there are perpetual allusions in our old writers. Thus Shirley: "Well, if I live, I will to Amsterdam, and add another schism to the two hundred, four score, and odd." *Gentleman of Venice*. And Beaumont and Fletcher: "I am a schoolmaster, sir, and would fain confer with you about erecting four new sects of religion at Amsterdam." *The Fair Maid of the Inn*.

*Gaz.* No: so I should lose  
A collop of that part my Doll enjoin'd me  
To bring home as she left it: 'tis her venture,  
Nor dare I barter that commodity,  
Without her special warrant.

*Vitel.* You are a knave, sir:  
Leaving your roguery, think upon my business,  
It is no time to fool now. [time  
Remember where you are too: though this mart-  
We are allow'd free trading, and with safety,  
Temper your tongue, and meddle not with the Turks,  
Their manners, nor religion.

*Gaz.* Take you heed, sir, [there landed  
What colours you wear. Not two hours since,  
An English pirate's whore, with a green apron\*,  
And, as she walk'd the streets, one of their muftis,  
We call them priests at Venice, with a razor  
Cuts it off, petticoat, smock and all, and leaves her  
As naked as my nail; the young fry wondering  
What strange beast it should be. I scaped a  
scouring—

My mistress's busk point, of that forbidden colour,  
Then tied my codpiece; had it been discover'd  
I had been capon'd.

*Vitel.* And had been well served.  
Haste to the shop, and set my wares in order,  
I will not long be absent.

*Gaz.* Though I strive, sir,  
To put off melancholy, to which you are ever  
Too much inclined, it shall not hinder me,  
With my best care, to serve you. [Exit.

Enter FRANCISCO.

*Vitel.* I believe thee.  
O welcome, sir! stay of my steps in this life,  
And guide to all my blessed hopes hereafter. [per'd?  
What comforts, sir? Have your endeavours pros-  
Have we tired fortune's malice with our sufferings?  
Is she at length, after so many frowns,  
Pleased to vouchsafe one cheerful look upon us?

*Fran.* You give too much to fortune and your  
passions,  
O'er which a wise man, if religious, triumphs.  
That name fools worship; and those tyrants, which  
We arm against our better part, our reason,  
May add, but never take from our afflictions.

*Vitel.* Sir, as I am a sinful man, I cannot  
But like one suffer.

*Fran.* I exact not from you  
A fortitude insensible of calamity, [shown†  
To which the saints themselves have bow'd, and  
They are made of flesh and blood; all that I chal-  
lenge

Is manly patience. Will you, that were train'd up  
In a religious school, where divine maxims,  
Scorning comparison with moral precepts,  
Were daily taught you, bear your constancy's trial,  
Not like Vitelli, but a village nurse,  
With curses in your mouth, tears in your eyes?—  
How poorly it shows in you.

*Vitel.* I am school'd, sir,  
And will hereafter, to my utmost strength,  
Study to be myself.

\* ——— with a green apron.] It should be observed,  
that this colour is appropriated solely to the descendants  
of Mahomet. To "land at Tunis," or any other town  
professing the Mahometan religion, in a green dress, at  
this day, would perhaps cost the unwary stranger his life.  
† ——— and shown.] So the old copy: the modern edi-  
tors read, and show.

*Fran.* So shall you find me  
Most ready to assist you; neither have I  
Slept in your great occasions: since I left you,  
I have been at the viceroy's court, and press'd  
As far as they allow a Christian entrance:  
And something I have learn'd, that may concern  
The purpose of this journey.

*Vitel.* Dear sir, what is it?

*Fran.* By the command of Asambeg, the viceroy,  
The city swells with barbarous pomp and pride,  
For the entertainment of stout Mustapha,  
The basha of Aleppo, who in person  
Comes to receive the niece of Amurath,  
The fair Donusa, for his bride.

*Vitel.* I find not  
How this may profit us.

*Fran.* Pray you give me leave.

Among the rest that wait upon the viceroy,  
Such as have, under him, command in Tunis,  
Who, as you've often heard, are all false pirates,  
I saw the shame of Venice, and the scorn  
Of all good men, the perjured RENEGADO,  
Antonio Grimaldi.

*Vitel.* Ha! his name  
Is poison to me.

*Fran.* Yet again?

*Vitel.* I have done, sir.

*Fran.* This debauch'd villain, whom we ever  
thought

(After his impious scorn done in St. Mark's,  
To me, as I stood at the holy altar)  
The thief that ravish'd your fair sister from you,  
The virtuous Paulina, not long since,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
Sold to the viceroy a fair Christian virgin;  
On whom, maugre his fierce and cruel nature,  
Asambeg dotes extremely.

*Vitel.* 'Tis my sister:  
It must be she, my better angel tells me  
'Tis poor Paulina. Farewell all disguises!  
I'll show, in my revenge, that I am noble.

*Fran.* You are not mad?

*Vitel.* No, sir; my virtuous anger  
Makes every vein an artery; I feel in me  
The strength of twenty men; and, being arm'd  
With my good cause, to wreak\* wrong'd innocence,  
I dare alone run to the viceroy's court,  
And with this poniard, before his face,  
Dig out Grimaldi's heart.

*Fran.* Is this religious?

*Vitel.* Would you have me tame now? Can I  
know my sister  
Mew'd up in his seraglio, and in danger  
Not alone to lose her honour, but her soul;  
The hell-bred villain by too, that has sold both  
To black destruction, and not haste to send him  
To the devil, his tutor! To be patient now,  
Were, in another name, to play the pander  
To the viceroy's loose embraces, and cry aim †!  
While he, by force or flattery, compels her  
To yield her fair name up to his foul lust,  
And, after, turn apostata to the faith  
That she was bred in.

*Fran.* Do but give me hearing,

\* ——— to wreak wrong'd innocence,] i. e. to revenge;  
so in *The Fatal Dowry*.

† But there's a heaven above, from whose just vantage  
No mist of policy can hide offenders.  
† ——— and cry aim!] See *the Bandman*.

And you shall soon grant how ridiculous  
This childish fury is. A wise man never  
Attempts impossibilities; 'tis as easy  
For any single arm to quell an army,  
As to effect your wishes. We come hither  
To learn Paulina's fate\*, and to redeem her:  
Leave your revenge to heaven: I oft have told you,  
Of a relic† that I gave her, which has power,  
If we may credit holy men's traditions,  
To keep the owner free from violence:  
This on her breast she wears, and does preserve  
The virtue of it, by her daily prayers.  
So, if she fall not by her own consent,  
Which it were sin to think, I fear no force.  
Be, therefore, patient; keep this borrow'd shape,  
Till time and opportunity present us  
With some fit means to see her; which perform'd  
I'll join with you in any desperate course  
For her delivery.

*Vitel.* You have charm'd me, sir,  
And I obey in all things: pray you, pardon  
The weakness of my passion.

*Fran.* And excuse it.  
Be cheerful man; for know that good intents  
Are, in the end, crown'd with as fair events.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in DONUSA's Palace.

*Enter DONUSA, MANTO, and CARAZIE.*

*Don.* Have you seen the Christian captive,  
The great basha is so enamour'd of?

*Mant.* Yes, an it please your excellency,  
I took a full view of her, when she was  
Presented to him.

*Don.* And is she such a wonder,  
As 'tis reported?

*Mant.* She was drown'd in tears then,  
Which took much from her beauty; yet, in spite  
Of sorrow, she appear'd the mistress of  
Most rare perfections; and, though low of stature,  
Her well-proportion'd limbs invite affection:  
And, when she speaks, each syllable is music  
That does enchant the hearers: but your highness‡,  
That are not to be parallell'd, I yet never  
Beheld her equal.

*Don.* Come, you flatter me;  
But I forgive it. We, that are born great,  
Seldom distaste our servants though they give us  
More than we can pretend to. I have heard  
That Christian ladies live with much more freedom

\* To learn Paulina's fate.] The old copy reads *faith*; the alteration, which seems judicious, was made by Mr. M. Mason.

† I oft have told you

Of a relic that I gave her, &c.] I have already observed, that the language of this play is catholic; the idea, however, of the power of relics, in the preservation of chastity, may be found in many old romances and books of knight-errantry, which were undoubtedly familiar to Massinger.

‡ — but your highness,] i. e. except your highness, &c. In the next line, the modern editors had so transposed the words, as to make it downright prose: it is now reformed.

§ — We, that are born great,  
Seldom distaste our servants though they give us  
More than we can pretend to.] i. e. *dislike*; in which sense the word frequently occurs. Thus Shirley, in the epilogue to *Love in a Maze*:

" — he desires that you  
Should not distaste his muse, because of late  
Transplanted," &c.

Than such as are born here. Our jealous Turks  
Never permit their fair wives to be seen,  
But at the public bagnios, or the mosques,  
And, even then, veil'd and guarded. Thou, Carazie,  
Wert born in England; what's the custom there,  
Among your women? Come, be free and merry:  
I am no severe mistress: nor hast thou met with  
A heavy bondage.

*Car.* Heavy! I was made lighter  
By two stone weight, at least, to be fit to serve you.  
But to your question, madam; women in England,  
For the most part, live like queens. Your country  
Have liberty to hawk, to hunt, to feast, [ladies,  
To give free entertainment to all comers,  
To talk, to kiss; there's no such thing known there  
As an Italian girdle. Your city dame,  
Without leave, wears the breeches, has her husband  
At as much command as her 'prentice; and, if need  
Can make him cuckold by her father's copy. [be,

*Don.* But your court lady?

*Car.* She, I assure you, madam,  
Knows nothing but her will; must be allow'd  
Her footmen, her caroch\*, her ushers, pages,  
Her doctor, chaplains; and, as I have heard,  
They're grown of late so learn'd, that they maintain  
A strange position, which their lords, with all  
Their wit, cannot confute.

*Don.* What's that, I prithee?

*Car.* Marry, that it is not only fit, but lawful,  
Your madam there, her much rest and high feeding  
Duly consider'd, should, to ease her husband,  
Be allow'd a private friend: they have drawn a bill  
To this good purpose, and, the next assembly,  
Doubt not to pass it.

*Don.* We enjoy no more,  
That are o' the Othoman race, though our religion  
Allows all pleasure. I am dull: some music.  
Take my chapinest off. So, a lusty strain.

[*A galliard. Knocking within.*]

Who knocks there?

[*Manto goes to the door, and returns.*]

*Mant.* 'Tis the basha of Aleppo,  
Who humbly makes request he may present  
His service to you.

*Don.* Reach a chair. We must  
Receive him like ourself, and not depart; with  
One piece of ceremony, state, and greatness,  
That may beget respect and reverence  
In one that's born our vassal. Now admit him.

*Enter MUSTAPHA; he puts off his yellow pantofles.*

*Musta.* The place is sacred; and I am to enter  
The room where she abides, with such devotion  
As pilgrims pay at Mecca, when they visit  
The tomb of our great prophet. [Kneels

\* Her footmen, her caroch, her ushers, pages,] If the reader would have a promising specimen of what can be done by a nice ear, in editing an ancient poet, let him cast an eye on this line, as it stands in Coxeter, and Mr. M. Mason:

Her footmen, her coach, her ushers, her pages,  
tum-ti-ti, tum-ti-ti, &c.

† Take my chapinest off.] *Chapinest* (Spanish, and not Italian, as the commentators on Shakespeare assert) are a kind of clogs with thick cork soles, which the ladies wear on their shoes when they go abroad.

‡ — and not depart with, &c.] To depart and part were anciently synonymous. Thus Jonson:  
"He that departs with his own honesty  
For vulgar praise, doth it too dearly buy." *Epig.* ii.

Don. Rise; the sign

[Caruzie takes up the pantofles.

That we vouchsafe your presence.

Musta. May those powers

That raised the Othoman empire, and still guard it,  
Reward your highness for this gracious favour  
You throw upon your servant! It hath pleased  
The most invincible, mightiest Amurath,  
(To speak his other titles would take from him  
That in himself does comprehend all greatness,)  
To make me the unworthy instrument  
Of his command. Receive, divinest lady,

[Delivers a letter.

This letter, sign'd by his victorious hand,  
And made authentic by the imperial seal. [you  
There, when you find me mention'd, far be it from  
To think it my ambition to presume  
At such a happiness, which his powerful will,  
From his great mind's magnificence, not my merit,  
Hath shower'd upon me. But, if your consent  
Join with his good opinion and allowance,  
To perfect what his favours have begun,  
I shall, in my obsequiousness and duty,  
Endeavour\* to prevent all just complaints,  
Which want of will to serve you may call on me.

Don. His sacred majesty writes here, that your  
valour

Against the Persian bath so won upon him,  
That there's no grace or honour in his gift,  
Of which he can imagine you unworthy;  
And, what's the greatest you can hope, or aim at,  
It is his pleasure you should be received  
Into his royal family—provided,  
For so far I am unconfined, that I  
Affect and like your person. I expect not  
The ceremony which he uses in  
Bestowing of his daughters and his nieces:  
As that he should present you for my slave,  
To love you, if you pleased me; or deliver  
A poniard, on my least dislike, to kill you.  
Such tyranny and pride agree not with  
My softer disposition. Let it suffice,  
For my first answer, that thus far I grace you:

[Gives him her hand to kiss.

Hereafter, some time spent to make enquiry  
Of the good parts and faculties of your mind,  
You shall hear further from me.

Musta. Though all torments

Really suffer'd, or in hell imagined  
By curious fiction, in one hour's delay  
Are wholly comprehended; I confess  
That I stand bound in duty, not to check at  
Whatever you command, or please to impose,  
For trial of my patience.

Don. Let us find

[me;

Some other subject; too much of one theme cloy's  
Is't a full mart?

Musta. A confluence of all nations

Are met together: there's variety, too,  
Of all that merchants traffic for.

Don. I know not—

\* I shall in my obsequiousness and duty.

Endeavour, &c.] This, and what follows, are pretty correct specimens of the manner in which the great officers of the state are still said to pay their addresses to the princesses of the imperial family. The age of Massinger produced many good histories of the Turks: he follows them, however, by starts only, for in none of his plays are the manners of different countries so mingled and confounded as in this.

I feel a virgin's longing to descend  
So far from my own greatness, as to be,  
Though not a buyer, yet a looker on  
Their strange commodities.

Musta. If without a train,

You dare be seen abroad, I'll dismiss mine,  
And wait upon you as a common man,  
And satisfy your wishes.

Don. I embrace it.

Provide my veil; and, at the postern gate,  
Convey us out unseen. I trouble you.

Musta. It is my happiness you deign to command  
me. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—The Bazar.

GAZEY in his Shop; FRANCISCO and VITELLI walking  
by.

Gaz. What do you lack? Your choice China  
dishes, your pure Venetian crystal of all sorts, of  
all neat and new fashions, from the mirror of the  
madam, to the private utensil of her chambermaid;  
and curious pictures of the rarest beauties of Europe:  
What do you lack, gentlemen?

Fran. Take heed, I say; howe'er it may appear  
Impertinent, I must express my love,  
My advice, and counsel. You are young, Vitelli\*,  
And may be tempted; and these Turkish dames,  
(Like English mastiffs, that increase their fierceness  
By being chain'd up,) from the restraint of freedom,  
If lust once fire their blood from a fair object,  
Will run a course the fiends themselves would shake  
To enjoy their wanton ends. [at,

Vitel. Sir, you mistake me:

I am too full of woe, to entertain  
One thought of pleasure, though all Europe's queens  
Kneel'd at my feet, and courted me; much less  
To mix with such, whose difference of faith  
Must, of necessity, (or I must grant  
Myself neglectful of all you have taught me,)  
Strangle such base desires.

Fran. Be constant in

That resolution; I'll abroad again,  
And learn, as far as it is possible,  
What may concern Paulina. Some two hours  
Shall bring me back. [Exit.

Vitel. All blessings wait upon you!

Gaz. Cold doings, sir; a mart do you call this?  
'alight!

A puddingwife, or a witch with a thrum cap,  
That sells ale underground to such as come  
To know their fortunes in a dead vacation,  
Have ten to one more stirring.

Vitel. We must be patient.

Gaz. Your seller by retail ought to be angry,  
But when he's fingering money.

Enter GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain, Sailors, and  
Turks.

Vitel. Here are company—

Defend me, my good angel, I behold  
A basilisk!—

Gaz. What do you lack? what do you lack? pure  
China dishes, clear crystal glasses, a dumb mistress  
to make love to! What do you lack, gentlemen?

\* ——— You are young, Vitelli.] I have added the name, which seems to have dropt out at the press, to complete the verse.

*Grim.* Thy mother for a bawd ; or, if thou hast  
A handsome one, thy sister for a whore ;  
Without these, do not tell me of your trash,  
Or I shall spoil your market.

*Vitel.* —Old Grimaldi\*! [stand

*Grim.* 'Zounds, wherefore do we put to sea, or  
The raging winds, aloft, or p— upon  
The foamy waves, when they rage most ; deride  
The thunder of the enemy's shot, board boldly  
A merchant's ship for prize, though we behold  
The desperate gunner ready to give fire,  
And blow the deck up ? wherefore shake we off  
Those scrupulous rags of charity and conscience,  
Invented only to keep churchmen warm,  
Or feed the hungry mouths of famish'd beggars ;  
But, when we touch the shore, to wallow in  
All sensual pleasures ?

*Mast.* Ay, but, noble captain,  
To spare a little for an after-clap,  
Were not providence.

*Grim.* Hang consideration !  
When this is spent, is not our ship the same,  
Our courage too the same, to fetch in more ?  
The earth, where it is fertilest, returns not  
More than three harvests, while the glorious sun  
Poets through the zodiac, and makes up the year :  
But the sea, which is our mother, (that embraces  
Both the rich Indies in her out-stretch'd arms,)  
Yields every day a crop, if we dare reap it.  
No, no, my mates, let tradesmen think of thrift,  
And usurers hoard up ; let our expense  
Be as our comings in are, without bounds,  
We are the Neptunes of the ocean,  
And such as traffic shall pay sacrifice  
Of their best lading ; I will have this canvass  
Your boy wears, lined with tissue, and the cates  
You taste serv'd up in gold :—Though we carouse  
The tears of orphans in our Greekish wines,  
The sighs of undone widows paying for  
The music bought to cheer us, ravish'd virgins  
To slavery sold, for coin to feed our riots,  
We will have no compunction.

*Gaz.* Do you hear, sir ?  
We have paid for our ground.

*Grim.* Hum !

*Gaz.* And hum too !  
For all your big words, get you further off,  
And hinder not the prospect of our shop,  
Or—

*Grim.* What will you do ?

*Gaz.* Nothing, sir,—but pray  
Your worship to give me handsel.

*Grim.* By the ears,  
Thus, sir, by the ears.

*Mast.* Hold, hold !

*Vitel.* You'll still be prating [whore.

*Grim.* Come, let's be drunk ; then each man to his  
'Slight, how do you look ! you had best go find a  
corner

To pray in, and repent : do, do, and cry ;  
It will shew fine in pirates. [Exit.

*Mast.* We must follow,  
Or he will spend our shares.

*Boatsw.* I fought for mine.

*Mast.* Nor am I so precise but I can drab too :  
We will not sit out for our parts.

\* —Old Grimaldi !] So the quarto. I suppose the li-  
censor here laid his hand upon some harmless interjection :  
the next luckily escaped him.

*Boatsw.* Agreed. [Exeunt Master, Boatsw., Sailors.

*Gaz.* The devil gnaw off his fingers ! If he were  
In London, among the clubs, up went his heels  
For striking of a 'prentice\*. What do you lack ?  
What do you lack, gentlemen ?

1 *Turk.* I wonder how the viceroy can endure  
The insolence of this fellow.

2 *Turk.* He receives profit  
From the prizes he brings in ; and that excuses  
Whatever he commits. Ha ! what are these ?

Enter MUSTAPHA, and DONUSA veiled.

1 *Turk.* They seem of rank and quality ; observe  
them.

*Gaz.* What do you lack ? see what you please to  
buy ;

Wares of all sorts, most honourable madona.

*Vitel.* Peace, sirrah, make no noise ; these are not  
To be jeasted with. [people

*Don.* Is this the Christians' custom,  
In the venting their commodities ?

*Musta.* Yes, best madam.

But you may please to keep your way, here's nothing  
But toys and trifles, not worth your observing.

*Don.* Yes, for variety's sake : pray you, shew us,  
The chiefest of your wares. [friend,

*Vitel.* Your ladyship's servant ;  
And if, in worth or tide, you are more,  
My ignorance plead my pardon !

*Don.* He speaks well. [mirror

*Vitel.* Take down the looking-glass. Here is a  
Steel'd so exactly, neither taking from  
Nor flattering the object it returns  
To the beholder, that Narcissus might  
(And never grow enamour'd of himself)  
View his fair feature in't.

*Don.* Poetical too !

*Vitel.* Here China dishes to serve in a banquet,  
Though the voluptuous Persian sat a guest.  
Here crystal glasses, such as Ganymede  
Did fill with nectar to the Thunderer,  
When he drank to Alcides, and received him  
In the fellowship of the gods ; true to the owners † :

\* — If he were  
In London, among the clubs, up went his heels,  
For striking of a 'prentice.] The police of the city seems  
to have been wretchedly conducted at this time, when private  
injuries were left to private redress, and public brawls  
composed by the interference of a giddy rabble. Every  
house, at least every shop, was furnished with bludgeons,  
with which, on the slightest appearance of a fray, the in-  
habitants armed themselves, and rushed in swarms to the  
scene of action. From the petulance of the young citizens,  
who then mixed little with the gentry, and the real or af-  
fected contempt in which the latter professed to hold them,  
subjects of contention were perpetually arising: the city  
signal for reinforcements, was a cry of "clubs, clubs!"  
and the streets were instantly filled with armed apprentices.  
To this curious system of preserving the peace, our old  
dramatists have frequent allusions. Thus, in Decker's  
*Honest Whore*, where a mercer is struck, his servant ex-  
claims: "'Stoot, clubs! clubs! 'prentices, down with them!  
ah you rogues, strike a citizen in his shop!" Again, in  
Green's *Tu Quoque*, Staines says:

"Sirrah! by your outside you seem a citizen,  
Whose coxcomb I were apt enough to break,  
But for the law. Go, you're a prating Jack;  
Nor is't your hopes of crying out for clubs,  
Can save you from my chastisement."

† Here crystal glasses—true to the owners, &c.] This,  
and what follows, is a correct account of the notion once  
entertained, respecting the effect of poison on Venice glasses;  
a circumstance which wonderfully increased their value. It  
may be added, that the chief manufactory for glass was at  
this time in the vicinity of that city. Mr. Gilchrist informs  
me, from Stow, that "the first making of Venice glasses in

Corinthian plate, studded with diamonds,  
Conceal'd oft deadly poison ; this pure metal  
So innocent is, and faithful to the mistress  
Or master that possesses it, that, rather  
Than hold one drop that's venomous, of itself  
It flies in pieces, and deludes the traitor.

*Don.* How movingly could this fellow treat upon  
A worthy subject, that finds such discourse  
To grace a trifle !

*Vitel.* Here's a picture, madam ;  
The masterpiece of Michael Angelo,  
Our great Italian workman ; here's another,  
So perfect at all parts, that had Pygmalion  
Seen this, his prayers had been made to Venus  
To have given it life, and his carved ivory image  
By poets ne'er remember'd. They are, indeed,  
The rarest beauties of the Christian world,  
And no where to be equall'd.

*Don.* You are partial  
In the cause of those you favour ; I believe  
I instantly could shew you one, to theirs  
Not much inferior.

*Vitel.* With your pardon, madam,  
I am incredulous.

*Don.* Can you match me this ? [*Lifts her veil.*]

*Vitel.* What wonder look I on ! I'll search above,  
And suddenly attend you. [*Exit.*]

*Don.* Are you amazed ?

I'll bring you to yourself. [*Throws down the glasses.*]

*Musta.* Ha ! what's the matter ?

*Gaz.* My master's ware !—We are undone !—O  
strange !

A lady to turn roarer, and break glasses\* !  
'Tis time to shut up shop then.

*Musta.* You seem moved.

If any language of these Christian dogs  
Have call'd your anger on, in a frown shew it,  
And they are dead already.

*Don.* The offence

Looks not so far. The foolish paltry fellow  
Shew'd me some trifles, and demanded of me,  
For what I valued at so many aspers,  
A thousand ducats. I confess he moved me ;  
Yet I should wrong myself, should such a beggar  
Receive least loss from me.

*Musta.* Is it no more ?

*Don.* No, I assure you. Bid him bring his bill  
To-morrow to the palace, and enquire  
For one Donusa ; that word gives him passage  
Through all the guard : say, there he shall receive  
Full satisfaction. Now, when you please.

*Musta.* I wait you. [*Exeunt Musta. and Don\*.*]

1 Turk. We must not know them.—Let's shift  
off, and vanish. [*Exeunt Turks.*]

*Gaz.* The swine's-pox overtake you ! there's a curse  
For a Turk, that eats no hog's flesh.

*Re-enter VITELLI.*

*Vitel.* Is she gone ?

*Gaz.* Yes : you may see her handiwork.

*Vitel.* No matter.

Said she ought else ?

*Gaz.* That you should wait upon her,  
And there receive court payment ; and, to pass  
The guards, she bids you only say you come  
To one Donusa.

*Vitel.* How ! Remove the wares ;  
Do it without reply. The sultan's niece !  
I have heard, among the Turks, for any lady  
To show her face bare, argues love, or speaks  
Her deadly hatred. What should I fear ? my fortune  
Is sunk so low, there cannot fall upon me  
Aught worth my shunning. I will run the hazard :  
She may be a means to free distress'd Paulina—  
Or, if offended, at the worst, to die  
Is a full period to calamity. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in DONUSA'S Palace.

*Enter CARAZIE and MANTO.*

*Car.* In the name of wonder, Manto, what hath my  
Done with herself, since yesterday ? [*lady*]

*Mant.* I know not.

Malicious men report we are all guided  
In our affections by a wandering planet ;  
But such a sudden change in such a person,  
May stand for an example, to confirm  
Their false assertion.

England, began at the Crothed Fryars, in London, about  
the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by one  
Jacob Venaline, an Italian." These, I suspect, were not,  
like the genuine ones, true to the owners. There is an allu-  
sion in this speech to a beautiful passage in Juvenal—

" — nulla aconita bibuntur

*Pictilibus ; tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes*

*Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro." Sat. x.*

\* A lady to turn roarer, and break glasses !] A roarer  
was the cant term for what we now call a blasterer, or  
bully. Thus Gazet, in the third act, says to Grimaldi, in  
his state of reformation,

*Now, you do not roar, sir.*

*Car.* She's now pettish, froward ;

Music, discourse, observance, tedious to her.

*Mant.* She slept not the last night ; and yet pre-  
vented

The rising sun, in being up before him :  
Call'd for a costly bath, then will'd the rooms  
Should be perfumed ; ransack'd her cabinets  
For her choice and richest jewelst, and appears  
now

\* [*Exeunt Musta. and Don.*] Nothing can exceed the  
negligence with which the exits and entrances are marked  
by Mr. M. Mason : in this place he gives a speech to the  
Turks, after sending them off the stage !

† *Mant. She slept not the last night ; and yet prevented  
The rising sun.*] Massinger explains himself : but the  
expression is from the Psalms : " Mine eyes prevent the  
night-watches."

‡ *For her choice and richest jewels.*] This is modernized  
by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, into choicest, richest jewels :  
although the frequent recurrence of the expression might  
have taught them caution on the subject ; it is found again  
in this very play :

" Adorned in her choice and richest jewels."

Act. V. sc. iiii.

Like Cynthia in full glory, waited on  
By the fairest of the stars.

*Car.* Can you guess the reason,  
Why the aga of the janizaries, and he  
That guards the entrance of the inmost port,  
Were call'd before her?

*Mant.* They are both her creatures,  
And by her grace prefer'd: but I am ignorant  
To what purpose they were sent for.

*Enter DONUSA.*

*Car.* Here she comes,  
Full of sad thoughts: we must stand further off.  
What a frown was that!

*Mant.* Forbear.

*Car.* I pity her.

[self?

*Don.* What magic hath transform'd me from my-  
Where is my virgin pride? how have I lost  
My boasted freedom? what new fire burns up  
My scorched entrails? what unknown desires  
Invade, and take possession of my soul,  
All virtuous objects vanish? I, that have stood\*  
The shock of fierce temptations, stopp'd mine ears  
Against all syren notes lust ever sung,  
To draw my bark of chastity (that with wonder  
Hath kept a constant and an honour'd course)  
Into the gulph of a deserved ill-fame,  
Now fall unpitied; and, in a moment,  
With mine own hands, dig up a grave to bury  
The monumental heap of all my years,  
Employ'd in noble actions. O, my fate!  
—But there is no resisting. I obey thee,  
Imperious god of love, and willingly  
Put mine own fetters on, to grace thy triumph:  
'Twere, therefore, more than cruelty in thee,  
To use me like a tyrant. What poor means  
Must I make use of now; and flatter such,  
To whom, till I betray'd my liberty,  
One gracious look of mine would have erected  
An altar to my service! How now, Manto!—  
My ever careful woman; and, Carazie,  
Thou hast been faithful too.

*Car.* I dare not call  
My life mine own, since it is yours, but gladly  
Will part with it, whene'er you shall command me;  
And think I fall a martyr, so my death  
May give life to your pleasures.

*Mant.* But vouchsafe  
To let me understand what you desire  
Should be effected; I will undertake it,  
And curse myself for cowardice, if I paused  
To ask a reason why.

*Don.* I am comforted  
In the tender of your service, but shall be  
Confirm'd in my full joys, in the performance.  
Yet, trust me, I will not impose upon you  
But what you stand engaged for to a mistress,  
Such as I have been to you. All I ask,  
Is faith and secrecy.

*Car.* Say but you doubt me,  
And, to secure you, I'll cut out my tongue;  
I am libb'd in the breach already.

*Mant.* Do not hinder  
Yourself, by these delays.

\* I that have stood, &c.] This fine speech, as it hath been  
hitherto given in all the editions, is absolute nonsense. I  
have ventured to reform the pointing altogether, and to  
insert *that before have*, which is the greatest liberty I have  
yet taken with the old copy.

*Don.* Thus then I whisper  
Mine own shame to you.—O that I should blush  
To speak what I so much desire to do!

And, further— [*Whispers and uses vehement action*]

*Mant.* Is this all?

*Don.* Think it not base:

Although I know the office undergoes  
A coarse construction.

*Car.* Coarse! 'tis but procuring;  
A smock employment, which has made more knights.  
In a country I could name, than twenty years  
Of service in the field.

*Don.* You have my ends. [*wanting*]

*Mant.* Which say you have arrived at: be not  
To yourself, and fear not us.

*Car.* I know my burthen;

I'll bear it with delight.

*Mant.* Talk not, but do. [*Exeunt Car. and Mant.*]

*Don.* O love, what poor shifts thou dost force us  
to! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Court in the same.

*Enter Aga, Capiaga, and Janizaries.*

*Aga.* She was ever our good mistress, and our  
maker,

And should we check at a little hazard for her,  
We were unthankful.

*Cap.* I dare pawn my head,  
'Tis some disguised minion of the court,  
Sent from great Amurath, to learn from her  
The viceroy's actions.

*Aga.* That concerns not us;  
His fall may be our rise: whate'er he be,  
He passes through my guards.

*Cap.* And mine—provided  
He give the word.

*Enter VITELLI.*

*Vitel.* To faint now, being thus far,  
Would argue me of cowardice.

*Aga.* Stand: the word:  
Or, being a Christian, to press thus far,  
Forfeits thy life.

*Vitel.* Donusa.

*Aga.* Pass in peace. [*Exeunt Aga and Janizaries.*]

*Vitel.* What a privilege her name bears!  
'Tis wondrous strange! If the great officer,  
The guardian of the inner port, deny not—

*Cap.* Thy warrant: Speak, or thou art dead.

*Vitel.* Donusa.

*Cap.* That protects thee;  
Without fear enter. So:—discharge the watch.

[*Exeunt Vitelli and Capiaga.*]

SCENE III.—An outer Room in the same.

*Enter CARAZIE and MANTO.*

*Car.* Though he hath past the aga and chief porter,  
This cannot be the man.

*Mant.* By her description,  
I am sure it is.

*Car.* O women, women,  
What are you? A great lady dote upon  
A harberdasher of small wares!

*Mant.* Pish! thou hast none.

*Car.* No; if I had, I might have served the turn:  
This 'tis to want munition, when a man  
Should make a breach, and enter.

Enter VITELLI.

Mant. Sir, you are welcome :  
Think what 'tis to be happy, and possess it.  
Car. Perfume the rooms there, and make way.  
Let music  
With choice notes entertain the man the princess  
Now purposes to honour\*.  
Vitel. I am ravish'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *A Room of State in the same. A table  
set forth, with jewels and bugs upon it.*

Loud music. Enter DONUSA, (followed by CARAZIE,) and takes her seat.

Don. Sing o'er the ditty that I last composed  
Upon my lovesick passion : suit your voice  
To the music that's placed yonder, we shall hear you  
With more delight and pleasure.  
Car. I obey you. [Song.

During the song, enter MANTO and VITELLI.

Vitel. Is not this Tempe, or the blessed shades,  
Where innocent spirits reside ? or do I dream,  
And this a heavenly vision ? Howsoever,  
It is a sight too glorious to behold,  
For such a wretch as I am.

Car. He is daunted.

Mant. Speak to him, madam ; cheer him up, or you  
Destroy what you have built.

Car. Would I were furnish'd  
With his artillery, and if I stood  
Gaping as he does, hang me. [Aside.

[Exeunt Carazie and Manto.

Vitel. That I might  
Ever dream thus ! [Kneels

Don. Banish amazement ;  
You wake : your debtor tells you so, your debtor :  
And, to assure you that I am a substance †,  
And no aerial figure, thus I raise you.  
Why do you shake ? my soft touch brings no ague :  
No biting frost is in this palm ; nor are  
My looks like to the Gorgon's head, that turn ‡  
Men into statues ; rather they have power,  
Or I have been abused, where they bestow  
Their influence, (let me prove it truth in you,)  
To give to dead men motion.

Vitel. Can this be ?  
May I believe my senses ? Dare I think  
I have a memory, or that you are

\* Car. *Perfume the rooms there, and make way.* Let music  
With choice notes entertain the man, the princess  
Now purposes to honour.] These lines are thus arranged  
by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason :  
Car. *Perfume the rooms there, and make way,*  
Let music's choice notes entertain the man,  
The princess now purposes to honour.

The reader may consider whether it was worth while to  
sophisticate the old copy, for the sake of producing three  
lines of barbarous prose.

† And, to assure you that I am a substance.] The omis-  
sion of the article by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, utterly  
destroys the metre.

‡ — that turn] Mr. M. Mason reads, that turns : but  
he mistakes the government of the verb, which is not *Gor-  
gon's head*, but *looks*, as is sufficiently clear from what fol-  
lows. I must observe here, that Massinger is too apt, in  
the words of honest Dogberry, to let his writing and reading  
appear, when there is no need of such vanity. Not only  
Vitelli, but Donusa and all her court appear as familiar with  
the heathen mythology, as Ovid himself.

That excellent creature that of late disdained not  
To look on my poor trifles !

Don. I am she.

Vitel. The owner of that blessed name, Donusa,  
Which, like a potent charm, although pronounced  
By my profane, but much unworthier, tongue,  
Hath brought me safe to this forbidden place,  
Where Christian yet ne'er trod ?

Don. I am the same.

Vitel. And to what end, great lady—pardon me,  
That I presume to ask, did your command  
Command me hither ? Or what am I, to whom  
You should vouchsafe your favours ; nay, your an-  
If any wild or uncollected speech, [gers ?  
Offensively deliver'd, or my doubt  
Of your unknown perfections, have displeased you,  
You wrong your indignation to pronounce,  
Yourself, my sentence : to have seen you only,  
And to have touch'd that fortune-making hand,  
Will with delight weigh down all tortures, that  
A flinty hangman's rage could execute,  
Or rigid tyranny command with pleasure.

Don. How the abundance of good flowing to thee,  
Is wrong'd in this simplicity ! and these bounties,  
Which all our eastern kings have kneel'd in vain for,  
Do, by thy ignorance, or wilful fear,  
Meet with a false construction ! Christian, know  
(For till thou art mine by a nearer name,  
That title, though abhor'd here, takes not from  
Thy entertainment) that 'tis not the fashion  
Among the greatest and the fairest dames  
This Turkish empire gladly owes\* and bows to,  
To punish where there's no offence, or nourish  
Displeasures against those, without whose mercy  
They part with all felicity. Prithee, be wise,  
And gently understand me ; do not force her,  
That ne'er knew aught but to command, nor e'er read  
The elements of affection, but from such  
As gladly sued to her, in the infancy  
Of her new-born desires, to be at once  
Importunate and immodest.

Vitel. Did I know,  
Great lady, your commands ; or, to what purpose  
Thy personated passion tends, (since 'twere  
A crime in me deserving death, to think  
It is your own,) I should, to make you sport,  
Take any shape you please t' impose upon me ;  
And with joy strive to serve you.

Don. Sport ! Thou art cruel,  
If that thou canst interpret my descent  
From my high birth and greatness, but to be  
A part, in which I truly act myself :  
And I must hold thee for a dull spectator,  
If it stir not affection, and invite  
Compassion for my sufferings. Be thou taught  
By my example, to make satisfaction  
For wrongs unjustly offer'd. Willingly  
I do confess my fault ; I injured thee  
In some poor petty trifles : thus I pay for  
The trespass I did to thee. Here—receive

\* This Turkish empire gladly owes and bows to.] though  
nothing is more common in our old writers, than the use of  
this word (owe) in the sense of possess, yet Coxeter and  
Mr. M. Mason invariably corrupt it into *own*. I have  
already noticed this ; and, for the future, shall content my-  
self with silently restoring the genuine reading.

† — but to be

A part, &c.] i. e. to be nothing more than a fictitious cha-  
racter ; alluding to his terming her passion *personated*, or  
played.

These bags, stuff'd full of our imperial coin;  
Or, if this payment be too light, take here  
These gems, for which the slavish Indian dives  
To the bottom of the main: or, if thou scorn  
These as base dross, which take but common minds,  
But fancy any honour in my gift,  
Which is unbounded as the sultan's power,  
And be possess'd of't.

*Vitel.* I am overwhelm'd  
With the weight of happiness you throw upon me:  
Nor can it fall in my imagination,  
What wrong you e'er have done me\*; and much  
less

How, like a royal merchant, to return  
Your great magnificence.

*Don.* They are degrees,  
Not ends, of my intended favours to thee.  
These seeds of bounty I yet scatter on  
A glebe I have not tried:—but, be thou thankful,  
The harvest is to come.

*Vitel.* What can be added  
To that which I already have received,  
I cannot comprehend.

*Don.* The tender of  
Myself. Why dost thou start? and in that gift,  
Full restitution of that virgin freedom  
Which thou hast robb'd me of. Yet, I profess,  
I so far prize the lovely thief that stole it,  
That, were it possible thou couldst restore  
What thou unwittingly hast ravish'd from me,  
I should refuse the present.

*Vitel.* How I shake  
In my constant resolution! and my flesh,  
Rebellious to my better part, now tells me,  
As if it were a strong defence of frailty,  
A hermit in a desert, trench'd with prayers,  
Could not resist this battery.

*Don.* Thou an Italian,  
Nay more, I know't, a natural Venetian,  
Such as are courtiers born to please fair ladies,  
Yet come thus slowly on.

*Vitel.* Excuse me, madam:  
What imputation soe'er the world  
Is pleas'd to lay upon us, in myself  
I am so innocent, that I know not what 'tis  
That I should offer.

*Don.* By instinct I'll teach thee,  
And with such ease as love makes me to ask it.  
When a young lady wrings you by the hand, thus,  
Or with an amorous touch presses your foot,  
Looks babies in your eyes, plays with your locks,  
Do not you find, without a tutor's help,  
What 'tis she looks for?

*Vitel.* I am grown already  
Skillful in the mystery.

*Don.* Or, if thus she kiss you,  
Then tastes your lips again——

\* *What wrong you e'er have done me;*] The old copy reads, *What wrong I e'er have done you.* This transposition of pronouns, for which I am answerable, seems absolutely necessary to make sense of the passage.

† *How, like a royal merchant, to return your great magnificence.*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting epithet. In the thirteenth century, the Venetians were masters of the sea; the Sanudos, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, &c., all merchants, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations,) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*: which, indeed, was the title generally given them all over Europe. WARBURTON.

*Vitel.* That latter blow  
Has beat all chaste thoughts from me.

*Don.* Say, she points to  
Some private room the sunbeams never enter,  
Provoking dishes passing by, to heighten  
Declined appetite, active music ushering  
Your fainting steps, the waiters too, as born dumb,  
Not daring to look on you.

[*Exit, inviting him to follow.*]

*Vitel.* Though the devil  
Stood by, and roar'd, I follow: Now I find  
That virtue's but a word, and no sure guard,  
If set upon by beauty and reward. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE V.—A Hall in ASAMBEQ's House.

*Enter* Aga, Capiaga, GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain,  
and others.

*Aga.* The devil's in him, I think.

*Grim.* Let him be damn'd too.  
I'll look on him, though he stared as wild as bell;  
Nay, I'll go near\* to tell him to his teeth,  
If he mends not suddenly, and proves more thankful,  
We do him too much service. Were't not for shame  
I could turn honest, and forswear my trade: [now,  
Which, next to being truss'd up at the mainyard  
By some low country butterbox, I hate  
As deadly as I do fasting, or long grace  
When meat cools on the table.

*Cap.* But take heed;  
You know his violent nature.

*Grim.* Let his whores  
And catamites know't; I understand myself,  
And how unmanly 'tis to sit at home,  
And rail at us, that run abroad all hazards,  
If every week we bring not home new pillage,  
For the fattening his s-raglio.

*Enter* ASAMBEQ and MUSTAPHA.

*Aga.* Here he comes.

*Cap.* How terrible he looks!

*Grim.* To such as fear him.  
The viceroy, Asambeg! were he the sultan's self,  
He'll let us know a reason for his fury,  
Or we must take leave, without his allowance,  
To be merry with our ignorance.

*Asam.* Mahomet's hell  
Light on you all! You crouch and cringe now:—  
Where

Was the terror of my just frowns, when you  
suffer'd

Those thieves of Malta, almost in our harbour,  
To board a ship, and bear her safely off,  
While you stood idle lookers on?

*Aga.* The odds  
In the men and shipping, and the suddenness  
Of their departure, yielding us no leisure  
To send forth others to relieve our own,  
Deterr'd us, mighty sir.

\* *Nay, I'll go near to tell him to his teeth.*] This is a colloquial phrase, and means, *I am not unlikely, I will not scruple much, to tell him to his teeth*:—the modern editors, comprehending neither the sense nor the measure of the line, read,

*Nay, I'll go nearer to tell him to his teeth!*  
† *Enter* ASAMBEQ and MUSTAPHA.] Mr. M. Mason reads, *Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, and Aga!* Did not the correctest of all editors observe that he had marked the entrance of the aga a few lines above? It is true, Coxeter has the same direction, but this is no excuse for one whose sole pretence to credit is the reformation of his errors.

*Asam.* Deter'd you, cowards !  
How durst you only entertain the knowledge  
Of what fear was, but in the not performance  
Of our command ? In me great Amurath spake ;  
My voice did echo to your ears his thunder,  
And will'd you, like so many sea-born tritons,  
Arm'd only with the trumpets of your courage,  
To swim up to her, and, like remoras\*  
Hanging upon her keel, to stay her flight,  
Till rescue, sent from us, had fetch'd you off.  
You think you're safe now. Who durst but dispute it,

Or make it questionable, if, this moment,  
I charged you, from yon hanging cliff, that glasses  
His rugged forehead in the neighbouring lake,  
To throw yourselves down headlong ? or, like fuggots,  
To fill the ditches of defended forts,  
While on your backs we march'd up to the breach ?

*Grim.* That would not I.

*Asam.* Ha !

*Grim.* Yet I dare as much  
As any of the sultan's boldest sons,  
Whose heaven and hell hang on his frown or smile,  
His warlike janizaries.

*Asam.* Add one syllable more,  
Thou dost pronounce upon thyself a sentence  
That, earthquake-like, will swallow thee.

*Grim.* Let it open,  
I'll stand the hazard ; those contemned thieves,  
Your fellow-pirates, sir, the bold Maltese,  
Whom with your looks you think to quell, at Rhodes  
Laugh'd at great Solymán's anger : and, if treason  
Had not delivered them into his power,  
He had grown old in glory as in years,  
At that so fatal siege ; or risen with shame,  
His hopes and threats deluded.

*Asam.* Our great prophet !

How have I lost my anger and my power !

*Grim.* Find it, and use it on thy flatterers,  
And not upon thy friends, that dare speak truth.  
These knights of Malta, but a handful to  
Your armies, that drink rivers up, have stood  
Your fury at the height, and with their crosses  
Struck pale your horned moons ; these men of Malta,  
Since I took pay from you, I've met and fought with,  
Upon advantage too ; yet, to speak truth,  
By the soul of honour, I have ever found them  
As provident to direct, and bold to do,  
As any train'd up in your discipline,  
Ravish'd from other nations.

*Musta.* I perceive

The lightning in his fiery looks ; the cloud  
Is broke already.

*Grim.* Think not, therefore, sir,

\* ———— like remoras

*Hanging upon her keel.*—Remora is a fish, or kind of  
worm that sticks to ships and retards their passage through  
the water.—An excellent illustration occurs in Spenser's  
"World's Vanitie :"

All sodainly there clove unto her keele

A little fish that men call remora,

Which stopp'd her course, and held her by the keele

That while nor tide could move her hence away.

Ed.

† *Your armies that drink rivers up.* Injudiciously altered  
by Mr. M. Mason, to *drank rivers up.*

‡ ———— and with their crosses

*Struck pale your horned moons.* This elegant allusion to  
the impress of the Maltese and Turkish standards, is beau-  
tifully varied in *The Knight of Malta*, by Fletcher :

"And all their silver crescents then I saw,  
Like falling meteors spent, and set for ever  
Under the cross of Malta."

That you alone are giants, and such pigmies  
You war upon.

*Asam.* Villain ! I'll make thee know  
Thou hast blasphemed the Othoman power, and safer  
At noonday, might'st have given fire to St. Mark's,  
Your proud Venetian temple.—Seize upon him ;  
I am not so near reconciled to him,  
To bid him die ; that were a benefit  
The dog's unworthy of. To our use confiscate  
All that he stands possess'd of ; let him taste  
The misery of want, and his vain riots,  
Like to so many walking ghosts, affright him  
Where'er he sets his desperate foot. Who is't  
That does command you ?

*Grim.* Is this the reward  
For all my service, and the rape I made  
On fair Paulina !

*Asam.* Drag him hence :—he dies,  
That dallies but a minute.

[*Grimaldi is dragg'd off, his head covered.*

*Boatsw.* What's become of  
Our shares now, master ?

*Musta.* Would he had been born dumb !  
The beggar's cure, patience, is all that's left us.

[*Exit Master and Boatswain.*

*Musta.* 'Twas but intemperance of speech, excuse  
Let me prevail so far. Fame gives him out [him ;  
For a deserving fellow.

*Asam.* At Aleppo,  
I durst not press you so far : give me leave  
To use my own will, and command in Tunis ;  
And, if you please, my privacy.

*Musta.* I will see you,  
When this high wind's blown o'er. [Exit.

*Asam.* So shall you find me  
Ready to do you service. Rage, now leave me ;  
Stern looks, and all the ceremonious forms  
Attending on dread majesty, fly from  
Transformed Asambeg. Why should I hug

[*Pulls out a key.*

So near my heart, what leads me to my prison ;  
Where she that is inthrall'd, commands her keeper,  
And robs me of the fierceness I was born with !  
Stout men quake at my frowns, and in return  
I tremble at her softness. Base Grimaldi  
But only named Paulina, and the charm  
Had almost choak'd my fury, ere I could [her,  
Pronounce his sentence. Would, when first I saw  
Mine eyes had met with lightning, and in place  
Of hearing her enchanting tongue, the shrieks  
Of mandrakes had made music to my slumbers !  
For now I only walk a loving dream,  
And, but to my dishonour, never wake :  
And yet am blind, but when I see the object,  
And madly dote on it. Appear, bright spark

[*Opens a door ; Paulina comes forth.*

Of all perfection ! any simile  
Borrow'd from diamonds, or the fairest stars,  
To help me to express how dear I prize  
Thy unmatch'd graces, will rise up and chide me  
For poor distraction.

*Paul.* I despise thy flatteries :  
Thus spit at them and scorn them ; and being arm'd  
In the assurance of my innocent virtue,  
I stamp upon all doubts, all fears, all tortures,  
Thy barbarous cruelty, or, what's worse, thy dotage,  
The worthy parent of thy jealousy,  
Can shower upon me.

*Asam.* If these bitter taunts

Ravish me from myself, and make me think  
My greedy ears receive angelical sounds;  
How would this tongue, tuned to a loving note  
Invade, and take possession of my soul,  
Which then I durst not call my own!

*Paul.* Thou art false,  
Falsely than thy religion. Do but think me  
Something above a beast, nay more, a monster  
Would fright the sun to look on, and then tell me,  
If this base usage can invite affection?  
If to be mewed up, and excluded from  
Human society; the use of pleasures;  
The necessary, not superfluous, duties  
Of servants to discharge those offices  
I blush to name—

*Asam.* Of servants! Can you think  
That I, that dare not trust the eye of heaven  
To look upon your beauties; that deny  
Myself the happiness to touch your pureness,  
Will e'er consent an eunuch, or bought handmaid,  
Shall once approach you?—There is something in  
That can work miracles, or I am cozen'd, [you  
Dispose and alter sexes, to my wrong,  
In spite of nature. I will be your nurse,  
Your woman, your physician, and your fool;  
Till, with your free consent, which I have vow'd  
Never to force, you grace me with a name  
That shall supply all these.

*Paul.* What is it?

*Asam.* Your husband.

*Paul.* My hangman when thou pleasest.

*Asam.* Thus I guard me  
Against your further angers— [Leads her to the door.

*Paul.* Which shall reach thee,

Though I were in the centre.

[*Asam* closes the door upon her, and locks it.

*Asam.* Such a spirit,  
In such a small proportion, I ne'er read of,  
Which time must alter: Ravish her I dare not;  
The magic that she wears about her neck,  
I think, defends her:—this devotion paid  
To this sweet saint, mistress of my sour pain,  
'Tis fit I take mine own rough shape again. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—A Street near Donusa's Palace.

Enter FRANCISCO and GAZET.

*Fran.* I think he's lost.

*Gaz.* 'Tis ten to one of that;  
I ne'er knew citizen turn courtier yet,  
But he lost his credit, though he saved himself.  
Why, look you, sir, there are so many lobbies,  
Out-offices, and dispartations here\*,  
Behind these Turkish hangings, that a Christian  
Hardly gets off but circumcised.

Enter VITELLI richly habited, CARAZIE, and MANTO.

*Fran.* I am troubled,  
Troubled exceedingly. Ha! what are these?

\* *Out-offices, and dispartations here.* I have already observed that there is but one edition of this play, which reads in this place, *dispute actions*: the error was detected at the press, and exchanged unfortunately for another, *disputations*! which is the reading of Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason. I have examined several copies, but can find no further correction: *dispartations*, which is here adopted, is the conjectural amendment of Mr. Davies, who says, that it signifies "separate apartments;" if it be so, it is well; at any rate it is better than the old reading, which signifies nothing. An ingenious friend, to whom I shewed the passage, is inclined to think that the genuine word was *disparations*, from the Latin *disparatus*.—I leave the whole to the reader.

*Gaz.* One, by his rich suit, should be some French ambassador;

For his train, I think they are Turks.

*Fran.* Peace! be not seen.

[cover'd,

*Car.* You are now past all the guards, and undis-  
You may return.

*Vitel.* There's for your pains: forget not  
My humblest service to the best of ladies.

*Mant.* Deserve her favour, sir, in making haste  
For a second entertainment.

[*Exeunt Carazie and Manto.*

*Vitel.* Do not doubt me;  
I shall not live till then.

*Gaz.* The train is vanish'd:

They have done him some good office, he's so free  
And liberal of his gold. Ha! do I dream,  
Or is this mine own natural master?

*Fran.* 'Tis he:

But strangely metamorphosed. You have made, sir,  
A prosperous voyage; heaven grant it be honest,  
I shall rejoice then too.

*Gaz.* You make him blush,  
To talk of honesty: you were but now  
In the giving vein, and may think of Gazet,  
Your worship's 'prentice.

*Vitel.* There's gold: be thou free too,  
And master of my shop, and all the wares  
We brought from Venice.

*Gaz.* Rivo, then\*!

*Vitel.* Dear sir,  
This place affords not privacy for discourse;  
But I can tell you wonders; my rich habit  
Deserves least admiration; there is nothing  
That can fall in the compass of your wishes,  
Though it were to redeem a thousand slaves  
From the Turkish galleys, or, at home, to erect  
Some pious work, to shame all hospitals,  
But I am master of the means.

*Fran.* 'Tis strange.

*Vitel.* As I walk, I'll tell you more.

*Gaz.* Pray you, a word, sir;  
And then I will put on. I have one boon more.

*Vitel.* What is't? speak freely.

*Gaz.* Thus then: As I am master  
Of your shop and wares, pray you, help me to some  
trucking

With your last she-customer; though she crack my  
best piece,

I will endure it with patience.

*Vitel.* Leave your prating.

*Gaz.* I may: you have been doing, we will do too.

*Fran.* I am amazed, yet will not blame nor chide  
you,

Till you inform me further: yet must say,  
They steer not the right course, nor traffic well,  
That seek a passage to reach heaven through hell.

[*Exeunt.*

\* *Gaz. Rivo, then!* This interjection (corrupted, I suppose, from the Spanish *rio!* which is figuratively used for a large quantity of liquor) is frequently introduced by our old poets, and generally as an incitement to boisterous mirth and revelry.

† *Gaz. Thus then: As I am master, &c.* This poor ribaldry is introduced to "set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh," and 'tis to be regretted, for the rest of the act has a vein of genuine poetry running through it, which would not debase the noblest compositions of the times. I suppose Massinger's excuse must be that of a much greater man, *sic videtur*.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Donusa's Palace.**Enter DONUSA and MANTO.**Don.* When said he he would come again?*Mant.* He swore,*Short minutes should be tedious ages to him,  
Until the tender of his second service :  
So much he seem'd transported with the first.**Don.* I am sure I was. I charge thee, Manto, tell  
By all my favours and my bounties, truly, [me,  
Whether thou art a virgin, or, like me,  
Hast forfeited that name?*Mant.* A virgin, madam\*.*At my years ! being a waiting-woman, and in court  
That were miraculous. I so long since lost [too!  
That barren burthen, I almost forget  
That ever I was one.**Don.* And could thy friends  
Read in thy face, thy maidenhead gone, that thou  
Hast parted with it?*Mant.* No, indeed : I past  
For current many years after, till, by fortune,  
Long and continued practice in the sport  
Blew up my deck ; a husband then was found out  
By my indulgent father, and to the world  
All was made whole again. What need you fear, then,  
That, at your pleasure, may repair your honour,  
Durst any envious or malicious tongue  
Presume to taint it?*Enter CARAZIE.**Don.* How now ?*Car.* Madam, the basha  
Humbly desires access.*Don.* If it had been  
My neat Italian, thou hadst met my wishes.  
Tell him we would be private.*Car.* So I did,  
But he is much importunate.*Mant.* Best dispatch him ;  
His lingering here else will deter the other  
From making his approach.*Don.* His entertainment  
Shall not invite a second visit. Go ;  
Say we are pleased.*Enter MUSTAPHA.**Must.* All happiness—*Don.* Be sudden.*'Twas saucy rudeness in you, sir, to press  
On my retirements ; but ridiculous folly  
To waste the time, that might be better spent,  
In complimentary wishes.**Car.* There's a cooling  
For his hot encounter.*Don.* Come you here to stare ?*If you have lost your tongue, and use of speech,  
Resign your government ; there's a mute's place void  
In my uncle's court, I hear ; and you may work me  
To write for your preferment.*

\*A virgin, madam, &c.] Manto had been studying modesty in *The Maid's Tragedy*, from which too much of this scene is borrowed. In the conclusion, as Davies remarks, there is an allusion to *Quartilla* : *Junonem meam iratam habeam, si unquam me meminere virginem fuero.*

*Musta.* This is strange !*I know not, madam, what neglect of mine  
Has call'd this scorn upon me.**Don.* To the purpose—*My will's a reason, and we stand not bound  
To yield account to you.**Musta.* Not of your angers :*But with erected ears I should hear from you  
The story of your good opinion of me,  
Confirm'd by love and favours.**Don.* How deserved ?*I have considered you from head to foot,  
And can find nothing in that wainscot face,  
That can teach me to dote ; nor am I taken  
With your grim aspect, or tadpole-like complexion.  
Those scars you glory in, I fear to look on ;  
And had much rather hear a merry tale,  
Than all your battles won with blood and sweat,  
Though you belch forth the stink too in the service,  
And swear by your mustachios all is true. [sic,  
You are yet too rough for me : purge and take phy-  
Purchase perfumers, get me some French tailor  
To new-create you ; the first shape you were made  
with [too.**Is quite worn-out : let' your barber wash your face  
You look yet like a bugbear to fright children ;  
Till when I take my leave.—Wait me, Carazie.**[Exeunt Donusa and Carazie.]**Musta.* Stay you, my lady's cabinet-key.*Mant.* How's this, sir ? [else.*Musta.* Stay, and stand quietly, or you shall fall  
Not to firk your belly up, flounder-like, but never  
To rise again. Offer but to unlock [me,)  
These doors that stop your fugitive tongue, (observe  
And, by my fury, I'll fix there this bolt*[Draws his scimitar.]**To bar thy speech for ever. So ! he safe now ;  
And but resolve me, not of what I doubt,  
But bring assurance to a thing believed,  
Thou makest thyself a fortune ; not depending  
On the uncertain favours of a mistress,  
But art thyself one. I'll not so far question  
My judgment and observance, as to ask  
Why I am slighted and contemn'd ; but in  
Whose favour it is done. I that have read  
The copious volumes of all women's falsehood,  
Commented on by the heart-breaking groans  
Of abused lovers ; all the doubts wash'd off  
With fruitless tears, the spider's cobweb veil  
Of arguments alleged in their defence,  
Blown off with sighs of desperate men ; and they  
Appearing in their full deformity :  
Know, that some other hath displant'd me,  
With her dishonour. Has she given it up ?  
Confirm it in two syllables.**Mant.* She has.*Musta.* I cherish thy confession thus, and thus ;  
[Gives her jewels.*Be mine. Again I court thee thus, and thus ;  
Now prove but constant to my ends.**Mant.* By all— [crocodiles,*Musta.* Enough ; I dare not doubt thee. O land  
Made of Egyptian slime, accursed women ;  
But 'tis no time to rail—come, my best Manto.  
[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter VITELLI and FRANCISCO.*

*Vitel.* Sir, as you are my confessor, you stand bound Not to reveal whatever I discover In that religious way : nor dare I doubt you. Let it suffice you have made me see my follies, And wrought, perhaps, compunction ; for I would not Appear an hypocrite. But, when you impose A penance on me beyond flesh and blood To undergo, you must instruct me how To put off the condition of a man ; Or, if not pardon, at the least, excuse My disobedience. Yet, despair not, sir : For, though I take mine own way, I shall do Something that may hereafter, to my glory, Speak me your scholar.

*Fran.* I enjoin you not To go, but send.

*Vitel.* That were a petty trial ; Not worth one, so long taught and exercised Under so grave a master. Reverend Francisco, My friend, my father, in that word, my all ; Rest confident you shall hear something of me, That will redeem me in your good opinion, Or judge me lost for ever. Send Gazet (She shall give order that he may have entrance) To acquaint you with my fortunes. *[Exit.]*

*Fran.* Go, and prosper. Holy saints guide and strengthen thee ! however, As thy endeavours are, so may they find Gracious acceptance.

*Enter GAZET, and GRIMALDI in rags\*.*

*Gaz.* Now, you do not roar, sir ; You speak not tempests, nor take ear-rent from A poor shopkeeper. Do you remember that, sir ? I wear your marks here still.

*Fran.* Can this be possible ? All wonders are not ceased then.

*Grim.* Do, abuse me, Spit on me, spurn me, pull me by the nose, Thrust out these fier/ eyes, that yesterday Would have look'd the dead.

*Gaz.* O save me, sir !

*Grim.* Fear nothing. I am tame and quiet ; there's no wrong can force me To remember what I was. I have forgot I e'er had ireful fierceness, a steel'd heart, Insensible of compassion to others ; Nor is it fit that I should think myself Worth mine own pity. Oh !

*Fran.* Grows this dejection From his disgrace, do you say ?

*Gaz.* Why, he's cashier'd, sir ; His ships, his goods, his livery-punks, confiscate : And there is such a punishment laid upon him !— The miserable rogue must steal no more, Nor drink, nor drab.

*Fran.* Does that torment him ?

*Gaz.* O, sir, Should the state take order to bar men of acres From these two laudable recreations, Drinking and whoring, how should panders purchase,

\* *Enter GAZET, and GRIMALDI in rags.* Mr. M. Mason reads, *Enter Gazet and Grimaldi, in rags.* But Gazet had just been enriched by his master, and, as he says himself, was in prosperous circumstances. It must be as I have given it from the old copy.

Or thrifty whores build hospitals ? 'Slid ! if I, That, since I am made free, may write myself A city gallant, should forfeit two such charters, I should be stoned to death and ne'er be pitied By the liveries of those companies.

*Fran.* You'll be whipt, sir, If you bridle not your tongue. Haste to the palace, Your master looks for you.

*Gaz.* My quondam master. Rich sons forget they ever had poor fathers ; In servants 'tis more pardonable : as a companion, Or so, I may consent : but is there hope, sir, He has got me a good chapwoman ? pray you write A word or two in my behalf.

*Fran.* Out, rascal !

*Gaz.* I feel some insurrections.

*Fran.* Hence !

*Gaz.* I vanish. *[Exit.]*

*Grim.* Why should I study a defence or comfort, In whom black guilt and misery, if balanced, I know not which would turn the scale ? look upward I dare not ; for, should it but be believed That I, died deep in hell's most horrid colours, Should dare to hope for mercy, it would leave No check or feeling in men innocent, To catch at sins the devil ne'er taught mankind yet. No ! I must downward, downward ; though repentance

Could borrow all the glorious wings of grace, My mountainous weight of sins would crack their And sink them to hell with me. *[pinions,]*

*Fran.* Dreadful ! Hear me, Thou miserable man.

*Grim.* Good sir, deny not But that there is no punishment beyond Damnation.

*Enter Master and Boatswain.*

*Master.* Yonder he is ; I pity him. *[serve you.]*

*Boatsw.* Take comfort, captain ; we live still to

*Grim.* Serve me ! I am a devil already : leave me— Stand further off, you are blasted else ! I have heard Schoolmen affirm\* man's body is composed Of the four elements ; and, as in league together They nourish life, so each of them affords Liberty to the soul, when it grows weary Of this fleshy prison. Which shall I make choice of ? The fire ? not ; I shall feel that hereafter, The earth will not receive me. Should some whirl- Snatch me into the air, and I hang there, *[wind]* Perpetual plagues would dwell upon the earth ; And those superior bodies, that pour down Their cheerful influence, deny to pass it, Through those vast regions I have infected. The sea ? ay, that is justice : there I plough'd up Mischief as deep as hell : there, there, I'll hide ; This cursed lump of clay. May it turn rocks,

\* ———— I have heard Schoolmen affirm man's body is composed Of the four elements ;] Grimaldi and Sir Toby had evidently studied under the same masters : the latter introduces his philosophy more naturally, but the grave application of it by the former, is an improvement. Seriously, the conclusion of this speech is very noble.

† The fire ? no ;] Fire must be read as a disyllable ; I suspect, however, that there was originally an interjection before no, which was dropt at the press.

‡ ———— there, there I'll hide] Mr. M. Mason omits the second there, which is absolutely necessary to the completion of the verse.

Where plummet's weight could never reach the sands,  
And grind the ribs of all such barks as press  
The ocean's breast in my unlawful course!  
I haste then to thee; let thy ravenous womb,  
Whom all things else deny, be now my tomb!

[Exit.]

Master. Follow him, and restrain him.

[Exit Boatmain.]

Fran. Let this stand  
For an example to you. I'll provide  
A lodging for him, and apply such cures  
To his wounded conscience, as heaven hath lent me.  
He's now my second care; and my profession  
Binds me to teach the desperate to repent,  
As far as to confirm the innocent.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in Asambeg's Palace.

Enter ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, Aga, and Capiaga.

Asam. Your pleasure?

Musta. 'Twill exact your private ear;  
And, when you have received it, you will think  
Too many know it.

Asam. Leave the room; but be  
Within our call.— [Exeunt Aga and Capiaga.]

Now, sir, what burning secret  
(With which, it seems, you are turn'd cinders) bring  
To quench in my advice or power? [you]

Musta. The fire  
Will rather reach you.

Asam. Me!

Musta. And consume both;  
For 'tis impossible to be put out,  
But with the blood of those that kindle it:  
And yet one vial of it is so precious,  
In being borrow'd from the Othoman spring,  
That better 'tis, I think, both we should perish,  
Than prove the desperate means that must restrain it  
From spreading further.

Asam. To the point, and quickly:  
These winding circumstances in relations,  
Seldom environ truth.

Musta. Truth, Asambeg!

Asam. Truth, Mustapha! I said it, and add more,  
You touch upon a string that to my ear  
Does sound Donusa.

Musta. You then understand  
Who 'tis I aim at.

Asam. Take heed; Mustapha,  
Remember what she is, and whose we are;  
'Tis her neglect, perhaps, that you complain of;  
And, should you practise to revenge her scorn,  
With any plot to taint her in her honour,—

Musta. Hear me.

Asam. I will be heard first,—there's no tongue  
A subject owes, that shall out-thunder mine.

Musta. Well, take your way.

Asam. I then again repeat it;  
If Mustapha dares, with malicious breath,  
On jealous suppositions, presume  
To blast the blossom of Donusa's fame,  
Because he is denied a happiness  
Which men of equal, nay, of more desert,  
Have sued in vain for—

Musta. More!

Asam. More. 'Twas I spake it.  
The tasha of Nuteia and myself  
Were rivals for her; either of us brought

More victories, more trophies, to plead for us  
To our great master, than you dare lay claim to;  
Yet still, by his allowance, she was left  
To her election: each of us owed nature  
As much for outward form and inward worth,  
To make way for us to her grace and favour,  
As you brought with you. We were heard, repulsed;  
Yet thought it no dishonour to sit down  
With the disgrace, if not to force affection  
May merit such a name.

Musta. Have you done yet?

Asam. Be, therefore, more than sure the ground on  
which

You raise your accusation, may admit  
No undermining of defence in her:  
For if, with pregnant and apparent proofs,  
Such as may force a judge, more than inclined,  
Or partial in her cause, to swear her guilty,  
You win not me to set off your belief;  
Neither our ancient friendship, nor the rites  
Of sacred hospitality, to which  
I would not offer violence, shall protect you.  
—Now, when you please.

Musta. I will not dwell upon  
Much circumstance; yet cannot but profess,  
With the assurance of a loyalty  
Equal to yours, the reverence I owe  
The sultan, and all such his blood makes sacred;  
That there is not a vein of mine, which yet is  
Unemptied in his service, but this moment  
Should freely open, so it might wash off  
The stains of her dishonour. Could you think,  
Or, though you saw it, credit your own eyes,  
That she, the wonder and amazement of  
Her sex, the pride and glory of the empire,  
That hath disdain'd you, slighted me, and boasted  
A frozen coldness, which no appetite  
Or height of blood could thaw; should now so far  
Be hurried with the violence of her lust,  
As, in it burying her high birth, and fame,  
Basely descend to fill a Christian's arms;  
And to him yield her virgin honour up,  
Nay, sue to him to take it?

Asam. A Christian!

Musta. Temper  
Your admiration:—and what Christian, think you?  
No prince disguised, no man of mark, nor honour:  
No daring undertaker in our service;  
But one, whose lips her foot should scorn to touch;  
A poor mechanic pedlar.

Asam. He!

Musta. Nay, more;  
Whom do you think she made her scout, nay bawd,  
To find him out, but me? What place make choice of  
To wallow in her foul and loathsome pleasures,  
But in the palace? Who the instruments  
Of close conveyance, but the captain of  
Your guard, the aga, and that man of trust,  
The warden of the inmost port!—I'll prove this;  
And, though I fail to shew her in the act,  
Glued like a neighing gennet to her stallion,  
Your incredulity shall be convinced  
With proofs I blush to think on.

Asam. Never yet

This flesh felt such a fever. By the life  
And fortune of great Amurath, should our prophet  
(Whose name I bow to) in a vision speak this,  
'Twould make me doubtful of my faith!—Lead on;  
And, when my eyes and ears are, like yours, guilty,

My rage shall then appear; for I will do  
Something;—but what, I am not yet determin'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*An outer Room in DONUSA's Palace.*

*Enter CARAZIE, MANTO, and GAZET.*

*Car.* They are private to their wishes?

*Mant.* Doubt it not.

*Gaz.* A pretty structure this! a court do you call it?  
Vaulted and arch'd! O, here has been old jumbling  
Behind this arras.

*Car.* Prithee let's have some sport  
With this fresh codshead.

*Mant.* I am out of tune, [hope  
But do as you please. My conscience!—tush, the  
Of liberty throws\* that burthen off; I must  
Go watch, and make discovery. [Exit.

*Car.* He is musing,  
And will talk to himself; he cannot hold;  
The poor fool's ravish'd.

*Gaz.* I am in my master's clothes,  
They fit me to a hair too; let but any  
Indifferent gamester measure us inch by inch,  
Or weigh us by the standard, I may pass:  
I have been proved and proved again true metal.

*Car.* How he surveys himself!

*Gaz.* I have heard, that some  
Have fool'd themselves at court into good fortunes,  
That never hoped to thrive by wit in the city,  
Or honesty in the country. If I do not  
Make the best laugh at me, I'll weep for myself,  
If they give me hearing 'tis resolved—I'll try  
What may be done. By your favour, sir, I pray you,  
Were you born a courtier?

*Car.* No, sir; why do you ask?

*Gaz.* Because I thought that none could be pre-  
But such as were begot there. [ferr'd,

*Car.* O, sir! many;  
And, howsoever you are a citizen born,  
Yet if your mother were a handsome woman,  
And ever long'd to see a mask at court,  
It is an even lay, but that you had  
A courtier to your father; and I think so,  
You bear yourself so sprightly.

*Gaz.* It may be;  
But pray you, sir, had I such an itch upon me  
To change my copy, is there hope a place  
May be had here for money?

*Car.* Not without it,  
That I dare warrant you.

*Gaz.* I have a pretty stock,  
And would not have my good parts undiscover'd;  
What places of credit are there?

*Car.* There's your beglerbeg†.

*Gaz.* By no means that; it comes too near the  
And most prove so, that come there. [beggar,

\* *Of liberty throws, &c.*] So the old copy. The modern editors read, *does throw*, which destroys the metre, not only of this but of the two subsequent lines.

† *If your mother were a handsome woman, And ever long'd to see a mask at court,*] It should be remembered that Carazie was born in England, and that he addresses a Venetian; the consequences of masks, &c., were therefore as intelligible to the one, as familiar to the other. It is not always that so good a plea can be offered for the author's allusions; for, to confess the truth, the habits and manners of different countries are, in some of these scenes, as I have said before, most cruelly confounded.

[*Car. There's your beglerbeg.*] I. e. chief governor of a province.

*Car.* Or your sanzacke\*.

*Gaz.* Sauce-jack! fie, none of that†.

*Car.* Your chiaus‡.

*Gaz.* Nor that.

*Car.* Chief gardener.

*Gaz.* Out upon't!

[woman.  
Twill put me in mind my mother was an herb-  
What is your place, I pray you?

*Car.* Sir, an eunuch.

*Gaz.* An eunuch! very fine, i'faith; an eunuch!  
And what are your employments?

*Car.* Neat and easy§.

In the day, I wait on my lady when she eats,  
Carry her pantofles, bear up her train;  
Sing her asleep at night, and, when she pleases,  
I am her bedfellow.

*Gaz.* How! her bedfellow?

And lie with her?

*Car.* Yes, and lie with her.

*Gaz.* O rare!

I'll be an eunuch, though I sell my shop for't,  
And all my wares.

*Car.* It is but parting with

A precious stone or two: I know the price on't.

*Gaz.* I'll part with all my stones; and when I am  
An eunuch, I'll so toss and touse the ladies——  
Pray you help me to a chapman.

*Car.* The court surgeon

Shall do you that favour.

*Gaz.* I am made! an eunuch!

*Enter MANTO.*

*Mant.* Carazie, quit the room.

*Car.* Come, sir; we'll treat of  
Your business further.

*Gaz.* Excellent! an eunuch!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*An inner Room in the same.*

*Enter DONUSA and VITELLI.*

*Vitel.* Leave me, or I am lost again: no prayers,  
No penitence, can redeem me.

*Don.* Am I grown  
Old or deform'd since yesterday?

*Vitel.* You are still,  
(Although the sating of your lust hath sullied  
The immaculate whiteness of your virgin beauties,  
Too fair for me to look on: and, though pureness,  
The sword with which you ever fought and conquer'd,  
Is ravish'd from you by unchaste desires,  
You are too strong for flesh and blood to treat with,  
Though iron grates were interposed between us,  
To warrant me from treason.

*Don.* Whom do you fear?

*Vitel.* That human frailty I took from my mother,  
That, as my youth increased, grew stronger on me;  
That still pursues me, and, though once recover'd,  
In scorn of reason, and, what's more, religion,  
Again seeks to betray me.

\* *Car. Or your sanzacke.*] Governor of a city.

† *Gaz. Sauce-jack! fie, none of that.*] The pleasantry of Gazet is not very conspicuous for its humour; the modern editors however have contrived to cloud it: they read, *Saucy Jack!*

‡ *Car. Your chiaus.*] An officer in the Turkish court, who performs the duty of an usher; also an ambassador to foreign princes and states.—COXETER.

§ *Car. Neat and easy.*] I have taken this from Gazet, to whom it has hitherto been allotted, and given it to Carazie. The old copy has no mark of interrogation after *easy*, which seems to prove that the words originally belonged to him.

*Don.* If you mean, sir,  
To my embraces, you turn rebel to  
The laws of nature, the great queen and mother  
Of all productions, and deny allegiance,  
Where you stand bound to pay it.

*Vitel.* I will stop  
Mine ears against these charms, which, if Ulysses  
Could live again, and hear this second syren,  
Though bound with cables to his mast, his ship too  
Fasten'd with all her anchors, this enchantment  
Would force him, in despite of all resistance,  
To leap into the sea, and follow her ;  
Although destruction, with outstretch'd arms,  
Stood ready to receive him.

*Don.* Gentle sir,  
Though you deny to hear me, yet vouchsafe  
To look upon me : though I use no language,  
The grief for this unkind repulse will print  
Such a dumb eloquence upon my face,  
As will not only plead but prevail for me.

*Vitel.* I am a coward. I will see and hear you,  
The trial, else, is nothing ; nor the conquest,  
My temperance shall crown me with hereafter,  
Worthy to be remember'd. Up, my virtue !  
And holy thoughts and resolutions arm me  
Against this fierce temptation ! give me voice  
Tuned to a zealous anger, to express  
At what an over-value I have purchased  
The wanton treasure of your virgin bounties ;  
That, in their false fruition, heap upon me  
Despair and horror.—That I could with that ease  
Redeem my forfeit innocence, or cast up  
The poison I received into my entrails,  
From the alluring cup of your enticements,  
As now I do deliver back the price

[Returns the jewels.  
And salary of your lust ! or thus uncliothe me  
Of sin's gay trappings, the proud livery

[Throws off his cloak and doublet.  
Of wicked pleasure, which but worn and heated  
With the fire of entertainment and consent,  
Like to Alcides' fatal shirt, tears off  
Our flesh and reputation both together,  
Leaving our ulcerous follies bare and open  
To all malicious censure !

*Don.* You must grant,  
If you hold that a loss to you, mine equals,  
If not transcends it. If you then first tasted  
That poison, as you call it, I brought with me  
A palate unacquainted with the relish  
Of those delights, which most, as I have heard,  
Greedily swallow ; and then the offence,  
If my opinion may be believed,  
Is not so great : howe'er, the wrong no more  
Than if Hippolitus and the virgin huntress  
Should meet and kiss together.

*Vitel.* What defences  
Can last raise to maintain a precipice

*Enter ASAMBEG and MUSTAPHA, above.*

To the abyss of looseness !—but affords not  
The least stair, or the fastening of one foot,  
To reascend that glorious height we fell from.

*Musta.* By Mahomet, she courts him !

[Donusa kneels.

*Asam.* Nay, kneels to him !  
Observe, the scornful villain turns away too,  
As glorying in his conquest.

*Don.* Are you marble ?

If Christians have mothers, sure they share in  
The tigress' fierceness ; for, if you were owner  
Of human pity, you could not endure  
A princess to kneel to you, or look on  
These falling tears which hardest rocks would soften,  
And yet remain unmoved. Did you but give me  
A taste of happiness in your embraces,  
That the remembrance of the sweetness of it  
Might leave perpetual bitterness behind it ?  
Or shew'd me what it was to be a wife,  
To live a widow ever ?

*Asam.* She has confest it !—  
Seize on him, villains.

*Enter Capiaga and Aga, with Janizaries.*

O the Furies !

[Exit *Asam* and *Mustapha* above.]

*Don.* How !

Are we betray'd ?

*Vitel.* The better ; I expected  
A Turkish faith.

*Don.* Who am I, that you dare this ?  
'Tis I that do command you to forbear  
A touch of violence.

*Aga.* We, already, madam,  
Have satisfied your pleasure further than  
We know to answer it.

*Cap.* Would we were well off !  
We stand too far engaged, I fear.

*Don.* For us ?  
We'll bring you safe off : who dares contradict  
What is our pleasure ?

*Re-enter ASAMBEG and MUSTAPHA, below.*

*Asam.* Spurn the dog to prison.

I'll answer you anon.

*Vitel.* What punishment  
Shoe'er I undergo, I am still a Christian.

[Exit *Guard* with *Vitelli*.  
*Don.* What bold presumption's this ? Under what  
Am I to fall, that set my foot upon [law  
Your statutes and decrees ?

*Musta.* The crime committed  
Our Alcoran calls death.

*Don.* Tush ! who is here,  
That is not Amurath's slave, and so, unfit  
To sit a judge upon his blood ?

*Asam.* You have lost,  
And shamed the privilege of it ; robb'd me too  
Of my soul, my understanding, to behold  
Your base unworthy fall from your high virtue.

*Don.* I do appeal to Amurath.

*Asam.* We will offer  
No violence to your person, till we know  
His sacred pleasure ; till when, under guard  
You shall continue here.

*Don.* Shall !

*Asam.* I have said it.

*Don.* We shall remember this.

*Asam.* It ill becomes  
Such as are guilty, to deliver threats  
Against the innocent. [The *Guard* leads off *Donusa*.  
I could tear this flesh now,

But 'tis in vain ; nor must I talk, but do.  
Provide a well-mann'd galley for Constantinople :  
Such sad news never came to our great master.  
As he directs, we must proceed, and know  
No will but his, to whom what's ours we owe.

[Exit.]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Grimaldi's House.

Enter Master and Boatswain.

*Master.* He does begin to eat?

*Boatsw.* A little, master;  
But our best hope for his recovery is, that  
His raving leaves him; and those dreadful words,  
Damnation and despair, with which he ever  
Ended all his discourses, are forgotten.

*Master.* This stranger is a most religious man sure;  
And I am doubtful, whether his charity  
In the relieving of our wants, or care  
To cure the wounded conscience of Grimaldi,  
Deserves more admiration.

*Boatsw.* Can you guess  
What the reason should be, that we never mention  
The church, or the high altar, but his melancholy  
Grows and increases on him?

*Master.* I have heard him,  
When he gloried to profess himself an atheist,  
Talk often, and with much delight and boasting,  
Of a rude prank he did ere he turn'd pirate;  
The memory of which, as it appears,  
Lies heavy on him.

*Boatsw.* Pray you, let me understand it.

*Master.* Upon a solemn day, when the whole city  
Join'd in devotion, and with barefoot steps  
Pass'd to St. Mark's, the duke, and the whole sig-  
Helping to perfect the religious pomp [nory,  
With which they were received; when all men else  
Were full of tears, and groan'd beneath the weight  
Of past offences, of whose heavy burthen  
They came to be absolved and freed; our captain,  
Whether in scorn of those so pious rites  
He had no feeling of, or else drawn to it  
Out of a wanton, irreligious madness,  
(I know not which,) ran to the holy man,  
As he was doing of the work of grace\*,  
And, snatching from his hands the sanctified means,  
Dash'd it upon the pavement.

*Boatsw.* How escaped he,  
It being a deed deserving death with torture?

*Master.* The general amazement of the people  
Gave him leave to quit the temple, and a gondola,  
Prepared, it seems, before, brought him aboard;  
Since which he ne'er saw Venice. The remembrance  
Of this, it seems, torments him; aggravated  
With a strong belief he cannot receive pardon  
For this foul fact, but from his hands, against whom  
It was committed.

*Boatsw.* And what course intends  
His heavenly physician, reverend Francisco,  
To beat down this opinion?

*Master.* He promised  
To use some holy and religious fineness†,

\* As he was doing of the work of grace, &c.] This is a reverential description of the elevation of the host; and could only be written by a man on whom that awful act of pious daring had made a deep and lasting impression.

† To use some holy and religious fineness, i. e. subtle and ingenious device. Coxeter, whose ideas of harmony were never paralleled, unless by those of Mr. M. Mason, corrupted this into *fineness*, though the line was reduced to absolute prose by it! Massinger knew no such word; the introduction of which is justly reprobated by Johnson, as wholly unnecessary. But, indeed, in all times, our language has been over-run and debased by fantastic terms,

To this good end; and in the mean time, charged me  
To keep him dark, and to admit no visitants:  
But on no terms to cross him. Here he comes.

Enter GRIMALDI with a book\*.

*Grim.* For theft, he that restores treble the value,  
Makes satisfaction; and for want of means  
To do so, as a slave must serve it out, [here.  
Till he hath made full payment. There's hope left  
Oh! with what willingness would I give up  
My liberty to those that I have pillaged;  
And wish the numbers of my years, though wasted  
In the most sordid slavery, might equal  
The rapines I have made; till with one voice,  
My patient sufferings might exact from my  
Most cruel creditors, a full remission,  
An eye's loss with an eye, limb's with a limb;  
A sad account!—yet, to find peace within here,  
Though all such as I have maim'd and dismember'd  
In drunken quarrels, or, o'ercome with rage,  
When they were given up to my power, stood here  
And cried for restitution; to appease them, [now,  
I would do a bloody justice on myself:  
Pull out these eyes, that guided me to ravish  
Their sight from others; lop these legs, that bore me  
To barbarous violence; with this hand cut off  
This instrument of wrong, till nought were left me  
But this poor bleeding limbless trunk, which gladly  
I would divide among them.—Ha! what think I

Enter FRANCISCO in a cope, like a Bishop.

Of petty forfeitures! in this reverend habit,  
All that I am turn'd into eyes, I look on  
A deed of mine so fend-like, that repentance,  
Though with my tears I taught the sea new tides,  
Can never wash off: all my thefts, my rapes,  
Are venial trespasses, compared to what  
I offer'd to that shape, and in a place too,  
Where I stood bound to kneel to't. [Kneels.

*Fran.* 'Tis forgiven:

I with his tongue, whom in these sacred vestments,  
With impure hands thou didst offend, pronounce it.  
I bring peace to thee; see that thou deserve it  
In thy fair life hereafter.

*Grim.* Can it be!

Dare I believe this vision, or hope  
A pardon e'er may find me?

*Fran.* Purchase it

By zealous undertakings, and no more  
'Twill be remembered.

*Grim.* What celestial balm

I feel now pour'd into my wounded conscience!  
What penance is there I'll not undergo, [sure  
Though ne'er so sharp and rugged, with more plea-  
Than flesh and blood e'er tasted! shew me true  
Sorrow,

Arm'd with an iron whip, and I will meet  
The stripes she brings along with her, as if

\* "Which sweet Philisides fetch'd of late from France."  
The word occurs, in its natural sense, in *The Devil's an Ass*:  
"—you'll mar all with your *fineness*."

Here, too, Mr. Sympson proposes to read *fineness*! while  
Whalley, who properly rejects his amendment, explains the  
original word, by "shyness, or coyness;" to which it bears  
not the slightest affinity.

\* ——— with a book.] The book was a very proper  
one for Grimaldi: from his references, it appears to be the  
Bible.

They were the gentle touches of a hand  
That comes to cure me. Can good deeds redeem me?  
I will rise up a wonder to the world,  
When I have given strong proofs how I am alter'd.  
I, that have sold such as profess'd the faith  
That I was born in, to captivity,  
Will make their number equal, that I shall  
Deliver from the oar; and win as many  
By the clearness of my actions, to look on  
Their misbelief and loath it. I will be  
A convoy for all merchants; and thought worthy  
To be reported to the world, hereafter,  
The child of your devotion; nurs'd up,  
And made strong by your charity, to break through  
All dangers hell can bring forth to oppose me:  
Nor am I, though my fortunes were thought desper-  
Now you have reconciled me to myself, [ate,  
So void of worldly means, but, in despite  
Of the proud viceroy's wrongs, I can do something  
To witness of my change: when you please, try me\*,  
And I will perfect what you shall enjoin me,  
Or fall a joyful martyr.

*Fran.* You will reap  
The comfort of it: live yet undiscover'd  
And with your holy meditations strengthen  
Your Christian resolution: ere long,  
You shall hear further from me. [Exit.  
*Grim.* I'll attend

All your commands with patience;—come, my mates,  
I hitherto have lived an ill example,  
And, as your captain, led you on to mischief;  
But now will truly labour, that good men  
May say hereafter of me to my glory,  
(Let but my power and means hand with my will,)  
His good endeavours did weigh down his ill.

[Exit.]

*Re-enter FRANCISCO, in his usual habit.*

*Fran.* This penitence is not counterfeit: how so-  
Good actions are in themselves rewarded. [ever,  
My travail's to meet with a double crown:  
If that Vitelli come off safe, and prove  
Himself the master of his wild affections—

*Enter GAZET.*

O, I shall have intelligence; how now, Gazet,  
Why these sad looks and tears?

*Gaz.* Tears, sir! I have lost [for  
My worthy master. Your rich heir seems to mourn  
A miserable father, your young widow,  
Following a bedrid husband to his grave,  
Would have her neighbours think she cries and roars,  
That she must part with such a Goodman do-nothing;  
When 'tis because he stays so long above ground,  
And hinders a rich suitor.—All's come out, sir.

— *I can do something*

To witness of my change: when you please, try me, &c.]  
The reader must be convinced, long ere this, that the modern  
editions of Massinger offer a very inadequate representation  
of his works. Numerous as the errors pointed out are, a  
still greater number have been corrected in silence: of these  
the source is generally obvious; here, however, is one for  
which no motive can be assigned; it is a gratuitous and  
wanton deviation from the original, that no degree of fully  
can justify, no excess of negligence account for:—In Coxeter  
and Mr. M. Mason the passage stands thus:

*I can do something*

To prove that I have power, when you please try me!  
(Let but my power and means hand with my will,) Or,  
as we should now say, go hand in hand, co-operate with my  
will.

We are smok'd for being coney-catchers; my mas-  
Is put in prison; his she customer [ter  
Is under guard too; these are things to weep for:—  
But mine own loss consider'd, and what a fortune  
I have had, as they say, snatch'd out of my chops,  
Would make a man run mad.

*Fran.* I scarce have leisure,  
I am so wholly taken up with sorrow  
For my loved pupil, to enquire thy fate;  
Yet I will hear it.

*Gaz.* Why, sir, I had bought a place,  
A place of credit too, an I had gone through with it;  
I should have been made an eunuch: there was ho-  
nour

For a late poor 'prentice! when, upon the sudden,  
There was such a hurlyburly in the court,  
That I was glad to run away, and carry  
The price of my office with me.

*Fran.* Is that all?  
You have made a saving voyage: we must think now,  
Though not to free, to comfort sad Vitelli;  
My griev'd soul suffers for him.

*Gaz.* I am sad too;  
But had I been an eunuch—

*Fran.* Think not on it. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Asambeg's Palace.*

*Enter ASAMBEG; he unlocks a door, and PAULINA  
comes forth.*

*Asam.* Be your own guard: obsequiousness and  
service

Shall win you to be mine. Of all restraint  
For ever take your leave, no threats shall awe you,  
No jealous doubts of mine disturb your freedom,  
No fear'd spies wait upon your steps: your virtue,  
And due consideration in yourself  
Of what is noble, are the faithful helps  
I leave you, as supporters, to defend you  
From falling basely.

*Paul.* This is wondrous strange:  
Whence flows this alteration?

*Asam.* From true judgment;  
And strong assurance neither grates of iron,  
Hemm'd in with walls of brass, strict guards, high  
The forfeiture of honour, nor the fear [birth,  
Of infamy or punishment, can stay  
A woman slav'd to appetite, from being  
False and unworthy.

*Paul.* You are grown satirical  
Against our sex. Why, sir, I durst produce  
Myself in our defence, and from you challenge  
A testimony that's not to be denied,  
All fall not under this unequal censure.  
I, that have stood your flatteries, your threats,  
Borne up against your fierce temptations; scorn'd  
The cruel means you practis'd to supplant me,  
Having no arms to help me to hold out,  
But love of piety, and constant goodness;  
If you are unconfirm'd, dare again boldly,  
Enter into the lists, and combat with  
All opposites man's malice can bring forth  
To shake me in my chastity, built upon  
The rock of my religion.

*Asam.* I do wish  
I could believe you; but, when I shall show you  
A most incredible example of  
Your frailty, in a princess, sued and sought to  
By men of worth, of rank, of eminence; courted

business itself, and her cold temper  
ed by many years; yet she to fall,  
n herself, her glories, nay, her safety,  
ulph of shame and black despair:  
you'll doubt yourself, or, in beholding  
ishment, for ever be deterr'd  
elding basely.

I would see this wonder;  
, my first petition.  
And thus granted;  
you shall observe all.

[Exit Paulina.]

Enter MUSTAPHA.

1. Sir, I sought you,  
ist relate a wonder. Since I studied,  
ew what man was, I was never witness  
invincible fortitude as this Christian  
n his sufferings: all the torments that  
ld present him with, to fright his constancy,  
ld, not shook it; and those heavy chains,  
t into his flesh, appear'd to him  
skeletons made of some loved mistress' hairs  
in the remembrance of her favours.  
angely taken with it, and have lost  
f my fury.  
. Had he suffer'd poorly,  
all'd on my contempt; but manly patience,  
-commanding virtue, wins upon  
ny. I shall think upon him. Ha!

Enter Aga\*, with a black box.

return'd! This speed pleads in excuse  
late fault, which I no more remember.  
the grand signior's pleasure?

'Tis enclosed here.

c too that contains it may inform you  
stands affected: I am trusted with  
; but this, on forfeit of your head,  
st have a speedy trial.

. Bring her in

, as to her funeral: [Exit Aga.] 'tis the colour  
It wills her to wear, and which in justice,  
ot pity. Sit, and take your place:  
r in her life she has degenerated,  
e die nobly, and in that confirm  
atness, and high blood!

music. Re-enter the Aga, with the Capiaga  
g in DONUSA in black, her train borne up by  
zie and MANTO. A Guard attending. PAU-  
nters above.

1. I now could melt;

t compassion leave me.

. I am affrighted

is dismal preparation. Should the enjoying  
desires find ever such conclusions,  
en would be vestals.

That you clothe me

r Aga,] I suppose the reader will be inclined to  
with Asamberg, "So soon return'd!" for from Tunis  
ntinople is an interval *humane commodum*. I have  
ntered, nor proposed to enter, into any disquisitions  
reservation of the unities of time and place, which  
a work of absolute supererogation in criticizing au-  
ho totally forgot or disregarded them. Massinger is  
irregular than his contemporaries: indeed he is  
in many of them; but, in all cases, I am persuaded  
showed his story, without entertaining much anxiety  
time it might occupy, or the various changes of  
it might require.

In this sad livery of death, assures me  
Your sentence is gone out before, and I  
Too late am call'd for, in my guilty cause  
To use qualification or excuse—  
Yet must I not part so with mine own strengths\*,  
But borrow, from my modesty, boldness, to  
Enquire by whose authority you sit  
My judges, and whose warrant digs my grave  
In the frowns you dart against my life!

Asam. See here,

This fatal sign and warrant! This, brought to  
A general, fighting in the head† of his  
Victorious troops, ravishes from his hand  
His even then conquering sword; this, shown unto  
The sultan's brothers, or his sons, delivers  
His deadly anger; and, all hopes laid by,  
Commands them to prepare themselves for heaven;  
Which would stand with the quiet of your soul,  
To think upon, and imitate.

Don. Give me leave

A little to complain; first, of the hard  
Condition of my fortune, which may move you,  
Though not to rise up intercessors for me,  
Yet, in remembrance of my former life,  
(This being the first spot tainting mine honour,)  
'To be the means to bring me to his presence:  
And then I doubt not, but I could allege  
Such reasons in mine own defence, or plead  
So humbly, (my tears helping,) that it should  
Awake his sleeping pity.

Asam. 'Tis in vain.

If you have aught to say, you shall have hearing;  
And, in me, think him present.

Don. I would thus then

First kneel, and kiss his feet; and after, tell him  
How long I had been his darling; what delight  
My infant years afforded him; how dear  
He prized his sister in both bloods, my mother:  
That she, like him, had frailty, that to me  
Descends as an inheritance; then conjure him,  
By her blest ashes, and his father's soul,  
The sword that rides upon his thigh, his right hand  
Holding the sceptre and the Othoman fortune,  
To have compassion on me.

Asam. But suppose

(As I am sure) he would be deaf, what then  
Could you infer?

Don. I, then, would thus rise up,

And to his teeth tell him he was a tyrant,  
A most voluptuous and insatiable epicure  
In his own pleasures; which he hugs so dearly,  
As proper and peculiar to himself,  
That he denies a moderate lawful use  
Of all delight to others. And to thee,  
Unequal judge, I speak as much, and charge thee,  
But with impartial eyes to look into  
Thyself, and then consider with what justice  
Thou canst pronounce my sentence. Unkind nature,  
To make weak women servants, proud men masters!  
Indulgent Mahomet, do thy bloody laws  
Call my embraces with a Christian death,  
Having my heat and May of youth to plead  
In my excuse? and yet want power to punish

\* Yet must I not part so with mine own strengths.] The  
modern editors read *strength*, which does not convey Mas-  
singer's meaning, and, indeed, is scarcely sense in this place:  
but they did not understand the word. *Strengths* are cas-  
tles, strong places, and metaphorically *defences*, as here.

† A general fighting in the head, &c.] Mr. M. Mason  
chooses to modernize this expression, and read, at the head.

These that with scorn break through thy cobweb edicts,  
And laugh at thy decrees? To tame their lusts  
There's no religious bit; let her be fair,  
And pleasing to the eye, though Persian, Moor,  
Idolatrix, Turk, or Christian, you are privileged,  
And freely may enjoy her. At this instant,  
I know, unjust man, thou hast in thy power  
A lovely Christian virgin; thy offence  
Equal, if not transcending mine; why, then,  
(We being both guilty,) dost thou not descend  
From that usurp'd tribunal, and with me  
Walk hand in hand to death?

*Asam.* She raves; and we  
Lose time to hear her: read the law.

*Don.* Do, do;  
I stand resolved to suffer.

*Aga.* [reads.] *If any virgin of what degree or quality soever, born a natural Turk, shall be convicted of corporal looseness, and incontinence, with any Christian, she is, by the decree of our great prophet, Mahomet, to lose her head.*

*Asam.* Mark that, then tax our justice!

*Aga.* *Ever provided, That if she, the said offender, by any reasons, arguments, or persuasion, can win and prevail with the said Christian offending with her, to alter his religion, and marry her, that then the winning of a soul to the Mahometan sect, shall acquit her from all shame, disgrace, and punishment whatsoever.*

*Don.* I lay hold on that clause, and challenge from you  
The privilege of the law.

*Musta.* What will you do?

*Don.* Grant me access and means, I'll undertake  
To turn this Christian Turk, and marry him:  
This trial you cannot deny.

*Musta.* O base!

Can fear to die make you descend so low  
From your high birth, and brand the Othoman line  
With such a mark of infamy?

*Asam.* This is worse  
Than the parting with your honour. Better suffer  
Ten thousand deaths, and without hope to have  
A place in our great prophet's paradise,  
Than have an act to aftertimes remember'd,  
So foul as this is.

*Musta.* Cheer your spirits, madam;  
To die is nothing, 'tis but parting with  
A mountain of vexations.

*Asam.* Think of your honour:  
In dying nobly, you make satisfaction  
For your offence, and you shall live a story  
Of bold heroic courage.

*Don.* You shall not fool me  
Out of my life: I claim the law, and sue for  
A speedy trial; if I fail, you may  
Determine of me as you please.

*Asam.* Base woman!  
But use thy ways, and see thou prosper in them;  
For, if thou fall again into my power,  
Thou shalt in vain, after a thousand tortures,  
Cry out for death, that death which now thou fleest  
from.

Unloose the prisoner's chains. Go, lead her on  
To try the magic of her tongue. I follow:

[*Exeunt all but Asambeg.*  
I'm on the rack—descend, my best Paulina.

[*Exit with Paulina.*

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Prison.

*Enter FRANCISCO and Gaoler.*

*Fran.* I come not empty-handed; I will purchase  
Your favour at what rate you please. There's gold.

*Gaol.* 'Tis the best oratory. I will hazard  
A check for your content. Below, there!

*Vitel.* [below.] Welcome!  
Art thou the happy messenger, that brings me  
News of my death?

*Gaol.* Your hand. [Plucks up Vitelli.

*Fran.* Now if you please,  
A little privacy.

*Gaol.* You have bought it, sir;

Enjoy it freely. [Exit.

*Fran.* O, my dearest pupil!  
Witness these tears of joy, I never saw you,  
'Till now, look lovely; nor durst I ever glory  
In the mind of any man I had built up  
With the hands of virtuous and religious precepts,  
Till this glad minute. Now you have made good  
My expectation of you. By my order,  
All Roman Cæsars, that led kings in chains,  
Fast bound to their triumphant chariots, if  
Compared with that true glory and full lustre  
You now appear in; all their boasted honours,  
Purchased with blood and wrong, would lose their  
And be no more remember'd! [names,

*Vitel.* This applause,  
Confirm'd in your allowance, joys me more  
Than if a thousand full-cramm'd theatres  
Should clap their enger hands, to witness that  
The scene I act did please, and they admire it.  
But these are, father, but beginnings, not  
The ends, of my high aims. I grant, to have master'd,  
The rebel appetite of flesh and blood,  
Was far above my strength; and still owe for it  
To that great power that lent it: but, when I  
Shall make't apparent the grim looks of death  
Affright me not; and that I can put off  
The fond desire of life (that, like a garment,)  
Covers and clothes our frailty) hastening to  
My martyrdom, as to a heavenly banquet,  
To which I was a choice invited guest:  
Then you may boldly say, you did not plough  
Or trust the barren and ungrateful sands  
With the fruitful grain of your religious counsels.

*Fran.* You do instruct your teacher. Let the sun  
Of your clear life, that lends to good men light,  
But set as gloriously as it did rise,  
(Though sometimes clouded,) *nil ultra* you may  
To human wishes. [write

*Vitel.* I have almost gain'd  
The end o' the race, and will not faint or tire now.

[*Enter Aga and Gaoler.*

*Aga.* Sir, by your leave, (nay, stay not\*,) (to the  
Gaoler who goes out,) I bring comfort.

The viceroy, taken with the constant bearing  
Of your afflictions; and presuming too  
You will not change your temper, does command  
Your irons should be ta'en off. [They take off his  
irons.] Now arm yourself  
With your old resolution; suddenly  
You shall be visited. You must leave the room too,  
And do it without reply.

\* ———— nay, stay not,] So the old copy reads.  
Coxeter and M. Mason, read *stare* not.

1. There's no contending :  
thyself, my son. [Exeunt *Aga and Francisco*.  
'Tis not in man,

DONUSA, ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, and PAULINA.

nge or alter me.

2. Whom do I look on ?

other ? 'tis he !—but no more, my tongue ;  
wilt betray all. [Aside.

3. Let us hear this temptress :  
low looks as he would stop his ears  
t her powerful spells.

4. [Aside.] He is undone else.

5. I'll stand the encounter—charge me home.  
I come, sir, [Bows herself.

6. Far to you, and doubt not to find  
man's charity, which if you deny,  
e cruel to yourself ; a crime a wise man  
uch I hold you) would not willingly  
lty of ; nor let it find less welcome,  
h I, a creature you contemn, now show you  
y to certain happiness ; nor think it  
ary or fantastical,

not worth the acquiring, in respect  
ssage to it is nor rough nor thorny ;  
ep hills in the way which you must climb up,  
nters to be conquer'd, no enchantments  
lissolved by counter charms, before  
ke possession of it.

7. What strong poison  
p'd up in these sugar'd pills ?

My suit is,  
ou would quit your shoulders of a burthen,  
whose ponderous weight you wilfully  
oo long groan'd, to cast those fetters off,  
hich, with your own hands, you chain your  
edom.

8. a severe, nay, imperious mistress,  
service does exact perpetual cares,  
ngs, and troubles ; and give entertainment  
that courts you, whose least favours are  
and choice of all delights  
id is capable of.

9. You speak in riddles.  
urthen, or what mistress, or what fetters,  
se you point at ?

Those which your religion,  
stress you too long have served, compels you\*  
with slave-like patience.

10. Ha !

11. How bravely  
rtuous anger shows !

Be wise, and weight  
osperous success of things ; if blessings  
natives from heaven, (which, you must grant,  
blasphemy to question,) and that  
re call'd down and pour'd on such as are  
racious with the great Disposer of them,  
n our flourishing empire, if the splendor,

—compels you.] Coxeter dropt the last word  
ess. Mr. M. Mason omits it of course, though the  
is not sense without it. In the next speech, for  
tious anger, he reads *the*, &c. There are other  
id omissions, which are here rectified and supplied.

*Be wise, and weigh*, &c.] Part of this speech is  
at with great skill, from Minucius Felix ; indeed, it  
leading argument, and constantly directed, for the  
ages of the church, against the Christians : after the  
ition, the church of Rome took it up, and pointed it  
ul propriety, and, indeed, with equal success, against  
estants !

The majesty, and glory of it dim not  
Your feeble sight : and then turn back, and see  
The narrow bounds of yours, yet that poor remnant  
Rent in as many factions and opinions  
As you have petty kingdoms ;—and then, if  
You are not obstinate against truth and reason,  
You must confess the Deity you worship  
Wants care or power to help you.

Paul. Hold out now,  
And then thou art victorious. [Aside.

Asam. How he eyes her !

Musta. As if he would look through her.

Asam. His eyes flame too,

As threatening violence.

Vitel. But that I know

The devil, thy tutor, fills each part about thee,  
And that I cannot play the exorcist  
To dispossess thee, unless I should tear  
Thy body limb by limb, and throw it to  
The furies, that expect it ; I would now  
Pluck out that wicked tongue, that hath blasphemed  
The great Omnipotency, at whose nod  
The fabric of the world shakes. Dare you bring  
Your juggling prophet in comparison with  
That most inscrutable and infinite Essence,  
That made this all, and comprehends his work ;—  
The place is too profane to mention him  
Whose only name\* is sacred. O Donusa !  
How much, in my compassion, I suffer,  
That thou, on whom this most excelling form,  
And faculties of discourse†, beyond a woman,  
Were by his liberal gift conferr'd, shouldst still  
Remain in ignorance of him that gave it !  
I will not foul my mouth to speak the sorceries  
Of your seducer, his base birth, his whoredoms,  
His strange impostures ; nor deliver how  
He taught a pigeon to feed in his ear ;  
Then made his credulous followers believe  
It was an angel, that instructed him  
In the framing of his Alcoran—pray you, mark me.

Asam. These words are death, were he in nought

Vitel. Your intent to win me‡ [else guilty.

To be of your belief, proceeded from  
Your fear to die. Can there be strength in that  
Religion, that suffers us to tremble  
At that which every day, nay hour, we haste to ?

Don. This is unanswerable, and there's something  
I err in my opinion. [tells me

Vitel. Cherish it,

It is a heavenly prompter ; entertain  
This holy motion, and wear on your forehead  
The sacred badge he arms his servants with ;

\* *The place is too profane to mention him*  
*Whose only name is sacred.*] i. e. whose name is the  
sole or only name that is sacred : a mode of expression fre-  
quently adopted by our old writers.

† *And faculties of discourse,*] i. e. of reason. It is to  
be regretted, that so just and noble a speech as this as-  
suredly is, should be debased by the insertion of the con-  
temptible fable with which it concludes : that fable, how-  
ever, was gravely delivered by contemporary historians  
and divines : Massinger, therefore, though he may perhaps  
be arraigned for want of taste, cannot fairly be charged  
with over-credulity.

‡ *Vitel. Your intent to win me.*] A hemistich preceding  
this, is lost ; it was probably an ejaculatory remark from  
Paulina.

§ ——— and wear on your forehead  
*The sacred badge he arms his servants with :* This is a  
periphrasis of baptism, familiar to the Catholic writers. It  
may neither be unamusing, nor uninstrucive, for the reader  
to compare this scene with the third act of *The Virgin*  
*Martyr* : he will find many passages strikingly similar.

You shall, like me, with scorn look down upon  
All engines tyranny can advance to batter  
Your constant resolution. Then you shall  
Look truly fair, when your mind's pureness answers  
Your outward beauties.

*Don.* I came here to take you,  
But I perceive a yielding in myself  
To be your prisoner.

*Vitel.* 'Tis an overthrow,  
That will outshine all victories. O Donusa,  
Die in my faith, like me; and 'tis a marriage  
At which celestial angels shall be waiters,  
And such as have been sainted welcome us.  
Are you confirm'd?

*Don.* I would be: but the means

That may assure me?

*Vitel.* Heaven is merciful,  
And will not suffer you to want a man  
To do that sacred office, build upon it.

*Don.* Then thus I spit at Mahomet.

*Asam.* Stop her mouth:  
In death to turn apostata! I'll not hear  
One syllable from any;—wretched creature!  
With the next rising sun prepare to die.  
Yet, Christian, in reward of thy brave courage,  
Be thy faith right or wrong, receive this favour;  
In person I'll attend thee to thy death:  
And boldly challenge all that I can give,  
But what's not in my grant, which is—to live.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

*Enter VITELLI and FRANCISCO.*

*Fran.* You are wondrous\* brave and jocund.

*Vitel.* Welcome, father.

Should I spare cost, or not wear cheerful looks,  
Upon my wedding day, it were ominous,  
And show'd I did repent it; which I dare not,  
It being a marriage, howsoever sad  
In the first ceremonies that confirm it,  
That will for ever arm me against fears,  
Repentance, doubts, or jealousies, and bring  
Perpetual comforts, peace of mind, and quiet  
To the glad couple.

*Fran.* I well understand you;  
And my full joy to see you so resolved  
Weak words cannot express. What is the hour  
Design'd for this solemnity?

*Vitel.* The sixth:  
Something before the setting of the sun,  
We take our last leave of his fading light,  
And with our soul's eyes seek for beams eternal.  
Yet there's one scruple with which I am much  
Perplex'd and troubled, which I know you can  
Resolve me of.

*Fran.* What is't?

*Vitel.* This, sir; my bride,  
Whom I first courted, and then won, not with  
Loose lays, poor flatteries, apish compliments,  
But sacred and religious zeal, yet wants  
The holy badge that should proclaim her fit  
For these celestial nuptials: willing she is,  
I know, to wear it as the choicest jewel  
On her fair forehead; but to you, that well  
Could do that work of grace, I know the viceroy  
Will never grant access. Now, in a case  
Of this necessity, I would gladly learn,  
Whether, in me, a layman, without orders,  
It may not be religious and lawful,  
As we go to our deaths, to do that office?

*Fran.* A question in itself with much ease an-  
Midwives, upon necessity, perform it; [answered:

\* *Fran.* You are wondrous brave and jocund.] i. e. as has  
been already observed, richly, splendidly apparelled.

And knights that, in the Holy Land, fought for  
The freedom of Jerusalem, when full [met  
Of sweat and enemies' blood, have made their hel-  
The fount, out of which with their holy hands  
They drew that heavenly liquor: 'twas approv'd then  
By the holy church, nor must I think it now,  
In you, a work less pious.

*Vitel.* You confirm me;  
I will find a way to do it. In the mean time,  
Your holy vows assist me!

*Fran.* They shall ever  
Be present with you.

*Vitel.* You shall see me act  
This last scene to the life.

*Fran.* And though now fall,  
Rise a bless'd martyr.

*Vitel.* That's my end, my all.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain, and Sailors.*

*Boatsw.* Sir, if you slip this opportunity,  
Never expect the like.

*Mast.* With as much ease now  
We may steal the ship out of the harbour, captain,  
As ever gallants in a wanton bravery  
Have set upon a drunken constable,  
And bore him from a sleepy rug-gown'd watch:  
Be therefore wise.

*Grim.* I must be honest too.  
And you shall wear that shape, you shall observe me,  
If that you purpose to continue mine.  
Think you ingratitude can be the parent  
To our unfeign'd repentance? Do I owe  
A peace within here, kingdoms could not purchase,  
To my religious creditor, to leave him  
Open to danger, the great benefit  
Never remember'd! no; though in her bottom  
We could stow up the tribute of the Turk;  
Nay, grant the passage safe too; I will never  
Consent to weigh an anchor up, till he,  
That only must, commands it.

*Boatsw.* This religion  
Will keep us slaves and beggars.

*Mast.* The fiend prompts me

To change my copy : plague upon't ! we are seamen ;  
What have we to do with't, but for a snatch or so,  
At the end of a long Lent\* ?

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

*Boatsw.* Mum ; see who is here.

*Grim.* My father !

*Fran.* My good convert. I am full  
Of serious business which denies me leave  
To hold long conference with you : only thus much  
Briefly receive ; a day or two, at the most,  
Shall make me fit to take my leave of Tunis,  
Or give me lost for ever.

*Grim.* Days nor years,  
Provided that my stay may do you service,  
But to me shall be minutes.

*Fran.* I much thank you :  
In this small scroll you may in private read  
What my intents are ; and, as they grow ripe,  
I will instruct you further : in the mean time  
Borrow your late distracted looks and gesture ;  
The more dejected you appear, the less  
The viceroy must suspect you.

*Grim.* I am nothing,  
But what you please to have me be.

*Fran.* Farewell, sir.  
Be cheerful, master, something we will do,  
That shall reward itself in the performance ;  
And that's true prize indeed.

*Mast.* I am obedient.

*Boatsw.* And I : there's no contending.

[*Exeunt Grim, Mast, Boatsw. and Sailors.*]

*Fran.* Peace to you all !  
Prosper, thou great Existence, my endeavours,  
As they religiously are undertaken,  
And distant equally from servile gain.

*Enter PAULINA, CARAZIE, and MANTO.*

Or glorious ostentation !—I am heard  
In this blest opportunity, which in vain  
I long have waited for. I must show myself.  
O, she has found me ! now if she prove right,  
All hope will not forsake us.

*Paul.* Further off ;  
And in that distance know your duties too.  
You were bestow'd on me as slaves to serve me,  
And not as spies to pry into my actions,  
And after, to betray me. You shall find  
If any look of mine be unobserved,  
I am not ignorant of a mistress' power,  
And from whom I receive it.

*Cer.* Note this, Manto,  
The pride and scorn with which she entertains us,  
Now we are made her's by the viceroy's gift !  
Our sweet condition'd princess, fair Donusa,  
Rest in her death wait on her ! never used us  
With such contempt. I would he had sent me  
To the gallies or the gallows, when he gave me  
To this proud little devil.

*Mant.* I expect  
All tyrannous usage, but I must be patient ;  
And though, ten times a day, she tears these locks,  
Or makes this face her footstool, 'tis but justice.

*Paul.* 'Tis a true story of my fortunes, father.  
My chastity preserved by miracle,

\* *At the end of a long Lent !* Massinger alludes to the custom which all good Catholics had (and, indeed, still have) of confessing themselves at Easter. Good Friday or Easter Sunday is almost the only day on which the French and Italian sailors ever think of repairing to a confessional.

Or your devotions for me ; and, believe it,  
What outward pride soe'er I counterfeit,  
Or state, to these appointed to attend me,  
I am not in my disposition alter'd,  
But still your humble daughter, and share with you,  
In my poor brother's sufferings ;—all hell's torments  
Revenge it on accurs'd Grimaldi's soul,  
That, in his rape of me, gave a beginning  
To all the miseries that since have follow'd !

*Fran.* Be charitable, and forgive him, gentle daughter.

He's a changed man, and may redeem his fault  
In his fair life hereafter. You must bear too  
Your forced captivity, for 'tis no better,  
Though you wear golden fetters, and of him,  
Whom death affrights not, learn to hold out nobly.

*Paul.* You are still the same good counsellor,

*Fran.* And who knows,  
(Since what above is purposed, is inscrutable,)  
But that the viceroy's extreme dotage on you  
May be the parent of a happier birth  
Than yet our hopes dare fashion. Longer conference  
May prove unsafe for you and me, however  
(Perhaps for trial) he allows you freedom.

[*Delivers a paper.*]

From this learn therefore what you must attempt,  
Though with the hazard of yourself : heaven guard  
you,  
And give Vitelli patience ! then I doubt not  
But he will have a glorious day, since some  
Hold truly, such as suffer, overcome. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE III.—A Hall in Asambeg's Palace.

*Enter ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, Aga, and Capiaga.*

*Asam.* What we commanded, see perform'd ; and  
In all things to be punctual. [*fail not*]  
*Aga.* We shall, sir. [*Exeunt Aga and Capiaga.*]

*Musta.* 'Tis strange, that you should use such cir-  
cumstance  
To a delinquent of so mean condition.

*Asam.* Had he appear'd in a more sordid shape  
Than disguised greatness ever deign'd to mask in,  
The gallant bearing of his present fortune  
Aloud proclaims him noble.

*Musta.* If you doubt him  
To be a man built up for great employments,  
And as a cunning spy, sent to explore  
The city's strength, or weakness, you by torture  
May force him to discover it.

*Asam.* That were base ;  
Nor dare I do such injury to virtue  
And bold assured courage ; neither can I  
Be won to think, but if I should attempt it,  
I shoot against the moon. He that hath stood  
The roughest battery, that captivity  
Could ever bring to shake a constant temper ;  
Despised the fawnings of a future greatness,  
By beauty, in her full perfection, tender'd ;  
That hears of death as of a quiet slumber,  
And from the surplusage of his own firmness,  
Can spare enough of fortitude, to assure  
A feeble woman ; will not\*, Mustapha,

\* *A feeble woman ; will not, Mustapha.* For not, the old copy reads now. Instead of correcting this palpable error of the press, the modern editors add to it a word of no authority, and thus produce a verse of surprising harmony :

*A feeble woman ; will now, Mustapha, never.*

Be alter'd in his soul for any torments  
We can afflict his body with.

*Musta.* Do your pleasure:  
I only offer'd you a friend's advice,  
But without gall or envy to the man  
That is to suffer. But what do you determine  
Of poor Grimaldi? the disgrace call'd on him  
I hear, has run him mad.

*Asam.* There weigh the difference  
In the true temper of their minds. The one,  
A pirate, sold to mischiefs, rapes, and all  
That make a slave relentless and obdurate,  
Yet, of himself wanting the inward strengths  
That should defend him, sinks beneath compassion  
Or pity of a man: whereas this merchant,  
Acquainted only with a civil\* life;  
Arm'd in himself, intrench'd and fortified  
With his own virtue, valuing life and death  
At the same price, poorly does not invite  
A favour, but commands us do him right;  
Which unto him, and her we both once honour'd,  
As a just debt I gladly pay;—they enter.  
Now sit we equal hearers.

*A dreadful music. Enter at one door, the Aga,  
Janizaries, VITELLI, FRANCISCO, and GAZET; at the  
other, DONUSA, PAULINA, CARAZIE, and MANTO.*

*Musta.* I shall hear  
And see, sir, without passion; my wrongs arm me.

*Vitel.* A joyful preparation! To whose bounty  
Owe we our thanks for gracing thus our hymen?  
The notes, though dreadful to the ear, sound here  
As our epithalamium were sung  
By a celestial choir, and a full chorus  
Assured us future happiness. These that lead me  
Gaze not with wanton eyes upon my bride,  
Nor for their service are repaid by me  
With jealousies or fears; nor do they envy  
My passage to those pleasures from which death  
Cannot deter me. Great sir, pardon me:  
Imagination of the joys I haste to  
Made me forget my duty; but the form  
And ceremony past, I will attend you,  
And with our constant resolution feast you;  
Not with coarse cates, forgot as soon as tasted,  
But such as shall, while you have memory,  
Be pleasing to the palate.

\* *Acquainted only with a civil life*; i. *Civil*, in Massinger, as well as in his contemporaries, alludes to the political regulations, customs, and habits, of the city, as distinguished from the court; sometimes, indeed, it takes a wider range, and comprises a degree of civilization or moral improvement, as opposed to a state of barbarism, or pure nature.

Wherever *civil* occurs in Shakspeare, Steevens interprets, or rather misinterprets, it by "grave, solemn, decent," &c. That it sometimes bears those meanings cannot be denied, but then it is always in reference to citizenship, or to that state of orderly society which is swayed by wise and well-balanced institutions: in its abstract sense it would frequently have no meaning, or, at least, none that was worthy of Shakspeare; e. g.

"You, lord archbishop,—

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd."

That is, (says Steevens,) a "grave and decent" peace.  
What is that?

Again:

"Why should this desert silent be?  
For it is unpeopled? No:

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
That shall civil sayings show."

*As you Like It.*  
"That is, grave and solemn sayings!" No, surely: sayings collected from an intercourse with civil life.

*Fran.* Be not lost

In what you purpose.

[Exit.]

*Gaz.* Call you this a marriage!

It differs little from hanging; I cry at it.

*Vitel.* See, where my bride appears! in what full  
As if the virgins that bear up her train [lustre!  
Had long contended to receive an honour  
Above their births, in doing her this service.  
Nor comes she fearful to meet those delights,  
Which, once past o'er, immortal pleasures follow.  
I need not, therefore, comfort or encourage  
Her forward steps; and I should offer wrong  
To her mind's fortitude, should I but ask  
How she can brook the rough high-going sea,  
Over whose foamy back our ship, well rigg'd  
With hope and strong assurance, must transport us.  
Nor will I tell her, when we reach the haven,  
Which tempests shall not hinder, what loud welcome  
Shall entertain us; nor commend the place,  
To tell whose least perfection would strike dumb  
The eloquence of all boasted in story,  
Though join'd together.

*Don.* 'Tis enough, my dearest,  
I dare not doubt you; as your humble shadow,  
Lead where you please, I follow.

*Vitel.* One suit, sir,  
And willingly I cease to be a beggar;  
And that you may with more security hear it,  
Know, 'tis not life I'll ask, nor to defer  
Our deaths, but a few minutes.

*Asam.* Speak; 'tis granted.

*Vitel.* We being now to take our latest leave,  
And grown of one belief, I do desire  
I may have your allowance to perform it,  
But in the fashion which we Christians use  
Upon the like occasions.

*Asam.* 'Tis allow'd of.

*Vitel.* My service: haste, Gazet, to the next spring,  
And bring me of it.

*Gaz.* Would I could as well  
Fetch you a pardon; I would not run but fly,  
And be here in a moment. [Exit.]

*Musta.* What's the mystery  
Of this? discover it.

*Vitel.* Great sir, I'll tell you.  
Each country hath its own peculiar rites:  
Some, when they are to die, drink store of wine,  
Which, pour'd in liberally, does oft beget  
A bastard valour, with which arm'd, they bear  
The not-to-be declined charge of death  
With less fear and astonishment: others take  
Drugs to procure a heavy sleep, that so  
They may insensibly receive the means  
That casts them in an everlasting slumber;  
Others—

*Re-enter GAZET, with water.*

O welcome!

*Asam.* Now the use of yours?

*Vitel.* The clearness of this is a perfect sign  
Of innocence: and as this washes off  
Stains and pollutions from the things we wear;  
Thrown thus upon the forehead, it hath power  
To purge those spots that cleave upon\* the mind,  
If thankfully received. [Throws it on her face.]

\* ——— that cleave upon the mind.] So the old copy: the modern editors, with as little judgment as necessity, read, cleave unto the mind.

*Asam.* 'Tis a strange custom.  
*Vitel.* How do you entertain it, my Donusa?  
 Feel you no alteration, no new motives,  
 No unexpected aids, that may confirm you  
 In that to which you were inclin'd before?  
*Don.* I am another woman;—till this minute  
 I never lived, nor durst think how to die.  
 How long have I been blind! yet on the sudden,  
 By this blest means, I feel the films of error  
 Ta'en from my soul's eyes. O divine physician!  
 That hast bestow'd a sight on me, which death,  
 Though ready to embrace me in his arms,  
 Cannot take from me: let me kiss the hand  
 That did this miracle, and seal my thanks  
 Upon those lips from whence these sweet words  
 vanish'd,  
 That freed me from the cruellest of prisons,  
 Blind ignorance and misbelief. False prophet!  
 Impostor Mahomet!—

*Asam.* I'll hear no more,  
 You do abuse my favours; sever them:  
 Wretch, if thou hadst another life to lose\*  
 This blasphemy deserved it;—instantly  
 Carry them to their deaths.

*Vitel.* We part now, blest one,  
 To meet hereafter in a king-dom, where  
 Hell's malice shall not reach us.

*Paul.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Asam.* What means my mistress?  
*Paul.* Who can hold her spleen,  
 When such ridiculous follies are presented,  
 The scene, too, made religion? O, my lord,  
 How from one cause two contrary effects  
 Spring up upon the sudden!

*Asam.* This is strange.

*Paul.* That which hath fool'd her in her death,  
 wins me,  
 That hitherto have barr'd myself from pleasure,  
 To live in all delight.

*Asam.* There's music in this.

*Paul.* I now will run as fiercely to your arms  
 As ever longing woman did, born high  
 On the swift wings of appetite.

*Vitel.* O devil!

*Paul.* Nay, more; for there shall be no odds be-  
 twixt us,  
 I will turn Turk\*.

*Gaz.* Most of your tribe do so,  
 When they begin in whore.

[*Aside.*

*Asam.* You are serious, lady?

*Paul.* Serious!—but satisfy me in a suit  
 That to the world may witness that I have  
 Some power upon you, and to-morrow challenge  
 Whatever's in my gift; for I will be  
 At your disposal.

*Gaz.* That's ever the subscription  
 To a damn'd whore's false epistle.

[*Aside.*

*Asam.* Ask this hand,

\* I will turn Turk.

*Gaz.* Most of your tribe do so,

[When they begin in whore.] To turn Turk, was a figu-  
 rative expression for a change of condition, or opinion. It  
 should be observed, that *Gazet* wantonly perverts the  
 phrase, which is used in its literal acceptation by *Paulina*.

† ——— I will be

At your disposal.] Mr. M. Mason, for no other reason,  
 as appears, than that of spoiling the metre, alters this to

————— I will be

At your disposal!

Or, if thou wilt, the heads of these. I am rapt  
 Beyond myself with joy. Speak, speak, what is it?

*Paul.* But twelve short hours reprieve for this  
 base couple.

*Asam.* The reason, since you hate them?

*Paul.* That I may

Have time to triumph o'er this wretched woman.  
 I'll be myself her guardian; I will feast,  
 Adorned in her choice and richest jewels:  
 Commit him to what guards you please. Grant this,  
 I am no more mine own, but yours.

*Asam.* Enjoy it;

Repine at it who dares: bear him safe off  
 To the black tower, but give him all things useful:  
 The contrary was not in your request?

*Paul.* I do condemn him.

*Don.* Peace in death denied me!

*Paul.* Thou shalt not go in liberty to thy grave;  
 For one night a sultana is my slave.

*Musta.* A terrible little tyranness.

*Asam.* No more;

Her will shall be a law. Till now ne'er happy!

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter FRANCISCO, GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain,  
 and Sailors.

*Grim.* Sir, all things are in readiness; the Turks,  
 That seized upon my ship, stow'd under hatches;  
 My men resolved and cheerful. Use but means  
 To get out of the ports, we will be ready  
 To bring you aboard, and then (heaven be but  
 This for the viceroy's fleet! [pleased,])

*Fran.* Discharge your parts,  
 In mine I'll not be wanting: Fear not, master,  
 Something will come along to fraught your bark,  
 That you will have just cause to say you never  
 Made such a voyage.

*Mast.* We will stand the hazard.

*Fran.* What's the best hour?

*Boatsw.* After the second watch.

*Fran.* Enough; each to his charge.

*Grim.* We will be careful.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V.—A Room in Asambeg's Palace.

Enter PAULINA, DONUSA, CARAZIE, and MANTO.

*Paul.* Sit, madam, it is fit that I attend you;  
 And pardon, I beseech you, my rude language,  
 To which the sooner you will be invited,  
 When you shall understand, no way was left me  
 To free you from a present execution,  
 But by my personating that which never  
 My nature was acquainted with.

*Don.* I believe you.

*Paul.* You will, when you shall understand I may  
 Receive the honour to be known unto you  
 By a nearer name:—and, not to rack you further,  
 The man you please to favour is my brother;  
 No merchant, madam, but a gentleman  
 Of the best rank in Venice.

*Don.* I rejoice in't;

But what's this to his freedom? for myself,  
 Were he well off, I were secure.

*Paul.* I have

A present means, not plotted by myself,  
But a religious man, my confessor,  
That may preserve all, if we had a servant  
Whose faith we might rely on.

*Don.* She, that's now  
Your slave, was once mine; had I twenty lives,  
I durst commit them to her trust.

*Mant.* O madam!  
I have been false,—forgive me: I'll redeem it  
By any thing, however desperate,  
You please to impose upon me.

*Paul.* Troth these tears,  
I think, cannot be counterfeit; I believe her,  
And, if you please, will try her.

*Don.* At your peril;  
There is no further danger can look towards me.

*Paul.* This only then—canst thou use means to  
carry

This bake-meat to Vitelli.

*Mant.* With much ease;  
I am familiar with the guard; beside,  
It being known it was I that betray'd him\*,  
My entrance hardly will of them be question'd.

*Paul.* About it then. Say that 'twas sent to him  
From his Donusa; bid him search the midst of it,  
He there shall find a cordial.

*Mant.* What I do  
Shall speak my care and faith. [Exit.

*Don.* Good fortune with thee!

*Paul.* You cannot eat?

*Don.* The time we thus abuse  
We might employ much better

*Paul.* I am glad  
To hear this from you. As for you, Carazie,  
If our intents do prosper, make choice, whether  
You'll steal away with your two mistresses,  
Or take your fortune.

*Car.* I'll be gelded twice first;  
Hang him that stays behind.

*Paul.* I wait you, madam.  
Were but my brother off, by the command  
Of the dotting viceroy there's no guard dare stay me;  
And I will safely bring you to the place,  
Where we must expect him.

*Don.* Heaven be gracious to us! [Exeunt.

#### SCENE VI.—A Room in the Black Tower.

Enter VITELLI, Aga, and Guard.

*Vitel.* Paulina to fall off thus! 'tis to me  
More terrible than death, and, like an earthquake,  
Totters this walking building, such I am;  
And in my sudden ruin would prevent,  
By choking up at once my vital spirits,  
This pompous preparation for my death.  
But I am lost; that good man, good Francisco,  
Deliver'd me a paper, which till now  
I wanted leisure to peruse. [Reads the paper.

*Aga.* This Christian  
Fears not, it seems, the near approaching sun,  
Whose second rise he never must salute.

\* It being known it was I that betray'd him,] Besides making several petty alterations in this line, Coster subjoined him to it, which is not found in the old copy. This is retained, as either that or you seems necessary to complete the sense: his imaginary improvements I have removed.  
† But I am lost;] i. e. I forget myself.

Enter MANTO with the baked meat.

1 Guard. Who's that?

2 Guard. Stand.

*Aga.* Manto!

*Mant.* Here's the viceroy's ring  
Gives warrant to my entrance; yet you may  
Partake of any thing I shall deliver.  
'Tis but a present to a dying man,  
Sent from the princess that must suffer with him.

*Aga.* Use your own freedom.

*Mant.* I would not disturb  
This his last contemplation.

*Vitel.* O, 'tis well!

He has restored all, and I at peace again  
With my Paulina.

*Mant.* Sir, the sad Donusa,  
Grieved for your sufferings more than for her own,  
Knowing the long and tedious pilgrimage  
You are to take, presents you with this cordial,  
Which privately she wishes you should taste of;  
And search the middle part, where you shall find  
Something that hath the operation to  
Make death look lovely.

*Vitel.* I will not dispute  
What she commands, but serve it. [Exit.

*Aga.* Prithee, Manto,  
How hath the unfortunate princess spent this night,  
Under her proud new mistress?

*Mant.* With such patience  
As it o'ercomes the other's insolence,  
Nay, triumphs o'er her pride. My much haste now  
Commands me hence; but, the sad tragedy past,  
I'll give you satisfaction to the full  
Of all hath pass'd, and a true character  
Of the proud Christian's nature. [Exit.

*Aga.* Break the watch up;  
What should we fear i' the midst of our own  
strengths?

'Tis but the basha's jealousy. Farewell, soldiers.  
[Exeunt.

#### SCENE VII.—An upper Room in the same.

Enter VITELLI with the baked meat.

*Vitel.* There's something more in this than means  
to cloy  
A hungry appetite, which I must discover.  
She will'd me search the midst: thus, thus I pierce it.  
—Ha! what is this? a scroll bound up in pack-  
thread!

What may the mystery be? [Reads.

*Son, let down this packthread at the west window of  
the castle. By it you shall draw up a ladder of ropes,  
by which you may descend; your dearest Donusa with the  
rest of your friends below attend you. Heaven prosper  
you!* FRANCISCO.

O best of men! he that gives up himself  
To a true religious friend, leans not upon  
A false deceiving reed, but boldly builds  
Upon a rock: which now with joy I find  
In reverend Francisco, whose good vows,  
Labours, and watchings, in my hoped-for freedom,  
Appear a pious miracle. I come,

\* What should we fear in the midst of our own strengths?  
&c.] i. e. our own fortresses.

I come with confidence; though the descent  
Were steep as hell, I know I cannot slide,  
Being call'd down by such a faithful guide. [Exit.]

SCENE VIII.—A Room in ASAMBEG'S Palace.

Enter ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, and Janizaries.

Asam. Excuse me, Mustapha, though this night  
to me

Appear as tedious as that treble one  
Was to the world when Jove on fair Alcmena  
Begot Alcides. Were you to encounter  
Those ravishing pleasures, which the slow-paced  
hours

(To me they are such) bar me from, you would,  
With your continued wishes, strive to imp\*  
New feathers to the broken wings of time,  
And chide the amorous sun, for too long dalliance  
In Thetis' watery bosom.

Musta. You are too violent  
In your desires, of which you are yet uncertain;  
Having no more assurance to enjoy them,  
Than a weak woman's promise, on which wise men  
Faintly rely.

Asam. Tush! she is made of truth;  
And what she says she will do, holds as firm  
As laws in brass, that know no change: [The cham-  
ber shot off.] What's this?  
Some new prize brought in, sure—

Enter AGA.

Why are thy looks  
So ghastly? Villain, speak!

Agas. Great sir, hear me,  
Then after kill me;—we are all betray'd.  
The false Grimaldi, sunk in your disgrace,  
With his confederates, has seized his ship,  
And those that guarded it stow'd under hatches.  
With him the condemn'd princess, and the merchant,  
That, with a ladder made of ropes, descended  
From the black tower, in which he was enclosed;  
And your fair mistress—

Asam. Ha!

\* ——— to imp  
New feathers to the broken wings of time.] To imp, says  
the compiler of the *Faulconer's Dictionary*, "is to insert a  
feather into the wing of a hawk, or other bird, in the place  
of one that is broken." To this practice our old writers,  
who seem to have been, in the language of the present day,  
keen sportsmen, perpetually allude. There is a passage in  
Tomkiv's *Albumassa*, which would be admired even in the  
noblest scenes of Shakspeare:

"How slow the day slides on! when we desire  
Time's haste, he seems to lose a match with lobsters;  
And when we wish him stay, he *imps* his wings  
With feathers plumed with thought!"

† The chamber shot off.] Such is the marginal direction  
in the old copy. The modern editors, in kindness to their  
readers' ignorance, have considerably expunged the word  
chamber, and inserted piece (it should have been great gun)  
in its place. Yet a little while, and we shall happily purge  
our language of every unfashionable expression. *Chambers*  
occur continually in our old writers; they are, as Mr. Malone  
says, small pieces of ordnance, such as are still fired in the  
Park on rejoicing days. From the marginal direction, it  
seems as if the theatres, in our author's time, were provided  
with one or more of these pieces: and indeed, it appears  
from Jonson's *Execution upon Fulcan*, that the Globe play-  
house was set on fire by the discharge of this holiday arti-  
lery:

"—— the Globe, the glory of the Bank,  
I saw with two poor chambers taken in,  
And razed, ere thought could urge, this might have been."

Agas. With all their train,  
And choicest jewels, are gone safe aboard:  
Their sails spread forth, and with a fore-right gale\*  
Leaving our coast, in scorn of all pursuit,  
As a farewell they shew'd a broadside to us†.

Asam. No more.

Musta. Now note your confidence!

Asam. No more.

O my credulity! I am too full  
Of grief and rage to speak. Dull, heavy fool!  
Worthy of all the tortures that the frown  
Of thy incensed master can throw on thee,  
Without one man's compassion! I will hide  
This head among the deserts, or some cave  
Fill'd with my shame and me; where I alone  
May die without a partner in my moan. [Exeunt.]

\* ——— and with a fore-right gale.] The old copy  
has a fore gale. Mr. M. Mason saw the measure was de-  
fective, and proposed to read a right fore-gale. I prefer  
the lection which I have inserted in the text, as it is a  
common expression, and has indeed been already used by  
the poet himself. Thus, in the *Bondman*:

"—— sink him with  
A fore-right gale of liberty."

† As a farewell they shew'd a broadside to us.] I take  
this opportunity of observing, that our old dramatic writers  
were extremely well acquainted with nautical terms; this  
was owing to the avidity with which voyages were read by  
all descriptions of people. Great effects were then produced  
by small means, and created a wonderful interest in the  
public mind: the writers, too, of these popular works entered  
into them with their whole soul, and gave a fullness and pre-  
cision to their narratives which are not always to be found  
in those of the present day. I know not how I have been  
drawn on so far; but I meant to say that from some cause  
or other (perhaps from what I last hinted at) maritime  
language is not so generally understood now as it was two  
centuries ago. There is scarcely a nautical expression in  
Shakspeare which is not illustrated into obscurity, or mis-  
interpreted. With respect to the expression which gave rise  
to these remarks, I shall only observe, (not to puzzle the  
reader with terms which he would perhaps ill understand,) that  
to shew a broadside to an enemy, argues the highest  
degree of confidence and security; and is here adduced with  
great propriety to prove that the fugitives thought them-  
selves out of the danger of pursuit.

‡ The quantity of action in this play is the very cause of  
the forced extravagances which are to be found in it: yet,  
however extravagant in its plan, or improbable in its con-  
duct, it contains many beautiful sentiments and interesting  
situations. There was no such call for some of the licen-  
tiousness which stains it. However, its conclusion is favour-  
able to the cause of virtue. The final influence of truth is  
seen in the conversion of Bonasa; and the force of con-  
science in the reclaiming of Vitelli and the Renegado.  
Massinger seems to have pleased himself with the discrimi-  
nation of their repentance, Act V. sc. iii.; and it may be  
remarked in general, that when his plots are unhappy, or  
his action confused, he makes amends by the superior care  
bestowed on certain of his characters.

The Renegado is described as impious, atheistical, sacri-  
legious, vindictive, licentious, and cruel. Accordingly, his  
revenge is of a violent nature. He is abject and forlorn,  
despairs of the power of heaven itself to save him, and  
appears frantic with imaginations of horror. He is super-  
stitious too, (a true mark of nature thus agitated,) and will  
only be comforted if he can atone to the holy man in per-  
son whose administration of the sacred rites he had profaned.  
And when this is dexterously contrived by Francisco, his  
protestations of penance are as tumultuously uttered as they  
are gloomily conceived. Inflictions the most severe shall be  
his pleasures; the stripes of iron whips shall be but gentle  
touches of a saving hand; and his whole life shall be one  
continued atonement to his native faith, which he had re-  
nounced.

The recovery of the tender but misguided Vitelli is of a  
different kind. At first he is pleased with the success of his  
pursuit, talks lightly of virtue, and is resolved to proceed  
with his indulgence. But he is soon checked by the appear-  
ance of his confessor, acknowledges his error, earnestly seeks  
forgiveness, avows the struggle between his passions and his

duty, but promises submission, and keeps his promise. In his conference with Donusa (an impressive scene) he shews himself superior to the enticements which yet he deeply feels; and the satisfaction of conscience, now secure from a relapse, gives him constancy in prison, and amid the prospect of death. He rises to a sacred vehemence in favour of his religion, and converts Donusa herself. This incident, though but slightly managed, reminds us of *The Virgin-Martyr*, and in both plays we may observe a similar use of religious terms and ecclesiastical questions, which, with the language and events of the Roman Martyrologies, seem to be familiar to Massinger.

The Jesuit is represented in a manner highly flattering to his order. Pious, sagacious, charitable, disinterested, and

without ostentation, he watches over the welfare of his charge, and directs all the proceedings of the desired conclusion.

The Turkish characters are not ill-drawn. The women are wanton, capricious, and stick at nothing to accomplish their ends. The men are shrewd and interested, haughty and violent, and of course become alternately fawning and ferocious.

The chief lesson to be drawn from this play is, to be on our guard against the effects of vicious habits. Gross sins make repentance a terror. The return to duty is most easy and consoling, when the departure from it has been neither long nor wilful:

—*breve sit quod turpiter audeas.*

## THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE.

THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE.] A comedy of this name was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, June 29, 1660; and a manuscript play so called, and said to be written by W. Rowley, was in the number of those destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant. I suspect this to be the drama before us. It is, beyond all possibility of doubt, the genuine work of Massinger, and was licensed for the stage by Sir H. Herbert on the 3rd of June, 1624. I have already mentioned my obligations to Mr. Malone for the use of the manuscript, with permission to insert it in the present edition, of which it forms no inconsiderable ornament: it is here given with the most scrupulous fidelity, not a word, not a syllable, being altered or omitted, except in one or two instances, where the inadvertence of the old copyist had occasioned a palpable blunder, of which the remedy was as certain as the discovery was easy.

It would not have required much pains, or the exertion of much ingenuity, to supply most of the chasms occasioned by the defect of the manuscript, which are here pointed out by short lines: but it seemed the safer method to present them as they stood. The reader may now be confident that all is genuine, and exercise his skill in filling up the vacant spaces, in a manner most consonant to his own opinion of the drift of the author. He must not flatter himself with the hope of further aids, for unless another manuscript of this play should be discovered, (of which there is little probability,) no subsequent researches will add to what is now before him. Such, unfortunately, is the decayed state of the present, that with every precaution which the most anxious concern could suggest, it crumbled under the inspection: a repetition, therefore, of my labours, which I scarcely think will be lightly undertaken, will produce nothing but disappointment; since many lines, and fragments of lines, which are faithfully copied in the succeeding pages, will be found in it no more.

I cannot entertain a doubt but that this curious relick will be perused with uncommon interest; at least with all that perfect novelty can give: since it is highly probable, that not a single page of it has been read by any person now in existence.

The plot is founded upon those celebrated Courts or Parliaments of Love, said to be holden in France during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, for the discussion of amorous questions, and the distribution of rewards and punishments among faithful and perfidious lovers.

The origin of these institutions is due to the lively imagination of the Troubadours: petty discussions on points of gallantry, which probably took place between them and their mistresses, are magnified, in their romantic writings, into grave and solemn debates, managed with all the form and ceremony of provincial councils, by the most distinguished personages of both sexes.

In their tales this does not look amiss: when the whole business of the world is love, every thing connected with it assumes an air of importance; but, unfortunately, these reveries of a warm fancy have found admittance into general history, where the improbability and folly of them become instantly apparent. Nothing, in short, can be more mean and absurd than the causes proposed for judgment, except, perhaps, it be the sentences of this motley tribunal.

In France the existence of these Parliaments has been discussed with much warmth. Monsieur de Chasteuil a Provençal, and therefore interested in the honour of his country, collected from the Troubadours and their followers a number of anecdotes on the subject, which he moulded into a consistent and entertaining narrative: it wanted, however, the foundation of truth, and was controverted in all its parts by Monsieur de Haitze. The question is of little interest to us: those, however, who feel any degree of curiosity on the subject, may consult the Abbé de Sade\*, who has stated the arguments on both sides with that candour and perspicuity which are visible in every page of his entertaining work.

De Sade himself, though he laughs at the pretensions of the Troubadours, is yet inclined to think that Courts or Parliaments of Love were sometimes held; though not with the state and formality ascribed to them by the historians of Provence. He mentions a celebrated one at Troyes, where the Countess of Champagnet† presided; and he gives a few of the *arrets*, or decrees, which emanated from it: these are still more frivolous than those of the Troubadours, and in no age of the world could have been received without derision and contempt.

After all, the reality of these tribunals was not doubted in Massinger's time, nor in the ages preceding it he had therefore sufficient authority for his fable. Add, too, that he has given the establishment a dignity which renders its decisions of importance. A *dame de chateau* issuing her ridiculous *arrets* (for so they were styled) excites little notice; but a great and victorious monarch sitting in judgment, attended by his peers, and surrounded with all the pomp of empire, is an imposing object. Nor are the causes selected,

\* *Mémoires pour la Vie de Francois Petrarque*, tom. II. notes, p. 44.

† Mr. Godwin says—"the queen of France;" but he seems to have posted through de Sade, as Yorick and his pupil did through Europe—"at a prodigious rate."

altogether unworthy of the tribunal: it is not a miserable question, "whether lovers must needs be jealous," "whether love can consist with matrimony\*," &c. which is to be heard; but injuries of a serious nature, and which can only be redressed by a court of this peculiar kind. In a word, a Parliament of Love, if ever respectable, is only so, as convoked in this delightful drama.

As the list of the dramatis personæ is destroyed, we are reduced to guess at the period in which the supposed events of this drama took place: luckily, there is not much room for deliberation, since the king's speech, on his first appearance, confines it to Charles VIII. That monarch led his army into Italy on the 6th of October, 1494, and entered Naples in triumph on the 20th of February in the following year: thus says Mezerai, "in four months this young king marched through all Italy, was received every where as their sovereign lord, without using any force, only sending his harbingers to mark out his lodgings, and conquered the whole kingdom of Naples, excepting only Brindes, in fifteen days."

Charles was the gayest monarch that ever sat upon the throne of France; he was fond of masks, revels, dances, and the society of the ladies, to a culpable degree; Massinger, therefore, could not have found a fitter prince for the establishment of a Parliament of Love. During a treaty with Lodowick Sforza, (father of Francis Duke of Milan,) on which the security of his conquests in a great measure depended, he was so impatient to return to his favourite amusements, that he broke through all restraint, and before any of its stipulations were put in execution, "went away," continues the honest historian, "to dance, masquerade, and make love." By this precipitation, he lost all the fruit of his victories; for Sforza did not perform one article of the treaty.

This play was acted at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane. I have been sparing of my observations, being desirous (as far as was consistent with my plan) that it might enjoy the reader's undivided attention.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS FAR AS THEY APPEAR IN THE REMAINING SCENES OF THIS PLAY

CHARLES VIII. *king of France.*

Duke of Orleans.

Duke of Nemours.

CHAMONT, *a nobleman; once guardian to Bellisant.*

PHILAMOUR, } *counsellors.*

LAFORT, }

MONTROSE, *a noble gentleman, in love with Bellisant.*

CLEREMOND, *in love with Leonora.*

CLARINDORE, }

PERIGOT, }

NOVALL, }

DINANT, *physician to the court.*

BELLISANT, *a noble lady.*

LAMIRA, *wife to Chamont.*

BEAUPRE, *(supposed Calista,) wife to Clarindore.*

LEONORA.

CLARINDA, *wife to Dinant.*

*Other Courtiers, Priest, Officers, Servants, &c.*

SCENE, Paris, and the adjacent country.

#### ACT I.

##### SCENE IV.—*A Room in Bellisant's House.*

*Enter CHAMONT and BELLISANT.*

Cham. - - - - -

I did† discharge the trust imposed upon me,  
Being your guardian.

Bell. 'Tis with truth acknowledged.

Cham. The love I then bore to you, and desire  
To do you all good offices of a friend,  
Continues with me, nay, increases, lady:  
And, out of this assurance, I presume,  
What, from a true heart, I shall now deliver,  
Will meet a gentle censure.

Bell. When you speak,  
Whatever the subject be, I gladly hear.

Cham. To tell you of the greatness of your state,  
And from what noble stock you are derived,  
Were but impertinence, and a common theme,  
Since you well know both. What I am to speak of  
Touches you nearer; therefore give me leave  
To say, that, howsoever your great bounties,  
Continual feasting, princely entertainments,  
May gain you the opinion of some few  
Of a brave generous spirit, (the best harvest  
That you can hope for from such costly seed,)  
You cannot yet, amongst the multitude,  
(Since, next unto the princes of the blood,  
The eyes of all are fix'd on you,) but give

\* *Memoires pour la Vie de Petrarque*, tom. II. notes, p. 60.

† *I did &c.*] Here the fragment begins. It is not possible to say how much of this act is lost, as the manuscript is not paged; but, perhaps, two or three scenes. One must have taken place between Chamont and Beaupre, in which the latter disclosed her history; another, perhaps, between Cleremond and Leonora; the assemblage of the "guests" at Bellisant's house probably formed a third, and the present conference, in which she quits her guests to attend on Chamont, may be the fourth. The reader will please to observe, that all this is conjecture, and given for nothing more: to facilitate references, it is necessary to fix on some determinate number: the ultimate choice, however, is of no great moment, though I flatter myself it cannot be far from the truth. Very little of this scene appears to be lost; Chamont is here, perhaps, in his first speech.

Some wounds, which will not close without a scar  
To your fair reputation, and good name,  
In suffering such a crew of riotous gallants,  
Not of the best repute, to be so frequent  
Both in your house and presence: this, 'tis rumour'd,  
Little agrees with the curiousness\* of honour,  
Or modesty or a maid.

*Bell.* Not to dwell long  
Upon my answer, I must thank your goodness,  
And provident care, that have instructed me  
What my revenues are, by which I measure  
How far I may expend; and yet I find not  
That I begin to waste, nor would I add  
To what I now possess. I am myself;  
And for my fame, since I am innocent here,  
This for the world's opinion!

*Cham.* Take heed, madam.  
That [world's] opinion, which you slight, confirms  
This lady for immodest, and proclaims  
Another for a modest; whereas the first [second]  
Ne'er knew what loose thoughts were, and the praised  
Had never a cold dream.

*Bell.* I dare not argue.  
But what means to prevent this?

*Cham.* Noble marriage.  
*Bell.* Pardon me, sir; and do not think I scorn  
Your grave advice, which I have ever followed,  
Though not pleased in it. — [not:  
Would you have me match with wealth? I need it  
Or hunt for honour, and increase of titles?  
In truth, I rest ambitious of no greater  
Than what my father left. Or do you judge  
My blood to run so high, that 'tis not in  
Physic to cool me? I yet feel no such heat:  
But when, against my will, it grows upon me,  
I'll think upon your counsel.

*Cham.* If you resolve, then,  
To live a virgin, you have - - -  
To which you may retire, and ha - - -  
To - - - - -  
In - - - - -  
And live cont - - - - -

*Bell.* What proof  
Should I give of my continence, if I lived  
Not seen, nor seeing any? Spartan Helen,  
Corinthian Lais, or Rome's Messaline,  
So mew'd up, might have died as they were born,  
By lust untempted; no, it is the glory  
Of chastity to be tempted, tempted home too,  
The honour else is nothing! I would be  
The first example to convince, for liars,  
Those poets, that, with sharp and bitter rhymes  
Proclaim aloud, that chastity has no being,  
But in a cottage: and so confident  
I am in this to conquer, that I will  
Expose myself to all assaults; see masks,  
And hear bewitching sonnets; change discourse  
With one that, for experience, could teach Ovid  
To write, a better way, his *Art of Love*:  
Feed high, and take and give free entertainment,  
Lend Cupid eyes, and new artillery,  
Deny his mother for a deity;  
Yet every burning shot he made at me,

\* *Little agrees with the curiousness of honour.* i. e. the punctilious nicety of honour: in this sense the word often occurs.

† *That [world's] opinion which you slight, &c.* I have ventured to complete the metre by inserting the word between brackets, which was probably overlooked by the transcriber.

Meeting with my chaste thoughts, should lose their  
ardour;

Which when I have o'ercome, malicious men  
Must, to their shame, confess 'tis possible  
For a young lady (some say fair) at court,  
To keep her virgin honour.

*Cham.* May you prosper  
In this great undertaking! I'll not use  
A syllable to divert you: but must be  
A suitor in another kind.

*Bell.* Whate'er it be,  
'Tis granted.

*Cham.* It is only to accept  
A present from me.

*Bell.* Call you this a suit?

*Cham.* Come in, Calista.

*Enter BEAUPRE, disguised as a Moorish Slave.*

This is one I would

Bestow upon you.

*Bell.* 'Tis the handsomest  
I e'er saw of her country; she hath neither  
Thick lips, nor rough curl'd hair.

*Cham.* Her manners, lady,  
Upon my honour, better her good shape:  
She speaks our language too; for being surprised  
In Barbary, she was bestowed upon  
A pirate of Marseilles\*, with whose wife [her,  
She lived five years, and learn'd it: there I bought  
As pitying her hard usage; if you please  
To make her yours, you may.

*Bell.* With many thanks.  
Come hither, pretty one; fear not, you shall find me  
A gentle mistress.

*Beau.* With my care and service  
I'll study to preserve you such.

*Bell.* Well answered.  
Come, follow me; we'll instantly to court,  
And take my guests along.

*Cham.* They wait you, madam. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE V.—A State Room in the Palace.

*Flourish.*—*Enter CHARLES, ORLEANS, NEMOURS,  
PHILAMOUR, and LAFORT.*

*Char.* What solitude does dwell about our court!  
Why this dull entertainment? Have I march'd  
Victorious through Italy, enter'd Rome,  
Like a triumphant conqueror, set my foot  
Upon the neck of Florence, tamed the pride  
Of the Venetians, scourged those petty tyrants,  
That - - - - - den of the world, to be  
- - - - - home, nay, my house neglected!  
(*New Speaker.*) - - - the courtiers would appear  
- - - - - therefore they presumed  
- - - - -  
(*New Speaker.*) - - - the ladies, sir,  
- - - - - that glad time  
- - - - - the choice.

*Enter BELLISANT, LEONORA, LAMIRA, CLARINDA,  
CHAMONT, MONTROSE, CLEREMOND, CLARINDORE,  
PERIGOT, NOVALL, and other Courtiers.*

*Phil.* Here they come.

*Ladies.* All happiness to your majesty!

*Courtiers.* And victory sit ever on your sword!

\* *A pirate of Marseilles.* Marseilles here, as in the *Un-natural Combat*, is a trisyllable.

*Char.* Our thanks to all.  
 But wherefore come you in divided troops,  
 As if the mistress would not accept  
 Their servants' guardship\*, or the servants, slighted,  
 Refuse to offer it? You all wear sad looks:  
 On Perigot appears not that blunt mirth  
 Which his face used to promise; on Montrose  
 There hangs a heavy dulness; Cleremond  
 Droops even to death, and Clarindore hath lost  
 Much of his sharpness; nay, these ladies too,  
 Whose sparkling eyes did use to fire the court  
 With various inventions of delight, [whence  
 Part with their splendour. What's the cause? from  
 Proceeds this alteration?

*Peri.* I am troubled  
 With the toothach, or with love, I know not whether:  
 There is a worm in both. [Aside.

*Clarín.* It is their pride.

*Bell.* Or your unworthiness.

*Clar.* The honour that  
 The French dames held for courtesy, above  
 All ladies of the earth, dwells not in these,  
 That glory in their cruelty.

*Leon.* The desert  
 The chevaliers of France were truly lords of,  
 And which your grandsires really did possess,  
 At no part you inherit.

*Bell.* Ere they durst  
 Presume to offer service to a lady  
 In person they perform'd some gallant acts,  
 The fame of which prepared them gracious hearing,  
 Ere they made their approaches: what coy she, then,  
 Though great in birth, not to be parallel'd  
 For nature's liberal bounties, both set off  
 With fortune's trappings, wealth; but, with delight,  
 Gladly acknowledged such a man her servant  
 To whose heroic courage, and deep wisdom,  
 The flourishing commonwealth, and thankful king,  
 Confess'd themselves for debtors? Whereas now,  
 If you have travelled Italy, and brought home  
 Some remnants of the language, and can set  
 Your faces in some strange and ne'er seen posture,  
 Dance a lavolta, and be rude and saucy;  
 Protest, and swear, and damn, (for these are acts  
 That most think grace them,) and then view your-  
 In the deceiving mirror of self-love, [selves  
 You do conclude there hardly is a woman  
 That can be worthy of you.

*Mont.* We would grant  
 We are not equal to our ancestors  
 In noble undertakings, if we thought,  
 In us a free confession would persuade you  
 Not to deny your own most wilful errors:  
 And where you tax us for unservice, lady,

\* But wherefore come you in divided troops,  
 As if the mistresses would not accept

*Their servants' guardship, &c.* Servant and mistress, as  
 I have already observed, signified, in the language of Mas-  
 singer's time, a lover and the object of his affection. Let  
 me now call the reader's attention to the exquisite melody  
 of this speech: nothing is forced, nothing is inverted; plain-  
 ness and simplicity are all the aids of which the poet has  
 availed himself, yet a more perfect specimen of flowing,  
 elegant, and rhythmical modulation is not to be found in the  
 English language. The sprightliness, energy, and spirit  
 which pervade the remainder of this scene are worthy of all  
 praise.

† Dance a lavolta,] For this dance (for which the courtiers  
 of England as well as of France were indebted to Italy) see  
 the *Great Duke of Florence*.

‡ And where you tax us, &c.] Where is used for whereas:  
 a practice so common with Massinger, and indeed with all

I never knew a soldier yet, that could  
 Arrive into your favour; we may suffer  
 The winter's frost, and scorching summer's heat,  
 When the hot lion's breath singeth the fields,  
 To seek out victory; yet, at our return,  
 Though honour'd in our manly wounds, well taken,  
 You say they do deform us, and the loss  
 Of much blood that way, renders us unfit  
 To please you in your chambers.

*Clarín.* I must speak  
 A little in the general cause: your beauties  
 Are charms that do enchant so

Knowing that we are fastened in your toils;  
 In which to struggle, or strive to break out,  
 Increases the captivity. Never Circe,  
 Sated with such she purposed to transform,  
 Or cunning Siren, for whose fatal music  
 Nought but the hearer's death could satisfy,  
 Knew less of pity. Nay, I dare go further,  
 And justify your majesty hath lost  
 More resolute and brave courageous spirits  
 In this same dull and languishing fight of love,  
 Than e'er your wars took from you.

*Char.* No reply:—  
 This is a cause we will determine of,  
 And speedily redress: tamed Italy,  
 With fear, confesses me a warlike king,  
 And France shall boast I am a prince of love.  
 Shall we, that keep perpetual parliaments  
 For petty suits, or the least injury  
 Offer'd the goods or bodies of our subjects,  
 Not study a cure or the sickness of the mind,  
 Whose venomous contagion hath infected  
 Our bravest servants, and the choicest beauties  
 Our court is proud of? These are wounds require  
 A kingly surgeon, and the honour worthy  
 By us to be accepted.

*Phil.* It would add  
 To the rest of your great actions.

*Laf.* But the means  
 Most difficult, I fear

*Cham.* You shall do more, sir,  
 If you perform this, than I e'er could read  
 The sons of Saturn, that by lot divided  
 The government of the air, the sea, and hell,  
 Had spirit to undertake.

*Char.* Why, this more fires me;  
 And now partake of my design. With speed  
 Erect a place of justice near the court,  
 Which we'll have styled, the PARLIAMENT OF LOVE:  
 Here such whose humble service is not consider'd  
 By their proud mistresses, freely may complain;  
 And shall have hearing and redress.

*Nov.* O rare!

*Peri.* I like this well.

*Char.* And ladies that are wrong'd  
 By such as do profess themselves their servants,  
 May cite them hither, and their cause deliver'd  
 Or by their own tongues, or fee'd advocates,  
 Find sudden satisfaction.

*Nov.* What a rascal  
 Was I to leave the law! I might have had  
 Clients and clients. Ne'er was such a time  
 For any smooth-chinn'd advocate.

*Peri.* They will get the start

our old writers, that it is unnecessary to produce any  
 example of it.

Of the ladies' spruce physicians, starve their chap-  
Though never so well timber'd. [lains,

Char. 'Tis our will,  
Nor shall it be disputed. Of this court,  
Or rather, sanctuary of pure lovers,  
My lord of Orleans, and Nemours, assisted  
By the messieurs Philamour and Lafort, are judges.  
You have worn Venus' colours from your youth,

And cannot, therefore, but be sensible  
Of all her mysteries: what you shall determine,  
In the way of penance, punishment, or reward,  
Shall - - - the trial; a month we grant you  
- - - - - amours, which expired,  
- - - - - make your complaints, and be assured  
- - - - - impartial hearing; this determined,  
- - - - - rest of our affairs. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Clarindore's House.

Enter CLARINDORE, MONTROSE, PERIGOT, and  
NOVALL.

Peri. I do not relish  
The last part of the king's speech, though I was  
Much taken with the first.

Nov. Your reason, tutor?

Peri. Why, look you, pupil; the decree, that  
women  
Should not neglect the service of their lovers,  
But pay them from the exchequer they were born with,  
Was good and laudable; they being created  
To be both tractable and tactable,  
When they are useful: but to have it order'd,  
All women that have stumbled in the dark,  
Or given, by owl-light, favours, should complain,  
Is most intolerable: I myself shall have, [ets,  
Of such as trade in the streets, and 'scaped my pock-  
Of progress laundresses, and marketwomen,  
When the king's pleasure's known, a thousand bills  
Preferr'd against me.

Clar. This is out of season:  
Nothing to madam Bellisant, that, in public,  
Hath so inveighed against us.

Nov. She's a fury,  
I dare no more attempt her.

Peri. I'll not venture  
To change six words with her for half her state,  
Or stay, till she be trimm'd\*, from wine and women,  
For any new monopoly.

Mont. I will study  
How to forget her, shun the tempting poison  
Her looks, and magic of discourse, still offer,  
And be myself again: since there's no hope,  
'Twere madness to pursue her.

Peri. There are madams [not  
Better brought up, 'tis thought, and wives that dare  
Complain in parliament; there's safe trading, pupil:  
And, when she finds she is of all forsaken,  
Let my lady pride repent in vain, and mump,  
And envy others' markets.

Clar. May I ne'er prosper  
But you are three of the most fainting spirits  
That ever I conversed with! You do well  
To talk of progress laundresses, punks, and beggars:  
The wife of some rich tradesman with three teeth,  
And twice so many hairs: truck with old ladies,

That nature hath given o'er, that owe their doctors  
For an artificial life, that are so frozen,  
That a sound plague cannot thaw them; but despair  
I give you over: never hope to take  
A velvet petticoat up, or to commit  
With an Italian cutwork smock, when torn too.

Mont. And what hopes nourish you?

Clar. Troth, mine are modest.

I am only confident to win the lady  
You dare not look on, and now, in the height  
Of her contempt and scorn, to humble her.  
And teach her at what game her mother play'd,  
When she was got; and, cloy'd with those poor  
toys,

As I find her obedient and pleasing,  
I may, perhaps, descend to marry her:  
Then, with a kind of state, I take my chair\*,  
Command a sudden muster of my servants,  
And, after two or three majestic hums,  
It being known all is mine, peruse my writings,  
Let out this manor, at an easy rate,  
To such a friend, lend this ten thousand crowns  
For the redemption of his mortgaged land,  
Give to each by-blow I know mine, a farm,  
Erect - - - this in conse-

- - - - -  
That pleased me in my youth, but now grown stale.  
These things first ordered by me, and confirm'd  
By Bellisant, my wife, I care not much  
If, out of her own lands, I do assign her  
Some pretty jointure,

Peri. Talkest thou in thy sleep?

Nov. Or art thou mad?

Clar. A little elevated

With the assurance of my future fortune:  
Why do you stare and grin? I know this must be,  
And I will lay three thousand crowns, within  
A month I will effect this.

Mont. How!

Clar. Give proof

I have enjoy'd fair Bellisant, evident proof  
I have pluck'd her virgin rose, so long preserved,  
Not, like a play-trick, with a chain or ring†  
Stolen by corruption, but, against her will,  
Make her confess so much

Mont. Impossible.

\* Then with a kind of state, I take my chair, &c.] This is imitated from the soliloquy of Malvolio, in *Twelfth Night*; which is itself an imitation of the reverie of Alnaschar, in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*.

† Not, like a play-trick, with a chain or ring  
Stolen by corruption, &c.] Here is an allusion, perhaps, to the bracelet of Iuogen: the trick, however, of which Clarindore speaks, is found in many of our old dramas.

\* Or stay, till she be trimm'd from wine and women.] This word is very indistinct in the manuscript; I copied it with my best care, but still doubt whether it be the one given by the author.

*Clarin.* Then the disgrace be mine, the profit yours,  
If that you think her chastity a rock  
Not to be moved or shaken, or hold me  
A flatterer of myself, or overweener,  
Let me pay for my foolery.

*Peri.* I'll engage  
Myself for a thousand.

*Nov.* I'll not out for a second.

*Mont.* I would gladly lose a third part for assurance  
No virgin can stand constant long.

*Clarin.* Leave that  
To the trial: let us to a notary,  
Draw the conditions, see the crowns deposited,  
And then I will not cry, St. Dennis for me\*!  
But Love, blind archer, aid me!

*Peri.* Look you thrive;  
I would not be so jeer'd and hooted at,  
As you will be else.

*Clarin.* I will run the hazard.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—A Room in LEONORA's House.

*Enter LEONORA and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He will not be denied

*Leon.* Slave, beat him back!

I feed such whelps.—

*Serv.* Madam, I rattled him,  
Rattled him home.

*Leon.* Rattle him hence, you rascal,  
Or never see me more.

*Enter CLEREMOND.*

*Serv.* He comes: a sword!  
What would you have me do? Shall I cry murder  
Or raise the constable?

*Leon.* Hence, you shaking coward! [sum

*Serv.* I am glad I am so got off: here's a round  
For a few bitter words! be not shook off, sir;  
I'll see none shall disturb you. [Exit.

*Cler.* You might spare  
These frowns, good lady, on me: they are useless,  
I am shot through and through with your disdain,  
And on my heart the darts of scorn so thick,  
That there's no vacant place left to receive  
Another wound; their multitude is grown  
My best defence, and do confirm me that  
You cannot hurt me further.

*Leon.* Wert thou not  
Made up of impudence, and slaved to folly,  
Did any drop of noble blood remain  
In thy lustful veins, hadst thou or touch or relish,  
Of modesty, civility, or manners,  
Or but in thy deformed outside only  
Thou didst retain the essence of a man,  
- - - - - so many - - -

And loathing to thy person, thou wouldst not  
Force from a blushing woman that rude language,  
Thy baseness first made me acquainted with.

*Cler.* Now saint-like patience guard me!

*Leon.* I have heard  
Of mountebanks, that, to vent their drugs and oils,  
Have so inur'd themselves to poison, that  
They could digest a venom'd toad, or spider,  
Better than wholesome viands: in the list

Of such I hold thee; for that bitterness  
Of speech, reproof, and scorn, by her delivered  
Whom thou professest to adore, and shake at,  
Which would deter all mankind but thyself,  
Do nourish in thee saucy hopes, with pleasure.

*Cler.* Hear but my just defence.

*Leon.* Yet, since thou art  
So spaniel-like affected, and thy dotage  
Increases from abuse and injury,  
That way I'll once more feast thee. Of all men  
I ever saw yet, in my settled judgment,  
'Spite of thy barber, tailor, and perfumer,  
And thine adulterate and borrow'd helps,  
Thou art the ugliest creature; and when trimm'd up  
To the height, as thou imagin'st, in mine eyes,  
A leper with a clap-dish, (to give notice  
He is infectious\*), in respect of thee,  
Appears a young Adonis.

*Cler.* You look on me

In a false glass, madam.

*Leon.* Then thy dunghill mind,  
Suitable to the outside, never yet  
Produced one gentle thought, knowing her want  
Of faculties to put it into act.  
Thy courtship, as absurd as any zany's,  
After a practised manner; thy discourse,  
Though full of bombast phrase, never brought matter  
Worthy the laughing at, much less the hearing.—  
But I grow weary; for, indeed, to speak thee,  
Thy ills I mean, and speak them to the full,  
Would tire a thousand women's voluble tongues,  
And twice so many lawyers'—for a farewell,  
I'll sooner clasp an incubus, or hug  
A fork'd-tongued adder, than meet thy embraces,  
Which, as the devil, I fly from.

*Cler.* Now you have spent  
The utmost of your spleen, I would not say  
Your malice, set off to the height with fiction,  
Allow me leave, (a poor request, which judges  
Seldom deny unto a man condemn'd.)  
A little to complain: for, being censured,  
Or to extenuate, or excuse my guilt,  
Were but to wash an Ethiop. How oft, with tears,  
When the inhuman porter has forbid  
My entrance by your most severe commands,

\* A leper with a clap-dish, (to give notice

He is infectious,)) This explains the origin of the  
custom, to which our old writers have such frequent allu-  
sions.

The leprosy was once very common here; this the  
writers on the subject properly attribute to the want of  
linen, of fresh meat in winter, and above all, to the sloth in  
which the poor vegetated in their most filthy hovels. Our  
old poets seldom mention a leper, without noticing, at the  
same time, his constant accompaniments, the cup and  
clapper. Thus Henryson:

"Thus shalt thou go begging fro hous to hous,

With cuppe and clapper, like a Lazarous."

*Testament of Cresside.*

The clapper was not, as some imagine, an instrument  
solely calculated for making a noise; it was simply the  
cover of the cup or dish, which the poor wretch opened and  
shut with a loud clap, at the doors of the well-disposed.  
Cleanliness and a wholesome diet have eradicated this  
loathsome disease amongst us; but it still exists in many  
parts of the continent, where I have seen little communities  
of the infected, begging by the road side with a clap-dish,  
which they continue to strike, as formerly, on the appear-  
ance of a traveller. In England the clap-dish was im-  
pudently assumed by vagrants, sturdy-beggars, &c., who  
found it (as Farquhar says of the title of captain) "conve-  
nient for travelling," as the terror or pity the sound of it  
excited was well calculated to draw contributions from the  
public.

\* St. Dennis for me! This was the  
watch-word of the French soldiers when they charged their  
enemies.

Have these eyes wash'd your threshold! Did there  
Come novelty to Paris, rich or rare, [ever  
Which but as soon as known was not presented,  
Howe'er with frowns refused? Have I not brought  
The braveries of France\* before your window,  
To fight at barriers, or to break a lance,  
Or, in their full career, to take the ring,  
To do your honour? and then, being refused  
To speak my grief, my arms, my impresses,  
The colours that I wore, in a dumb sorrow  
Express'd how much I suffer'd in the rigour  
Of your displeasure.

Leon. Two months hence I'll have

The - - - - -  
Cler. Stay, best madam,

I am growing to a period.

Leon. Pray you do;

I here shall take a nap else, 'tis so pleasing.

Cler. Then only this: the voice you now contemn,  
You once did swear was musical; you have met too  
These lips in a soft encounter, and have brought  
An equal ardour with you: never lived  
A happier pair of lovers. I confess,  
After you promised marriage, nothing wanting  
But a few days expired, to make me happy,  
My violent impatience of delay  
Made me presume, and with some amorous force,  
To ask a full fruition of those pleasures  
Which sacred Hymen to the world makes lawful,  
Before his torch was lighted; in this only,  
You justly can accuse me.

Leon. Dar'st thou think  
That this offence can ever find a pardon,  
Unworthy as thou art!

Cler. But you most cruel,  
That, in your studied purpose of revenge,  
Cast both divine and human laws behind you,  
And only see their rigour, not their mercy.  
Offences of foul shape, by holy writ  
Are warranted remission, provided  
That the delinquent undergo the penance  
Imposed upon him by his confessor:  
But you that should be mine, and only can  
Or punish or absolve me, are so far  
From doing me right, that you disdain to hear me.

Leon. Now I may catch him in my long-wish'd  
toils; pose,

My hate help me to work it! (*aside.*) To what pur-  
Poor and pale spirited man, should I expect  
From thee the satisfaction of a wrong,  
Compared to which, the murder of a brother  
Were but a gentle injury?

Cler. Witness, heaven,  
All blessings hoped by good men, and all tortures  
The wicked shake at, no saint left unsworn by,  
That, uncompell'd, I here give up myself  
Wholly to your devotion; if I fail  
To do whatever you please to command,  
To expiate my trespass to your honour,  
So that, the task perform'd, you likewise swear,  
First to forgive, and after, marry me,  
May I endure more sharp and lingering torments  
Than ever tyrants found out! may my friends  
With scorn, not pity, look upon my sufferings,  
And at my last gasp, in the place of hope,  
Sorrow, despair, possess me!

\* The braveries of France,] We have had this expression  
before. See *The Bondman*.

Leon. You are caught,  
Most miserable fool, but fit to be so;—  
And 'tis but justice that thou art delivered  
Into her power that's sensible of a wrong,  
And glories to revenge it. Let me study  
What dreadful punishment, worthy my fury,  
I shall inflict upon thee; all the malice  
Of injured women help me! death? that's nothing,  
'Tis, to a conscious wretch, a benefit,  
And not a penance; else, on the next tree,  
For sport's sake, I would make thee hang thyself.

Cler. What have I done?

Leon. What cannot be recall'd.

To row for seven years in the Turkish galleys?  
A flea-biting! To be sold to a brothel,  
Or a common bagnio? that's a trifle too!

- - - Furies - - - - -  
The lashes of their whips pierce through the mind.  
I'll imitate them: I have it too.

Cler. Remember

You are a woman.

Leon. I have heard thee boast,  
That of all blessings in the earth next me,  
The number of thy trusty, faithful friends,  
Made up thy happiness: out of these, I charge  
thee,  
And by thine own repeated oaths conjure thee,  
To kill the best deserfer. Do not start;  
I'll have no other penance: then to practise,  
To find some means he that deserves the best,  
By undertaking something others fly from:  
This done, I am thine.

Cler. But hear me.

Leon. Not a syllable:

And till then never see me. [Exit.

Cler. I am lost,  
Foolishly lost and sunk by mine own baseness:  
I'll say only,  
With a heart-breaking patience, yet not rave,  
Better the devil's than a woman's slave. [Exit.

### SCENE III.—A Room in Bellisant's House.

Enter CLARINDORE and BEAUFRE.

Clarin. Nay, prithee, good Calista—

Beau. As I live, sir,  
She is determined to be private, and charged me,  
Till of herself she broke up her retirement,  
Not to admit a visitant.

Clarin. Thou art a fool,  
And I must have thee learn to know thy strength;  
There never was a sure path to the mistress,  
But by her minister's help, which I will pay for:

[Gives her his purse.

But yet this is but trash; hark in thine ear—  
By Love! I like thy person, and will make  
Full payment that way; be thou wise.

Beau. Like me, sir!

One of my dark complexion!

Clarin. I am serious:

The curtains drawn, and envious light shut out,  
The soft touch heightens appetite, and takes more  
Than colour, Venus' dressing, in the day time,  
But never thought on in her midnight revels.  
Come, I must have thee mine.

Beau. But how to serve you?

Clarin. Be speaking still my praises to thy lady,  
How much I love and languish for her bounties:

You may remember\* too, how many madams  
Are rivals for me, and in way of caution,  
Say you have heard, when I was wild, how dreadful  
My name was to a profess'd courtesan,  
Still asking more than she could give.

Enter BELLISANT.

Beau. My lady!

Bell. Be within call:

[Aside, to the Servants within.]

How now, Clarindore,  
Courtin' my servant! Nay, 'tis not my envy—  
You now express yourself a complete lover,  
That, for variety's sake, if she be woman,  
Can change discourse with any.

Clarin. All are foils  
I practise on, but when you make me happy  
In doing me that honour: I desired  
To hear her speak in the Morisco tongue;  
Troth, 'tis a pretty language.

Bell. Yes, to dance to:

Look to those sweetmeats. [Exit Beauprè.]

Clarin. How! by heaven, she aims  
To speak with me in private!

Bell. Come, sit down;  
Let's have some merry conference.

Clarin. In which - - - - -  
It - - - - -  
That my whole life employ'd to do you service,  
At no part can deserve.

Bell. If you esteem it  
At such a rate, do not abuse my bounty,  
Or comment on the granted privacy, further  
Than what the text may warrant; so you shall  
Destroy what I have built.

Clarin. I like not this. [Aside.]  
Bell. This new-erected Parliament of Love,  
It seems, has frighted hence my visitants:  
How spend Montrose and Perigot their hours?  
Novall and Cleremond vanish'd in a moment;  
I like your constancy yet.

Clarin. That's good again;  
She hath restored all: Pity them, good madam,  
The splendour of your house and entertainment,  
Enrich'd with all perfections by yourself,  
Is too, too glorious for their dim eyes:  
You are above their element; modest fools!  
That only dare admire: and bar them from  
Comparing of these eyes to the fairest flowers,  
Giving you Juno's majesty, Pallas' wit,  
Diana's hand, and 'I hetis' pretty foot;  
Or, when you dance, to swear that Venus leads  
The Loves and Graces from the Italian green,  
And such hyperboles stolen out of playbooks,  
They would stand all day mute, and as you were  
Some curious picture only to be look'd on,  
Presume no further.

Bell. Pray you keep your distance,  
And grow not rude.

Clarin. Rude, lady! manly boldness  
Cannot deserve that name; I have studied you,  
And love hath made an easy gloss upon  
The most abstruse and hidden mysteries  
Which you may keep conceal'd. You well may praise  
A bashful suitor, that is ravish'd with  
A feather of your fan, or if he gain  
A riband from your shoe, cries out *Nil ultra*!

\* You may remember too,] i. e. put her mind.

Bell. And what would satisfy you?

Clarin. Not such poor trifles,  
I can assure you, lady. Do not I see  
You are gamesome, young, and active? that you love  
A man that, of himself, comes boldly on,  
That will not put your modesty to trouble,  
To teach him how to feed, when meat's before him?  
That knows that you are flesh and blood, a creature,  
And born with such affections, that like me,  
Now I have opportunity, and your favour,  
Will not abuse my fortune? Should I stand now  
Licking my fingers, cry, ah me! then kneel,  
And swear you were a goddess, kiss the skirts  
Of your proud garments, when I were gone, I am  
sure

I should be kindly laugh'd at for a coxcomb;  
The story made the subject of your mirth,  
At your next meeting, when you sit in council,  
Among the beauties.

Bell. Is this possible?  
All due respect forgotten!

Clarin. Hang respect!  
Are we not alone? See, I dare touch this hand,  
And without adoration unglove it.  
A spring of youth is in this palm: here Cupid,  
The moisture turn'd to diamonds, heads his arrows:  
The far-famed English Bath, or German Spa,  
One drop of this will purchase. Shall this nectar  
Run useless, then to waste? or - - - these lips,  
That open like the morn, breathing perfumes  
On such as dare approach them, be untouch'd?  
They must—nay, 'tis in vain to make resistance,—  
Be often kiss'd and tasted:—You seem angry  
At - - - I have displeased you.

Bell. [to the servants within.] - - - - -  
And come prepared, as if some Africk monster,  
By force, had broke into my house.

Enter Servants, with drawn swords.

Clarin. How's this?

Bell. Circle him round with death, and if he stir,  
Or but presume to speak, till I allow it,  
His body be the navel to the wheel,  
In which your rapiers, like so many spokes,  
Shall meet and fix themselves.

Clarin. Were I off with life  
This for my wager!

Bell. Villain, shake and tremble  
At my just anger! Which, of all my actions,  
Confined in virtuous limits, hath given life  
And birth to this presumption? Hast thou ever  
Observed in me a wanton look or gesture  
Not suiting with a virgin? Have I been  
Prodigal in my favours, or given hopes,  
To nourish such attempts? Swear, and swear truly,  
What in thy soul thou think'st of me.

Clarin. As of one  
Made up of chastity; and only tried,  
Which I repent, what this might work upon you.

Bell. The intent deserves not death; but, sirrah,  
know

'Tis in my power to look thee dead.

Clarin. 'Tis granted.

Bell. I am not so cruel; yet for this insolence,  
Forbear my house for ever: if you are hot,  
You, ruffian-like, may force a parting kiss,  
As from a common gamester.

Clarin. I am cool:  
She's a virago.

*Bell.* Or you may go boast,  
How bravely you came on, to your companions;  
I will not bribe your silence: no reply.  
Now thrust him headlong out of doors, and see  
He never more pass my threshold. [Exit.  
*Clarín.* This comes of  
My daring: all hell's plagues light on the proverb  
That says, *Faint heart*—but it is stale.

*Serv.* Pray you walk, sir,  
We must shew you the way else.  
*Clarín.* Be not too officious.  
I am no bar\* for you to try your strength on.  
Sit quietly by this disgrace I cannot:  
Some other course I must be forced to take,  
Not for my wager now, but honour's sake. [Exit.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in CHAMONT'S House.

Enter CHAMONT, PERIGOT, NOVALL, DINANT, LAMIRA, and CLARINDA.

*Peri.* 'Twas prince-like entertainment.

*Cham.* You o'erprize it.

*Din.* Your cheerful looks made every dish a feast,  
And 'tis that crowns a welcome.

*Lam.* For my part,  
I hold society and honest mirth  
The greatest blessing of a civil life.

*Cla.* Without good company, indeed, all dainties  
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,  
Are only seen, not tasted.

*Nov.* By this light,  
She speaks well too! I'll have a flog at her;  
She is no fit electuary for a doctor:  
A coarser julap may well cool his worship;  
This cordial is for gallants.

*Cham.* Let me see,  
The night grows old; pray you often be my guests.  
Such as dare come unto a - - - table,  
Although not crack'd with curious delicacies,  
Have liberty to command it as their own:  
I may do the like with you, when you are married.

*Peri.* Yes, 'tis likely,  
When there's no forage to be had abroad,  
Nor credulous husbands left to father children  
Of bachelors' begetting; when court wives  
Are won to grant variety is not pleasing,  
And that a friend at a pinch is useless to them,  
I - - - but till then

*Cham.* You have a merry time of 't;—  
But we forget ourselves:—Gallants, good night.  
Good master doctor, when your leisure serves,  
Visit my house; when we least need their art,  
Physicians look most lovely.

*Din.* All that's in me,  
Is at your lordship's service. Monsieur Perigot,  
Monsieur Novall, in what I may be useful,  
Pray you command me.

*Nov.* We'll wait on you home.

*Din.* By no means, sir; good night.

[Exit all but Novall and Perigot.]

*Nov.* The knave is jealous.

*Peri.* 'Tis a disease few doctors cure themselves of.

*Nov.* I would he were my patient!

*Peri.* Do but practise

To get his wife's consent, the way is easy.

*Nov.* You may conclude so; for myself, I grant  
I never was so taken with a woman,

Nor ever had less hope.

*Peri.* Be not dejected;  
Follow but my directions, she's your own:  
I'll set thee in a course that shall not fail.—  
I like thy choice; but more of that hereafter:  
Adultery is a safe and secret sin;  
The purchase of a maidenhead seldom quits  
The danger and the labour: build on this,  
He that puts home shall find all women coming.  
The frozen Bellisant ever excepted.  
Could you believe the fair wife of Chamont,  
A lady never tainted in her honour,  
Should at the first assault, for till this night  
I never courted her, yield up the fort  
That she hath kept so long?

*Nov.* 'Tis wondrous strange.  
What winning language used you?

*Peri.* Thou art a child;  
'Tis action, not fine speeches, take a woman.  
Pleasure's their heaven; and he that gives assurance  
That he hath strength to tame their hot desires,  
Is the prevailing orator: she but saw me  
Jump over six join'd stools, and after cut  
Some forty capers; tricks that never misst,  
In a magnificent mask, to draw the eyes  
Of all the beauties in the court upon me,  
But straight she wrung my hand, trod on my toe,  
And said my mistress could not but be happy  
In such an able servant. I replied  
Bluntly, I was ambitious to be hers;  
And she, nor coy nor shy, straight entertain'd me:  
I begg'd a private meeting, it was granted,  
The time and place appointed.

*Nov.* But remember,  
Chamont is your friend.

*Peri.* Now out upon thee, puiſne!  
As if a man so far e'er loved that title,  
But 'twas much more delight and tickling to him,  
To hug himself, and say, 'This is my cuckold!

*Nov.* But did he not observe thee?

*Peri.* Though he did,  
As I am doubtful, I will not desist;  
The danger will endear the sport.

\* I am no bar for you to try your strength on. Alluding to the threats of the servants "to quit him down stairs." Pitching the bar is still a game at which the rustics of this country try their strength.

tricks that never misst, &c.]

"He, indeed, danced well:  
A turn o' the toe, with a lofty trick or two,  
To argue nimbleness and a strong back,  
Will go far with a madam."

The Custom of the Country

Enter CLARINDORE.

Nov. Forbear ;

Here's Clarindore.

Peri. We will be merry with him ;  
I have heard his entertainment. Join but with me,  
And we will jeer this self-opinion'd fool  
Almost to madness.

Nov. He's already grown  
Exceeding melancholy, and some say  
That's the first step to frenzy.

Peri. I'll upon him.

Save you, good monsieur ! no reply ? grown proud  
Of your success ? it is not well - - -

Clar. 'Tis come out ; these goslings  
Have heard of my - - -

Nov. We gratulate,  
Though we pay for't, your happy entrance to  
The certain favours, nay, the sure possession,  
Of madam Bellisant.

Clarin. The young whelp too !  
'Tis well, exceeding well.

Peri. 'Tis so with you, sir ;  
But bear it modestly, 'faith it will become you :  
And being arrived at such a lordly revenue,  
As this your happy match instates you with,  
Two thousand crowns from me, and from Novall,  
Though we almost confess the wager lost,  
Will be a small addition.

Nov. You mistake him ;  
Nor do I fear, out of his noble nature,  
But that he may be won to license us  
To draw our venture.

Clarin. Spend your frothy wits,  
Do, do ; you snarl, but hurt not.

Nov. O, give leave  
To losers for to speak.

Peri. 'Tis a strange fate  
Some men are born to, and a happy star  
That reign'd at your nativity ! it could not be else,  
A lady of a constancy like a rock,  
Not to be moved, and held impregnable,  
Should yield at the first assault !

Nov. 'Tis the reward  
Of a brave daring spirit.

Peri. Tush ! we are dull ;  
Abuse our opportunities.

Clarin. Have you done yet ?

Peri. When he had privacy of discourse, he knew  
How to use that advantage ; did he stand  
Fawning, and crouching ? no ; he ran up boldly,  
Told her what she was born to, ruffled her,  
Kiss'd her, and toused her :—all the passages  
Are at court already ; and, 'tis said, a patent  
Is granted him, if any maid be chaste,  
For him to humble her, and a new name given him,  
The scornful virgin tamer.

Clarin. I may tame  
Your buffoon tongues, if you proceed.

Nov. No anger.

I have heard that Bellisant was so taken with  
Your manly courage, that she straight prepared you  
A sumptuous banquet.

Peri. Yet his enemies  
Report it was a blanket.

Nov. Malice, malice !

She was shewing him her chamber too, and call'd  
for

Perfumes, and cambric sheets.

Peri. When, see the luck on't !

Against her will, her most unmannerly grooms,

For so 'tis rumour'd, took him by the shoulders,  
And thrust him out of doors.

Nov. Faith, sir, resolve us ;  
How was it ? we would gladly know the truth,  
To stop the mouth of calumny.

Clarin. Troth, sir, I'll tell you :  
One took me by the nose thus, and a second  
Made bold with me thus—but one word more, you  
shall

Feel new expressions—and so my gentle boobies,  
Farewell, and be hang'd ! [Exit.]

Nov. We have nettled him.

Peri. Had we stung him to death, it were but  
justice,

An overweening braggard !

Nov. This is nothing

To the doctor's wife.

Peri. Come, we'll consult of it,

And suddenly.

Nov. I feel a woman's longing till I am at it.

Peri. Never fear ; she's thine own, boy.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter CLEREMOND.

Clar. What have my sins been, heaven ? yet thy  
great pleasure

Must not be argued. Was wretch ever bound

On such a black adventure, in which only

To wish to prosper is a greater curse

Than to - - - - - me

Of reason, understanding, and true judgment.

'Twere a degree of comfort to myself

I were stark mad ; or, like a beast of prey,

Prick'd on by griping hunger, all my thoughts

And faculties were wholly taken up

To cloy my appetite, and could look no further :

But I rise up a new example of

Calamity, transcending all before me ;

And I should gild my misery with false comforts,

If I compared it with an Indian slave's,

That with incessant labour to search out

Some unknown mine, dives almost to the centre ;

And, if then found, not thank'd of his proud master.

But this, if put into an equal scale

With my unparallel'd fortune, will weigh nothing ;

For from a cabinet of the choicest jewels

That mankind ere was rich in, whose least gem

All treasure of the earth, or what is hid

In Neptune's watery bosom, cannot purchase,

I must seek out the richest, fairest, purest,

And when by proof 'tis known it holds the value,

As soon as found destroy it. O most cruel ;

And yet, when I consider of the many

That have profess'd themselves my friends, and  
vow'd [ments]

Their lives were not their own when my engage-

Should summon them to be at my devotion ;

Not one endures the test ; I almost grow

Of the world's received opinion, that holds

Friendship but a mere name, that binds no further

Than to the altar\*—to retire with safety.

Here comes Montrose.

\* ———— that binds no further

† Than to the altar. An allusion to the saying Pericles,  
that he would support the interests of his friend μέχρι θανάτου,  
as far as the altar ; i. e. as far as his respect for the gods  
would give him leave.

Enter MONTROSE and BEAUPRÉ.

What sudden joy transports him ?  
I never saw man rapt so.

Mont. Purse and all,  
And 'tis too little, though it were cramm'd full  
With crowns of the sun. O blessed, blessed paper !  
But made so by the touch of her fair hand.  
What shall I answer ? Say, I am her creature,  
Or, if thou canst find out a word that may  
Express subjection in an humbler style,  
Use it, I prithee ; add too, her commands  
Shall be with as much willingness perform'd,  
As I in this fold, this, receive her favours\*.

Beau. I shall return so much.

Mont. And that two hours  
Shall bring me to attend her.

Beau. With all care  
And circumstance of service from yourself,  
I will deliver it.

Mont. I am still your debtor. [Exit Beaupré.]

Cler. I read the cause now clearly ; I'll slip by :  
For though, even at this instant, he should prove  
Himself, which others' falsehood makes me doubt,  
That constant and best friend I go in quest of,  
It were inhuman in their birth to strangle  
His promising hopes of comfort.

Mont. Cleremond  
Pass by me as a stranger ! at a time too  
When I am fill'd with such excess of joy,  
So swollen and surfeited with true delight,  
That had I not found out a friend, to whom  
I might impart them, and so give them vent,  
In their abundance they would force a passage,  
And let out life together ! Prithee, bear,  
For friendship's sake, a part of that sweet burthen  
Which I shrink under ; and when thou hast read  
Fair Bellisant subscribed, so near my name too,  
Observe but that,—thou must, with me, confess,  
There cannot be room in one lover's heart  
Capacious enough to entertain  
Such multitudes of pleasures.

Cler. I joy with you,  
Let that suffice, and envy not your blessings ;  
May they increase ! Farewell, friend.

Mont. How ! no more ?  
By the snow-white hand that writ these characters,  
It is a breach to courtesy and manners,  
So coldly to take notice of his good,  
Whom you call friend ! See further : here she writes  
That she is truly sensible of my sufferings,  
And not alone vouchsafes to call me servant,  
But to employ me in a cause that much  
Concerns her in her honour ; there's a favour !  
Are you yet stupid ?—and that, two hours hence,  
She does expect me in the private walks  
Neighbouring the Louvre : cannot all this move  
you ?

I could be angry. A tenth of these bounties  
But promised to you from Leonora,  
To witness my affection to my friend,  
In his behalf, had taught me to forget  
All mine own miseries.

Cler. Do not misinterpret  
This coldness in me ; for alas ! Montrose,  
I am a thing so made up of affliction,

So every way condemn'd, that I conclude  
My sorrows are infectious ; and my company,  
Like such as have foul ulcers running on them,  
To be with care avoided. May your happiness,  
In the favour of the matchless Bellisant,  
Hourly increase ! and my best wishes guard you !  
'Tis all that I can give.

Mont. You must not leave me.

Cler. Indeed I must and will ; mine own engage-  
ments  
Call me away.

Mont. What are they ? I presume  
There cannot be a secret of that weight,  
You dare not trust me with ; and should you doubt  
me,

I justly might complain that my affection  
Is placed unfortunately.

Cler. I know you are honest ;  
And this is such a business, and requires  
Such sudden execution, that it cannot  
Fall in the compass of your will, or power,  
To do me a friend's office. In a word,  
On terms that near concern me in mine honour,  
I am to fight the quarrel, mortal too,  
The time some two hours hence, the place ten miles  
Distant from Paris ; and when you shall know  
I yet am unprovided of a second,  
You will excuse my sudden parting from you.  
Farewell, Montrose.

Mont. Not so ; I am the man  
Will run the danger with you ; and must tell you,  
That, while I live, it was a wrong to seek  
Another's arm to second you. Lead the way ;  
My horse stands ready.

Cler. I confess 'tis noble  
For you to offer this, but it were base  
In me to accept it.

Mont. Do not scorn me, friend.

Cler. No ; but admire and honour you ; and from  
that

Serious consideration, must refuse  
The tender of your aid. France knows you valiant  
And that you might, in single opposition,  
Fight for a crown ; but millions of reasons  
Forbid me your assistance. You forget  
Your own designs ; being the very minute  
I am to encounter with mine enemy,  
To meet your mistress, such a mistress too,  
Whose favour you so many years have sought :  
And will you then, when she vouchsafes access,  
Nay more, invites you, check at her fair offer ?  
Or shall it be repeated, to my shame,  
For my own ends I robb'd you of a fortune  
Princes might envy ? Can you even hope  
She ever will receive you to her presence,  
If you neglect her now ?—Be wise, dear friend,  
And, in your prodigality of goodness,  
Do not undo yourself. Live long and happy,  
And leave me to my dangers.

Mont. Cleremond,  
I have with patience heard you, and consider'd  
The strength of your best arguments ; weigh'd the  
dangers

I run in mine own fortunes ; but again,  
When I oppose the sacred name of friend  
Against those joys I have so long pursued,  
Neither the beauty of fair Bellisant,  
Her wealth, her virtues, can prevail so far,  
In such a desperate case as this, to leave you.—  
To have it to posterity recorded,

\* As I in this fold, this, receive her favours.] Massinger  
is fond of these repetitions, which indeed, sparingly used,  
have a very good effect.

At such a time as this I proved true gold,  
And current in my friendship, shall be to me  
A thousand mistresses, and such embraces  
As leave no sting behind them: therefore, on;  
I am resolved, unless you beat me off,  
I will not leave you.

*Cler.* Oh! here is a jewel  
Fit for the cabinet of the greatest monarch!  
But I of all men miserable—

*Mont.* Come, be cheerful;  
Good fortune will attend us.

*Cler.* That, to me,  
To have the greatest blessing, a true friend,  
Should be the greatest curse!—Be yet advised.

*Mont.* It is in vain.

*Cler.* That e'er I should have cause  
To wish you had loved less!

*Mont.* The hour draws on:  
We'll talk more as we ride.

*Cler.* Of men most wretched!

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Room in Bellisant's House.

*Enter BELLISANT and BEAUPRE.*

*Bell.* Nay, pray you, dry your eyes, or your sad  
story,  
Whose every accent still, methinks, I hear,  
'Twas with such passion, and such grief deliver'd,  
Will make mine bear your's company. All my  
fear is,

The rigorous repulse this worst of men,  
False, perjured Clarindore—I am sick to name him—  
Received at his last visit, will deter him  
From coming again.

*Beau.* No; he's resolved to venture;  
And has bribed me, with hazard of your anger,  
To get him access, but in another shape\*:  
The time prefix'd draws near too.

*Bell.* 'Tis the better. [*Knocking within.*]  
One knocks.

*Beau.* I am sure 'tis he.

*Bell.* Convey him in;  
But do it with a face of fear. [*Exit Beaupré.*]

I cannot  
Resolve yet with what looks to entertain him.  
You powers that favour innocence, and revenge  
Wrongs done by such as scornfully deride  
Your awful names, inspire me! [*Walks aside.*]

*Re-enter BEAUPRE with CLARINDORE disguised.*

*Beau.* Sir, I hazard  
My service in this action.

*Clarin.* Thou shalt live  
To be the mistress of thyself and others,  
If that my projects hit: all's at the stake now:  
And as the die falls, I am made most happy,  
Or past expression wretched.

*Bell.* Ha! who's that?  
What bold intruder usher you? This rudeness!—  
From whence? what would he?

*Beau.* He brings letters, madam,  
As he says, from Lord Chamont.

*Clarin.* How her frowns fright me!

*Bell.* From Lord Chamont? Are they of such import,  
That you, before my pleasure be enquired,

Dare bring the bearer to my private chamber?  
No more of this: your packet, sir!

*Clarin.* The letters  
Deliver'd to my trust and faith are writ  
In such mysterious and dark characters,  
As will require the judgment of your soul,  
More than your eye, to read and understand them.

*Bell.* What riddle's this? [*Discovering Clarin.*]

Ha! am I then condemn'd?

Dare you do this, presuming on my soft  
And gentle nature?—Fear not, I must show  
A seeming anger. [*Aside to Beaupré.*] What new  
boist'rous courtship,

After your late loose language, and forced kiss,  
Come you to practise? I know none beyond it.  
If you imagine that you may commit  
A rape in mine own house, and that my servants  
Will stand tame lookers on—

*Clarin.* If I bring with me  
One thought, but of submission and sorrow,  
Or nourish any hope, but that your goodness  
May please to sign my pardon, may I perish  
In your displeasure! which to me is more  
Than fear of hell hereafter. I confess,  
The violence I offered to your sweetness,  
In my presumption, with lips impure,  
To force a touch from yours, a greater crime  
Than if I should have mix'd lascivious flames  
With those chaste fires that burn at Dian's altar.  
That 'twas a plot of trea-on to your virtues,  
To think you could be tempted, or believe  
You were not fashion'd in a better mould,  
And made of purer clay than other women.  
Since you are, then, the phoenix of your time,  
And e'en now, while you bless the earth, partake  
Of their angelical essence, imitate  
Heaven's aptness to forgive, when mercy's sued for,  
And once more take me to your grace and favour.

*Bell.* What charms are these! what an enchanting  
tongue!

What pity 'tis, one that can speak so well,  
Should in his actions be so ill!

*Beau.* Take heed,  
Lose not yourself.

*Bell.* So well, sir, you have pleaded,  
And, like an advocate, in your own cause,  
That, though your guilt were greater, I acquit you,  
The fault no more remember'd; and for proof  
My heart partakes in my tongue, thus seal your  
pardon; [*Kisses him.*]

And with this willing favour (which forced from me,  
Call'd on my anger) make atonement with you.

*Clarin.* If I dream now, O, may I never wake,  
But slumber thus ten ages!

*Bell.* Till this minute,  
You ne'er to me look'd lovely.

*Clarin.* How!

*Bell.* Nor have I  
E'er seen a man, in my opinion, worthy  
The bounty I vouchsafe you; therefore fix h're.  
And make me understand that you can bear  
Your fortune modestly.

*Clarin.* I find her coming:  
This kiss was but the prologue to the play,  
And not to seek the rest were cowardice.  
Help me, dissimulation! (*aside.*) Pardon, madam,  
Though now, when I should put on cheerful looks  
In being blest with what I durst not hope for,  
I change the comic scene, and do present you  
With a most tragic spectacle.

\* ——— but in another shape:] i. e. as I have  
before observed, in another dress.

*Bell.* Heaven avert  
This prodigy! what mean you?

*Clarin.* To confirm,  
In death, how truly I have loved. I grant  
Your favours done me, yield this benefit,  
As to make way for me to pass in peace  
To my long rest: what I have tasted from you  
Informs me only of the much I want:  
For in your pardon, and the kiss vouchsafed me,  
You did but point me out a fore-right way  
To lead to certain happiness, and then will'd me  
To move no further. Pray you, excuse me, therefore,  
Though I desire to end a lingering torment:  
And, if you please, with your fair hand, to make me  
A sacrifice to your chastity, I will meet [your  
The instrument you make choice of, with more fer-  
Than ever Caesar did, to bug the mistress  
He doted on, plumed victory; but if that  
You do abhor the office, as too full  
Of cruelty and horror, yet give leave,  
That, in your presence, I myself may be  
Both priest and offering. [Draws his sword.

*Bell.* Hold, hold, frantic man!  
The shrine of love shall not be bathed in blood.  
Women, though fair, were made to bring forth men,  
And not destroy them; therefore hold. I say!  
I had a mother, and she look'd upon me  
As on a true epitome of her youth:  
Nor can I think I am forbid the comfort  
To bring forth little models of myself,  
If heaven be pleased (my nuptial joys perform'd)  
To make me fruitful.

*Clarin.* Such celestial music  
Ne'er blest these ears. O! you have argued better  
For me, than I could for myself.

*Bell.* For you!  
What, did I give you hope to be my husband?  
*Clarin.* Fallen off again! [Aside.

*Bell.* Yet since you have given sure proof  
Of love and constancy, I'll unmask those thoughts,  
That long have been conceal'd; I am yours, but how?  
In an honourable way.

*Clarin.* I were more than base,  
Should I desire you otherwise.

*Bell.* True affection  
Needs not a contract: and it were to doubt me,  
To engage me further; yet, my vow expired,  
Which is, to live a virgin for a year,  
Challenge my promise.

*Clarin.* For a year! O, madam!  
Play not the tyranness: do not give me hopes,  
And in a moment change them to despair.  
A year! alas, this body, that's all fire,  
If you refuse to quench it with your favour,  
Will, in three days, be cinders; and your mercy  
Will come too late then. Dearest lady, marriage  
Is but a ceremony; and a hurtful vow  
Is in the breach of it better commended,  
Than in the keeping. O! I burn, I burn;  
And, if you take not pity, I must fly  
To my last refuge. [Offers to stab himself.

*Bell.* Hold! Say I could yield  
This night, to satisfy you to the full,  
And you should swear, until the wedding day,  
To keep the favours I now grant conceal'd;  
You would be talking.

*Clarin.* May my tongue rot out, then!

*Bell.* Or boast to your companions of your con-  
quest,  
And of my easiness.

*Clarin.* I'll endure the rack first.

*Bell.* And, having what you long for, cast me off,  
As you did madam Beauprè.

*Clarin.* May the earth  
First gape, and swallow me!

*Bell.* I'll press you no further.  
Go in, your chamber's ready: if you have  
A bedfellow, so: but silence I enjoin you,  
And liberty to leave you when I please:  
I blush, if you reply.

*Clarin.* Till now ne'er happy! [Exit.

*Beau.* What means your ladyship?

*Bell.* Do not ask, but do  
As I direct you: though as yet we tread  
A rough and thorny way, faint not; the ends  
I hope to reach shall make a large amends. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Dinant's House.

Enter NOVALL and DINANT.

*Dia.* You are welcome first, sir: and that spoke,  
receive  
A faithful promise, all that art, or long  
Experience, hath taught me, shall enlarge  
Themselves for your recovery.

*Nov.* Sir, I thank you,  
As far as a weak, sick, and unable man  
Has power to express; but what wants in my tongue,  
My hand (for yet my fingers feel no gout,)  
Shall speak in this dumb language.

*Gives him his purse.*

*Dia.* You are too magnificent.  
*Nov.* Fie! no, sir; health is, sure, a precious  
We cannot buy it too dear. [jewel,

*Dia.* Take comfort, sir;

I find not, by your urine, nor your pulse,  
Or any outward symptom, that you are  
In any certain danger.

*Nov.* Oh! the more my fear:  
Infirmities that are known are - - - cured,  
But when the causes of them are conceal'd,  
As these of mine are, doctor, they prove mortal:  
Howe'er, I'll not forget you while I live,  
Do but your parts.

*Dia.* Sir, they are at your service.  
I'll give you some preparatives, to instruct me  
Of your inward temper; then, as I find cause,  
Some gentle purge.

*Nov.* Yes, I must purge; I die else:  
But where, dear doctor, you shall not find out.  
This is a happy entrance, may it end well!  
I'll mount your nightcap, Doddipol. [Aside.

*Dia.* In what part,

We are sworn to secrecy, and you must be free,) Do you find your greatest agony?

*Nov.* Oh! I have Strange motions on the sudden; villanous tumours, That rise, then fall, then rise again; oh, doctor! Not to be shown or named.

*Din.* Then, in my judgment, You had best leave Paris; choose some fresher air; That does help much in physic.

*Nov.* By no means. Here, in your house, or no where, you must cure me: The eye of the master fets the horse: and when His doctor's by, the patient may drink wine In a fit of a burning fever: for your presence Works more than what you minister. Take physic, Attended on by ignorant grooms, mere strangers To your directions, I must hazard life, And you your reputation! whereas, sir, I hold your house a college of your art, And every boy you keep, by you instructed, A pretty piece of a Galenist: then the females, From your most fair wife to your kitchen drudge, Are so familiar with your learned courses, That, to an herb, they know to make thin broth: Or, when occasion serves, to cheer the heart, And such ingredient I shall have most need of, How many cocks o' the game make a strong cullis, Or pheasant's eggs a caudle.

*Din.* I am glad To hear you argue with such strength.

*Enter CLARINDA; she whispers DINANT.*

*Nov.* A flash, sir: But now I feel my fit again. She is Made up of all perfection; any danger That leads to the enjoying so much sweetness Is pleasure at the height: I am ravish'd with The mere imagination. Oh happiness!— [*Aside.*]

*Din.* How's this! One from the duke Nemours?

*Cl.* Yes, sir.

*Din.* 'Tis rank: The sight of my wife hath forced him to forget To counterfeit:—I now guess at your sickness. And if I fit you not!—

*Cl.* The gentleman stays you. [*wife,*]

*Din.* I come to him presently; in the mean time, Be careful of this monsieur: nay, no coyness, You may salute him boldly; his pale lips Enchant not in the touch.

*Nov.* Her's do, I'm sure.

*Din.* Kiss him again.

*Cl.* Sir, this is more than modest.

*Din.* Modest! why, fool, desire is dead in him:

Call it a charitable, pious work,

If it refresh his spirits.

*Nov.* Yes, indeed, sir.

I find great ease in it.

*Din.* Mark that! and would you

Deny a sick man comfort? meat's against

- - - - - physic, must be granted too,

- - - - - wife - - - - - you shall,

In person, wait on him; nay, hang not off,

I say you shall: this night, with your own hands,

I'll have you air his bed, and when he eats

Of what you have prepared, you shall sit by him,

And, with some merry chat, help to repair

Decayed appetite; watch by him when he slumbers;

Nay, play his page's part: more, I durst trust you,

We're this our wedding day, you yet a virgin,

To be his bedfellow; for well I know

Old Priam's impotence, or Nestor's hernia, is

Herculean activeness, if but compared To his debility: put him to his oath, He'll swear he can do nothing.

*Nov.* Do! O no, sir;

I am past the thought of it.

*Din.* But how do you like

The method I prescribe?

*Nov.* Beyond expression;

Upon the mere report I do conceive

Hope of recovery.

*Cl.* Are you mad?

*Din.* Peace, fool.

This night you shall take a cordial to strengthen Your feeble limbs; 'twill cost ten crowns a draught.

*Nov.* No matter, sir.

*Din.* To-morrow you shall walk

To see my garden; then my wife shall shew you

The choice rooms of my house; when you are weary,

Cast yourself on her couch.

*Nov.* Oh, divine doctor!

What man in health would not be sick, on purpose

To be your patient?

*Din.* Come, sir, to your chamber;

And now I understand where your disease lies,

(Nay, lead him by the hand), doubt not I'll cure

you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—An open part of the Country near Paris.

*Enter CLEMOND and MONTROSE.*

*Cler.* This is the place.

*Mont.* An even piece of ground, Without advantage; but be jocund, friend: The honour to have entered first the field, However we come off, is ours\*.

*Cler.* I need not, So well I am acquainted with your valour, To dare, in a good cause, as much as man, Lend you encouragement; and should I add, Your power to do, which fortune, howe'er blind, Hath ever seconded, I cannot doubt But victory still sits upon your sword, And must not now forsake you.

*Mont.* You shall see me Come boldly up; nor will I shame your cause, By parting with an inch of ground not bought With blood on my part.

*Cler.* 'Tis not to be question'd: That which I would entreat, (and pray you grant it,) Is, that you would forget your usual softness, Your foe being at your mercy; it hath been A custom in you, which I dare not praise, Having disarm'd your enemy of his sword, To tempt your fate, by yielding it again; Thus run a second hazard.

*Mont.* When we encounter A noble foe, we cannot be too noble. [*you,*]

*Cler.* That I confess; but he that's now to oppose I know for an archvillain; one that hath lost All feeling of humanity, one that hates Goodness in others, 'cause he's ill himself;

\* The honour to have enter'd first the field, However we come off, is ours. Thus Fletcher: [*side;*]  
"Cler. I'm first in the field, that honour's gain'd of our  
"Pray heaven, I may get off as honourably!"

The Little French Lawyer  
It is observable, that several of the names which occur in  
The Parliament of Love are found also in Fletcher's play;  
though their plots have nothing in common.

A most ungrateful wretch, (the name's too gentle,  
All attributes of wickedness cannot reach him,)  
Of whom to have deserved, beyond example  
Or precedent of friendship, is a wrong  
Which only death can satisfy.

*Mont.* You describe  
A monster to me.

*Cler.* True, Montrose, he is so.  
Afric, though fertile of strange prodigies,  
Never produced his equal; be wise, therefore,  
And if he fall into your hands, dispatch him:  
Pity to him is cruelty. The sad father,  
That sees his son stung by a snake to death,  
May, with more justice, stay his vengeful hand,  
And let the worm\* escape, than you vouchsafe him  
A minute to repent: for 'tis a slave  
So sold to hell and mischief, that a traitor  
To his most lawful prince, a church-robber,  
A parricide, who, when his garners are  
Cramm'd with the purest grain, suffers his parents,  
Being old and weak, to starve for want of bread;  
Compared to him, are innocent.

*Mont.* I ne'er heard  
Of such a cursed nature; if long-lived,  
He would infect mankind: rest you assured,  
He finds from me small courtesy.

*Cler.* And expect  
As little from him; blood is that he thirsts for,  
Not honourable wounds.

*Mont.* I would I had him  
Within my sword's length!

*Cler.* Have thy wish: Thou hast!

[*Cleremond draws his sword*  
Nay, draw thy sword, and suddenly; I am  
That monster, temple-robber, parricide,  
Ingrateful wretch; friend-bater, or what else  
Makes up the perfect figure of the devil,  
Should he appear like man. Banish amazement,  
And call thy ablest spirits up to guard thee  
From him that's turn'd a fury. I am made  
Her minister, whose cruelty but named,  
Would with more horror strike the pale-cheek'd stars,  
Than all those dreadful words which conjurors use,  
To fright their damn'd familiars. Look not on me  
As I am Cleremond; I have parted with  
The essence that was his, and entertain'd  
The soul of some fierce tigress, or a wolf's,  
New-hang'd for human slaughter, and 'tis fit:  
I could not else be an apt instrument  
To bloody Leonora.

*Mont.* To my knowledge  
I never wrong'd her.

*Cler.* Yes, in being a friend  
To me; she hated my best friend, her malice  
Would look no lower:—and for being such,  
By her commands, Montrose, I am to kill thee.  
Oh, that thou hadst, like others, been all words,  
And no performance! or that thou hadst made  
Some little stop in thy career of kindness!  
Why wouldst thou, to confirm the name of friend,  
Despise the favours of fair Bellissant,  
And all those certain joys that waited for thee?  
Snatch at this fatal offer of a second,  
Which others fled from?—'Tis in vain to mourn now,

\* And let the worm escape,] i. e. the snake mentioned in the preceding line. *Worm*, which is pure Saxon, was once the general term for all reptiles of the serpent kind; indeed, it is still so, in many parts of England. The word occurs so frequently in this sense, among the writers of Massinger's time that it appears unnecessary to produce instances of it.

When there's no help; and therefore, good Montrose,  
Rouse thy most manly parts, and think thou stand'st  
A champion for more than king or country: [now  
Since, in thy fall, goodness itself must suffer.  
Remember too, the baseness of the wrong  
- - - friendship; let it edge thy sword,  
And kill compassion in thee; and forget not  
I will take all advantages: and so,  
Without reply, have at thee!

[*They fight. Cleremond falls*

*Mont.* See, how weak  
An ill cause is! you are already fallen:  
What can you look for now?

*Cler.* Fool, use thy fortune:  
And so he counsels thee, that, if we had  
Changed places, instantly would have cut thy throat,  
Or digg'd thy heart out.

*Mont.* In requital of  
That savage purpose, I must pity you;  
Witness these tears, not tears of joy for conquest,  
But of true sorrow for your misery.  
Live, O live, Cleremond, and, like a man,  
Make use of reason, as an exorcist  
To cast this devil out, that does abuse you;  
This fiend of false affection.

*Cler.* Will you not kill me?  
You are then more tyrannous than Leonora.  
An easy thrust will do it: you had ever  
A charitable hand; do not deny me,  
For our old friendship's sake: no! will't not be?  
There are a thousand doors to let out life;  
You keep not guard of all: and I shall find,  
By falling headlong from some rocky cliff,  
Poison, or fire, that long rest which your sword  
Discourteously denies me. [Exit.

*Mont.* I will follow;  
And something I must fancy, to dissuade him  
From doing sudden violence on himself:  
That's now my only aim; and that to me,  
Succeeding well, is a true victory.

SCENE III.—Paris. *An outer Room in CHAMONT'S House.*

*Enter CHAMONT disguised, and DINANT.*

*Din.* Your lady tempted too!

*Cham.* And tempted home;  
Summon'd to parley, the fort almost yielded,  
Had not I stepp'd in to remove the siege:  
But I have countermined his works, and if  
You second me, will blow theletcher up,  
And laugh to see him caper.

*Din.* Any thing:  
Command me as your servant, to join with you;  
All ways are honest we take, to revenge us  
On these lascivious monkeys of the court,  
That make it their profession to dishonour  
Grave citizens' wives; nay, those of higher rank,  
As 'tis, in your's, apparent. My young rambler  
That thought to cheat me with a feign'd disease,  
I have in the toil already; I have given him,  
Under pretence to make him high and active,  
A cooler:—I dare warrant it will yield  
Rare sport to see it work: I would your lordship  
Could be a spectator.

*Cham.* It is that I aim at:  
And might I but persuade you to dispense  
A little with your candour\*, and consent

\* Viz. honour. See the *Guardian*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

To make your house the stage, on which we'll act  
A comic scene; in the pride of all their hopes,  
We'll show these shallow fools sunk-eyed despair,  
And triumph in their punishment.

*Din.* My house,  
Or whatsoever else is mine, shall serve  
As properties to grace it.

*Cham.* In this shape\*, then,  
Leave me to work the rest.

*Din.* Doubt not, my lord,  
You shall find all things ready.

[Exit.]

*Enter PERIGOT.*

*Cham.* This sorts well  
With my other purposes. Perigot! to my wish.  
Aid me, invention!

*Peri.* Is the queen fallen off?  
I hear not from her:—'tis the hour and place,  
That she appointed.  
What have we here? This fellow has a pimp's  
face,

And looks as if he were her call, her fetch—  
With me?

*Cham.* Sir, from the party,  
The lady you should truck with, the lord's wife  
Your worship is to dub, or to make free  
Of the company of the horners.

*Peri.* Fair Lumira?

*Cham.* The same, sir.

*Peri.* And how, my honest squire o'dames? I see  
Thou art of her privy council.

*Cham.* Her grant holds, sir.

*Peri.* O rare! But when?

*Cham.* Marry, instantly.

*Peri.* But where?

*Cham.* She hath outgone the cunning of a woman,  
In ordering it both privately and securely:  
You know Dinant the doctor?

*Peri.* Good.

*Cham.* His house

And him she has made at her devotion, sir.  
Nay, wonder not; most of these empirics  
Thrive better by connivance in such cases,  
Than their lame practice: framing some distemper,  
The fool, her lord—

*Peri.* Lords may be what they please;  
I question not their patent.

*Cham.* Hath consented,  
That this night, privately, she shall take a clyster;  
Which he believes the doctor ministers,  
And never thinks of you.

*Peri.* A good wench still.

*Cham.* And there, without auspicion—

*Peri.* Excellent!  
I make this lord my cuckold.

*Cham.* True, and write  
The reverend drudging doctor, ray copartner  
And fellow bawd: next year we will have him war-  
Of our society. [den]

*Peri.* There! there! I shall burst,  
I am so swollen with pleasure; no more talking,  
Dear keeper of the vaulting door; lead on.

\* *Cham.* In this shape, then,] i. e. the disguise which he had assumed.

\* And how, my honest squire o'dames? See *The Emperor of the East*.

1 Dear keeper of the vaulting door:] To keep the door, was one of the thousand synonyms of a bawd or pander. To this the distracted Othello alludes in his passionate speech to Emilia:

*Cham.* Charge you as boldly,

*Peri.* Do not fear; I have  
A staff to taint, and bravely\*.

*Cham.* Save the splinters,  
If it break in the encounter.

*Peri.* Witty rascal!

[Exit.]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in BELLISANT'S House.

*Enter CLARINDORE, BELLISANT, and BEAUPRE.*

*Clarin.* Boast of your favours, madam!

*Bell.* Pardon, sir,

My fears, since it is grown a general custom,  
In our hot youth to keep a catalogue  
Of conquests this way got; nor do they think  
Their victory complete, unless they publish,  
To their disgrace, that are made captives to them,  
How far they have prevail'd.

*Clarin.* I would have such rascals  
First gelded, and then hang'd.

*Bell.* Remember too, sir,  
To what extremities your love had brought you;  
And since I saved your life, I may, with justice,  
By silence charge you to preserve mine honour;  
Which, howsoever to my conscious self  
I am tainted, foully tainted, to the world  
I am free from all suspicion.

*Clarin.* Can you think  
I'll do myself that wrong? although I had  
A lawyer's mercenary tongue, still moving,  
- - - -le this precious carcanet, these jewels,  
- - of your magnificence, would keep me  
A Pythagorean, and ever silent.

No, rest secure, sweet lady; and excuse  
My sudden and abrupt departure from you:  
And if the fault makes forfeit of your grace,  
A quick return shall ransom and redeem it.

*Bell.* Be mindful of your oaths.

[Walks aside with Beaupré.]

*Clarin.* I am got off,  
And leave the memory of them behind me.  
Now, if I can find out my scoffing gulls,  
Novall and Perigot, besides my wager,  
Which is already sure, I shall return  
Their bitter jests, and wound them with my tongue,  
Much deeper than my sword. Oh! but the cutha  
I have made to the contrary, and her credit,  
Of which I should be tender:—tush! both hold  
With me an equal value. The wise say,

" ——— you, mistress,  
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell!"

\* *Peri.* Do not fear; I have

A staff to taint, and bravely.] This is a very uncommon word in its present application; nor can I be certain that I comprehend its precise meaning. To break a staff or spear, in the tilts and tournaments of our ancestors, was an honourable achievement; but then (as appears from "the Ordinances made by the Earl of Worcester, constable of England in 1400, and renewed in '562") it was to be done in a particular manner, and "as it ought to bee broken." How a spear ought to be broken, is not said; nor was the information perhaps necessary at the time. It seems, however, that it should be as near the middle as possible; for, if it were within a foot of the coronel or extremity, it was then "to be adjudged as no speare broken, but a fayre attaynt." *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. I. p. 4. I meet with the word in *Every Man Out of his Humour*, the only place, with the exception of the work I have just quoted, where I ever recollect to have seen it; and there, too, it is used in a derogatory sense, "He has a good riling face, and he can sit a horse well; he will taint a staff well at tilt."

That the whole fabric of a woman's lighter  
Than wind or feathers : what is then her fame?  
A kind of nothing ;—not to be preserved [trine,  
With the loss of so much money :—'tis sound doc-  
And I will follow it. [Exit.

*Bell.* Prithce, be not doubtful ;  
Let the wild colt run his course.

*Beau.* I must confess  
I cannot sound the depth of what you purpose,  
But I much fear—

*Bell.* That he will blab ; I know it,  
And that a secret scalds him : that he suffers  
Till he hath vented what I seem to wish  
He should conceal ;—but let him, I am arm'd for't.  
[Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in DINANT's House.

Enter CHAMONT, DINANT, LAMIRA, CLARINDA, and  
Servants.

*Cham.* For Perigot, he's in the toil, ne'er doubt it.  
O, had you seen how his veins swell'd with lust,  
When I brought him to the chamber! how he  
gloried,  
And stretch'd his limbs, preparing them for action ;  
And taking me to be a pander, told me  
'Twas more delight to have a lord his cuckold,  
Than to enjoy my lady!—there I left him  
In contemplation, greedily expecting  
Lamira's presence ; but, instead of her,  
I have prepared him other visitants.—  
You know what you have to do?

1 *Serv.* Fear not, my lord,  
He shall curvet, I warrant him, in a blanket.

2 *Serv.* We'll discipline him with dog whips, and  
take off  
His rampant edge.

*Cham.* His life ; save that—remember  
You cannot be too cruel.

*Din.* For his pupil,  
My wife's inamorato, if cold weeds,  
Removed but one degree from deadly poison,  
Have not forgot their certain operation,  
You shall see his courage cool'd ; and in that temper,  
Till he have howl'd himself into my pardon,  
I vow to keep him.

*Nov.* [within.] Ho, doctor! master doctor!

*Din.* The game's afoot, we will let slip : conceal  
Yourselves a little. [They retire.

Enter NOVALL.

*Nov.* Oh! a thousand agues  
Play at barley-break in my bones ; my blood's a pool  
On the sudden frozen, and the icicles  
Cut every vein : 'tis here, there, every where ;  
Oh dear, dear, master doctor!

*Din.* I must seem  
Not to understand him ; 'twill increase his torture.  
How do you, sir? has the potion wrought? do you  
An alteration? have your swellings left you? [feel  
Is your blood still rebellious?

*Nov.* Oh, good doctor,  
I am a ghost, I have nor flesh, nor blood,  
Nor heat, nor warmth, about me.

*Din.* Do not dissemble ;  
I know you are high and jovial.

*Nov.* Jovial, doctor!  
No, I am all amott, as if I had lain  
Three days in my grave already.

*Din.* I will raise you :  
For, look you, sir, you are a liberal patient,  
Nor must I, while you can be such, part with you ;  
'Tis against the laws of our college. Pray you,  
mark me ;

I have with curiosity consider'd  
Your constitution to be hot and moist,  
And that at your nativity Jupiter  
And Venus were in conjunction, whence it follows,  
By neces-ary consequence, you must be  
A most insatiate lecher.

*Nov.* Oh! I have been,  
I have been, I confess : but now I cannot  
Think of a woman.

*Din.* For your health you must, sir,  
Both think, and see, and touch ; you're but a dead  
man else.

*Nov.* That way I am already.

*Din.* You must take,  
And suddenly, ('tis a conceal'd receipt,)  
A buxom juicy wench.

*Nov.* Oh! 'twill not down, sir ;  
I have no swallow for't.

*Din.* Now, since I would  
Have the disease as private as the cure,  
(For 'tis a secret,) I have wrought my wife  
To be both physic and physician,  
To give you ease :—will you walk to her?

*Nov.* Oh! doctor,  
I cannot stand ; in every sense about me  
I have the palsy, but my tongue.

*Din.* Nay then,  
You are obstinate, and refuse my gentle offer :  
Or else 'tis foolish modesty :—Come hither,  
Come, my Clarinda,

Re-enter CLARINDA.

'tis not common courtesy ;  
Comfort the gentleman.

*Nov.* This is ten times worse.

*Cham.* [within.] He does torment him rarely.

*Din.* She is not coy, sir.

What think you, is not this a pretty foot,  
And a clean instep? I will leave the calf  
For you to find and judge of : here's a hand too ;  
Try it ; the palm is moist ; the youthful blood  
Runs strong in every azure vein : the face too  
Ne'er knew the help of art ; and, all together,  
May serve the turn, after a long sea-voyage,  
For the captain's self.

*Nov.* I am a swabber, doctor,  
A bloodless swabber ; have not strength enough  
To cleanse her poop.

*Din.* Fie, you shame yourself,  
And the profession of your rutting gallants,  
That hold their doctors' wives as free for them,  
As some of us do our apothecaries!

*Nov.* Good sir, no more.

*Din.* Take her aside ; cornute me ;  
I give you leave : what should a quacksalver,  
A fellow that does deal with drugs, as I do,  
That has not means to give her choice of gowns,  
Jewels, and rich embroidered petticoats,  
Do with so fair a bedfellow? she being fashion'd  
To purge a rich heir's reins, to be the mistress  
Of a court gallant? Did you not tell her so?

*Nov.* I have betray'd myself! I did, I did.

*Din.* And that rich merchants, advocates, and  
doctors,  
Howe'er deserving from the commonwealth,

On forfeit of the city's charter, were  
Predestined cuckolds?

*Nov.* Oh, some pity, doctor!  
I was an heretic, but now converted,  
Some little, little respite!

*Din.* No, you town-bull;  
- - - - -venge all good men's wrongs,  
And now will play the tyrant. To dissect thee,  
Eat thy flesh off with burning corrosives,  
Or write with aquafortis in thy forehead,  
Thy last intent to wrong my bed, were justice;  
And to do less were foolish pity in me;  
I speak it, ribald!

*Nov.* Perigot! Perigot!  
Woe to thy cursed counsel.

*Re-enter CHAMONT and LAMIRA.*

*Cham.* Perigot!  
Did he advise you to this course?  
*Nov.* He did.

*Cham.* And he has his reward for't.  
*Peri.* [within.] Will you murder me?  
*Serv.* [within.] Once more, aloft with him.  
*Peri.* [within.] Murder! murder! murder!

*Enter Servants with PERIGOT in a blanket.*

*Cham.* What conceal'd bake-meats have you there?  
Is it goat's flesh? It smells rank. [a present]

*1 Ser.* We have had  
Sweet work of it, my lord.  
*2 Ser.* I warrant you 'tis tender,  
It wants no cooking; yet, if you think fit,  
We'll bruise it again.

*Peri.* As you are Christians, spare me!  
I am jelly within already, and without  
Embroidered all o'er with statute lace.  
What would you more?

*Nov.* My tutor in the gin too!  
This is some comfort: he is as good as drench'd;  
And now we'll both be chaste.

*Cham.* What, is't a cat [so ?]  
You have encounter'd, monsieur, you are scratch'd  
My lady, sure, forgot to pare her nails,  
Before your soft embraces.

*Din.* He has ta'en great pains:  
What a sweat he's in!

*Cham.* O! he's a master-dancer,  
Knows how to caper into a lady's favour:  
One lofty trick more, dear monsieur.

*Nov.* That I had [a dog,  
But strength enough to laugh at him! blanketed like  
And like a cut-purse whipt! I am sure that now  
He cannot jeer me.

*Peri.* May not a man have leave  
To hang himself?

*Cham.* No; that were too much mercy.  
Live to be wretched; live to be the talk  
Of the conduit, and the bakehouse\*. I will have thee  
Pictured as thou art now, and thy whole story  
Sung to some villanous tune in a lewd ballad;  
And make thee so notorious to the world,  
That boys in the streets shall hoot at thee: come,  
Lamira,

And triumph o'er him. Dost thou see this lady,  
My wife, whose honour foolishly thou thought'st

To undermine and make a servant to  
Thy brutish lusts, laughing at thy affliction?  
And, as a sign she scorns thee, set her foot  
Upon thy head? Do so:—'Sdeath! but resist,  
Once more you caper.

*Peri.* I am at the stake,  
And must endure it.

*Cham.* Spurn him, too.

*Lam.* Troth, sir,  
I do him too much grace.

*Cham.* Now, as a schoolboy  
Does kiss the rod that gave him chastisement,  
To prove thou art a slave, meet with thy lips  
This instrument that corrects thee.

*Peri.* Have you done yet? [look now]

*Din.* How like a pair of crest-fallen jades they  
*Cl.* They are not worth our scorn.

*Peri.* O pupil, pupil! [ther

*Nov.* Tutor, I am drench'd: let us condole toge

*Cham.* And where's the tickling itch now, my dear  
monsieur.

To say, *This lord's my cuckold!* I am tired:  
That we had fresh dogs to hunt them!

*Enter CLARINDORE.*

*Clarin.* - - - - -

- - - - - I am acquainted with the story;  
The doctor's man has told me all.

*Din.* Upon them. [this  
*Peri.* Clarindore! worst of all: for him to know  
Is a second blanketing to me.

*Nov.* I again  
Am drench'd to look upon him.

*Clarin.* How is't? nay, bear up;  
You that commend adultery, I am glad  
To see it thrive so well. Fie, Perigot!  
Dejected? Haply thou wouldst have us think,  
This is the first time that thou didst curvet,  
And come aloft in a blanket. By St. Dennis!  
Here are shrewd scratches too; but nothing to  
A man of resolution, whose shoulders  
Are of themselves armour of proof, against  
A bastinado, and will tire ten headles.

*Peri.* Mock on; know no mercy.

*Clarin.* Thrifty young men!  
What a charge is saved in wenching! and 'tis timely—  
A certain wager of three thousand crowns  
Is lost, and must be paid, my pair of puppies;  
The coy dame Bellisant hath stoop'd! bear witness  
This chain and jewels you have seen her wear.  
The fellow, that her grooms kick'd down the stairs,  
Hath crept into her bed; and, to assure you  
There's no deceit, she shall confess so much:  
I have enjoy'd her.

*Cham.* Are you serious?

*Clarin.* Yes, and glory in it.

*Cham.* Nay then, give over fooling.—  
Thou liest, and art a villain, a base villain,  
To slander her.

*Clarin.* You are a lord, and that  
Bids me forbear you; but I will make good  
Whatever I have said.

*Cham.* I'll not lose time  
To change words with thee. The king hath ordain'd  
A Parliament of Love to right her wrongs,  
To which I summon thee. [Exit.

*Clarin.* Your worst: I care not. Farewell,  
babions! [Exit.

\* *Of the conduit, and the bakehouse.*] These, in the age of  
Mansuget, were the general rendezvous of gossips of both  
sexes: they are still so, in most country towns.

*Din.* Here was a sudden change!  
Nay, you must quit my house: shog on, kind patient,  
And, as you like my physic, when you are  
Rampant again, you know I have that can cool you.  
Nay, monsieur Perigot, help your pupil off too,  
Your counsel brought him on. Ha! no reply?

Are you struck dumb? If you are wrong'd, complain.  
*Peri.* We shall find friends to right us.

*Din.* And I justice,  
The cause being heard; I ask no more. Hence!  
vanish! [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—A Court of Justice.

*Enter CHAMONT, PHILAMOUR, and LAFORT.*

*Phil.* Montrose slain! and by Cleremond!  
*Cham.* 'Tis too true.

*Laf.* But wondrous strange that any difference,  
Especially of such a deadly nature,  
Should e'er divide so eminent a friendship.

*Phil.* The miracle is greater, that a lady,  
His most devoted mistress, Leonora,  
Against the usual softness of her sex,  
Should with such violence and heat pursue  
Her amorous servant; since I am inform'd  
That he was apprehended by her practice\*,  
And, when he comes to trial for his life,  
She'll rise up his accuser.

*Cham.* So 'tis rumour'd:  
And that's the motive that young Cleremond  
Makes it his humble suit, to have his cause  
Decided in the Parliament of Love;  
For he pretends the bloody quarrel grew  
From grounds that claim a reference to that place:  
Nor fears he, if you grant him equal hearing,  
But, with unanswerable proof, to render  
The cruel Leonora tainted with  
A guilt beyond his.

*Laf.* The king is acquainted  
Already with the accident; besides,  
He hath vouchsafed to read divers petitions  
Preferr'd on several causes; one against  
Monsieur Dinant, his doctor, by Novall;  
A second, in which madam Bellisant  
Complains 'gainst Clarindore; there is a bill too  
Brought in by Perigot, against your lordship;  
All which, in person, he resolves to hear,  
Then, as a judge, to censure. [A Flourish within.]

*Phil.* See the form!

Choice music ushers him.

*Cham.* Let us meet the troop,  
And mix with them.

*Phil.* 'Twill poise your expectation.' [Exeunt.]

*Loud music. Enter CHARLES, followed by ORLEANS, NEMOURS, CHAMONT, LAFORT, and PHILAMOUR: A Priest with the image of CUPID: then enter CLEREMOND, CLARINDORE, PERIGOT, NOVALL, BELLISANT, LEONORA, BEAUPRE, LAMIRA, CLARINDA, and Officers. MONTROSE is brought forward on a bier, and placed before the bar.*

*Char.* Let it not seem a wonder, nor beget

\* That he was apprehended by her practice,] i. e. by her artifice. This word is frequently found in Massinger and his contemporaries, in the sense of an insidious trick, or stratagem. The incident of Leonora instigating her lover to murder his friend, and then surrendering him to justice, is derived with some variations from Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*.

An ill opinion in this fair assembly  
That here I place this statue; 'tis not done,  
Upon the forfeit of our grace, that you  
Should, with a superstitious reverence,  
Fall down and worship it: nor can it be  
Presumed, we hope, young Charles, that justly holds  
The honour'd title of most Christian king,  
Would ever nourish such idolatrous thoughts.  
'Tis rather to instruct deceived mankind,  
How much pure love, that has his birth in heaven,  
And scorns to be received a guest, but in  
A noble heart prepared to entertain him,  
Is, by the gross misprision of weak men,  
Abused and injured. That celestial fire,  
Which hieroglyphically is described  
In this his bow, his quiver, and his torch,  
First warm'd their bloods, and after gave a name  
To the old heroic spirits: such as Orpheus,  
That drew men, differing little then from beasts,  
To civil government; or famed Alcides,  
The tyrant-queller, that refused the plain  
And easy path, leading to vicious pleasures,  
And ending in a precipice deep as hell,  
To scale the ragged cliff, on whose firm top  
Virtue and honour, crown'd with wreaths of stars,  
Did sit triumphant. But it will be answer'd,  
(The world decaying in her strength,) that now  
We are not equal to those ancient times,  
And therefore 'twere impertinent and tedious  
To cite more precedents of that reverend age,  
But rather to endeavour, as we purpose,  
To give encouragement, by reward, to such  
As with their best nerves imitate that old goodness;  
And with severe correction, to reform  
The modern vices.—Begin; read the bills.

*Peri.* Let mine be first, my lord, 'twas first preferr'd.

*Bell.* But till my cause be heard, our whole sex suffers.

*Off.* Back! keep back, there!

*Nov.* Prithee, gentle officer,  
Handle me gingerly, or I fall to pieces,  
Before I can plead mine.

*Peri.* I am bruised - - -

*Omnes.* Justice! justice!

*Char.* Forbear these clamours, you shall all be  
And, to confirm I am no partial judge, heard:  
By lottery decide it\*; here's no favour.—

Whose bill is first, Lafort? [The names are drawn.]

*Laf.* 'Tis Cleremond's.

*Char.* The second?

*Laf.* Perigot's; the third, Novall's.

*Nov.* Our cases are both lamentable, tutor.

\* By lottery decide it;] By drawing lots. So Shakspeare:  
"Let high-sited tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery." *Julius Cæsar*.

*Peri.* And I am glad they shall be heard together ;  
We cannot stand asunder.

*Char.* What's the last ?

*Laf.* The injur'd lady Bellisant's.

*Char.* To the first, then ; and so proceed in order.

*Phil.* Stand to the bar. [*Cler. comes forward.*]

*Leon.* Speak, Cleremond, thy grief, as I will mine.

*Peri.* A confident little pleader ! were I in case,  
I would give her a double fee.

*Nor.* So would I, tutor.

*Off.* Silence ! silence !

*Cler.* Should I rise up to plead my innocence,  
Though, with the favour of the court, I stood  
Acquitted to the world, yea, though the wounds  
Of my dead friend, (which, like so many mouths  
With bloody tongues, cry out aloud against me,)  
By your authority, were closed ; yet here,  
A not to be corrupted judge, my conscience,  
Would not alone condemn me, but inflict  
Such lingering tortures on me, as the hangman,  
Though witty in his malice, could not equal.  
I therefore do confess a guilty cause,  
Touching the fact, and, uncompe'll'd, acknowledge  
Myself the instrument of a crime the sun,  
Hiding his face in a thick mask of clouds,  
As frightened with the horror, durst not look on.  
But if your laws with greater rigour punish  
Such as invent a mischief, than the organs  
By whom 'tis put in act, (they truly being  
The first great wheels by which the lesser move,)  
Then stand forth Leonora ; and I'll prove  
The white robe of my innocence tainted with  
But one black spot of guilt, and even that one  
By thy hand cast on me ; but thine, diel o'er,  
Ten times in-grain in hell's most ugly colours.

*Leon.* The fellow is distracted : see how he raves !  
Now as I live, if detestation of  
His buseness would but give me leave, I should  
Begin to pity him.

*Cler.* Frontless impudence,  
And not to be replied to ! Sir, to you,  
And these subordinate ministers of yourself,  
I turn my speech : to her I do repent  
I e'er vouchsafed a syllable. My birth\*  
Was noble as 'tis ancient, nor let it relish  
Of arrogance, to say my father's care,  
With curiousness and cost, did train me up  
In all those liberal qualities that commend  
A gentleman : and when the tender down  
Upon my chin told me I was a man,  
I came to court ; there youth, ease, and example,

First made me feel the pleasing pains of love :  
And there I saw this woman ; saw, and loved her  
With more than common ardour ; for that deity,  
(Such our affection makes him,) whose dread power

- - - the choicest arrow, headed with  
Not loose but loyal flames, which aim'd at me  
Who came with greedy haste to meet the shaft,  
- - - -ng, that my captive heart was made  
- - - - - Love's divine artillery,  
- - - - - preserved - - - no relation.

But the shot made at her was not, like mine,  
Of gold, nor of pale lead that breeds disdain ;  
Cupid himself disclaims it : I think rather,  
As by the sequel 'twill appear, some fury  
From burning Acheron snatch'd a sulphur brand,  
That smok'd with hate, the parent of red murder,  
And threw it in her bosom. Pardon me,  
Though I dwell long upon the cause that did  
Produce such dire effects ; and, to omit,  
For your much patience' sake, the cunning trap  
In which she caught me, and, with horrid oaths,  
Embark'd me in a sea of human blood,  
I come to the last scene—

*Leon.* 'Tis time ; for this  
Grows stale and tedious.

*Cler.* When, I say, she had,  
To satisfy her fell rage, as a penance,  
Forced me to this black deed, her vow, too, given,  
That I should marry her, and she conceal me ;  
When to her view I brought the slaughter'd body  
Of my dear friend, and labour'd with my tears  
To stir compunction in her, aided too  
By the sad object, which might witness for me,  
At what an over-rate I had made purchase  
Of her long-wish'd embraces ; then, great sir,—  
But that I had a mother, and there may be  
Some two or three of her - - - sex less faulty,  
I should affirm she was the perfect image  
Of the devil, her tutor, that had left hell empty  
To dwell in wicked woman.

*Leon.* Do ; rail on.

*Cler.* For not alone she gloried in my sufferings,  
Forswore what she had vow'd, refused to touch me,  
Much less to comfort me, or give me harbour ;  
But, instantly, ere I could recollect  
My scatter'd sense, betray'd me to your justice,  
Which I submit to ; hoping, in your wisdom,  
That as, in me, you lop a limb of murder,  
You will, in her, grub up the root. I have said, sir.

*Leon.* Much, I confess, but much to little purpose.  
And though, with your rhetorical flourishes,  
You strive to gild a rotten cause, the touch  
Of reason, fortified by truth, deliver'd  
From my unletter'd tongue, shall shew it dust ;  
And so to be condemn'd ; you have trimm'd up  
All your deservings, should I grant them such,  
With more care than a maiden of threescore  
Does hide her wrinkles, which, if she encounter  
The rain, the wind, or sun, the paint wash'd off,  
Are to dim eyes discover'd. I forbear  
The application, and in a plain style  
Come roundly to the matter. 'Tis confess'd.  
This pretty, handsome, gentleman, (for thieves  
Led to the gallows are held proper men,  
And so I now will call him,) would needs make me  
The mistress of his thoughts : nor did I scorn,  
For truth is truth, to grace him as a servant,  
Nay, he took pretty ways to win me too,  
For a court novice ; every year I was

#### My birth

\* Was noble as 'tis ancient, &c.] Sir H. Herbert (for Mr. Malone supposes this to be the presentation copy, and to have remained in his hands), has taken several liberties with this play. In some places, where the expressions appeared too free, he has drawn his pen through them ; in others, he has struck out lines, under the idea, perhaps, of compressing the sense, kindly supplying a connecting word or two from his own stores ; and in others, he has been content with including the objectionable passages between brackets. In the latter there is not much harm, but the former is a sore evil ; for as I do not deem very highly of Sir Henry's taste, nor indeed of his judgment, the endeavours to recover the genuine text from the blot spread over it, has been attended with a very considerable degree of trouble ; it has, however, been generally successful.

If I thought that innovations, hazarded without knowledge to direct them, could be objects of curiosity, I would give the reader this speech as it stands in the new version—but it is not worth his care. 1803. Subsequent investigation enabled Mr. Clifford, by comparing the MS. with the recovered corrected copy of the *Duke of Milan*, to ascertain that the hand-writing of this play was Massinger's.

His Valentine, and in an anagram,  
My name worn in his hat ; he made me banquets,  
As if he thought that ladies, like to flies,  
Were to be caught with sweetmeats ; quarrell'd with  
My tailor, if my gown were not the first  
Of that edition ; beat my shoemaker,  
If the least wrinkle on my foot appear'd,  
As wronging the proportion ; and, in time,  
Grew bolder, usher'd me to masks, and - - -  
Or else paid him that wrote them ; - - -  
With such a deal of p- - - -  
And of good rank, are taken with such gambols ;  
In a word, I was so ; and a solemn contract  
Did pass betwixt us ; and the day appointed,  
That should make our embraces warrantable,  
And lawful to the world : all things so carried,  
As he meant nought but honourable love.

*Char.* A pretty method.

*Phil.* Quaintly, too, deliver'd. [gave proof

*Leon.* But, when he thought me sure, he then  
That foul lust lurk'd in the fair shape of love ;  
For valuing neither laws divine nor human,  
His credit, nor my fame, with violence born  
On black-sail'd wings of loose and base desires,  
As if his natural parts had quite forsook him,  
And that the pleasures of the marriage bed  
Were to be reap'd with no more ceremony  
Than brute beasts couple,—I yet blush to speak it,  
He tempted me to yield my honour up  
To his libidinous twines ; and, like an atheist,  
Scoff'd at the form and orders of the church ;  
Nor ended so, but, being by me reprov'd,  
He offer'd violence, but was prevented.

*Char.* Note, a sudden change.

*Laf.* 'Twas foul in Cleremond.

*Leon.* I, burning then with a most virtuous anger,  
Razed from my heart the memory of his name,  
Reviled, and spit at him ; and knew, 'twas justice  
That I should take those deities he scorn'd,  
Hymen and Cupid, into my protection,  
And be the instrument of their revenge :  
And so I cast him off, scorn'd his submission,  
His poor and childish whinings, will'd my servants  
To shut my gates against him : but, when neither  
Disdain, hate, nor contempt, could free me from  
His loathsome importunities, (and fired too  
To wreak mine injured honour,) I took gladly  
Advantage of his execrable oaths  
To undergo what penance I enjoin'd him ;  
Then, to the terror of all future ribalds,  
That make no difference between love and lust,  
Imposed this task upon him. I have said, too :  
Now, when you please, a censure.

*Char.* She has put

The judges to their whisper. [tutor ?

*Nov.* What do you think of these proceedings,

*Peri.* The truth is,

I like not the severity of the court ;  
Would I were quit, and in an hospital,  
I could let fall my suit !

*Nov.* 'Tis still your counsel.

*Char.* We are resolved, and with an equal hand  
Will hold the scale of justice ; pity shall not  
Rob us of strength and will to draw her sword,  
Nor passion transport us : let a priest  
And headsman be in readiness ;—do you start  
To hear them named ? Some little pause we grant  
you.

To take examination of yourselves,  
What either of you have deserved, and why

These instruments of our power are now thought  
useful :

You shall hear more, anon.—

*Cler.* I like not this.

*Leon.* A dreadful preparation ! I confess  
It shakes my confidence.

*Clarín.* I presumed this court

Had been in sport erected ; but now find,  
With sorrow to the strongest hopes I built on,  
That 'tis not safe to be the subject of

The - - - of kings,

(*New Speaker*) To the second cause.

*Laf.* - - - Perigor's.

*Nov.* Nay, take me along too ;

And, since that our complaints differ not much,  
Dispatch us both together. I accuse  
This devilish doctor.

*Peri.* I this wicked lord.

*Nov.* 'Tis known I was an able, lusty man,  
Fit to get soldiers to serve my king

And country in the wars ; and howsoever

'Tis said I am not valiant of myself,

I was a striker, one that could strike home too ;

And never did beget a girl, though drunk.

To make this good, I could produce brave boys,

That others father, twigs of mine own grafting,

That loved a drum at four, and ere full ten,

Fought battles for the parish they were born in :

And such by-blows, old stories say, still proved

Fortunate captains : now whereas in justice,

I should have had a pension from the state

For my good service, this ungrateful doctor,

Having no child, and never like to have one,

Because in pity to his barrenness,

I plotted how to help him to an heir,

Has, with a drench, so far disabled me,

That the great Turk may trust me with his virgins,

And never use a surgeon. Now consider,

If this be not hard measure, and a wrong to

Little Dan Cupid, if he be the god

Of coupling, as 'tis said ; and will undo,

If you give way to this, all younger brothers

That carry their revenue in their breeches.

Have I not nick'd it, tutor ?

*Peri.* To a hair, boy :

Our bills shall pass, ne'er fear it. For my case,

It is the same, sir ; my intent as noble

As was my pupil's.

*Cham.* Plead it not again, then :

It takes much from the dignity of the court

But to give audience to such things as these,

That do in their defence, condemn themselves,

And need not an accuser. To be short, sir,

And in a language as far from obscenity,

As the foul cause will give me leave, be pleased

To know thus much : This hungry pair of flesh-flies,

And most inseparable pair of coxcombs,

Though born of divers mothers, twins in baseness,

Were frequent at my table, had free welcome,

And entertainment fit for better men ;

In the return of which, this thankful monsieur

Tempted my wife, seduced her, at the least

To him it did appear so ; which discover'd,

And with what treacheries he did abuse

My bounties, treading underneath his feet

All due respect of hospitable rights,

Or the honour of my family ; though the intent

Deserved a stab, and at the holy altar,

I borrow'd so much of your power to right me,

As to make him caper.

*Din.* For this gallant, sir,  
I do confess I cool'd him, spoil'd his rambling;  
Would all such as delight in it, were served so!  
And since you are acquainted with the motives  
That did induce me to it, I forbear  
A needless repetition.

*Cham.* 'Tis not worth it.  
The criminal judge is fitter to take - - -  
Of pleas of this base nature. Be - - -  
An injured lady, for whose wrong - - -  
I see the statue of the god of love  
Drop down tears of compassion, his sad mother,  
And fair-cheek'd Graces, that attend on her,  
Weeping for company, as if that all  
The ornaments upon the Paphian shrine  
Were, with one gripe, by sacrilegious hands,  
Torn from the holy altar: 'tis a cause, sir,  
That justly may exact your best attention;  
Which if you truly understand and censure,  
You not alone shall right the present times,  
But bind posterity to be your debtor.  
Stand forth, dear madam:—

[*Bellissant comes forward.*  
Look upon this face,

Examine every feature and proportion,  
And you with me must grant, this rare piece finish'd,  
Nature, despairing e'er to make the like,  
Brake suddenly the mould in which 'twas fashion'd.  
Yet, to increase your pity, and call on  
Your justice with severity, this fair outside  
Was but the cover of a fairer mind.  
Think, then, what punishment he must deserve,  
And justly suffer, that could arm his heart  
With such impenetrable flinty hardness,  
To injure so much sweetness.

*Clarín.* I must stand  
The fury of this tempest, which already  
Sings in my ears.

*Bell.* Great sir, the too much praise  
This lord, my guardian once, has shower'd upon me.  
Could not but spring up blushes in my cheeks,  
If grief had left me blood enough to speak  
My humble modesty: and so far I am  
From being litigious, that though I were robb'd  
Of my whole estate, provided my fair name  
Had been unwounded, I had now been silent.  
But since the wrongs I undergo, if smother'd,  
Would injure our whole sex, I must lay by  
My native bashfulness, and put on boldness,  
Fit to encounter with the impudence  
Of this bad man, that from his birth hath been  
So far from nourishing an honest thought,  
That the abuse of virgins was his study,  
And daily practice. His forsaking of  
His wife, distressed Beauprè; his lewd wager  
With these, companions like himself, to abuse me;  
His desperate resolution, in my presence,  
To be his own assassin; to prevent which,  
Foolish compassion forced me to surrender  
The life of life, my honour, I pass over:  
I'll only touch his foul ingratitude,  
To scourge which monster, if your laws provide not  
A punishment with rigour, they are useless:  
Or if the sword, the gallows, or the wheel,  
Be due to such as spoil us of our goods;  
Perillus' brazen bull, the English rack,  
The German pincers, or the Scotch oil'd boots,  
Though join'd together, yet come short of torture,  
To their full merit, those accursed wretches,  
That steal our reputations and good names,

As this base villain has done mine:—Forgive me,  
If rage provoke me to uncivil language;  
The cause requires it. Was it not enough  
That, to preserve thy life, I lost my honour,  
- - - - in recompense of such a gift  
- - - - publish it to my disgrace?  
- - - - whose means, unfortunate I,  
Whom, but of late, the city, nay all France,  
Durst bring in opposition for chaste life,  
With any woman in the Christian world,  
Am now become a by-word and a scorn,  
In mine own country.

*Char.* As I live, she moves me.  
Is this true, Clarindore?

*Nov.* Oh! 'tis very true, sir;  
He bragg'd of it to me.

*Peri.* And me:  
Nay, since we must be censured, we'll give evidence:  
'Tis comfort to have fellows in affliction:  
You shall not 'scape, fine monsieur.

*Clarín.* Peace, you dog-bolts!  
Sir, I address myself to you, and hope  
You have preserved one ear for my defence,  
The other freely given to my accuser:  
This lady, that complains of injury,  
If she have any, was herself the cause  
That brought it to her; for being young, and rich,  
And fair too, as you see, and from that proud,  
She boasted of her strength, as if it were not  
In the power of love to undermine the fort  
On which her chastity was strongly raised:  
I, that was bred a courtier, and served  
Almost my whole life under Cupid's ensigns,  
Could not, in justice, but interpret this  
As an affront to the great god of love,  
And all his followers, if she were not brought  
To due obedience: these strong reasons, sir,  
Made me to undertake her. How I woo'd  
Or what I swore, it skills\* not; (since 'tis said,  
And truly, Jupiter and Venus smile  
At lovers' perjuries;) to be brief, she yielded.  
And I enjoy'd her: if this be a crime,  
And all such as offend this pleasant way  
Are to be punish'd, I am sure you would have  
Few followers in the court: you are young yourself,  
sir.

And what would you in such a cause?—

*Laf.* Forbear.

*Phil.* You are rude and insolent.

*Clarín.* Good words, gentle judges.  
I have no oil'd tongue; and I hope my bluntness  
Will not offend.

*Char.* But did you boast your conquest  
Got on this lady?

*Clarín.* After victory;  
A little glory in a soldier's mouth  
Is not uncomely; love being a kind of war too:  
And what I did achieve, was full of labour  
As his that wins strong towns, and merits triumphs:  
I thought it could not but take from my honour,  
(Besides the wager of three thousand crowns  
Made sure by her confession of my service.)  
If it had been conceal'd.

*Char.* Who would have thought  
That such an impudence could e'er have harbour  
In the heart of any gentleman? In this,  
Thou dost degrade thyself of all the honours  
Thy ancestors left thee, and, in thy base nature,

\* It skills not,] It signifies not.

'Tis too apparent that thou art a peasant.  
Boast of a lady's favours! this confirms  
Thou art the captain of that - - -  
That glory in their sins, and - - -  
With name of courtship; such as dare bely  
Great women's bounties, and, repulsed and scorn'd,  
Commit adultery with their good names,  
And never touch their persons. I am sorry,  
For your sake, madam, that I cannot make  
Such reparation for you in your honour  
As I desire; for, if I should compel him  
To marry you, it were to him a blessing.  
To you a punishment; he being so unworthy:  
I therefore do resign my place to you;  
Be your own judge; whate'er you shall determine,  
By my crown, I'll see perform'd.

*Clarin.* I am in a fine case,  
To stand at a woman's mercy.

*Bell.* Then thus, sir:  
I am not bloody, nor bent to revenge;  
And study his amendment, not his ruin:  
Yet, since you have given up your power to me,  
For punishment, I do enjoin him to  
Marry this Moor.

*Clarin.* A devil! hang me rather.

*Char.* It is not to be alter'd.

*Clarin.* This is cruelty  
Beyond expression - - - I have a wife.  
*Cham.* Ay, too good for thee. View her well,  
And then, this varnish from her face wash'd off,  
Thou shalt find Beaupré.

*Clarin.* Beaupré!  
*Bell.* Yes, his wife, sir,  
But long by him with violence cast off:  
And in this shape she served me; all my studies  
Aiming to make a fair atonement for her,  
To which your majesty may now constrain him.  
*Clarin.* It needs not; I receive her, and ask pardon  
Of her and you.

*Bell.* On both our parts 'tis granted.  
This was your bedfellow, and fill'd your arms.  
When you thought you embraced me; I am yet  
A virgin; nor had ever given consent,  
In my chaste house, to such a wanton passage,  
But that I knew that her desires were lawful.  
But now no more of personated passion:  
This is the man I loved, [pointing to the bier.] that  
I loved truly,  
However I dissembled; and with him  
Dies all affection in me. So, great sir,  
Resume your seat.

*Char.* An unexpected issue,  
Which I rejoice in; would 'twere in our power

To give a period to the rest, like this,  
And spare our heavy censure! but the death  
Of good Montrose forbids it. Cleremond,  
Thou instantly shall marry Leonora;  
Which done, as suddenly thy head cut off,  
And corpse interr'd, upon thy grave I'll build  
A room of eight feet square, in which this lady,  
For punishment of her cruelty, shall die  
An anchoress.

*Leon.* I do repent, and rather  
Will marry him, and forgive him.

*Clarin.* Bind her to  
Her word, great sir; Montrose lives; this a plot  
To catch this obstinate lady.

*Leon.* I am glad  
To be so cheated.

*Mont.* [rises from the bier.] - - - lady,  
- - - - - deceived; do not repent  
Your good opinion of me when thought dead.  
Nor let not my neglect to wait upon you,  
Considering what a business of import  
Diverted me, be thought unpardonable.

*Bell.* For my part 'tis forgiven; and thus I seal

*Char.* Nor are we averse  
To your desires; may you live long and happy!  
*Nov.* Mercy to us, great sir.

*Peri.* We will become  
Chaste and reformed men.

*Cham. and Din.* We both are suitors,  
On this submission, for your pardon, sir.

*Char.* Which we in part will grant; but, to deter  
Others, by their example, from pursuing  
Unlawful lusts, that think adultery  
A sport to be oft practised; fix on them  
Two satyrs' heads; and so, in capital letters  
Their foul intents writ on their breasts, we'll have  
them

Led thrice through Paris; then, at the court gate  
To stand three hours, where Clarindore shall make  
His recantation for the injury  
Done to the Lady Bellisant; and read  
A sharp invective, ending with a curse  
Against all such as boast of ladies' favours:  
Which done, both truly penitent, my doctor  
Shall use his best art to restore your strength,  
And render Perigot a perfect man.  
So break we up Love's Parliament, which, we hope,  
Being for mirth intended, shall not meet with  
An ill construction; and if then, fair ladies\*,  
You please to approve it, we hope you'll invite  
Your friends to see it often with delight.

[Exeunt.]

\* *fair ladies.* After this the manuscript adds, "and graceful spectators," which, as a foolish interpolation, I have dropped.

† This is a beautiful fragment, and is every where strongly marked with Massinger's manner; the same natural flow of poetry, the same unforced structure of his lines, and easy fall of period; the same fond use of mythology; and, what is more convincing than all the rest, the same intimate and habitual reference to his own thoughts and expressions elsewhere. I wish it could be added that there are no marks of licentiousness: the only consolation for the uneasiness occasioned by it is, that proper punishments are at last inflicted on the offenders; and we hail the moral, which aims at the suppression of "unlawful lusts."

As to the history connected with it, it is very slender: Charles talks of his conquests in Italy; but his chief business is to decree "the Parliament of Love." After this he disap-

pears, and various gallantries take place, which are only meant to create employment for the court, and are adjudged by him in the last act.

The principal point of curiosity is the chivalrous institution of courts, where "disdained lovers" and "wronged ladies" might seek redress of amorous grievances. And this is already enquired into by the Editor.

The characters are lively and amusing: but in Montrose it seems to have been Massinger's intention to describe the united force of love and friendship. He is both lofty and tender, and possesses a sort of unconscious greatness, which shews itself in disinterested and magnanimous actions rather than in words. We tremble for him in the conversation preceding the combat with Cleremond, and are at length made happy with the success of the device which induces the reluctant Bellisant to confess her love. DR. IRVING.

## THE ROMAN ACTOR.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.] This Tragedy was licensed by Sir H. Herbert, October 11th, 1626, and given to the press in 1629.

The plot is founded on the life of Domitian, as recorded by Suetonius, Dio, and others. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason say that the poet has been very true to history; but they say it, as usual, without knowledge: he has, as in *The Duke of Milan*, adopted a few leading circumstances, and had recourse to his invention for the rest.

This Play was successful in the representation; and appears to have been well received by the critics of those times, since it is preceded by commendatory copies of verses from Ford, Harvey, May, Taylor, and others. Taylor, an admirable actor, who played the part of Paris, calls it "the best of many good;" and Massinger himself declares that "he ever held it as the most perfect birth of his Minerva\*." The judgment of an author is not always to be taken upon his own works. He has his partialities and his prejudices, and, like other parents, sees beauties which are not immediately apparent to an indifferent spectator. *The Roman Actor*, though a very excellent piece, will scarcely be ranked at this day above *The Unnatural Combat*, *The Duke of Milan*, or *The Bondman*.

This Tragedy was revived by Betterton, who took for himself the part of Paris, in which he was highly celebrated. It was again brought on the stage, with a few trifling alterations, in 1722, but I know not with what success. The old title page says, that it had been "divers times acted, with good allowance, at the private Play-house in the Black Friars, by the King's Majesty's servants."

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TO MY MUCH HONOURED AND MOST TRUE FRIENDS,

SIR PHILIP KNYVET, KNT. & BART.

AND TO

SIR THOMAS JEAY, KNT.

AND

THOMAS BELLINGHAM, ESQ.

OF NEWTIMBER, IN SUSSEX.

How much I acknowledge myself bound for your so many, and extraordinary favours conferred upon me, as far as it is in my power, posterity shall take notice; I were most unworthy of such noble friends, if I should not, with all thankfulness, profess and own them. In the composition of this Tragedy you were my only supporters, and it being now by your principal encouragement to be turned into the world, it cannot walk safer than under your protection. It hath been happy in the suffrage of some learned and judicious gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find cause, I hope, in the perusal, to repent them of their good opinion of it. If the gravity and height of the subject distaste such as are only affected with jigs and ribaldry, (as I presume it will,) their condemnation of me and my poem can no way offend me: my reason teaching me, such malicious and ignorant detractors deserve rather contempt than satisfaction. I ever held it the most perfect birth of my Minerva; and therefore in justice offer it to those that have best deserved of me; who, I hope, in their courteous acceptance will render it worth their receiving, and ever, in their gentle construction of my imperfections, believe they may at their pleasure dispose of him, that is wholly and sincerely

Devoted to their service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

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\* Too much stress has been laid on this expression: it is proper, in adverting to it, to consider how few dramatic pieces Massinger had produced, when it was used

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Actors' Names.		Actors' Names.
DOMITIANUS CÆSAR,	J. Lowin*.	PHILARGUS, a rich miser; father to	
PARIS, the ROMAN ACTOR,	J. Taylor.	PARTHENIUS,	A. SMITH.
ÆLIUS LAMIA,	T. Pollard.	SEJEIUS,	G. Vernon†.
JUNIUS RUSTICUS,	Rob. Benfield.	ENTELLUS, } conspirators,	J. Horne‡.
PALPHURIUS SURA, } senators,	W. Patricke.	DOMITIA, wife of ÆLIUS LAMIA,	J. Tompson.
FULCINIUS,		DOMITILLA, cousin-german to CÆSAR.	J. Hunnieman.
PARTHENIUS, CÆSAR's freedman,	R. Sharpe.	JULIA, daughter of ITTUS,	W. Trigge.
ARETINUS, CÆSAR's spy,	E. Swanstone.	CÆNIS, VESPASIAN's concubine,	A. Gough.
STEPHANOS†, DOMITILLA's freedman,		A Lady.	
ÆSOPUS, } players	R. Robinson.	Tribunes, Lictors, Centurions, Soldiers, Hangmen,	
LATINUS, }	C. Greville.	Servants, Captives.	
ASCLETARIO, an astrologer.			

SCENE, Rome.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Theatre. Enter PARIS, LATINUS, and ÆSOPUS.**Æsop.* What do we act to-day?*Lat.* Agave's Frenzy

With Pentheus' Bloody End.

*Par.* It skills not what;

The times are dull, and all that we receive

Will hardly satisfy the day's expense.

The Greeks, to whom we owe the first invention

Both of the buskin'd scene, and humble sock,

That reign in every noble family,

Declaim against us: and our theatre||,

Great Pompey's work, that hath given full delight

Both to the eye and ear of fifty thousand

Spectators in one day, as if it were

Some unknown desert, or great Rome unpeopled,

Is quite forsaken.

\* *John Lowin, &c.* All that is known of this excellent actor (as well as most of those who follow) is collected with great care by Mr. Malone, and inserted in his *Historical View of the English Stage*: to which I refer the reader.

† *Stephanos.* So Massinger spells his name; it should, however, be *Stephanus*.

‡ *George Vernon and James Horne* have no characters assigned them in the list of persons presented; probably they played *Sejeius* and *Entellus*, whose names have not hitherto been given among the *dramatis personæ*; though they appear in the second scene of the last act.

§ *Par.* It skills not.] i. e. matters not. So in *The Custom of the Country*:

"Some pursue

The murderer; yet if he 'scape, it skills not;

Were I a prince, I would reward him for't."

and our theatre,

Great Pompey's work, &c.] The old copy reads *amphitheatre*, for which I have taken the liberty to substitute *theatre*. Massinger could not be ignorant that the former was not "the work of Pompey;" nor that a building appropriated solely to combats of gladiators, wild beasts, &c., was not properly adapted to the scenical exhibitions of Paris and his associates. Not to insist that the *work* for which Pompey was so celebrated, was a *theatre*, (as we learn from Tacitus and others,) I would just observe, that the redundancy of the old reading furnishes no slight proof that the confusion of terms did not arise from the poet, but his transcriber.

What Massinger says of the theatre, is applied by Addison, in his Letter from Rome, to the Coliseo:—

"which unpeopled Rome,

And held uncrowded nations in its womb."

*Lat.* Pleasures of worse natures

Are gladly entertain'd; and they that shun us,

Practise, in private, sports the stews would blush at,

A litter borne by eight Liburnian slaves,

To buy diseases from a glorious strumpet,

The most censorious of our Roman gentry,

Nay, of the guarded robe\*, the senators

Esteem an easy purchase.

*Par.* Yet grudge us†,

That with delight join profit, and endeavour

To build their minds up fair, and on the stage

Decipher to the life what honours wait

On good and glorious actions, and the shame

That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary

Of six *sestertii*.*Æsop.* For the profit, Paris,

And mercenary gain, they are things beneath us;

Since, while you hold your grace and power with

Cæsar,

We, from your bounty, find a large supply,

Nor can one thought of want ever approach us.

*Par.* Our aim is glory, and to leave our names

To aftertime.

*Lat.* And, would they give us leave,

There ends all our ambition.

*Æsop.* We have enemies,

And great ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,

The consul Aretinus, Cæsar's spy,

Said at his table, ere a month expired,

For being gall'd in our last comedy,

He'd silence us for ever.

*Par.* I expect

No favour from him; my strong Aventine is‡,

\* *Nay, of the guarded robe.*] i. e. the laced or bordered robe.—*The Laticlavus.* M. MASON.

† *Paris Yet grudge us.*

‡ *That with delight join profit, &c.*] Paris here applies, pleasantly enough, to himself, what was said of a very different character:

*Hæc inter sumptus, æstertia Quintiliano,*

*Ut multum, duo sufficient.*

On the whole, it is amusing to hear him talk in the high moral strain of Seneca and Juvenal.

§ *my strong Aventine.*] I scarcely know what is meant by this uncouth expression. On this bill the auguries were usually taken, it may therefore

That great Domitian, whom we oft have cheer'd  
In his most sullen moods, will once return,  
Who can repair, with ease, the consul's ruins.

*Lat.* 'Tis frequent in the city\*, he hath subdued  
The Catti and the Daci, and, ere long,  
The second time will enter Rome in triumph.

*Enter two Lictors.*

*Par.* Jove hasten it! With us!—I now believe  
The consul's threats, *Æsopus*.

1 *Lict.* You are summon'd  
To appear to-day in senate.

2 *Lict.* And there to answer  
What shall be urged against you.

*Par.* We obey you.  
Nay, droop not, fellows; innocence should be bold.  
We, that have personated in the scene  
The ancient heroes, and the falls of princes,  
With loud applause; being to act ourselves,  
Must do it with undaunted confidence.  
Whate'er our sentence be, think 'tis in sport:  
And, though condemn'd, let's hear it without sorrow,  
As if we were to live again to-morrow†.

1 *Lict.* 'Tis spoken like yourself.

*Enter ÆLIUS LAMIA, JUNIUS RUSTICUS, and  
PALPHURIUS SURA.*

*Lam.* Whither goes *Paris*?

1 *Lict.* He's cited to the senate.

*Lat.* I am glad the state is

So free from matters of more weight and trouble,  
That it has vacant time to look on us. [*kings*]

*Par.* That reverend place, in which the affairs of  
And provinces were determined, to descend  
To the censure of a bitter word, or jest,  
Dropp'd from a poet's pen! Peace to your lordships!  
We are glad that you are safe.

[*Exeunt Lictors, Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus.*]

*Lam.* What times are these!

To what is Rome fallen! may we, being alone  
Speak our thoughts freely of the prince and state,  
And not fear the informer?

*Rust.* Noble *Lamia*,

So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts  
Are practised every where, we hardly sleep,  
Nay, cannot dream, with safety. All our actions  
Are call'd in question: to be nobly born  
Is now a crime; and to deserve too well,  
Held capital treason. Sons accuse their fathers,  
Fathers their sons; and, but to win a smile  
From one in grace at court, our chastest matrons  
Make shipwreck of their honours. 'To be virtuous  
Is to be guilty. They are only safe  
That know to soothe the prince's appetite,  
And serve his lusts.

*Sura.* 'Tis true; and 'tis my wonder,  
That two sons of so different a nature [*Titus*]  
Should spring from good *Vespasian*. We had a  
Styled, justly, the delight of all mankind,

signify, my strong forebodings, or expectations. Or it may mean (as the *Aventine* was a post of strength) my security, my defence.

\* *Lat.* 'Tis frequent in the city.] A Latinism; 'tis common, currently reported, &c.

† *As if we were to live again to-morrow.*] This line is wholly omitted by Mr. M. Mason! To a culpable negligence, this "most accurate of editors" joins a gross ignorance of history. He reads just below, *Enter Ælius, I. a. uia, Junius Rusticus, Palphurius, and Sura*! He has not even the excuse of being misled by *Coxeter* here, for the copulative between *Palphurius* and *Sura* is his own ingenious addition!

Who did esteem that day lost in his life,  
In which some one or other tasted not  
Of his magnificent bounties;—one that had  
A ready tear, when he was forced to sign  
The death of an offender: and so far  
From pride, that he disdain'd not the converse  
Even of the poorest Roman.

*Lam.* Yet his brother,  
Domitian, that now sways the power of things\*,  
Is so inclined to blood, that no day passes  
In which some are not fastened to the hook,  
Or thrown down from the Gemonies†. His freedmen  
Scorn the nobility, and he himself,  
As if he were not made of flesh and blood,  
Forgets he is a man.

*Rust.* In his young years, [*ness*]  
He show'd what he would be when grown to ripe—  
His greatest pleasure was, being a child,  
With a sharp-pointed bodkin to kill flies,  
Whose rooms now men supply. For his escape  
In the Vitellian war, he raised a temple  
To Jupiter, and proudly placed his figure  
In the bosom of the god: and in his edicts  
He does not blush, or start, to style himself  
(As if the name of emperor were base)  
Great Lord and God Domitian.

*Sura.* I have letters  
He's on his way to Rome, and purposes  
To enter with all glory. The flattering senate  
Decreases him divine honours; and to cross it,  
Were death with studied torments:—for my part‡,  
I will obey the time; it is in vain  
To strive against the torrent.

*Rust.* Let's to the curia,  
And, though unwillingly, give our suffrages,  
Before we are compell'd.

*Lam.* And since we cannot  
With safety use the active, let's make use of  
The passive fortitude, with this assurance,  
That the state, sick in him, the gods to friend§,  
Though at the worst will now begin to mend. [*Exeunt.*]

\* *Domitian, that now sways the power of things,*] A Latinism for—*that now sways the world, rerum potestas.*

† *Or thrown down from the Gemonies.*] For this pure and classical expression, the modern editors have foolishly substituted,

*Or thrown from the Tarpeian rock!*  
I say foolishly, because, from their impertinent alteration, they appear to take the fastening to the hook, and the throwing from the Gemonies to be modes of execution: whereas they were expressions of indignity to the sufferer after death. The Gemonies (*Scala Gemonia*) was an abrupt and rugged precipice on the *Aventine* where the bodies of state criminals were flung, and from whence, after they had been exposed to the insults of the rabble, they were dragged to the *Tiber*, which flowed at the foot of the hill.

I have already observed, that *Massinger* is only known to those who read him in the old editions, and every page and every line I examine of *Coxeter* and *M. M. Mason*, strengthens and confirms the observation.

‡ *I will obey the time; it is in vain*

*To strive against the torrent.*] *Massinger* has confounded the character of *Sura* with that of *Crispus*. It is needless, however, to dwell on such inaccuracies, since none will consult the dramatic poet for the true characters of those eventful times. In the preceding speech, he represents Domitian as delighting "to kill flies in his childhood." This is directly in the face of history. *Suetonius* says that he began his reign with killing flies. His childhood was sufficiently innocent.

§ *the gods to friend,*] i. e. *συν θεοις*, with the protection of heaven—a very common expression in our old poets. Thus *Spenser*:

"So forward on his way, with God to friend,  
He passed forth"

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lamia's House.**Enter DOMITIA and PARTHENIUS.**Dom.* To me this reverence!

*Parth.* I pay it, lady,  
As a debt due to her that's Cæsar's mistress:  
For understand with joy, he that commands  
All that the sun gives warmth to, is your servant;  
Be not amazed, but fit you to your fortunes.  
Think upon state and greatness\*, and the honours  
That wait upon Augusta, for that name,  
Ere long, comes to you:—still you doubt your vassal;  
But, when you've read this letter, writ and sign'd  
With his imperial hand, you will be freed  
From fear and jealousy; and, I beseech you,  
When all the beauties of the earth bow to you,  
And senators shall take it for an honour,  
As I do now, to kiss these happy feet;  
When every smile you give is a preferment,  
And you dispose of provinces to your creatures,  
Think on Parthenius.

*Dom.* Rise. I am transported,  
And hardly dare believe what is assured here.  
The means, my good Parthenius, that wrought Cæsar,  
Our god on earth, to cast an eye of favour  
Upon his humble handmaid?

*Parth.* What, but your beauty?  
When nature framed you for her masterpiece,  
As the pure abstract of all rare in woman,  
She had no other ends but to design you  
To the most eminent place. I will not say  
(For it would smell of arrogance to insinuate  
The service I have done you) with what zeal  
I oft have made relation of your virtues,  
Or how I've sung your goodness, or how Cæsar  
Was fired with the relation of your story:  
I am rewarded in the act, and happy  
In that my project prosper'd.

*Dom.* You are modest:  
And were it in my power, I would be thankful.  
If that, when I was mistress of myself,  
And, in my way of youth, pure end untainted†,  
The emperor had vouchsafed to seek my favours,  
I had with joy given up my virgin fort,  
At the first summons, to his soft embraces:  
But I am now another's, not mine own.  
You know I have a husband:—for my honour,  
I would not be his strumpet, and how law  
Can be dispensed with to become his wife,  
To me's a riddle.

*Parth.* I can soon resolve it:  
When power puts in his plea the laws are silenced.  
The world confesses one Rome, and one Cæsar,  
And as his rule is infinite, his pleasures  
Are unconfined; this syllable, his will,  
Stands for a thousand reasons.

*Dom.* But with safety,  
Suppose I should consent, how can I do it?  
My husband is a senator, of a temper  
Not to be jested with.

*Enter LAMIA.*

*Parth.* As if he durst  
Be Cæsar's rival!—here he comes; with ease  
I will remove this scruple.

\* *Think upon state and greatness!* Mr. M. Mason foists in the article before *state*, which weakens the expression, and destroys the metre.

† *And, in my way of youth, pure and untainted,* See a *Very Woman*.

*Lam.* How! so private!

My own house made a brothel! Sir, how durst you,  
Though guarded with your power in court and  
greatness,

Hold conference with my wife? As for you, minion,  
I shall hereafter treat—

*Parth.* You are rude and saucy,  
Nor know to whom you speak.

*Lam.* This is fine, i'faith!

Is she not my wife?

*Parth.* Your wife! But touch her, that respect  
forgotten

That's due to her whom mightiest Cæsar favours,  
And think what 'tis to die. Not to lose time,  
She's Cæsar's choice: it is sufficient honour  
You were his taster in this heavenly nectar;  
But now must quit the office.

*Lam.* This is rare!

Cannot a man be master of his wife  
Because she's young and fair, without a patent?  
I in my own house am an emperor, [knaves?  
And will defend what's mine. Where are my  
If such an insolence escape unpunish'd—

*Parth.* In yourself, Lamia,—Cæsar hath forgot  
To use his power, and I, his instrument,  
In whom, though absent, his authority speaks,  
Have lost my faculties! [Stamps.

*Enter a Centurion with Soldiers.*

*Lam.* The guard! why, am I  
Design'd for death!

*Dom.* As you desire my favour,  
Take not so rough a course.

*Parth.* All your desires  
Are absolute commands. Yet give me leave  
To put the will of Cæsar into act.  
Here's a bill of divorce between your lordship  
And this great lady: if you refuse to sign it,  
And so as if you did it uncompell'd,  
Won't by reasons that concern yourself,  
Her honour too untainted, here are clerks,  
Shall in your best blood write it new, till torture  
Compel you to perform it.

*Lam.* Is this legal?

*Parth.* Monarchs that dare not do unlawful things,  
Yet bear them out, are constables, not kings.  
Will you dispute?

*Lam.* I know not what to urge  
Against myself, but too much dotage on her,  
Love, and observance.

*Parth.* Set it under your hand,  
That you are impotent, and cannot pay  
The duties of a husband; or, that you are mad;  
Rather than want just cause, we'll make you so.  
Dispatch, you know the danger else;—deliver it,

\* *Lam. Is this legal?*

*Parth. Monarchs, that dare not do unlawful things,* In Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason's editions these lines are thus printed:

*Lam. Is this legal?*

New words that dare not, &c.  
On which the latter says: "I considered this passage for some time as irretrievable, for there is a mistake not only in the words, but in the person also to whom they are attributed;" and he proceeds with great earnestness and gravity to rectify the mistake. All this "consideration" might have been saved by a glance at the old copies, which, read precisely as I have given it. True it is, that Coxeter found the nonsense they have printed, in the quarto; but the error seems to have been quickly discovered and removed, since it occurs but in one of the numerous copies which I have had occasion to consult.

Nay, on your knee. Madam, you now are free,  
And mistress of yourself.

*Lam.* Can you, Domitia,  
Consent to this?

*Dom.* 'Twould argue a base mind  
To live a servant, when I may command.  
I now am Caesar's: and yet, in respect  
I once was yours, when you came to the palace,  
Provided you deserve it in your service,  
You shall find me your good mistress\*. Wait me,  
And now farewell, poor Lamia. [*Parthenius*  
[*Exeunt all but Lamia.*

*Lam.* To the gods  
I bend my knees, (for tyranny hath banish'd  
Justice from men,) and as they would deserve  
Their altars, and our vows, humbly invoke them,  
That this my ravish'd wife may prove as fatal  
To proud Domitian, and her embraces  
Afford him, in the end, as little joy  
As wanton Helen brought to him of Troy! [*Exit.*

### SCENE III.—The Senate-house.

*Enter* Lictors, ARETINUS, FULCINIUS, RUSTICUS,  
SURA, PARIS, LATINUS, and ÆSOPUS.

*Aret.* Fathers conscript, may this our meeting be  
Happy to Caesar and the commonwealth!

*Lict.* Silence!

*Aret.* The purpose of this frequent senate  
Is first, to give thanks to the gods of Rome,  
That, for the propagation of the empire,  
Vouchsafe us one to govern it, like themselves.  
In height of courage, depth of understanding,  
And all those virtues, and remarkable graces,  
Which make a prince most eminent, our Domitian  
Transcends the ancient Romans: I can never  
Bring his praise to a period. What good man,  
That is a friend to truth, dares make it doubtful,  
That he hath Fabius' staidness, and the courage  
Of bold Marcellus, to whom Hannibal gave  
The style of Target, and the Sword of Rome?  
But he has more, and every touch more Roman;  
As Pompey's dignity, Augustus' state,  
Antony's bounty, and great Julius' fortune,  
With Cato's resolution. I am lost  
In the ocean of his virtues: in a word,  
All excellencies of good men meet in him  
But no part of their vices.

*Rust.* This is no flattery!

*Sura.* Take heed, you'll be observed.

*Aret.* 'Tis then most fit

That we, (as to the father of our country,  
Like thankful sons, stand bound to pay true service  
For all those blessings that he showers upon us,)  
Should not connive, and see his government  
Depraved and scandalized by meaner men,  
That to his favour and indulgence owe  
Themselves and being.

\* You shall find me your good mistress.] That is, your patroness. This was the language of the times, and is frequently found in our old writers: It occurs again in the dedication to *The Emperor of the East*.

† *Aret. Fathers conscript, &c.*] This was the customary form of opening the debate: It occurs in Jonson's *Catiline*. Frequent senate, which is found in the next speech, is a Latinism for a full house.

‡ That we, (as to the father, &c.) We should certainly read who instead of as.—M. MASON.

There is an ellipsis of who: but the text is right.

*Par.* Now he points at us.

*Aret.* Cite Paris, the tragedian.

*Par.* Here.

*Aret.* Stand forth.

In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,  
I do accuse the quality of treason\*.

As libelers against the state and Caesar.

*Par.* Mere accusations are not proofs, my lord;  
In what are we delinquents?

*Aret.* You are they

That search into the secrets of the time,  
And, under feign'd names, on the stage, present  
Actions not to be touch'd at; and traduce  
Persons of rank and quality of both sexes,  
And with satirical and bitter jests  
Make even the senators ridiculous  
To the plebeians.

*Par.* If I free not myself,

And, in myself, the rest of my profession,  
From these false imputations, and prove  
That they make that a libel which the poet  
Writ for a comedy, so acted too;  
It is but justice that we undergo  
The heaviest censure.

*Aret.* Are you on the stage,  
You talk so boldly?

*Par.* The whole world being one,  
This place is not exempted; and I am  
So confident in the justice of our cause,  
That I could wish Caesar, in whose great name  
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,  
To hear our plea, and then determine of us.  
If, to express a man sold to his lusts,  
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes  
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end  
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at;  
Detering careless youth, by his example,  
From such licentious courses; laying open  
The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts  
Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof;  
Why are not all your golden principles,  
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us  
To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,  
Condemn'd unto the fire?

*Sura.* There's spirit in this.

*Par.* Or if desire of honour was the base  
On which the building of the Roman empire  
Was raised up to this height; if, to inflame  
The noble youth with an ambitious heat  
To endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,  
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath  
By glorious undertakings, may deserve  
Reward or favour from the commonwealth;  
Actors may put in for as large a share  
As all the sects of the philosophers.  
They with cold precept† (perhaps seldom read)  
Deliver, what an honourable thing  
The active virtue is: but does that fire  
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,  
To be both good and great, equal to that  
Which is presented on our theatres?

\* In thee, as being the chief of thy profession, I do accuse the quality of treason.] Quality, though used in a general sense for any occupation, calling, or condition of life, yet seems more peculiarly appropriated, by our old writers, to that of a player. See *the Picture*.

† They with cold precept, &c.] This is judiciously expanded from Horace:

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*

Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,  
Shew great Alcides honour'd in the sweat  
Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus,  
Forbidding Rome to be redeem'd with gold  
From the insulting Gauls; or Scipio,  
After his victories, imposing tribute  
On conquer'd Carthage: if done to the life,  
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,  
And did partake with them in their rewards, -  
All that have any spark of Roman in them,  
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be  
Like those they see presented.

*Rust.* He has put  
The consuls to their whisper\*.

*Par.* But, 'tis urged  
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.  
When do we bring a vice upon the stage,  
That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach,  
By the success of wicked undertakings,  
Others to tread in their forbidden steps?  
We show no arts of Lydian panderism,  
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,  
But mulcted so in the conclusion, that  
Even those spectators that were so inclined,  
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such  
That are above us, publishing to the world  
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent  
As such as are born dumb. When we present  
An heir that does conspire against the life  
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour  
He lives, as tedious to him; if there be  
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him  
He is of the same mould,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.  
Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,  
That does maintain the riotous expense  
Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers  
The lawful pledges of a former bed  
To starve the while for hunger: if a matron,  
However great in fortune, birth, or titles,  
Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin,  
Cry out, 'Tis writ for me,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.  
Or, when a covetous man's express'd, whose wealth  
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships  
A falcon in one day cannot fly over;  
Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping,  
As not to afford himself the necessaries  
To maintain life; if a patrician,  
(Though honour'd with a consulship,) find himself  
Touch'd to the quick in this,—WE CANNOT HELP IT:  
Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,  
And will give up his sentence, as he favours  
The person, not the cause; saving the guilty,  
If of his faction, and as oft condemning  
The innocent, out of particular spleen;  
If any in this reverend assembly,  
Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image  
Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom  
That puts you in remembrance of things past,  
Or things intended,—'TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.

\* *Rust.* He has put &c.] Massinger never scruples to repeat himself. We have just had this expression in *The Parliament of Love*:

"—she has put  
The judges to their whisper."

The learned reader will discover several classical allusions in the ensuing speech, and, indeed, in every part of this drama: these I have not always pointed out; though I would observe, in justice to Massinger, that they are commonly made with skill and effect, and without that affectation of literature elsewhere so noticeable.

I have said, my lord; and now, as you find cause,  
Or censure us, or free us with applause.

*Lat.* Well pleaded, on my life! I never saw him  
Act an orator's part before.

*Æsop.* We might have given  
Ten double fees to Regulus, and yet  
Our cause deliver'd worse. [A shout within.

*Enter* PARTHENIUS.

*Aret.* What shout is that?

*Parth.* Cæsar, our lord, married to conquest, is  
Return'd in triumph.

*Ful.* Let's all haste to meet him.

*Aret.* Break up the court; we will reserve to him  
The censure of this cause.

*All.* Long life to Cæsar! [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.—The Approach to the Capitol.

*Enter* JULIA, CÆNIS, DOMITILLA, and DOMITIA.

*Cænis.* Stand back—the place is mine.

*Jul.* Yours! Am I not  
Great Titus' daughter, and Domitian's niece?  
Dares any claim precedence?

*Cænis.* I was more:  
The mistress of your father, and, in his right,  
Claim duty from you.

*Jul.* I confess, you were useful  
To please his appetite.

*Dom.* To end the controversy,  
For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold  
To lead the way myself.

*Domitil.* You, minion!

*Dom.* Yes;

And all, ere long, shall kneel to catch my favours.

*Jul.* Whence springs this flood of greatness?

*Dom.* You shall know  
Too soon for your vexation, and perhaps  
Repent too late, and pine with envy, when  
You see whom Cæsar favours.

*Jul.* Observe the sequel.

*Enter* Captains with laurels, DOMITIAN in his triumphant chariot, PARTHENIUS, PARIS, LATINUS, and ÆSOPUS, met by ARETINUS, SURA, LAMIA, RUSTICUS, FULCINIUS, Soldiers, and Captives.

*Cæs.* As we now touch the height of human glory,  
Riding in triumph to the capitol,  
Let these, whom this victorious arm hath made  
The scorn of fortune, and the slaves of Rome,  
Taste the extremes of misery. Bear them off  
To the common prisons, and there let them prove  
How sharp our axes are.

[Exeunt Soldiers with Captives.

*Rust.* A bloody entrance!

[Aside.

*Cæs.* To tell you you are happy in your prince,  
Were to distrust your love, or my desert;  
And either were distasteful: or to boast  
How much, not by my deputies, but myself,  
I have enlarged the empire; or what horrors  
The soldier, in our conduct, hath broke through,  
Would better suit the mouth of Plautus' braggart,  
Than the adored monarch of the world.

*Sura.* This is no boast!

[Aside.

*Cæs.* When I but name the Daci,  
And grey-eyed Germans, whom I have subdued,  
The ghost of Julius will look pale with envy,  
And great Vespasian's and Titus' triumph,  
(Truth must take place of father and of brother,)  
Will be no more remember'd. I am above

All honours you can give me; and the style  
Of Lord and God, which thankful subjects give me,  
Not my ambition, is deserved.

*Arct.* At all parts  
Celestial sacrifice is fit for Cæsar,  
In our acknowledgment.

*Cæs.* Thanks, Arctinus;  
Still hold our favour. Now, the god of war,  
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,  
Banish'd from Rome to Thrace, in our good fortune,  
With justice he may taste the fruits of peace,  
Whose sword hath plough'd the ground, and reap'd  
the harvest

Of your prosperity. Nor can I think  
That there is one among you so ungrateful,  
Or such an enemy to thriving virtue,  
That can esteem the jewel he holds dearest  
Too good for Cæsar's use.

*Sura.* All we possess—

*Lam.* Our liberties—

*Ful.* Our children—

*Par.* Wealth—

*Arct.* And throats,  
Fall willingly beneath his feet.

*Rust.* Base flattery!  
What Roman can endure this!

[*Aside.*

*Cæs.* This calls\* on  
My love to all, which spreads itself among you.  
The beauties of the time! receive the honour  
To kiss the hand which, rear'd up thus, holds thunder;  
To you, 'tis an assurance of a calm.  
Julia, my niece, and Cænis, the delight  
Of old Vespasian; Domitilla, too,  
A princess of our blood.

*Rust.* 'Tis strange his pride  
Affords no greater courtesy to ladies  
Of such high birth and rank.

*Sura.* Your wife's forgotten.

*Lam.* No, she will be remembered, fear it not,  
She will be graced, and greased.

*Cæs.* But, when I look on  
Divine Domitia, methinks we should meet  
(The lesser gods applauding the encounter)  
As Jupiter, the Giants lying dead  
On the Phlegrean plain, embraced his Juno.  
Lamia, it is your honour that she's mine.

*Lam.* You are too great to be gainsaid.

*Cæs.* Let all

That fear our frown, or do affect our favour,  
Without examining the reason why,  
Salute her (by this kiss I make it good)  
With the title of Augusta.

*Dom.* Still your servant.

*All.* Long live Augusta, great Domitian's empress!

*Cæs.* Paris, my hand.

*Par.* The gods still honour Cæsar!

*Cæs.* The wars are ended, and, our arms laid by,  
We are for soft delights. Command the poets  
To use their choicest and most rare invention,  
To entertain the time, and be you careful  
To give it action: we'll provide the people  
Pleasures of all kinds. My Domitia, think not  
I flatter, though thus fond. On to the capitol:  
'Tis death to him that wears a sullen brow.  
This 'tis to be a monarch, when alone  
He can command all, but is awed by none.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Hall in the Palace.

*Enter PHILARGUS in rags, and PARTHENIUS.*

*Phil.* My son to tutor me! Know your obedience,  
And question not my will.

*Parth.* Sir, were I one,  
Whom want compell'd to wish a full possession  
Of what is yours; or had I ever number'd†  
Your years, or thought you lived too long, with  
You then might nourish ill opinions of me: [reason  
Or did the suit that I prefer to you  
Concern myself, and aim'd not at your good,  
You might deny, and I sit down with patience,  
And after never press you.

*Phil.* In the name of Pluto,  
What would'st thou have me do?

\* *This calls, &c.* This passage is so strangely pointed in the modern editions, that it clearly appears to have been misunderstood. They read,

*This calls on*

*My love to all, which spreads itself among you,  
The beauties of the time. Recites &c.*

† *or had I ever number'd*

*Your years.* This was accounted a high degree of unnaturalness and impiety among all nations: *patrios inguleros in annos* is reckoned by Ovid among the prominent causes which provoked Jupiter to destroy the old world by a deluge.

*Parth.* Right to yourself;  
Or suffer me to do it. Can you imagine  
This nasty hat, this tatter'd cloak, rent shoe,  
This sordid linen, can become the master  
Of your fair fortunes? whose superfluous means,  
Though I were burthensome, could clothe you in  
The costliest Persian silks, studded with jewels,  
The spoils of provinces, and every day  
Fresh change of Tyrian purple.

*Phil.* Out upon thee!  
My monies in my coffers melt to hear thee.  
Purple! hence, prodigal! Shall I make my mercer  
Or tailor heir, or see my jeweller purchase?  
No, I hate pride.

*Parth.* Yet decency would do well.  
Though, for your outside, you will not be alter'd,  
Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you  
Not to deny your belly nourishment;  
Neither to think you've feasted when 'tis cramm'd  
With mouldy barley-bread, onions, and leeks,  
And the drink of bondmen, water.

*Phil.* Wouldst thou have me  
Be an Apicius, or a Lucullus,  
And riot out my state in curious sauces?  
Wise nature with a little is contented;  
And, following her, my guide, I cannot err.

*Parth.* But you destroy her in your want of care (I blush to see, and speak it) to maintain her In perfect health and vigour, when you suffer, Frighted with the charge of physis, rheums, catarrhs, The scurf, ache in your bones, to grow upon you, And hasten on your fate with too much sparing; When a cheap purge, a vomit, and good diet, May lengthen it. Give me but leave to send The emperor's doctor to you.

*Phil.* I'll be borne first, Half rotten, to the fire that must consume me! His pills, his cordials, his electuaries, His syrups, julaps, bezoar stone, nor his Imagined unicorn's horn, comes in my belly; My mouth shall be a draught first, 'tis resolved. No; I'll not lessen my dear golden heap, Which, every hour increasing, does renew My youth and vigour; but, if lessen'd, then, Then my poor heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it, And brood o'er't, while I live, it being my life, My soul, my all: but when I turn to dust, And part from what is more esteem'd, by me, Than all the gods Rome's thousand altars smoke to, Inherit thou my adoration of it, And, like me, serve my idol. [Exit.

*Parth.* What a strange torture Is avarice to itself! what man, that looks on Such a penurious spectacle, but must Know what the fable meant of Tantalus, Or the ass whose back is crack'd with curious viands, Yet feeds on thistles. Some course I must take, To make my father know what cruelty He uses on himself.

Enter PARIS.

*Par.* Sir, with your pardon, I make bold to enquire the emperor's pleasure; For, being by him commanded to attend, Your favour may instruct us what's his will Shall be this night presented.

*Parth.* My loved Paris, Without my intercession, you well know, You may make your own approaches, since his ear To you is ever open.

*Par.* I acknowledge His clemency to my weakness, and, if ever I do abuse it, lightning strike me dead! The grace he pleases to confer upon me (Without boast I may say so much) was never Employ'd to wrong the innocent, or to incense His fury.

*Parth.* 'Tis confess'd: many men owe you For provinces they ne'er hoped for; and their lives, Forfeited to his anger:—you being absent, I could say more.

*Par.* You still are my good patron; And, lay it in my fortune to deserve it, You should perceive the poorest of your clients To his best abilities thankful.

*Parth.* I believe so. Met you my father?

*Par.* Yes, sir, with much grief, To see him as he is. Can nothing work him To be himself?

*Parth.* O, Paris, 'tis a weight Sits heavy here; and could this right hand's loss Remove it, it should off; but he is deaf To all persuasion.

*Par.* Sir, with your pardon,

I'll offer my advice: I once observed, In a tragedy of ours\*, in which a murder Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer, Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience, To make discovery of that which torture Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear Like an impossibility, but that Your father, looking on a covetous man Presented on the stage, as in a mirror, May see his own deformity, and loath it. Now, could you but persuade the emperor To see a comedy we have, that's styled *The Cure of Avarice*, and to command Your father to be a spectator of it, He shall be so anatomized in the scene, And see himself so personated, the baseness Of a self-torturing miserable wretch Truly described, that I much hope the object Will work compunction in him.

*Parth.* There's your fee; I ne'er bought better counsel. Be you in readiness, I will effect the rest.

*Par.* Sir, when you please; We'll be prepared to enter.—Sir, the emperor. [Exit.

†Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, and Guard.

*Cæs.* Repine at us!

*Aret.* 'Tis more, or my informers, That keep strict watch upon him, are deceived In their intelligence: there is a list Of malcontents, as Junius Rusticus, Palphurius Sura, and this Ælius Lamia, That murmur at your triumphs, as mere pageants; And, at their midnight meetings, tax your justice, (For so I style what they call tyranny,) For Pætus Thrasea's death, as if in him Virtue herself were murder'd: nor forget they Agricola, who, for his service done In the reducing Britain to obedience, They dare affirm to be removed with poison; And he compell'd to write you a coheir With his daughter, that his testament might stand, Which, else, you had made void. Then your much To Julia your niece, censured as incest, [love And done in scorn of Titus, your dead brother: But the divorce Lamia was forced to sign To her you honour with Augusta's title, Being only named, they do conclude there was A Lucrece once, a Collatine, and a Brutus; But nothing Roman left now but, in you, The lust of Tarquin.

*Cæs.* Yes, his fire, and scorn Of such as think that our unlimited power Can be confined. Dares Lamia pretend

\* ——— I once observed In a tragedy of ours, &c.]

"I have heard, That guilty creatures, sitting at a play, Have by the very cunning of the scene, Been struck so to the soul, that presently They have proclaim'd their malefactions; For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak With most miraculous organ." *Hamlet.*

† Enter CÆSAR, &c. Coxeter seldom attempts to specify the place of action without falling into error; and Mr. M. Mason, who, in despite of his accuracy, labours, like Falstaff, under "the malady of not marking," constantly and closely follows him. They call this "Scene the second," and change the ground from a chamber to a palace; withstanding the emperor enters while Paris is yet speaking, and Partheolus continues on the stage.

An interest to that which I call mine ;  
Or but remember she was ever his,  
That's now in our possession ? Fetch him hither.

[Exit Guard.]

I'll give him cause to wish he rather had  
Forgot his own name, than e'er mention'd her's.  
Shall we be circumscribed ? Let such as cannot  
By force make good their actions, though wicked,  
Conceal, excuse, or qualify their crimes !  
What our desires grant leave and privilege to,  
Though contradicting all divine decrees,  
Or laws confirm'd by Romulus and Numa,  
Shall be held sacred.

Aret. You should, else, take from  
The dignity of Cæsar.

Cæs. Am I master  
Of two and thirty legions, that awe  
All nations of the triumphed world,  
Yet tremble at our frown, to yield account  
Of what's our pleasure, to a private man !  
Rome perish first, and Atlas' shoulders shrink,  
Heaven's fabric fall, (the sun, the moon, the stars,  
Losing their light and comfortable heat,)  
Ere I confess that any fault of mine  
May be disputed !

Aret. So you preserve your power,  
As you should, equal and omnipotent here  
With Jupiter's above.

[Parthenius kneeling, whispers Cæsar.]

Cæs. Thy suit is granted,  
Whate'er it be, Parthenius, for thy service  
Done to Augusta—Only so ! a trifle :  
Command him hither. If the comedy fail  
To cure him, I will minister something to him  
That shall instruct him to forget his gold,  
And think upon himself.

Parth. May it succeed well,  
Since my intents are pious !

[Exit.]

Cæs. We are resolved  
What course to take ; and, therefore, Aretinus,  
Enquire no further. Go you to my empress,  
And say I do entreat (for she rules him  
Whom all men else obey) she would vouchsafe  
The music of her voice at yonder window,  
When I advance my hand, thus. I will blend

[Exit Aretinus.]

My cruelty with some scorn, or else 'tis lost.  
Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling  
With greater violence ; and hate clothed in smiles,  
Strikes, and with horror, dead, the wretch that  
Prepared to meet it.

[comes not]

Re-enter Guard with LAMIA.

Our good Lamia, welcome.  
So much we owe you for a benefit,  
With willingness on your part conferr'd upon us,  
That 'tis our study, we that would not live  
Engaged to any for a courtesy,  
How to return it.

Lam. 'Tis beneath your fate  
To be obliged, that in your own hand grasp  
The means to be magnificent.

Cæs. Well put off ;  
But yet it must not do : the empire, Lamia,  
Divided equally, can hold no weight,  
If balanced with your gift in fair Domitia—  
You, that could part with all delights at once,  
The magazine of rich pleasures being contain'd  
In her perfections,—uncompell'd, deliver'd  
As a present fit for Cæsar. In your eyes,

With tears of joy, not sorrow, 'tis confirm'd  
You glory in your act.

Lam. Derided too !

Sir, this is more—

Cæs. More than I can requite ;  
It is acknowledged, Lamia. There's no drop  
Of melting nectar I taste from her lip,  
But yields a touch of immortality  
To the blest receiver ; every grace and feature,  
Prized to the worth, bought at an easy rate,  
If purchased for a consulship. Her discourse  
So ravishing, and her action so attractive,  
That I would part with all my other senses,  
Provided I might ever see and hear her.  
The pleasures of her bed I dare not trust  
The winds or air with ; for that would draw down,  
In envy of my happiness, a war  
From all the gods, upon me.

Lam. Your compassion

To me, in your forbearing to insult  
On my calamity, which you make your sport,  
Would more appense those gods you have provoked,  
Than all the blasphemous comparisons  
You sing unto her praise.

Cæs. I sing her praise ! [Domitia appears at the  
'Tis far from my ambition to hope it ; [window.  
It being a debt she only can lay down,  
And no tongue else discharge.

[He raises his hand. Music above.]

Hark ! I think, prompted  
With my consent that you once more should hear  
She does begin. An universal silence [her,  
Dwell on this place ! 'Tis death, with lingering  
torments,  
To all that dare disturb her.—

[A Song, by Domitia.]

—Who can hear this,

And fall not down and worship ? In my fancy,  
Apollo being judge, on Latmos' hill  
Fair-hair'd Calliope, on her ivory lute,  
(But something short of this,) sung Ceres' praises,  
And grisly Pluto's rape on Proserpine.  
The motions of the spheres are out of time\*,  
Her musical notes but heard. Say, Lamia, say,  
Is not her voice angelical ?

Lam. To your ear :  
But I, alas ! am silent.

Cæs. Be so ever,  
That without admiration canst hear her !  
Malice to my felicity strikes thee dumb,  
And, in thy hope, or wish, to repossess  
What I love more than empire, I pronounce thee  
Guilty of treason. Off with his head ! do you stare ?  
By her that is my patroness, Minerva,  
Whose statue I adore of all the gods,  
If he but live to make reply, thy life  
Shall answer it !

[The Guard leads off Lamia, stopping his mouth.]

My fears of him are freed now ;  
And he that lived to upbraid me with my wrong,

\* The motions of the spheres are out of time.] For time, Mr. M. Mason chooses to read, tune. In this capricious alteration he is countenanced by some of the commentators on Shakespeare, who, as well as himself, might have spared their pains ; since it appears from numberless examples that the two words were once synonymous. Time, however, was the more ancient and common term ; nor was it till long after the age of Massinger, that the use of it in the sense of harmony, was entirely superseded by that of tune.

For an offence he never could imagine,  
In wantonness removed. Descend, my dearest;  
Plurality of husbands shall no more  
Breed doubts or jealousies in you: 'tis dispatch'd,  
And with as little trouble here, as if  
I had kill'd a fly.

*Enter DOMITIA, ushered in by ARRETINUS, her train  
borne up by JULIA, CÆNIS, and DOMITILLA.*

Now you appear, and in  
That glory you deserve! and these, that stoop  
To do you service, in the act much honour'd!  
Julia, forget that Titus was thy father;  
Cænis, and Domitilla, ne'er remember  
Sabinus or Vespasian. To be slaves  
To her is more true liberty, than to live  
Parthian or Asian queens. As lesser stars  
That wait on Phœbe in her full of brightness,  
Compared to her, you are. Thus, thus I seat you  
By Cæsar's side, commanding these, that once  
Were the adored glories of the time,  
To witness to the world they are your vassals,  
At your feet to attend you.

*Dom.* 'Tis your pleasure,  
And not my pride. And yet, when I consider  
That I am yours, all duties they can pay  
I do receive as circumstances due  
To her you please to honour.

*Re-enter PARTHENIUS with PHILARGUS.*

*Parth.* Cæsar's will  
Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.

*Phil.* Lose time to see an interlude? must I pay  
For my vexation? [100]

*Parth.* Not in the court;  
It is the emperor's charge.

*Phil.* I shall endure  
My torment then the better.

*Cæs.* Can it be  
This sordid thing, Parthenius, is thy father?  
No actor can express him: I had held  
The fiction for impossible in the scene,  
Had I not seen the substance. Sirrah, sit still,  
And give attention; if you but nod,  
You sleep for ever. Let them spare the prologue,  
And all the ceremonies proper to ourself,  
And come to the last act—there, where the cure  
By the doctor is made perfect. The swift minutes  
Seem years to me, Domitia, that divorce thee  
From my embraces: my desires increasing  
As they are satisfied, all pleasures else  
Are tedious as dull sorrows. Kiss me again:  
If I now wanted heat of youth, these fires,  
In Priam's veins would thaw his frozen blood,  
Enabling him to get a second Hector  
For the defence of Troy.

*Dom.* You are wanton!  
Pray you, forbear. Let me see the play.

*Cæs.* Begin there.

*Enter PARIS like a doctor of physic, and ÆSOPUS:  
LATINUS is brought forth asleep in a chair, a key in  
his mouth.*

*Æsop.* O master doctor, he is past recovery;  
A lethargy hath seized him: and, however  
His sleep resemble death, his watchful care  
To guard that treasure he dares make no use of,  
Works strongly in his soul.

*Par.* What's that he holds  
So fast between his teeth?

*Æsop.* The key that opens  
His iron chests, cramm'd with accursed gold,  
Rusty with long imprisonment. There's no duty  
In me, his son, nor confidence in friends,  
That can persuade him to deliver up  
That to the trust of any.

*Phil.* He is the wiser:  
We were fashion'd in one mould.

*Æsop.* He eats with it;  
And when devotion calls him to the temple  
Of Mammon\*, whom, of all the gods, he kneels to,  
THAT held thus still, his orisons are paid:  
Nor will he, though the wealth of Rome were  
For the restoring of't, for one short hour [paw'd  
Be won to part with it.

*Phil.* Still, still myself!  
And if like me he love his gold, no pawn  
Is good security.

*Par.* I'll try if I can force it—  
It will not be. His avaricious mind,  
Like men in rivers drown'd, makes him gripe fast,  
To his last gasp, what he in life held dearest;  
And, if that it were possible in nature,  
Would carry it with him to the other world.

*Phil.* As I would do to hell, rather than leave it.

*Æsop.* Is he not dead?  
*Par.* Long since to all good actions,  
Or to himself, or others, for which wise men  
Desire to live. You may with safety pinch him,  
Or under his nails stick needles, yet he stirs not;  
Anxious fear to lose what his soul doats on,  
Renders his flesh insensible. We must use  
Some means to rouse the sleeping faculties  
Of his mind; there lies the lethargy. Take a trumpet†,  
And blow it into his ears; 'tis to no purpose;  
The roaring noise of thunder cannot wake him:  
And yet despair not; I have one trick left yet.

*Æsop.* What is it?  
*Par.* I will cause a fearful dream  
To steal into his fancy, and disturb it  
With the horror it brings with it, and so free  
His body's organs.

*Dom.* 'Tis a cunning fellow;  
If he were indeed a doctor, as the play says‡,  
He should be sworn my servant; govern my slum-  
And minister to me waking. [bars,

*Par.* If this fail, [A Chest is brought in.  
I'll give him o'er. So; with all violence  
Rend ope this iron chest, for here his life lies  
Bound up in fetters, and in the defence  
Of what he values higher, 'twill return,  
And fill each vein and artery.—Louder yet!  
—'Tis open, and already he begins

\* Of Mammon, &c.] There seems a want of judgment in  
the introduction of Mammon, (a deity unknown to the  
Romans,) when Plutus would have served the turn as well.

† Take a trumpet

And blow it in his ears; 'tis to no purpose:] So Juvenal:  
Qui vis cornicines exaudiet aliqui tubarum  
Concentus.

SAT. X.

And Jonson:

"Sir, speak out;  
You may be louder yet; a culverin  
Discharged into his ear, would hardly bore it." *The Fas-*  
† If he were indeed a doctor, as the play says,] Indeed,  
which completes the verse, is omitted by both the modern  
editors; as are many other words in this little interlude,  
which I have silently brought back. Domitia adds, "He  
should be sworn my servant." This was less a Roman than  
an English custom. In Massinger's time the attendants of  
the great, who were maintained in considerable numbers, took  
an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office.

To stir, mark with what trouble.

[*Latinus stretches himself.*]

*Phil.* As you are Cæsar,  
Defend this honest, thrifty man! they are thieves,  
And come to rob him.

*Parth.* Peace! the emperor frowns.

*Par.* So; now pour out the bags upon the table,  
Remove his jewels, and his bonds.—Again,  
Ring a second golden peal. His eyes are open;  
He stares as he had seen Medusa's head,  
And were turn'd marble.—Once more.

*Lat.* Murder! Murder!  
They come to murder me. My son in the plot?  
Thou worse than parricide! if it be death  
To strike thy father's body, can all tortures  
The furies in hell practise, be sufficient  
For thee that dost assassinate my soul?  
My gold! my bonds! my jewels! dost thou envy  
My glad possession of them for a day;  
Extinguishing the taper of my life  
Consumed unto the snuff?

*Par.* Seem not to mind him.

*Lat.* Have I, to leave thee rich, denied myself  
The joys of human being; scraped and hoarded  
A mass of treasure, which had Solon seen,  
The Lydian Cæsus had appear'd to him  
Poor as the beggar Ius! And yet I,  
Solicitous to increase it, when my entrails  
Were clemm'd\*, with keeping a perpetual fast,  
Was deaf to their loud windy cries, as fearing,  
Should I disburse one penny to their use,  
My heir might curse me. And to save expense  
In outward ornaments, I did expose  
My naked body to the winter's cold,  
And summer's scorching heat: nay, when diseases  
Grew thick upon me, and a little cost  
Had purchased my recovery, I chose rather  
To have my ashes closed up in my urn,  
By hastening on my fate, than to diminish  
The gold my prodigal son, while I am living,  
Carelessly scatters.

*Æsop.* Would you'd dispatch and die once!†  
Your ghost should feel in hell, that is my slave  
Which was your master.

*Phil.* Out upon thee, varlet!

*Par.* And what then follows all your carke and  
caring,

And self-affliction? When your starved trunk is  
Turn'd to forgotten dust, this hopeful youth  
Urines upon your monument, ne'er remembering  
How much for him you suffer'd; and then tells  
To the companions of his lusts and riots,  
The hell you did endure on earth, to leave him  
Large means to be an epicure, and to feast  
His senses all at once, a happiness

\* Were clemm'd with keeping a perpetual fast.] To be clemm'd not clamm'd, (as Steevens quotes it from the miserable text of Coxeter and M. Mason,) is to be shrunk up with hunger, so as to cling together: thus Marston;

"Now lions half-clemm'd entrails roar for food."

*Antonio and Melinda.*  
Metaphorically, to be starved. Thus Jonson: "Hard is their fate, when the valiant must either beg or clem." Again, "I cannot eat stones and turf: What! will he clem me and my followers? ask him, an he will clem me." *Postaster.*

† *Æsop.* Would you'd dispatch and die once! This line is incorrectly given in both the modern editions. Coxeter dropped a word, and M. Mason inserted one at random, which spoiled at once the measure and the sense! He reads,

*It would you dispatch and die at once.*

You never granted to yourself. Your gold, then,  
Got with vexation, and preserved with trouble,  
Maintains the public stews, panders, and ruffians,  
That quaff damnations to your memory\*,  
For living so long here.

*Lat.* It will be so; I see it.

O, that I could redeem the time that's past!  
I would live and die like myself; and make true use  
Of what my industry purchased.

*Par.* Covetous men,  
Having one foot in the grave, lament so ever:  
But grant that I by art could yet recover  
Your desperate sickness, lengthen out your life  
A dozen of years; as I restore your body  
To perfect health, will you with care endeavour  
To rectify your mind?

*Lat.* I should so live then.

As neither my heir should have just cause to think  
I lived too long, for being close-handed to him,  
Or cruel to myself.

*Par.* Have your desires.

Phœbus assisting me, I will repair  
The ruin'd building of your health; and think not  
You have a son that hates you; the truth is,  
This means, with his consent, I practised on you  
To this good end: it being a device,  
In you to shew the Cure of Avarice.

[*Exeunt Parth, Latinus, and Æsopus.*]

*Phil.* An old fool, to be gull'd thus! had he died  
As I resolve to do, not to be alter'd,  
It had gone off twanging.

*Cæs.* How approve you, sweetest,  
Of the matter and the actors?

*Dom.* For the subjectt,  
I like it not! it was filch'd out of Horace,  
—Nay, I have read the poets:—but the fellow  
That play'd the doctor, did it well, by Venus;  
He had a tuneable tongue, and neat delivery:  
And yet, in my opinion, he would perform  
A lover's part much better. Prithee, Cæsar,  
For I grow weary, let us see to-morrow  
*Iphis and Anaxarets.*

*Cæs.* Any thing  
For thy delight, Domitia; to your rest,  
Till I come to disquiet you: wait upon her.  
There is a business that I must dispatch,  
And I will straight be with you.

[*Exeunt Aret, Dom., Julia, Canis, and Domitil.*]

*Parth.* Now, my dread sir,  
E endeavour to prevail.

*Cæs.* One way or other  
We'll cure him, never doubt it. Now, Philargus,  
Thou wretched thing, hast thou seen thy sordid  
baseness,  
And but observed what a contemptible creature  
A covetous miser is? Dost thou in thyself  
Feel true compunction, with a resolution  
To be a new man?

\* That quaff damnations to your memory, &c.] Thus Pope:

"At best, it falls to some ungracious son,  
Who cries, my father's d——d, and all's my own!"

† *Dom.* For the subjectt.

*I like it not; it was filch'd out of Horace.* I differ from Domitia. There is uncommon spirit and beauty in this little interlude. The outline indeed, as the lady observes, is from Horace; but is filled up with a masterly pencil.

*Phil.* This crazed body's Cæsar's ;  
But for my mind——

*Cæs.* Trifle not with my anger.  
Canst thou make good use of what was now presented ;  
And imitate, in thy sudden change of life,  
The miserable rich man, that express'd  
What thou art to the life ?

*Phil.* Pray you give me leave  
To die as I have lived. I must not part with  
My gold ; it is my life ; I am past cure.

*Cæs.* No ; by Minerva, thou shalt never more  
Feel the least touch of avarice. Take him hence,

And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell,  
Enjoy it :—thine here, and thy life together,  
Is forfeited.

*Phil.* Was I sent for to this purpose ?

*Parth.* Mercy for all my service ; Cæsar, mercy !

*Cæs.* Should Jove plead for him, 'tis resolved he  
dies,  
And he that speaks one syllable to dissuade me ;  
And therefore tempt me not. It is but justice :  
Since such as wilfully would hourly die,  
Must tax themselves, and not my cruelty.

[*Ereunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter JULIA, DOMITILLA, and STEPHANOS.*

*Jul.* No, Domitilla ; if you but compare  
What I have suffer'd with your injuries,  
(Though great ones, I confess,) they will appear  
Like molehills to Olympus.

*Domitil.* You are tender  
Of your own wounds, which makes you lose the  
feeling

And sense of mine. The incest he committed  
With you, and publicly profess'd, in scorn  
Of what the world durst censure, may admit  
Some weak defence, as being born headlong to it,  
But in a manly way, to enjoy your beauties :  
Besides, won by his perjuries, that he would  
Salute you with the title of Augusta,  
Your faint denial show'd a full consent,  
And grant to his temptations. But poor I,  
That would not yield, but was with violence forced  
To serve his lusts, and in a kind Tiberius  
At Capræ never practised, have not here  
One conscious touch to rise up my accuser ;  
I, in my will being innocent.

*Steph.* Pardon me,  
Great princesses, though I presume to tell you,  
Wasting your time in childish lamentations,  
You do degenerate from the blood you spring from :  
For there is something more in Rome expected  
From Titus' daughter, and his uncle's heir,  
Than womanish complaints, after such wrongs  
Which mercy cannot pardon. But, you'll say,  
Your hands are weak, and should you but attempt  
A just revenge on this inhuman monster,  
This prodigy of mankind, bloody Domitian  
Hath ready swords at his command, as well  
As islands to confine you, to remove  
His doubts, and fears, did he but entertain  
The least suspicion you contrived or plotted  
Against his person.

*Jul.* 'Tis true, Stephanos ;  
The legions that sack'd Jerusalem,  
Under my father Titus, are sworn his,  
And I no more remember'd.

*Domitil.* And to lose  
Ourselves by building on impossible hopes,  
Were desperate madness.

*Steph.* You conclude too fast.

One single arm, whose master does condemn  
His own life, holds a full command o'er his,  
Spite of his guards\*. I was your bondman, lady,  
And you my gracious patroness ; my wealth  
And liberty your gift : and, though no soldier,  
To whom or custom or example makes  
Grim death appear less terrible, I dare die  
To do you service in a fair revenge :  
And it will better suit your births and honours  
To fall at once, than to live ever slaves  
To his proud empress, that insults upon  
Your patient sufferings. Say but you, Go on,  
And I will reach his heart, or perish in  
The noble undertaking.

*Domitil.* Your free offer  
Confirms your thankfulness, which I acknowledge  
A satisfaction for a greater debt  
Than what you stand engaged for ; but I must not,  
Upon uncertain grounds, hazard so grateful  
And good a servant. The immortal Powers  
Protect a prince, though sold to impious acts,  
And seem to slumber till his roaring crimes  
Awake their justice ; but then, looking down,  
And with impartial eyes, on his contempt  
Of all religion, and moral goodness,  
They, in their secret judgments, do determine  
To leave him to his wickedness, which sinks him,  
When he is most secure.

*Jul.* His cruelty  
Increasing daily, of necessity  
Must render him as odious to his soldiers,  
Familiar friends, and freedmen, as it hath done  
Already to the senate : then forsaken  
Of his supporters, and grown terrible  
Even to himself, and her he now so deats on,  
We may put into act what now with safety  
We cannot whisper.

*Steph.* I am still prepared

\* One single arm, whose master does condemn  
His own life holds a full command o'er his,  
Spite of his guards. The same thought is expressed  
with more energy in *The Fatal Dowry* :

" I am desperate of my life, and command your's."  
A noble sentiment, beautifully expressed. How much su-  
perior are these manly and rational observations, to the  
slavish maxims found in *Hamlet*, *The Maid's Revenge*, &c.  
It is true, they are derived from a purer code than any  
with which Domitilla was acquainted ; but which, however,  
was not more open to Massinger than to his contemporaries.

To execute, when you please to command me :  
Since I am confident he deserves much more  
That vindicates his country from a tyrant\*,  
Than he that saves a citizen.

Enter CÆSAR.

Jul. O, here's Cænis.

Domitil. Whence come you?

Cænis. From the empress, who seems moved  
In that you wait no better. Her pride's grown  
To such a height, that she disdains the service  
Of her own women; and esteems herself  
Neglected, when the princesses of the blood,  
On every coarse employment, are not ready  
To stoop to her commands.

Domitil. Where is her greatness? [descend

Cænis. Where you would little think she could  
To grace the room or persons.

Jul. Speak, where is she? [by,

Cænis. Among the players; where, all state laud  
She does enquire who acts this part, who that,  
And in what habits? blames the tirewomen  
For want of curious dressings;—and, so taken  
She is with Paris the tragedian's shapet,  
That is to act a lover, I thought once  
She would have courted him.

Domitil. In the mean time  
How spends the emperor his hours?

Cænis. As ever

He hath done heretofore; in being cruel  
To innocent men, whose virtues he calls crimes.  
And, but this morning, if 't be possible,  
He hath outgone himself, having condemn'd  
At Aretinus his informer's suit,  
Palphurius Sura, and good Junius Rusticus,  
Men of the best repute in Rome for their  
Integrity of life: no fault objected,  
But that they did lament his cruel sentence  
On Pætus Thransen, the philosopher,  
Their patron and instructor.

Steph. Can Jove see this,  
And hold his thunder!

Domitil. Nero and Caligula  
Only commanded mischiefs; but our Cæsar  
Delights to see them.

Jul. What we cannot help,  
We may deplore with silence.

Cænis. We are call'd for  
By our proud mistress.

Domitil. We awhile must suffer.

Steph. It is true fortitude to stand firm against  
All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die  
In fear to suffer more calamity. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter CÆSAR and PARTHENIUS,

Cæs. They are then in fetters?

Parth. Yes, sir, but—

Cæs. But what?

I'll have thy thoughts; deliver them.

Parth. I shall, sir:

\* ——— from a tyrant.] It is *tyrannie* in the old copies; but as this word is frequently misprinted for the other, I have not removed Coxeter's emendation from the text; though not absolutely necessary.

† ——— and so taken  
She is with Paris the tragedian's shape,] i. e. dress, habit.

But still submitting to your god-like pleasure,  
Which cannot be instructed.

Cæs. To the point.

Parth. Nor let your sacred majesty believe  
Your vassal, that with dry eyes look'd upon  
His father drugg'd to death by your command,  
Can pity these, that durst presume to censure  
What you decreed.

Cæs. Well; forward.

Parth. 'Tis my zeal

Still to preserve your clemency admired,  
Temper'd with justice, that emboldens me  
To offer my advice. Alas! I know, sir,  
These bookmen, Rusticus, and Palphurius Sura,  
Deserve all tortures: yet, in my opinion,  
They being popular senators, and cried up  
With loud applauses of the multitude,  
For foolish honesty, and beggarly virtue,  
'Twould relish more of policy, to have them  
Made away in private, with what exquisite torments  
You please,—it skills not,—than to have them drawn  
To the Degrees\* in public; for 'tis doubted  
That the sad object may beget compassion  
In the giddy rout, and cause some sudden uproar  
That may disturb you.

Cæs. Hence, pale-spirited coward!  
Can we descend so far beneath ourself,  
As or to court the people's love, or fear  
Their worst of hate? Can they, that are as dust  
Before the whirlwind of our will and power,  
Add any moment to us? Or thou think,  
If there are gods above, or goddesses,  
But wise Minerva, that's mine own, and sure,  
That they have vacant hours to take into  
Their serious protection, or care,  
This many-headed monster? Mankind lives  
In few, as potent monarchs, and their peers;  
And all those glorious constellations  
That do adorn the firmament, appointed,  
Like grooms, with their bright influence to attend  
The actions of kings and emperors,  
They being the greater wheels that move the less,  
Bring forth those condemn'd wretches;—[Exit

Parthenius.]—let me see  
One man so lost, as but to pity them,  
And though there lay a million of souls  
Imprison'd in his flesh, my hangmen's books  
Should rend it off, and give them liberty.  
Cæsar hath said it.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS, with ARETINUS, and Guard;  
Hangmen dragging in JUNIUS RUSTICUS and  
PALPHURIUS SURA, bound back to back.

Aret. 'Tis great Cæsar's pleasure,  
That with fix'd eyes you carefully observe  
The people's looks. Charge upon any man  
That with a sigh or murmur does express  
A seeming sorrow for these traitors' deaths.  
You know his will, perform it.

Cæs. A good bloodhound,  
And fit for my employments.

Sura. Give us leave  
To die, fell tyrant.

\* To the Degrees, &c.] To the *Scala Gemoniarum*, mentioned before; (p. 174.) Coxeter printed *Decrees*; but the old copy reads as above. The word is used by Jonson

" Their bodies thrown into the Gemonies,  
The expulsi'd Apicata finds them there;  
Whom when she saw lie spread on the *Degrees*;" &c.

Rust. For, beyond our bodies,  
Thou hast no power.

Cæs. Yes; I'll afflict your souls,  
And force them groaning to the Stygian lake,  
Prepared for such to howl in, that blaspheme  
The power of princes, that are gods on earth.  
Tremble to think how terrible the dream is  
After this sleep of death.

Rust. To guilty men  
It may bring terror; not to us, that know  
What 'tis to die, well taught by his example  
For whom we suffer. In my thought I see  
The substance of that pure untainted soul  
Of Thræsa, our master, made a star,  
That with melodious harmony invites us  
(Leaving this dunghill Rome, made hell by thee)  
To trace his heavenly steps, and fill a sphere  
Above yon crystal canopy.

Cæs. Do invoke him  
With all the aids his sanctity of life  
Have won on the rewarders of his virtue;  
They shall not save you.—Dogs, do you grin? torment them.

[The Hangmen torment them, they still smiling.  
So, take a leaf of Seneca now, and prove  
If it can render you insensible  
Of that which but begins here. Now an oil,  
Drawn from the stoic's frozen principles,  
Predominant over fire, were useful for you.  
Again, again. You trifle. Not a groan?—  
Is my rage lost? What cursed charms defend them!  
Search deeper, villains. Who looks pale, or thinks  
That I am cruel?

Aret. Over-merciful:  
'Tis all your weakness, sir.

Parth. I dare not show  
A sign of sorrow; yet my sinews shrink,  
The spectacle is so horrid. [Aside.

Cæs. I was never  
O'ercome till now. For my sake roar a little,  
And show you are corporeal, and not turn'd  
Ærial spirits.—Will it not do? By Pallas,  
It is unkindly done to mock his fury  
Whom the world styles Omnipotent! I am tortured  
In their want of feeling torments. Marius' story,  
That does report him to have sat unmoved,  
When cunning surgeons ripp'd his arteries  
And veins, to cure his gout, compared to this,  
Deserves not to be named. Are they not dead?  
If so, we wash an Æthiop.

Sura. No; we live.

Rust. Live to deride thee, our calm patience  
treading

Upon the neck of tyranny. That securely,  
As 'twere a gentle slumber, we endure  
Thy hangmen's studied tortures, is a debt  
We owe to grave philosophy, that instructs us  
The flesh is but the clothing of the soul,  
Which growing out of fashion, though it be  
Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,  
Being itself divine, in her best lustre.  
But unto such as thou, that have\* no hopes  
Beyond the present, every little scar,  
The want of rest, excess of heat or cold,  
That does inform them only they are mortal,  
Pierce through and through them.

Cæs. We will hear no more.

\* [that have no hopes.] Coxeter and M. Mason very incorrectly read, that hast no hopes.

Rust. This only, and I give thee warning of it:  
Though it is in thy will to grind this earth  
As small as atoms, they thrown in the sea too,  
They shall seem re-collected to thy sense:  
And, when the sandy building of thy greatness  
Shall with its own weight totter, look to see me  
As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape;  
For I'll appear in horror.

Cæs. By my shaking  
I am the guilty man, and not the judge.  
Drag from my sight these cursed ominous wizards,  
That, as they are now, like to double-faced Janus,  
Which way so'er I look, are furies to me.  
Away with them! first show them death, then leave  
No memory of their ashes. I'll mock fate.

[Exeunt Hangmen with Rusticus and Sura.\*  
Shall words fright him victorious armies circle?  
No, no; the fever does begin to leave me;

Enter DOMITIA, JULIA, and CÆNIS; STEPHANOS following.

Or, were it deadly, from this living fountain  
I could renew the vigour of my youth,  
And be a second Virbius†. O my glory!  
My life! command! my all!

Dom. As you to me are.

[Embracing and kissing mutually.  
I heard you were sad; I have prepared you sport  
Will banish melancholy. Sirrah, Cæsar,  
(I hug myself for't) I have been instructing  
The players how to act; and to cut off  
All tedious impertinence, have contracted  
The tragedy into one continued scene.  
I have the art of't, and am taken more  
With my ability that way, than all knowledge  
I have but of thy love.

Cæs. Thou art still thyself,  
The sweetest, wittiest,——

Dom. When we are abed  
I'll thank your good opinion. Thou shalt see  
Such an Iphis of thy Paris!—and to humble  
The pride of Domitilla, that neglects me,  
(Howe'er she is your cousin,) I have forced her  
To play the part of Anaxarete——  
You are not offended with it?

Cæs. Any thing  
That does content thee yields delight to me;  
My faculties and powers are thine.

Dom. I thank you:

\* [Exeunt Hangmen with Rusticus and Sura.] After Sura, Coxeter and M. Mason add, *Stephanos following*. This sending a man out before he comes in, is another instance of the surprising attention which Massinger experienced from the former editors. The quarto reads as it stands here: *hangmen*, too, is brought back in lieu of the more modish term *executioners*.

† And be a second Virbius.] The name given to Hippolytus after he was restored to life by Æsculapius. He was so called, say the critics, *quod inter viros bis fuerit*. See *The Æneid*, lib. vii. v. 765.

‡ *My life! command! my all!* i. e. my power! my all! This is the reading of the old copies, and undoubtedly genuine: the modern editors (I know not why) choose to read, *My life! command my all!* which the reply of Domitilla proves to be rank nonsense.

§ *Such an Iphis of thy Paris! &c.* The story of Iphis and Anaxarete is beautifully told by Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his *Metamorphosis*, (v. 686, et seq.) to which I refer the reader, as it is too long to be extracted. Massinger has followed his leader *part passu*; and indeed the elegance and spirit which he has infused into these little interludes, cannot be too highly commended.

Prithee let's take our places. Bid them enter  
Without more circumstance.

*After a short flourish, enter PARIS and IPHIS.*

How do you like  
That shape\*? methinks it is most suitable  
To the aspect of a despairing lover.  
The seeming late-fallen, counterfeited tears  
That hang upon his cheeks, was my device.

*Cas.* And all was excellent.

*Dom.* Now hear him speak.

*Iphis.* That she is fair, (and that an epithet  
Too foul to express her,) or descended nobly,  
Or rich, or fortunate, are certain truths  
In which poor Iphis glories. But that these  
Perfections in no other virgin found  
Abused, should nourish cruelty and pride  
In the divinest Anaxarete,  
Is, to my love-sick languishing soul, a riddle;  
And with more difficulty to be dissolved,  
Than that the monster Sphinx from the steep rock  
Offer'd to (Edipus. Imperious Love,  
As at thy ever-flaming altars Iphis,  
Thy never-tired votary, hath presented,  
With scalding tears, whole hecatombs of sighs,  
Preferring thy power, and thy Paphian mother's,  
Before the Thunderer's, Neptune's, or Pluto's,  
(That, after Saturn, did divide the world,  
And had the sway of things, yet were compell'd  
By thy inevitable shafts to yield,  
And fight under thy ensigns,) be auspicious  
To this last trial of my sacrifice  
Of love and service!

*Dom.* Does he not act it rarely?

Observe with what a feeling he delivers  
His orisons to Cupid; I am rapt with't.

*Iphis.* And from thy never-emptied quiver take  
A golden arrow, to transfix her heart,  
And force her love like me; or cure my wound  
With a leaden one, that may beget in me  
Hate and forgetfulness of what's now my idol—  
But I call back my prayer; I have blasphemed  
In my rash wish: 'tis I that am unworthy;  
But she all merit, and may in justice challenge,  
From the assurance of her excellencies,  
Not love but adoration. Yet, bear witness,  
All-knowing Powers! I bring along with me,  
As faithful advocates to make intercession,  
A loyal heart with pure and holy flames,  
With the foul fires of lust never polluted.  
And, as I touch her threshold, which with tears,  
My limbs benumb'd with cold, I oft have wash'd,  
With my glad lips I kiss this earth grown proud  
With frequent favours from her delicate feet.

*Dom.* By Caesar's life he weeps! and I forbear  
Hardly to keep him company.

*Iphis.* Blest ground, thy pardon,  
If I profane it with forbidden steps.

\* *How do you like*

*That shape?* The Roman actors played in masks, one of which Domitia calls a shape.—M. Mason.

That a mask was called a *shape* I never heard before. The fact is, that *shape* is a theatrical word, and, in the language of the property-man, means, as has been already observed, the whole of the dress.

† *And with more difficulty to be dissolved.* So the old copies. Coxeter and M. Mason read *asked*.

‡ *Iphis. And from thy never-emptied quiver take A golden arrow, &c.* For this expression, which, like a few others, occurs somewhat too frequently. See the Virgin Martyr.

I must presume to knock—and yet attempt it  
With such a trembling reverence, as if  
My hands [were now]\* held up for expiation  
To the incensed gods to spare a kingdom,  
Within there, ho! something divine come forth  
To a distressed mortal.

*Enter LATINUS as a Porter.*

*Port.* Ha! who knocks there?

*Dom.* What a churlish look this knave has!

*Port.* Is't you, sirrah?

Are you come to pule and whine? Avaunt, and quickly;  
Dog-whips shall drive you hence, else.

*Dom.* Churlish devil!

But that I should disturb the scene, as I live  
I would tear his eyes out.

*Cas.* 'Tis in jest, Domitia.

*Dom.* I do not like such jesting; if he were not  
A flinty hearted slave, he could not use  
One of his form so harshly. How the toad swells  
At the other's sweet humility!

*Cas.* 'Tis his part:

Let them proceed,

*Dom.* A rogue's part will ne'er leave him.

*Iphis.* As you have, gentle sir, the happiness  
(When you please) to behold the figure of  
The master-piece of nature, limn'd to the life,  
In more than human Anaxarete,  
Scorn not your servant, that with suppliant hands  
Takes hold upon your knees, conjuring you,  
As you are a man, and did not suck the milk  
Of wolves and tigers, or a mother of  
A tougher temper, use some means these eyes,  
Before they are wept out, may see your lady.

Will you be gracious sir?

*Port.* Though I lose my place for't,  
I can hold out no longer.

*Dom.* Now he melts,

There is some little hope he may die honest.

*Port.* Madam!

*Enter DOMITILLA as ANAXARETE.*

*Anax.* Who calls? What object have we here?

*Dom.* Your cousin keeps her proud state still; I  
I have fitted her for a part. [think

*Anax.* Did I not charge thee

I ne'er might see this thing more?

*Iphis.* I am, indeed,

[on:

What thing you please; a worm that you may tread  
Lower I cannot fall to show my duty.

Till your disdain hath digg'd a grave to cover

This body with forgotten dust; and, when

I know your sentence, cruellest of women!

I'll, by a willing death, remove the object

That is an eyesore to you.

*Anax.* Wretch, thou dar'st not:

\* *My hands [were now] held up for expiation* I am very doubtful of the genuineness of this line. Or the old copies of this tragedy (of which there is but one edition) some read,

*My hands held up, or expiation*

and others,

*My hands help up, for expiation.*

It is evident, from the context, that there is an error somewhere, which was discovered at the press, and attempted to be removed; but, as it has happened more than once in these plays, only exchanged for another. My addition is harmless; but if I could have ventured so far, I should have read,

*My hands held up in prayer, or expiation, &c.*

As the line stands in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason it is impossible to read it as verse, or any thing like verse.

That were the last and greatest service to me  
Thy doting love could boast of. What dull fool  
But thou could nourish any flattering hope,  
One of my height in youth, in birth and fortune,  
Could e'er descend to look upon thy lowness,  
Much less consent to make my lord of one  
I'd not accept, though offer'd for my slave?  
My thoughts stoop not so low.

*Dom.* There's her true nature:  
No personated scorn.

*Anax.* I wrong my worth,  
Or to exchange a syllable or look  
With one so far beneath me.

*Iphis.* Yet take heed,  
Take heed of pride, and curiously consider,  
How brittle the foundation is, on which  
You labour to advance it. Niobe,  
Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn  
Latona's double burthen; but what follow'd?  
She was left a childless mother, and mourn'd to  
marble.

The beauty you o'erprize so, time or sickness  
Can change to loath'd deformity; your wealth  
The prey of thieves; queen Hecuba, Troy fired,  
Ulysses' bondwoman\*: but the love I bring you  
Nor time, nor sickness, nor spiteful thieves, nor fate,  
Can ravish from you.

*Dom.* Could the oracle  
Give better counsel!

*Iphis.* Say, will you relent yet,  
Revoking your decree that I should die?  
Or, shall I do what you command? resolve;  
I am impatient of delay.

*Anax.* Dispatch then:  
I shall look on your tragedy unmoved,  
Peradventure laugh at it; for it will prove  
A comedy to me.

*Dom.* O devil! devil! [ *curses*]  
*Iphis.* Then thus I take my last leave. All the  
Of lovers fall upon you; and, hereafter,  
When any man, like me contemn'd, shall study  
In the anguish of his soul to give a name

To a scornful, cruel mistress, let him only  
Say, This most bloody woman is to me,  
As Anaxarete was to wretched Iphis!—  
Now feast your tyrannous mind, and glory in  
The ruins you have made: for Hymen's bands,  
That should have made us one, this fatal halter  
For ever shall divorce us: at your gate,  
As a trophy of your pride and my affliction,  
I'll presently hang myself.

*Dom.* Not for the world—

[*Starts from her seat*  
Restrain him as you love your lives!

*Cas.* Why are you  
Transported thus, Domitia? 'tis a play;  
Or, grant it serious, it at no part merits  
This passion in you.

*Par.* I ne'er purposed, madam,  
To do the deed in earnest; though I bow  
To your care and tenderness of me.

*Dom.* Let me, sir,  
Entreat your pardon; what I saw presented,  
Carried me beyond myself.

*Cas.* To your place again,  
And see what follows.

*Dom.* No, I am familiar  
With the conclusion; besides, upon the sudden  
I feel myself much indisposed.

*Cas.* To bed then;  
I'll be thy doctor.

*Aret.* There is something more  
In this than passion,—which I must find out,  
Or my intelligence freezes.

*Dom.* Come to me, Paris,  
To-morrow for your reward.

[*Exeunt all but Domitilla and Stephanos.*

*Steph.* Patroness, hear me;  
Will you not call for your share? sit down with this  
And, the next action, like a Gaditane strumpet,  
I shall look to see you tumble!

*Domitil.* Prithes be patient.  
I, that have suffer'd greater wrongs, bear this;  
And that, till my revenge, my comfort is. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter PARTHENIUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, and CÆNIS.

*Parth.* Why, 'tis impossible.—Paris!

*Jul.* You observed not,  
As it appears, the violence of her passion,  
When personating Iphis, he pretended,

\* — Queen Hecuba, Troy fir'd,  
Ulysses' bondwoman] These two half-lines are entirely  
misplaced, and should not be inserted here; they afterwards  
occur in the second volume, to which passage they belong.  
—M. MASON.

This is the most unaccountable notion that ever was  
taken up. *The Roman Actor* was not only written but  
printed many years before *The Emperor of the East*; how,  
then, could any lines or "half lines" be inserted into it from  
a piece which was not yet in existence! It required Mr. M.  
Mason's own words to convince me that he could range  
through Massinger, even in his desultory way, without dis-

For your contempt, fair Anaxarete,  
To hang himself.

*Parth.* Yes, yes, I noted that;  
But never could imagine it could work her  
To such a strange intemperance of affection,  
As to doat on him.

*Domitil.* By my hopes, I think not

covering his propensity to repeat himself; which is so  
obtrusive as to form one of the most characteristic traits of  
his manner. With respect to the two half lines, they are  
where they should be, and are referred to in the verse  
which follows. It may amuse the reader to see this passage  
as "it occurs again."

"You are are read in story, call to your remembrance  
What the great Hector's mother, Hecuba,  
Was to Ulysses, I'llom sack'd." The identity may admit of some question—but enough  
of this deplorable folly.

That she respects, though all here saw, and mark'd it;  
Presuming she can mould the emperor's will  
Into what form she likes, though we, and all  
The informers of the world, conspired to cross it.

*Cænis.* Then with what eagerness, this morning,  
urging

The want of health and rest, she did entreat  
Cæsar to leave her!

*Domitil.* Who no sooner absent,  
But she calls, *Dearest!* (so in her scorn she styles me,)  
Put on my pantofles; fetch pen and paper,  
I am to write:—and with distracted looks,  
In her smock, impatient of so short delay  
As but to have a mantle thrown upon her,  
She seal'd—I know not what, but 'twas endorsed,  
To my loved Paris.

*Jul.* Add to this, I heard her  
Say, when a page received it, *Let him wait me,*  
And carefully, in the walk call'd our Retreat,  
Where Cæsar, in his fear to give offence,  
Unsent for never enters.

*Parth.* This being certain,  
(For these are more than jealous suppositions,)  
Why do not you, that are so near in blood,  
Discover it?

*Domitil.* Alas! you know we dare not.  
'Twill be received for a malicious practice,  
To free us from that slavery which her pride  
Imposes on us. But, if you would please  
To break the ice, on pain to be sunk ever,  
We would aver it.

*Parth.* I would second you,  
But that I am commanded with all speed  
To fetch in\* Asclestario the Chaldean;  
Who, in his absence, is condemn'd of treason,  
For calculating the nativity  
Of Cæsar, with all confidence foretelling,  
In every circumstance, when he shall die  
A violent death. Yet, if you could approve  
Of my directions, I would have you speak  
As much to Aretinus, as you have  
To me deliver'd: he in his own nature  
Being a spy, on weaker grounds, no doubt,  
Will undertake it; not for goodness' sake,  
(With which he never yet held correspondence,)  
But to endear his vigilant observings  
Of what concerns the emperor, and a little  
To triumph in the ruins of this Paris,  
That cross'd him in the senate-house.

*Enter ARETINUS.*

Here he comes,  
His nose held up; he hath something in the wind,  
Or I much err, already. My designs  
Command me hence, great ladies; but I leave  
My wishes with you. [Exit.]

*Aret.* Have I caught your greatness  
In the trap, my proud Augusta!

*Domitil.* What is't raps him?

*Aret.* And my fine Roman Actor? Is't even so?  
No coarser dish to take your wanton palate,  
Save that which, but the emperor, none durst taste of!  
'Tis very well. I needs must glory in  
This rare discovery: but the rewards  
Of my intelligence bid me think, even now,  
By an edict from Cæsar, I have power  
To tread upon the neck of Slavish Rome,

Disposing offices and provinces  
To my kinsmen, friends, and clients.

*Domitil.* This is more  
Than usual with him.

*Jul.* Aretinus!

*Aret.* How!

No more respect and reverence tender'd to me,  
But Aretinus! 'Tis confess'd that title,  
When you were princesses, and commanded all,  
Had been a flavour; but being, as you are,  
Vassals to a proud woman, the worst bondage,  
You stand obliged with as much adoration  
To entertain him, that comes arm'd with strength  
To break your fetters, as tann'd galley-slaves  
Pay such as do redeem them from the oar.  
I come not to entrap you; but aloud  
Pronounce that you are manumitted: and to make  
Your liberty sweeter, you shall see her fall,  
This empress, this Domitia, what you will,  
That triumph'd in your miseries.

*Domitil.* Were you serious,  
To prove your accusation I could lend  
Some help.

*Cæn.* And I.

*Jul.* And I.

*Aret.* No atom to me.

My eyes and ears are every where; I know all  
To the line and action in the play that took her:  
Her quick dissimulation to excuse  
Her being transported, with her morning passion.  
I bribed the boy that did convey the letter,  
And, having perused it, made it up again:  
Your griefs and angers are to me familiar.  
—That Paris is brought to her\*, and how far  
He shall be tempted.

*Domitil.* This is above wonder.

*Aret.* My gold can work much stranger miracles  
Than to corrupt poor waiters. Here, join with me—

[Takes out a petition.]  
'Tis a complaint to Cæsar. This is that [hands]  
Shall ruin her, and raise you. Have you set your  
To the accusation?

*Jul.* And will justify

What we've subscribed to.

*Cæn.* And with vehemence.

*Domitil.* I will deliver it.

*Aret.* Leave the rest to me then.

*Enter CÆSAR, with his Guard.*

*Cæs.* Let our lieutenants bring us victory,  
While we enjoy the fruits of peace at home;  
And being secured from our intestine foes,  
(Far worse than foreign enemies,) doubts and fears,  
Though all the sky were hung with blazing meteors,  
Which fond astrologers give out to be  
Assured presages of the change of empires,  
And deaths of monarchs, we, undaunted yet,  
Guarded with our own thunder, bid defiance  
To them and fate; we being too strongly arm'd  
For them to wound us.

*Aret.* Cæsar!

*Jul.* As thou art

More than a man—

*Cæn.* Let not thy passions be  
Rebellious to thy reason—

\* —That Paris is brought to her, &c.] A line preceding this, seems to have been lost at the press: the drift of it is not difficult to guess: but I have not meddled with the old copies.

\* To fetch in] i. e. to seize; a frequent expression.

*Domitil.* But receive [Delivers the petition.  
This trial of your constancy, as unmoved  
As you go to or from the capitol,  
Thanks given to Jove for triumphs.

*Cæs.* Ha\*!

*Domitil.* Vouchsafe  
A while to stay the lightning of your eyes,  
Poor mortals dare not look on.

*Arct.* There's no vein  
Of yours that rises with high rage, but is  
An earthquake to us.

*Domitil.* And, if not kept closed  
With more than human patience, in a moment  
Will swallow us to the centre.

*Cæs.* Not that we  
Repine to serve her, are we her accusers.

*Jul.* But that she's fallen so low.

*Arct.* Which on sure proofs  
We can make good.

*Domitil.* And show she is unworthy  
Of the least spark of that diviner fire  
You have conferr'd upon her.

*Cæs.* I stand doubtful,  
And unresolved what to determine of you.  
In this malicious violence you have offer'd  
To the altar of her truth and pureness to me,  
You have but fruitlessly labour'd to sully  
A white robe of perfection, black-mouth'd envy  
Could belch no spot on.—But I will put off  
The deity you labour to take from me,  
And argue out of probabilities with you,  
As if I were a man. Can I believe  
That she, that borrows all her light from me,  
And knows to use it, would betray her darkness  
To your intelligence: and make that apparent,  
Which, by her perturbations, in a play  
Was yesterday but doubted, and find none  
But you, that are her slaves, and therefore hate her,  
Whose aids she might employ to make way for her?  
Or *Arctinus*, whom long since she knew  
To be the cabinet counsellor, nay, the key  
Of *Cæsar's* secrets? Could her beauty raise her  
To this unequal'd height, to make her fall  
The more remarkable? or must my desires  
To her, and wrongs to *Lamia*, be revenged  
By her, and on herself, that drew on both?  
Or she leave our imperial bed, to court  
A public actor?

*Arct.* Who dares contradict  
These more than human reasons, that have power  
To clothe base guilt in the most glorious shape  
Of innocence?

*Domitil.* Too well she knew the strength  
And eloquence of her patron to defend her,  
And thereupon presuming, fell securely;  
Not fearing an accuser, nor the truth  
Produced against her, which your love and favour  
Will ne'er discern from falsehood.

*Cæs.* I'll not bear  
A syllable more that may invite a change  
In my opinion of her. You have raised  
A fiercer war within me by this fable,  
Though with your lives you vow to make it story,  
Than if, and at one instant, all my legions  
Revolted from me, and came arm'd against me.  
Here in this paper are the swords predestined

\* *Cæs. Ha!* Omitted by Mr. M. Mason, to the destruction of the metre.

For my destruction; here the fatal stars,  
That threaten more than ruin; this the death's head  
That does assure me, if she can prove false,  
That I am mortal, which a sudden fever  
Would prompt me to believe, and faintly yield to.  
But now in my full confidence what she suffers,  
In that, from any witness but myself,  
I nourish a suspicion she's untrue,  
My toughness returns to me. Lead on, monsters,  
And, by the forfeit of your lives, confirm  
She is all excellence, as you all baseness;  
Or let mankind, for her fall, boldly swear  
There are no chaste wives now, nor ever were\*.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A private Walk in the Gardens of the Palace.

Enter DOMITIA, PARIS, and Servants.

*Dom.* Say we command that none presume to dare,  
On forfeit of our favour, that is life,  
Out of a saucy curiousness, to stand  
Within the distance of their eyes or ears,  
Till we please to be waited on. [Exeunt Servants.

And, sirrah,

Howe'er you are excepted, let it not  
Beget in you an arrogant opinion  
'Tis done to grace you.

*Par.* With my humblest service  
I but obey your summons, and should blush else,  
To be so near you.

*Dom.* 'Twould become you rather  
To fear the greatness of the grace vouchsafed you  
May overwhelm you; and 'twill do no less,  
If, when you are rewarded, in your cups  
You boast this privacy.

*Par.* That were, mightiest empress,  
To play with lightning.

*Dom.* You conceive it right.  
The means to kill or save is not alone  
In *Cæsar* circumscribed; for, if incensed,  
We have our thunder too, that strikes as deadly.

*Par.* 'Twould ill become the lowliness of my for-  
To question what you can do, but with all [tune,  
Humility to attend what is your will,  
And then to serve it.

*Dom.* And would not a secret,  
Suppose we should commit it to your trust,  
Scald you to keep it?

*Par.* Though it rag'd within me  
Till I turn'd cinders, it should ne'er have vent.  
To be an age a dying, and with torture,  
Only to be thought worthy of your counsel,  
Or actuate what you command to me, [ledge,  
A wretched obscure thing, not worth your know-  
Were a perpetual happiness.

*Dom.* We could wish

\* Or let mankind, for her fall, boldly swear

There are no chaste wives now, nor ever were.] The  
"godlike *Cæsar*" forgets that the chastity of *Domitia* had  
long ceased to be a matter of doubt.

† Only to be thought worthy of your counsel.] The modern  
editors, who appear not to have understood the word, read  
counsel for counsel: but the latter is right. It means secrecy,  
and so it is frequently used, not only by Massinger, but by  
all the writers of his time:

"But what they did there is counsel to me,  
Because they lay late the next day." *Old Ballad.*

‡ Or actuate what you command to me.] Here actuate is  
used for act, as act is used by some of our best poets, and  
Pope among the rest, but with less propriety, for actuate.

That we could credit thee, and cannot find  
In reason, but that thou, whom oft I have seen  
To personate a gentleman, noble, wise,  
Faithful and gainsome, and what virtues else  
The poet pleases to adorn you with ;  
But that (as vessels still partake the odour\*  
Of the sweet precious liquors they contain'd)  
Thou must be really, in some degree,  
The thing thou dost present.—Nay, do not tremble ;  
We seriously believe it, and presume  
Our Paris is the volume in which all {with,  
Those excellent gifts the stage hath seen him graced  
Are curiously bound up.

*Par.* The argument  
Is the same, great Augusta, that I, acting  
A fool, a coward, a traitor, or cold cynic,  
Or any other weak and vicious person,  
Of force I must be such. O gracious madam,  
How glorious acover, or deform'd,  
I do appear in the scene, my part being ended,  
And all my borrow'd ornaments put off,  
I am no more, nor less, than what I was  
Before I enter'd.

*Dom.* Come, you would put on  
A wilful ignorance, and not understand  
What 'tis we point at. Must we in plain language,  
Against the decent modesty of our sex,  
Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee ;  
Or that in our desires thou art prefer'd  
And Caesar but thy second ? Thou in justice,  
If from the height of majesty we can  
Look down upon thy lowliness, and embrace it,  
Art bound with fervour to look up to me.

*Par.* O, madam ! hear me with a patient ear,  
And be but pleased to understand the reasons  
That do deter me from a happiness  
Kings would be rivals for. Can I, that owe  
My life, and all that's mine, to Caesar's bounties,  
Beyond my hopes or merits, shower'd upon me,  
Make payment for them with ingratitude,  
Falsehood, and treason ! Though you have a shape  
Might tempt Hippolytus, and larger power  
To help or hurt than wanton Phædra had,  
Let loyalty and duty plead my pardon,  
Though I refuse to satisfy.

*Dom.* You are coy,  
Expecting I should court you. Let mean ladies  
Use prayers and entreaties to their creatures  
To rise up instruments to serve their pleasures ;  
But for Augusta so to lose herself,  
That holds command o'er Caesar and the world,  
Were poverty of spirit. Thou must, thou shalt :  
The violence of my passion knows no mean,  
And in my punishments, and my rewards,  
I'll use no moderation. Take this only,  
As a caution from me ; threadbare chastity  
Is poor in the advancement of her servants,  
But wantonness magnificent : and 'tis frequent  
To have the salary of vice weigh down  
The pay of virtue. So, without more trifling  
Thy sudden answer.

*Par.* In what a strait am I brought in !

\* ——— (as vessels still partake the odour  
Of the sweet precious liquors they contain'd)  
*Que semel est labula reversa seraubit odorem  
Testa dis.* Hon.

† *Par.* In what a strait am I brought in ! Coxeter and  
M. Mason read,

Oh ! what a strait am I brought in !  
This is, perhaps, a better mode of expression ; but we should

Alas ! I know that the denial's death ;  
Nor can my grant, discover'd, threaten more.  
Yet, to die innocent, and have the glory  
For all posterity to report, that I  
Refused an empress, to preserve my faith  
To my great master ; in true judgment, must  
Show fairer than to buy a guilty life  
With wealth and honour. 'Tis the base I build on ;  
I dare not, must not, will not.

*Dom.* How ! contemn'd ?  
Since hopes, nor fears, in the extremes prevail not,  
I must use a mean. Think who 'tis sues to thee :  
Deny not that yet, which a brother may  
Grant to his sister : as a testimony

*Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, CÆNIS,  
and a Guard behind.*

I am not scorn'd, kiss me ;—kiss me again ;  
Kiss closer. Thou art now my Trojan Paris,  
And I thy Helen.

*Par.* Since it is your will.

*Cæs.* And I am Menelaus ; but I shall be  
Something I know not yet.

*Dom.* Why lose we time  
And opportunity ! These are but salads  
To sharpen appetite : let us to the feast,  
[*Courting Paris wantonly.*]

Where I shall wish that thou wert Jupiter,  
And I Alcmena ; and that I had power  
To lengthen out one short night into three,  
And so beget a Hercules.

*Cæs.* [*Comes forward.*] While Amphitrio  
Stands by, and draws the curtains

*Par.* Oh ! ——— [Falls on his face.

*Dom.* Betray'd !

*Cæs.* No ; taken in a net of Vulcan's fling,  
Where, in myself, the theatre of the gods  
Are sad spectators, not one of them daring  
To witness, with a smile, he does desire  
To be so shamed for all the pleasure that  
You've sold your being for ! What shall I name  
thee ?

Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all  
Invectives which, in bitterness of spirit, [men,  
Wrong'd men have breathed out against wicked wo-  
Cannot express thee ! Have I raised thee from  
Thy low condition to the height of greatness,  
Command, and majesty, in one base act  
To render me, that was, before I hug'd thee\*,  
An adder, in my bosom, more than man,  
A thing beneath a beast ! Did I force these  
Of mine own blood, as handmaids to kneel to  
Thy pomp and pride, having myself no thought  
But how with benefits to bind thee mine ;  
And am I thus rewarded ! Not a knee,  
Nor tear, nor sign of sorrow for thy fault ?  
Break stubborn silence : what canst thou allege  
To stay my vengeance ?

confound all times, if we thus modernized every phrase which  
appears uncouth to our eyes and ears : add too, that similar  
redundancies are to be found in almost every page of our old  
writers, and above all, in Massinger ! An instance occurs  
just below :

— of which, if again

I could be ignorant of, &c.

\* To render me that was, before I hug'd thee.] This and  
the two following lines have been hitherto printed and  
pointed in a very unintelligible manner. Mr. M. Mason  
tried to reform them, but failed : the simple removal of a  
bracket in the old copies restores them to sense.

*Dom.* This.—Thy lust compell'd me  
To be a strumpet, and mine hath return'd it  
In my intent and will, though not in act,  
To cuckold thee.

*Cæs.* O, impudence! take her hence,  
And let her make her entrance into hell,  
By leaving life with all the tortures that  
Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What power  
Her beauty still holds o'er my soul, that wrongs  
Of this unpardonable nature cannot teach me  
To right myself, and hate her!—Kill her.—Hold!  
O that my dotage should increase from that  
Which should breed detestation! By Minerva,  
If I look on her longer I shall melt  
And sue to her, my injuries forgot,  
Again to be received into her favour;  
Could honour yield to it! Carry her to her  
chamber<sup>a</sup>;

Be that her prison, till in cooler blood  
I shall determine of her. [*Exit Guard with Domitia.*]

*Aret.* Now step I in,  
While he's in this calm mood, for my reward.  
Sir, if my service hath deserved—

*Cæs.* Yes, yes:  
And I'll reward thee. Thou hast robb'd me of  
All rest and peace, and been the principal means  
To make me know that, of which if again  
I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it

*Re-enter Guard.*

With the loss of empire: Strangle him; take these  
hence too,  
And lodge them in the dungeon. Could your reason,  
Dull wretches, flatter you with hope to think  
That this discovery, that hath shower'd upon me  
Perpetual vexation, should not fall  
Heavy on you? Away with them!—stop their mouths,  
I will hear no reply.

[*Exit Guard with Aretinus, Julia, Cænis,  
and Domitilla.*]

—O, Paris, Paris!

How shall I argue with thee? how begin  
To make thee understand, before I kill thee, [me?]   
With what grief and unwillingness 'tis forced from  
Yet, in respect I have favour'd thee, I'll hear  
What thou canst speak to qualify or excuse  
Thy readiness to serve this woman's lust;  
And which thou couldst give me such satisfaction,  
As I might bury the remembrance of it.  
Look up: we stand attentive.

*Par.* O, dread Cæsar!  
To hope for life, or plead in the defence  
Of my ingratitude, were again to wrong you.  
I know I have deserved death; and my suit is,  
That you would hasten it: yet, that your highness,  
When I am dead, (as sure I will not live,)  
May pardon me, I'll only urge my frailty,  
Her will, and the temptation of that beauty  
Which you could not resist. How could poor I,  
then,

Fly that which follow'd me, and Cæsar sued for?  
This is all. And now your sentence.

*Cæs.* Which I know not  
How to pronounce. O that thy fault had been  
But such as I might pardon! if thou hadst  
In wantonness, like Nero, fired proud Rome,

Betray'd an army, butcher'd the whole senate;  
Committed sacrilege, or any crime  
The justice of our Roman laws calls death,  
I had prevented any intercession,  
And freely sign'd thy pardon.

*Par.* But for this,  
Alas! you cannot, nay, you must not, sir;  
Nor let it to posterity be recorded,  
That Cæsar, unrevenged, suffer'd a wrong,  
Which, if a private man should sit down with it,  
Cowards would baffle him.

*Cæs.* With such true feeling  
Thou arguest against thyself, that it  
Works more upon me, than if my Minerva,  
The grand protectress of my life and empire,  
On forfeit of her favour, cried aloud,  
Cæsar, show mercy! and, I know not how,  
I am inclined to it. Rise. I'll promise nothing;  
Yet clear thy cloudy fears, and cherish hopes.  
What we must do, we shall do: we remember  
A tragedy we oft have seen with pleasure,  
Call'd *The False Servant*.

*Par.* Such a one we have, sir.

*Cæs.* In which a great lord<sup>a</sup> takes to his protection  
A man forlorn, giving him ample power  
To order and dispose of his estate  
In's absence, he pretending then a journey:  
But yet with this restraint that, on no terms,  
(This lord suspecting his wife's constancy,  
She having play'd false to a former husband,)  
The servant, though solicited, should consent,  
Though she commanded him, to quench her flames.

*Par.* That was, indeed, the argument.

*Cæs.* And what  
Didst thou play in it?

*Par.* The false servant, sir.

[without?]

*Cæs.* Thou didst, indeed. Do the players wait  
*Par.* They do, sir, and prepared to act the story  
Your majesty mention'd.

*Cæs.* Call them in. Who presents  
The injured lord?

*Enter Æsopus, LATINUS, and a Lady.*

*Æsop.* 'Tis my part, sir.

*Cæs.* Thou didst not  
Do it to the life; we can perform it better. [not  
Off with my robe and wreath: since Nero scorned  
The public theatre, we in private may  
Disport ourselves. This cloak and hat, without  
Wearing a beard, or other property,  
Will fit the person.

*Æsop.* Only, sir, a foil,  
The point and edge rebated, when you act,  
To do the murder. If you please to use this,  
And lay aside your own sword.

*Cæs.* By no means.  
In jest nor earnest this parts never from me. [lady  
We'll have but one short scene—That, where the  
In an imperious way commands the servant  
To be unthankful to his patron: when  
My cue's to enter, prompt me:—Nay, begin,  
And do it sprightly: though but a new actor,  
When I come to execution, you shall find  
No cause to laugh at me.

*Lat.* In the name of wonder,  
What's Cæsar's purpose!

<sup>a</sup> [*Carry her to her chamber; &c.*] Mr. M. Mason reads  
my chamber, strangely enough; but, indeed, this whole  
scene is very carelessly given by him.

<sup>a</sup> *Cæs.* In which a great lord, &c.] The modern editions  
give this speech and the next to Paris. The blunder, which  
is palpable enough, originated with Coxeter, and the most  
accurate of all editors unfortunately followed him.

*Æsop.* There's is no contending.

*Cæs.* Why, when\*?

*Par.* I am arm'd:

And, stood grim Death now in my view, and his  
Inevitable dart aim'd at my breast,  
His cold embraces should not bring an ague  
To any of my faculties, till his pleasures [years  
Were served and satisfied; which done, Nestor's  
To me would be unwelcome. [Aside.

*Lady.* Must we entreat,

That were born to command? or court a servant,  
That owes his food and clothing to our bounty,  
For that, which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel for?  
Urge not, in thy excuse, the favours of  
Thy absent lord, or that thou stand'st engaged  
For thy life to his charity; nor thy fears  
Of what may follow, it being in my power  
To mould him any way.

*Par.* As you may me,  
In what his reputation is not wounded,  
Nor I, his creature, in my thankfulness suffer.  
I know you're young and fair; be virtuous too,  
And loyal to his bed, that hath advanced you  
To the height of happiness.

*Lady.* Can my lovesick heart  
Be cured with counsel? or durst reason ever  
Offer to put in an exploded plea  
In the court of Venus? My desires admit not  
The least delay; and therefore instantly  
Give me to understand what I must trust to:  
For, if I am refused, and not enjoy  
Those ravishing pleasures from thee, I run mad for,  
I'll swear unto my lord, at his return,  
(Making what I deliver good with tears.)  
That brutishly thou wouldst have forced from me  
What I make suit for. And then but imagine  
What 'tis to die, with these words, *slave and traitor*,  
With burning corseives† writ upon thy forehead,  
And live prepared for't.

*Par.* This he will believe

Upon her information, 'tis apparent;  
And then I'm nothing: and of two extremes,  
Wisdom says, choose the less. Rather than fall  
Under your indignation, I will yield:  
This kiss, and this, confirms it,

*Æsop.* Now, sir, now.

*Cæs.* I must take them at it?

*Æsop.* Yes, sir; be but perfect. [now;

*Cæs.* O villain! thankless villain!—I should talk  
But I've forgot my part. But I can do:  
Thus, thus, and thus! [Stabs Paris.

*Par.* Oh! I am slain in earnest. [Paris;

*Cæs.* 'Tis true; and 'twas my purpose, my good  
And yet, before life leave thee, let the honour  
I've done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee.  
If it had been within the power of Cæsar,  
His dignity preserved, he had pardon'd thee:  
But cruelty of honour did deny it.  
Yet, to confirm I loved thee, 'twas my study  
To make thy end more glorious, to distinguish  
My Paris from all others; and in that  
Have shown my pity. Nor would I let thee fall  
By a centurion's sword, or have thy limbs  
Rent piecemeal by the hangman's hook, however  
Thy crime deserved it: but, as thou didst live  
Rome's bravest actor, 'twas my plot that thou  
Shouldst die in action, and, to crown it, die,  
With an applause enduring to all times,  
By our imperial hand.—His soul is freed  
From the prison of his flesh; let it mount upward!  
And for this trunk, when that the funeral pile  
Hath made it ashes, we'll see it enclosed  
In a golden urn; poets adorn his hearse  
With their most ravishing sorrows, and the stage  
For ever mourn him, and all such as were  
His glad spectators weep his sudden death,  
The cause forgotten in his epitaph.

[A sad music; the Players bear off Paris'  
body, Cæsar and the rest following.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace, with an Image of  
Minerva.

Enter PARTHENIUS, STEPHANOS, and Guard.

*Parth.* Keep a strong guard upon him, and admit  
Access to any, to exchange a word [not  
Or syllable with him, till the emperor pleases  
To call him to his presence.—[Exit Guard.]—The  
relation

That you have made me, Stephanos, of these late  
Strange passions in Cæsar, much amaze me.  
The informer Aretinus put to death  
For yielding him a true discovery  
Of the empress' wantonness; poor Paris kill'd first,

\* *Why, when?* This is marked by the editors as an imperfect speech; it is, however, complete; and occurs occasionally in our old dramas, as a mark of impatience.  
† *With burning corseives writ upon thy forehead.* See *The Emperor of the East*.

And now lamented; and the princesses  
Confined to several islands; yet Augusta,  
The machine on which all this mischief moved,  
Received again to grace!

*Steph.* Nay, courted to it:

Such is the impotence\* of his affection!  
Yet, to conceal his weakness, he gives out  
The people made suit for her, whom they hate more  
Than civil war, or famine. But take heed,  
My lord, that, nor in your consent nor wishes,  
You lent or furtherance or favour to  
The plot contrived against her: should she prove it,  
Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost man,  
Her power o'er doting Cæsar being now  
Greater than ever.

*Parth.* 'Tis a truth I shake at;  
And, when there's opportunity

\* *Such is the impotence of his affection!* i. e. the un-governableness, the uncontrollable violence.

Steph. Say but, Do,  
I am yours, and sure.

Parth. I'll stand one trial more,  
And then you shall hear from me.

Steph. Now observe  
The fondness of this tyrant, and her pride.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter CÆSAR and DOMITIA.

Cæs. Nay, all's forgotten.

Dom. It may be, on your part.

Cæs. Forgiven too, Domitia :—'tis a favour  
That you should welcome with more cheerful looks.  
Can Cæsar pardon what you durst not hope for,  
That did the injury, and yet must sue  
To her, whose guilt is wash'd off by his mercy,  
Only to entertain it?

Dom. I ask'd none;

And I should be more wretched to receive  
Remission for what I hold no crime,  
But by a bare acknowledgment, than if,  
By slighting and contemning it, as now,  
I dared thy utmost fury. Though thy flatterers  
Persuade thee, that thy murders, lusts, and rapes,  
Are virtues in thee; and what pleases Cæsar,  
Though never so unjust, is right and lawful;  
Or work in thee a false belief that thou  
Art more than mortal; yet I to thy teeth,  
When circled with thy guards, thy rods, thy axes,  
And all the ensigns of thy boasted power,  
Will say, Domitian, nay, add to it Cæsar,  
Is a weak, feeble man, a bondman to  
His violent passions, and in that my slave;  
Nay, more my slave than my affections made me  
To my loved Paris.

Cæs. Can I live and hear this?  
Or hear, and not revenge it? Come, you know  
The strength that you hold on me, do not use it  
With too much cruelty; for though 'tis granted  
That Lydian Omphale had less command  
O'er Hercules, than you usurp o'er me,  
Reason may teach me to shake off the yoke  
Of my fond dotage.

Dom. Never; do not hope it;  
It cannot be. Thou being my beauty's captive,  
And not to be redeem'd, my empire's larger  
Than thine, Domitian, which I'll exercise  
With rigour on thee, for my Paris' death.  
And, when I've forced those eyes, now red with fury,  
To drop down tears, in vain spent to appease me,  
I know thy fervour such to my embraces, [thee,  
Which shall be, though still kneel'd for, still denied  
That thou with languishment shalt wish my actor  
Did live again, so thou mightst be his second  
To feed upon those delicacies, when he's sated\*.

Cæs. O my Minerva! [her:

Dom. There she is [*points to the statue*]. Invoke  
She cannot arm thee with ability  
To draw thy sword on me, my power being greater:  
Or only say to thy centurions,  
Dare none of you do what I shake to think on,  
And in this woman's death remove the furies  
That every hour afflict me!—Lamia's wrongs,  
When thy lust forced me from him, are in me  
At the height revenged; nor would I outlive Paris,

\* To feed upon those delicacies, when he's sated.] So the old copies: but the modern editors, laudably solicitous for the sense, as well as the metre, of their author, concur in reading,

To feed upon those delicacies, when he were sated!

But that thy love, increasing with my hate,  
May add unto thy torments; so, with all  
Contempt I can, I leave thee.

[*Erit.*]

Cæs. I am lost,  
Nor am I Cæsar. When I first betray'd  
The freedom of my faculties and will  
To this imperious siren, I laid down  
The empire of the world, and of myself,  
At her proud feet. Sleep all my ireful powers!  
Or is the magic of my dotage such,  
That I must still make suit to bear those charms  
That do increase my thralldom! Wake, my anger;  
For shame, break through this lethargy, and appear  
With usual terror, and enable me,  
Since I wear not a sword to pierce her heart,  
Nor have a tongue to say this, *Let her die*,  
Though 'tis done with a fever-shaken hand,

[*Pulls out a table book.*]

To sign her death. Assist me, great Minerva,  
And vindicate thy votary! [*writes*] So; she's now  
Among the list of those I have proscribed,  
And are, to free me of my doubts and fears,  
To die to-morrow.

Steph. That same fatal book  
Was never drawn yet, but some men of rank  
Were mark'd out for destruction.

[*Erit.*]

Parth. I begin  
To doubt myself.

Cæs. Who waits there?

Parth. Cæsar.

Cæs. So!

These, that command arm'd troops, quake at my  
frowns,

And yet a woman slights them. Where's the wizard  
We charged you to fetch in?

Parth. Ready to suffer  
What death you please to appoint him.

Cæs. Bring him in.  
We'll question him ourself.

Enter Tribunes, and Guard with ASCLETARIO.

Now, you, that hold  
Intelligence with the stars, and dare prefix  
The day and hour in which we are to part  
With life and empire, punctually foretelling  
The means and manner of our violent end;  
As you would purchase credit to your art,  
Resolve me, since you are assured of us,  
What fate attends yourself?

Ascle. I have had long since  
A certain knowledge, and as sure as thou  
Shalt die to-morrow, being the fourteenth of  
The kalends of October, the hour five;  
Spite of prevention, this carcass shall be  
Torn and devour'd by dogs;—and let that stand  
For a firm prediction.

Cæs. May our body, wretch,  
Find never nobler sepulchre, if this  
Fall ever on thee! Are we the great disposer  
Of life and death, yet cannot mock the stars  
In such a trifle? Hence with the impostor;  
And having cut his throat, erect a pile  
Guarded with soldiers, till his cursed trunk  
Be turn'd to ashes: upon forfeit of  
Your life, and theirs, perform it.

Ascle. 'Tis in vain;  
When what I have foretold is made apparent,  
Tremble to think what follows.

Cæs. Drag him hence,

[*The Tribunes and Guards bear off Ascletrario.*]

And do as I command you. I was never  
Fuller of confidence; for, having got  
The victory of my passions, in my freedom  
From proud Domitia (who shall cease to live,  
Since she disdains to love), I rest unmoved:  
And, in defiance of prodigious meteors,  
Chaldeans' vain predictions, jealous fears  
Of my near friends and freedmen, certain hate  
Of kindred and alliance, or all terrors  
The soldiers' doubted faith or people's rage  
Can bring to shake my constancy, I am arm'd.  
That scrupulous thing styl'd conscience is scar'd  
up.

And I, insensible of all my actions,  
For which, by moral and religious fools,  
I stand condemn'd, as they had never been.  
And, since I have subdued triumphant love,  
I will not deify pale captive fear,  
Nor in a thought receive it. For, till thou,  
Wiseest Minerva, that from my first youth  
Hast been my sole protectress, dost forsake me,  
Not Junius Rusticus' threaten'd apparition\*,  
Nor what this soothsayer but even now foretold,  
Being things impossible to human reason,  
Shall in a dream disturb me. Bring my couch  
there:

A sudden but a secure drowsiness  
Invites me to repose myself. Let music.  
With some choice ditty, second it:—[Exit Parthe-  
nius.]—the mean time,

Rest there, dear book, which open'd, when I wake.  
[Lays the book under his pillow.†  
Shall make some sleep for ever.

[Music and a song. Caesar sleeps.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS and DOMITIA.

Dom. Write my name  
In his bloody scroll, Parthenius! the fear's idle:  
He durst not, could not.

Parth. I can assure nothing;  
But I observed, when you departed from him,  
After some little passion, but much fury.  
He drew it out: whose death he sign'd, I know not;  
But in his looks appear'd a resolution  
Of what before he stagger'd at. What he hath  
Determined of is uncertain, but too soon  
Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any,  
His pleasure known to the tribunes and centurions,  
Who never use to enquire his will, but serve it.  
Now, if, out of the confidence of your power,  
The bloody catalogue being still about him,  
As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,  
You may instruct yourself, or what to suffer,  
Or how to cross it.

Dom. I would not be caught  
With too much confidence. By your leave, sir. Ha!  
No motion! you lie uneasy, sir,  
Let me mend your pillow. [Takes the book.

Parth. Have you it?

Dom. 'Tis here.

Cæs. Oh!

Parth. You have waked him: softly, gracious

\* Nor Junius Rusticus' threaten'd apparition.] Act III.  
sc. II.

† [Lays the book under his pillow.] Nothing (as I have  
more than once had occasion to observe) can be more care-  
less than the stage-directions in the modern editions. Here  
they both make Caesar fall asleep in the midst of his speech,  
which, nevertheless, they both suffer him to continue!

While\* we are unknown; and then consult at leisure.  
[Exeunt.

Dreadful music. The Apparitions of JUNIUS RUS-  
TICUS and PALPURIUS SURA rise, with bloody swords  
in their hands; they wave them over the head of  
CÆSAR, who seems troubled in his sleep, and as if  
praying to the image of Minerva, which they scorn-  
fully seize, and then disappear with it.

Cæs. Defend me, goddess, or this horrid dream  
Will force me to distraction! whither have  
These furies borne thee? Let me rise and follow.  
I am bathed o'er with the cold sweat of death,  
And am deprived of organs to pursue  
These sacrilegious spirits. Am I at once  
Robb'd of my hopes and being? No, I live—  
[Rises distractedly.

Yes, live, and have discourse†, to know myself  
Of gods and men forsaken. What accuser  
Within me cries aloud, I have deserved it,  
In being just to neither? Who dares speak this?  
Am I not Cæsar?—How! again repeat it?  
Presumptuous traitor, thou shalt die!—What traitor!  
He that hath been a traitor to himself,  
And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit  
A competent judge o'er Cæsar? Cæsar. Yes,  
Cæsar by Cæsar's sentenced, and must suffer;  
Minerva cannot save him. Ha! where is she?  
Where is my goddess? vanish'd! I am lost then.  
No; 'twas no dream, but a most real truth,  
That Junius Rusticus and Palpurius Sura,  
Although their ashes were cast in the sea,  
Were by their innocence made up again,  
And in corporeal forms but now appear'd,  
Waving their bloody swords above my head,  
As at their deaths they threaten'd. And, methought,  
Minerva, ravish'd hence, whisper'd that she  
Was, for my blasphemies, disarm'd by Jove,  
And could no more protect me. Yes, 'twas so,  
[Thunder and lightning.

His thunder does confirm it, against which,  
Howe'er it spare the laurel, this proud wreath

Enter three Tribunes.

Is no assurance. Ha! come you resolved  
To be my executioners?

1 Trib. Allegiance  
And faith forbid that we should lift an arm  
Against your sacred head.

2 Trib. We rather sue  
For mercy.

3 Trib. And acknowledge that in justice  
Our lives are forfeited for not performing  
What Cæsar charged us.

1 Trib. Nor did we transgress it

\* softly, gracious madam,  
While we are unknown,] i. e. until: a very common ac-  
ception of the word in our old writers. So Beaumont and  
Fletcher:

"I may be convey'd into your chamber, I'll lie  
Under your bed while midnight." *Wit at several Weapons.*  
And Waller:

"Blessings may be repeated while they cloy:

But shall we starve because fruition's joy?"

† Yes, live, and have discourse,] i. e. reason or judgment.

‡ Ha! where is she?

Where is my goddess? This attachment of Domitian to  
Minerva is an historical fact. He chose her at an early  
period of his life for his protectress, multiplied her statues to  
a great extent, and had always a strong reliance on her  
favour. If the reader wishes for more on the subject, he  
may turn to the editor's translation of Juvenal, Sat. VII.

In our want of will or care ; for, being but men,  
It could not be in us to make resistance,  
The gods fighting against us.

*Cæs.* Speak, in what  
Did they express their anger ? we will hear it,  
But dare not say, undaunted.

1 *Trib.* In brief thus, sir :  
The sentence given by your imperial tongue,  
For the astrologer Ascletrio's death,  
With speed was put in execution.

*Cæs.* Well. [his arms  
1 *Trib.* For, his throat cut, his legs bound, and  
Pinion'd behind his back, the breathless trunk  
Was with all scorn dragg'd to the field of Mars,  
And there, a pile being raised of old dry wood,  
Smear'd o'er with oil and brimstone, or what else  
Could help to feed or to increase the fire,  
The carcass was thrown on it ; but no sooner  
The stuff, that was most apt, began to flame,  
But suddenly, to the amazement of  
The fearless soldier, a sudden flash  
Of lightning, breaking through the scatter'd clouds,  
With such a horrid violence forced its passage,  
And, as disdaining all heat but itself,  
In a moment quench'd the artificial fire :  
And before we could kindle it again,  
A clap of thunder follow'd with such noise,  
As if then Jove, incensed against mankind,  
Had in his secret purposes determined  
An universal ruin to the world.  
This horror past, not at Deucalion's flood  
Such a stormy shower of rain (and yet that word is  
Too narrow to express it) was e'er seen :  
Imagine rather, sir, that with less fury  
The waves rush down the cataracts of Nile ;  
Or that the sea, spouted into the air  
By the angry Orc, endangering tall ships  
But sailing near it, so falls down again.—  
Yet here the wonder ends not, but begins :  
For, as in vain we labour'd to consume  
The wizard's body, all the dogs of Rome,  
Howling and yelling like to famish'd wolves,  
Brake in upon us ; and though thousands were  
Kill'd in th' attempt, some did ascend the pile,  
And with their eager fangs seized on the carcass.

*Cæs.* But have they torn it ?

1 *Trib.* Torn it and devour'd it.  
*Cæs.* I then am a dead man, since all predictions  
Assure me I am lost. O, my loved soldiers,  
Your emperor must leave you ! yet, however  
I cannot grant myself a short reprieve,  
I freely pardon you. The fatal hour  
Steals fast upon me : I must die this morning,  
By five\*, my soldiers ; that's the latest hour  
You e'er must see me living.

1 *Trib.* Jove avert it !  
In our swords lies your fate, and we will guard it.

*Cæs.* O no, it cannot be ; it is decreed  
Above, and by no strength here to be alter'd.  
Let proud mortality but look on Cæsar,  
Compass'd of late with armies, in his eyes  
Carrying both life and death, and in his arms  
Fathoming the earth ; that would be styled a god,  
And is, for that presumption, cast beneath

The low condition of a common man,  
Sinking with mine own weight.

1 *Trib.* Do not forsake  
Yourself, we'll never leave you.

2 *Trib.* We'll draw up  
More cohorts of your guard, if you doubt treason.

*Cæs.* They cannot save me. The offended gods,  
That now sit judges on me, from their envy  
Of my power and greatness here, conspire against  
me.

1 *Trib.* Endeavour to appease them.

*Cæs.* 'Twill be fruitless :  
I'm past hope of remission. Yet could I  
Decline this dreadful hour of five, these terrors,  
That drive me to despair, would soon fly from me :  
And could you but till then assure me—

1 *Trib.* Yes, sir ;  
Or we'll fall with you, and make Rome the urn  
In which we'll mix our ashes.

*Cæs.* 'Tis said nobly :  
I'm something comforted : howe'er, to die  
Is the full period of calamity. [Exit.

#### SCENE II.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter PARTHENIUS, DOMITIA, JULIA, CÆNIS, DOMITILLA, STEPHANOS, SESEIUS, and ENTELLUS.

*Parth.* You see we are all condemned ; there's no  
evasion ;

We must do, or suffer.  
*Steph.* But it must be sudden ;  
The least delay is mortal.

*Dom.* Would I were  
A man, to give it action !  
*Domitil.* Could I make my approaches, though  
my stature

Does promise little, I have a spirit as daring  
As hers that can reach higher.

*Steph.* I will take  
That burthen from you, madam. All the art is,  
To draw him from the tribunes that attend him ;  
For, could you bring him but within my sword's  
reach,

The world should owe her freedom from a tyrant  
To Stephanos.

*Sej.* You shall not share alone  
The glory of a deed that will endure  
To all posterity.

*Ent.* I will put in  
For a part myself.

*Parth.* Be resolved, and stand close.  
I have conceived a way, and with the hazard  
Of my life I'll practise it, to fetch him hither.  
But then no trifling.

*Steph.* We'll dispatch him, fear not :  
A dead dog never bites.

*Parth.* Thus then at all.

[Exit ; the rest conceal themselves.

Enter CÆSAR and the Tribunes.

*Cæs.* How slow-paced are these minutes ! in ex-  
tremes,  
How miserable is the least delay !  
Could I impart feathers to the wings of time,  
Or with as little ease command the sun

\* I must die this morning,  
By five, &c.] It may be just necessary, for the sake of  
the mere English reader, to observe that Massinger makes use  
here of the Roman manner of computation : five in the  
morning, therefore, answers to our eleven o'clock.

\* And could you but till then assure me—] I. e. till five.  
Till then, which is absolutely necessary to the sense, as well  
as the metre, is omitted by Mr. M. Mason.

† Could I impart feathers, &c.] See Renegado, Act V. sc. viii.

To scourge his coursers up heaven's eastern hill,  
Making the hour to tremble at past recalling,  
As I can move this dial's tongue to six ;\*  
My veins and arteries, emptied with fear,  
Would fill and swell again. How do I look ?  
Do you yet see Death about me ?

1 Trib. Think not of him ;  
There is no danger : all these prodigies  
That do affright you, rise from natural causes ;  
And though you do ascribe them to yourself,  
Had you ne'er been, had happened.

Cæs. 'Tis well said,  
Exceeding well, brave soldier. Can it be,  
That I, that feel myself in health and strength,  
Should still believe I am so near my end,  
And have my guards about me ? perish all  
Predictions ! I grow constant they are false,  
And built upon uncertainties.

1 Trib. This is right ;  
Now Cæsar's heard like Cæsar.

Cæs. We will to  
The camp, and having there confirm'd the soldier  
With a large donative and increase of pay,  
Some shall—I say no more.

*Re-enter PARTHENIUS.*

Parth. All happiness,  
Security, long life, attend upon  
The monarch of the world !

Cæs. Thy looks are cheerful.  
Parth. And my relation full of joy and wonder.  
Why is the care of your imperial body,  
My lord, neglected, the fear'd hour being past,  
In which your life was threaten'd ?

Cæs. Is't past five ?  
Parth. Past six, upon my knowledge ; and, in  
justice,

Your clock-master should die, that hath deferr'd  
Your peace so long. There is a post new lighted,  
That brings assured intelligence, that your legions  
In Syria have won a glorious day,  
And much enlarged your empire. I have kept him  
Conceal'd, that you might first partake the pleasure  
In private, and the senate from yourself  
Be taught to understand how much they owe  
To you and to your fortune.

Cæs. Hence, pale fear, then !  
Lead me, Parthenius.

1 Trib. Shall we wait you ?  
Cæs. No.  
After losses guards are useful. Know your distance.  
[*Exeunt Cæsar and Parthenius.*]

2 Trib. How strangely hopes delude men ! as I  
live,  
The hour is not yet come.

1 Trib. Howe'er, we are  
To pay our duties and observe the sequel.

[*Exeunt Tribunes. Domitia and the rest  
come forward.*]

Dom. I hear him coming. Be constant.

*Re-enter CÆSAR and PARTHENIUS.*

Cæs. Where, Parthenius,  
Is this glad messenger ?  
Steph. Make the door fast. Here ;  
A messenger of horror.

Cæs. How ! betray'd ?

Dom. No ; taken, tyrant.

Cæs. My Domitia  
In the conspiracy !

Parth. Behold this book.

Cæs. Nay, then I am lost. Yet, though I am  
unarm'd

I'll not fall poorly. [*Overthrows Stephanos.*]

Steph. Help me.

Ent. Thus, and thus !

Sej. Are you so long a falling ? [*They stab him.*]

Cæs. 'Tis done basely. [*Dies.*]

Parth. This for my father's death.

Dom. This for my Paria.

Jul. This for thy incest.

Domitil. This for thy abuse  
Of Domitilla. [*They severally stab him.*]

Tribunes, [*within.*] Force the doors !

*Enter Tribunes.*

O Mars !

What have you done ?

Parth. What Rome shall give us thanks for.

Steph. Dispatch'd a monster.

1 Trib. Yet he was our prince,  
However wicked ; and, in you, this murder  
Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge :  
Nor will we, that served under his command,  
Consent that such a monster as thyself,  
(For in thy wickedness Augusta's title  
Hath quite forsok thee,) thou, that wert the ground  
Of all these mischiefs, shall go hence unpunish'd :  
Lay hands on her, and drag her to her sentence.—  
We will refer the hearing to the senate,  
Who may at their best leisure censure you.  
Take up his body : he in death hath paid  
For all his cruelties. Here's the difference ;  
Good kings are mourn'd for after life ; but ill,  
And such as govern'd only by their will,  
And not their reason, unlamented fall ;  
No good man's tear shed at their funeral.

[*Exeunt ; the Tribunes bearing the body of Cæsar\*.*]

\* In this tragedy Massinger seems to have aimed at something particularly dignified and lofty. I do not know that he has quite succeeded. The failure, however, arises not so much from the subject as the characters. The portrait of Domitian, which is too disgusting to excite much interest, might have been relieved by some of those touches of accidental virtue which sometimes straggled across his vices ; or the vices themselves might have been made to enliven each other by contrast. History would have supplied both these resources. But Massinger has been content to represent him in the least varied part of his life, when lust and cruelty had swallowed up all his faculties, extinguished every remembrance of virtue, and reduced him to a loathsome mass of filth and fury. Now and then, indeed, we meet with more movement and interest. During the tortures of Rusticus and Sura (the horror of which reminds us of the *Virgin Martyr*) the force of conscience is made to appear for a moment ; and while his assassination is preparing, he is fatally secure, then falls into terror ; is confident once more, and is presently dispatched. The characters of the women are scarcely better than that of Domitian. Their love is licentiousness ; nor is Domitilla, whose case would have allowed it, sufficiently distinguished from the rest. But the vengeance implor'd by Lavinia against his wife is well conducted. It is aptly fulfilled by herself in the progress of her own debaucheries.

Indeed Massinger's chief attention is bestowed on Paria. In his favour the voice of history is raised far above the truth ; and in a scene of extraordinary animation he is made to defend himself and the stage with all the dignity of patriotism, and the intrepidity of conscious rectitude. Here we may reasonably suppose the writer to have had some nearer meaning ; and the charge of Aretinus, and the refutation of it, Act I., Sc. iii., may strengthen the suspicion expressed in the account given of *The Bandman*. Another of these

\* As I can move this dial's tongue to six ;] i. e. to the hour of noon.

personal circumstances strikes as at the very opening of this play. Paris had the wealth and the honours of Rome at his command, but Massinger had too good reason to complain that the "times were dull," and that the profits of his profession hardly satisfied "the day's expense."

A word must be said of the "episodes," as they have been termed. Mr. M. Mason has pronounced them tedious, and Davies allows them to be incumbrances. It was their duty to enquire whether the plot is assisted by them. If they had done this with care, they must have found that the interlude ordered for Philargus is the occasion of his death, and therefore contributes to the assassination of Domitian through the vengeance of Parthenius, who stabs him in the name of his murdered father. It also begins the passion of Domitia for Paris, and hastens the catastrophe, through her alienation from the emperor. The other interludes promote the last effect only; but all of them are more or less connected with the main subject, which they tend to enliven and relieve. The only forgetfulness I observe, is in the last act. The princesses are "confined to several islands;" yet they appear without further notice, and partake in the assassination of Domitian. However, this is very unusual with Massinger, who is generally exact in arranging his subject, and accounting for the minutest incidents of it.

A word more of the two conspirators, whose names have not hitherto appeared among the dramatis personæ. Coxeter had referred the reader to Suetonius for the materials of this play, and asserted that Massinger had strictly copied him. This seems to have satisfied Mr. M. Mason, who either

did not look into Suetonius, or, if he did, was prudently silent about characters which he could not find. But Sejeius (Sigerius) and Entellus are as much historical persons as Parthenius or any other. They are expressly mentioned in this very affair by Dio Cassius, who furnishes other particulars adopted by Massinger, and not to be found in Suetonius.

The first of them indeed he calls Sigerus; but the true name has been recovered from Martial, who couples it with that of Parthenius, lib. iv., 79. If the commentator be right (or rather Grotius, to whom he refers,) Sigerius is also quoted by Tertullian as a name of boldness: but the edition which I use reads, *Stephanis atque Parthenis audaces*. At all events, the passage informs us that the actors in this conspiracy were long remembered in Rome; where, however, was no want of names eminent in this bloody way. Indeed, insurrection was now taking a wider range; and the Cassii, the Nigri, and the Albini had begun to eclipse the murderous fame of their humbler predecessors.

If, as I sincerely hope, the reader loves to see the pure and peaceful manners of Christianity amidst those scenes of treachery and blood, he will be gratified with the argument which led to the above allusion, *Unde qui inter duas lauros obident Casarem?* (It is pleasing to discover the laurels of Augustus at the door of Pertinax,) *Unde qui faucibus ejus exprimentis palæstricam\* exercent?* *Unde qui armati palatium irrumpunt, omnibus Stephanis atque Parthenis audaces?* *De Romanis, si fallor, id est, de non Christianis. Apol. ad Gentem.*

DR. IRELAND.

\* This allusion is explained by Victor's account of the murder of Commodus: *ab immenso validissimo palæstrita compressis faucibus exprimit.*

## THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.

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THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.] "The Great Duke" was licensed by Sir H. Herbert "for the Queen's servants," July 5th, 1627. This, Mr. Malone conjectures, with every appearance of probability, to be the "COMICAL HISTORY" before us. The plot is raised on the slight materials afforded by our old chroniclers in the life of Edgar, materials which we have since seen worked up by Mason into the beautiful drama of *Elfrida*.

This play was not committed to the press till 1636, when it was preceded by two commendatory copies of verses by G. Donne and J. Ford. Though highly, and, indeed, deservedly, popular, it was not reprinted: this may be attributed, in some measure, to the growing discontent of the times, which perversely turned aside from scenes like these, to dwell with fearful anxiety on those of turbulence and blood.

It was acted "by her Majesty's servants at the Phoenix in Drury Lane;" where, the title adds, it was "often presented."

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TO THE TRULY HONOURED, AND MY NOBLE FAVOURER,

SIR ROBERT WISEMAN, KNT\*.

OF THORRELLS-HALL, IN ESSEX.

SIR,

As I dare not be ungrateful for the many benefits you have heretofore conferred upon me, so I have just reason to fear that my attempting this way to make satisfaction (in some measure) for so due a debt, will further engage me. However, examples encourage me. The most able in my poor quality have made use of Dedications in this nature, to make the world take notice (as far as in them lay) who and what they were that gave supportment and protection to their studies, being more willing to publish the doer, than receive a benefit in a corner. For myself, I will freely, and with a zealous thankfulness, acknowledge, that for many years I had but faintly subsisted, if I had not often tasted of your bounty. But it is above my strength and faculties to celebrate to the desert your noble inclination, and that made actual, to raise up, or, to speak more properly, to rebuild the ruins of demolished poesie. But that is a work reserved, and will be, no doubt, undertaken, and finished, by one that can to the life express it. Accept, I beseech you, the tender of my service, and in the list of those you have obliged to you, condemn not the name of

Your true and faithful honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

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\* Sir Robert Wiseman was the eldest son of Richard Wiseman, a merchant of London, who, having amassed a fortune, returned into Essex, in which county he had acquired considerable estates, and there died in 1618, and was succeeded by Sir Robert—Massinger's Patron was the oldest of fourteen children, and a man of amiable character. He died unmarried the 11th May, 1641, in his 65th year.—*Gilchrist*.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COZIMO, *duke of Florence.*  
 GIOVANNI, *nephew to the duke.*  
 SANAZARRO, *the duke's favourite.*  
 CAROLO CHAROMONTE, *Giovanni's tutor.*  
 CONTARINO, *secretary to the duke.*  
 ALPHONSO,  
 HIPPOLITO, } *counsellors of state.*  
 HIERONIMO,  
 CALANDRINO, *a merry fellow, servant to Giovanni.*

BERNARDO,  
 CAPONI, } *servants to Charomonte.*  
 PETRUCHIO,  
*A Gentleman.*  
 FIORINDA, *duchess of Urbin.*  
 LIDIA, *daughter to Charomonte.*  
 CALAMINTA, *servant to Fiorinda.*  
 PETRONELLA, *a foolish servant to Lidia.*  
*Attendants, Servants, &c.*

SCENE, partly in Florence, and partly at the residence of Charomonte in the country.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Room in Charomonte's House.*

*Enter CHAROMONTE and CONTARINO.*

Char. You bring your welcome with you.

Cont. Sir, I find it

In every circumstance.

Char. Again most welcome.

[*me,*

Yet, give me leave to wish (and pray you, excuse  
 For I must use the freedom I was born with)  
 The great duke's pleasure had commanded you  
 To my poor house upon some other service;  
 Not this you are design'd to: but his will  
 Must be obey'd, howe'er it ravish from me  
 The happy conversation of one  
 As dear to me as the old Romans held [power  
 Their household Lars, whom\* they believed had  
 To bless and guard their families.

Cont. 'Tis received so

On my part, signior; nor can the duke  
 But promise to himself as much as may  
 Be hoped for from a nephew. And 'twere weakness  
 In any man to doubt, that Giovanni,  
 Train'd up by your experience and care  
 In all those arts peculiar and proper  
 To future greatness, of necessity  
 Must in his actions, being grown a man,  
 Make good the princely education  
 Which he derived from you.

Char. I have discharged

To the utmost of my power, the trust the duke  
 Committed to me, and with joy perceive  
 The seed of my endeavours was not sown  
 Upon the barren sands, but fruitful glebe,  
 Which yields a large increase: my noble charge,

\* *Their household Lars, whom they believed, &c.* Mr. M. Mason chooses to read, of his own authority,

*Their household Lars, who, they believed, &c.*

† *In any man to doubt that Giovanni.* Giovanni is here used as a quadrisyllable. This is incorrect, and shows that Massinger had studied the language in books only: no Italian would or could pronounce it in this manner. He makes the same mistake in the name of the duchess; Fiorinda is a trisyllable, yet he adopts the division of poor Calandrino, and constantly pronounces Fi-o-rin-da. Shirley adopts a similar pronunciation in the *Gentleman of Venice*, where Giovanni is almost always a quadrisyllable.

By his sharp wit, and pregnant apprehension,  
 Instructing those that teach him; making use,  
 Not in a vulgar and pedantic form,  
 Of what's read to him, but 'tis straight digested,  
 And truly made his own. His grave discourse,  
 In one no more indebted unto years,  
 Amazes such as hear him: horsemanship,  
 And skill to use his weapon, are by practice  
 Familiar to him: as for knowledge in  
 Music, he needs it not, it being born with him;  
 All that he speaks being with such grace deliver'd  
 That it makes perfect harmony.

Cont. You describe  
 A wonder to me.

Char. Sir, he is no less;  
 And, that there may be nothing wanting that  
 May render him complete, the sweetness of  
 His disposition so wins on all  
 Appointed to attend him, that they are  
 Rivals, even in the coarsest office, who  
 Shall get precedency to do him service;  
 Which they esteem a greater happiness,  
 Than if they had been fashion'd and built up  
 To hold command o'er others.

Cont. And what place  
 Does he now bless with his presence?

Char. He is now  
 Running at the ring, at which he's excellent.  
 He does allot for every exercise  
 A several hour; for sloth, the nurse of vices,  
 And rust of action, is a stranger to him.  
 But I fear I am tedious; let us pass,  
 If you please, to some other object, though I cannot  
 Deliver him as he deserves.

Cont. You have given him  
 A noble character.

Char. And how, I pray you  
 (For we, that never look beyond our villas,  
 Must be inquisitive), are state affairs  
 Carried in court?

Cont. There's little alteration:  
 Some rise, and others fall, as it stands with  
 The pleasure of the duke, their great disposer.

Char. Does Lodovico Sanazarro hold  
 Weight, and grace with him?

*Cont.* Every day new honours  
Are shower'd upon him, and without the envy  
Of such as are good men; since all confess  
The service done our master in his wars  
'Gainst Pisa and Sienna may with justice  
Claim what's conferr'd upon him.

*Char.* 'Tis said nobly;  
For princes never more make known their wisdom,  
Than when they cherish goodness where they find it:  
They being men, and not gods, Contarino,  
They can give wealth and titles, but no virtues;  
That is without their power. When they advance,  
Not out of judgment, but deceiving fancy,  
An undeserving man, how'er set off  
With all the trim of greatness, state, and power,  
And of a creature even grown terrible  
To him from whom he took his giant form,  
This thing is still a comet, no true star;  
And when the bounties feeding his false fire  
Begin to fail, will of itself go out,  
And what was dreadful, prove ridiculous.  
But in our Sanazarro 'tis not so,  
He being pure and tried gold; and any stamp  
Of grace, to make him current to the world,  
The duke is pleased to give him, will add honour  
To the great bestower; for he, though allow'd  
Companion to his master, still preserves  
His majesty in full lustre.

*Cont.* He, indeed,  
At no part does take from it, but becomes  
A partner of his cares, and eases him,  
With willing shoulders, of a burthen which  
He should alone sustain.

*Char.* Is he yet married?  
*Cont.* No, signior, still a bachelor; how'er  
It is apparent that the choicest virgin  
For beauty, bravery, and wealth, in Florence,  
Would, with her parents' glad consent, be won,  
Were his affection and intent but known,  
To be at his devotion.

*Char.* So I think too.  
But break we off—here comes my princely charge.

*Enter GIOVANNI and CALANDRINO.*

Make your approaches boldly; you will find  
A courteous entertainment *[Cont. kneels.]*

*Giov.* Pray you, forbear  
My hand, good signior; 'tis a ceremony  
Not due to me. 'Tis fit we should embrace  
With mutual arms,

*Cont.* It is a favour, sir,  
I grieve to be denied.

*Giov.* You shall o'ercome:  
But 'tis your pleasure, not my pride, that grants it.  
Nay, pray you, guardian, and good sir, put on,  
How ill it shows to have that reverend head  
Uncover'd to a boy!

*Char.* Your excellence  
Must give me liberty to observe the distance  
And duty that I owe you.

*Giov.* Owe me duty!  
I do profess (and when I do deny it,  
Good fortune leave me!) you have been to me  
A second father, and may justly challenge,  
For training up my youth in arts and arms,  
As much respect and service, as was due  
To him that gave me life. And did you know, sir,  
Or will believe from me, how many sleeps  
Good Charomonte hath broken, in his care  
To build me up a man, you must confess

Chiron, the tutor to the great Achilles,  
Compared with him, deserves not to be named.  
And if my gracious uncle, the great duke,  
Still holds me worthy his consideration,  
Or finds in me aught worthy to be loved,  
That little rivulet flow'd from this spring;  
And so from me report him.

*Cont.* Fame already  
Hath fill'd his highness' ears with the true story  
Of what you are, and how much better'd by him.  
And 'tis his purpose to reward the travail  
Of this grave sir, with a magnificent hand.  
For, though his tenderness hardly could consent,  
To have you one hour absent from his sight,  
For full three years he did deny himself  
The pleasure he took in you, that you, here,  
From this great master, might arrive unto  
The theory of those high mysteries  
Which you, by action, must make plain in court.  
'Tis, therefore, his request (and that, from him,  
Your excellence must grant a strict command),  
That instantly (it being not five hours riding)  
You should take horse, and visit him. These his  
letters

Will yield you further reasons. *[Delivers a packet.]*

*Cal.* To the court!—  
Farewell the flower\*, then, of the country's garland.  
This is our sun, and when he's set, we must not  
Expect or spring or summer, but resolve  
For a perpetual winter.

*Char.* Pray you, observe  
*[Giovanni reading the letters.]*  
The frequent changes in his face.

*Cont.* As if  
His much unwillingness to leave your house  
Contented with his duty.

*Char.* Now he appears  
Collected and resolved.

*Giov.* It is the duke!  
The duke upon whose favour all my hopes  
And fortunes do depend. Nor must I check  
At his commands for any private motives  
That do invite my stay here, though they are  
Almost not to be master'd. My obedience,  
In my departing suddenly, shall confirm  
I am his highness' creature: yet, I hope  
A little stay to take a solemn farewell  
Of all those ravishing pleasures I have tasted  
In this my sweet retirement, from my guardian,  
And his incomparable daughter, cannot meet  
An ill construction.

*Cont.* I will answer that;  
Use your own will.

*Giov.* I would speak to you, sir,  
In such a phrase as might express the thanks  
My heart would gladly pay; but—

*Char.* I conceive you:  
And something I would say; but I must do it  
In that dumb rhetoric which you make use of;  
For I do wish you all—I know not how,  
My toughness melts, and, spite of my discretion,  
I must turn woman. *[Embraces Giovanni.]*

*Cont.* What a sympathy  
There is between them!

*Cal.* Were I on the rack,

\* Farewell the flower, then, of the country's garland.  
I suppose this to be the title of one of those innumerable  
floral bloss that fluttered about the town in our author's  
time.

I could not shed a tear. But I am mad,  
And, ten to one, shall hang myself for sorrow,  
Before I shift my shirt. But hear you, sir  
(I'll separate you), when you are gone, what will  
Become of me?

*Giov.* Why thou shalt to court with me.

*Cal.* To see you worried?

*Cont.* Worried, Calandrino!

*Cal.* Yes, sir: for bring this sweet face to the  
court,

There will be such a longing 'mong the madams,  
Who shall engross it first, nay, fight and scratch for't,  
That, if they be not stopp'd, for entertainment  
They'll kiss his lips off. Nay, if you'll scape so,  
And not be tempted to a further danger,  
These succubæ are so sharp set, that you must  
Give out you are an eunuch.

*Cont.* Have a better  
Opinion of court ladies, and take care  
Of your own stake.

*Cal.* For my stake, 'tis past caring.  
I would not have a bird of unclean feathers  
Handsel his lime twig,—and so much for him:  
There's something else that troubles me.

*Cont.* What's that?

*Cal.* Why, how to behave myself in court, and  
tightly.

I have been told the very place transforms men,  
And that not one of a thousand, that before  
Lived honestly in the country on plain salads,  
But bring him thither, mark me that, and feed him  
But a month or two with custards and court-cake-bread,  
And he turns knave immediately. I'd be honest;  
But I must follow the fashion, or die a beggar.

*Giov.* And, if I ever reach my hopes, believe it  
We will share fortunes.

*Char.* This acknowledgment

*Enter LIDIA.*

Binds me your debtor ever.—Here comes one  
In whose sad looks you easily may read  
What her heart suffers, in that she is forced  
To take her last leave of you.

*Cont.* As I live,  
A beauty without parallel!

*Lid.* Must you go, then,  
So suddenly?

*Giov.* There's no evasion, Lidia,  
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it  
At any rate. Greatness, with private men  
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;  
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude  
The only freemen, are the only slaves.  
Happy the golden mean! had I been born  
In a poor sordid cottage, not nurs'd up  
With expectation to command a court,  
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,  
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,  
As I am now, against my choice, compell'd  
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised  
So high upon the pinnacles of state,  
That I must either keep my height with danger,  
Or fall with certain ruin.

*Lid.* Your own goodness  
Will be your faithful guard.

*Giov.* O, Lidia.

*Cont.* So passionate\*!

[*Aside.*

*Giov.* For, had I been your equal,  
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,  
And not, as now, with others; I might still,  
And without observation, or envy,  
As I have done, continued my delights  
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,  
The abstract of society: we might walk  
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;  
From the variety of curious flowers  
Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders  
And then, for change, near to the murmur of  
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing.  
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,  
In my imagination conceive  
With what melodious harmony a quire  
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.  
And then with chaste discourse, as we return'd,  
Imp\* feathers to the broken wings of time:—  
And all this I must part from.

*Cont.* You forget  
The haste imposed upon us.

*Giov.* One word more  
And then I come. And after this, when, with  
Continued innocence of love and service,  
I had grown ripe for Hymeneal joys,  
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,  
I might have been your husband.

*Lid.* Sir, I was,  
And ever am, your servant; but it was,  
And 'tis, far from me in a thought to cherish  
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir  
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,  
At my best you had deserved me; as I am,  
Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal  
I wish you, as a partner of your bed,  
A princess equal to you; such a one  
That may make it the study of her life,  
With all the obedience of a wife, to please you.  
May you have happy issue, and I live  
To be their humblest handmaid!

*Giov.* I am dumb,  
And can make no reply.

*Cont.* Your excellence  
Will be benighted.

*Giov.* This kiss, bathed in tears,  
May learn you what I should say.

*Lid.* Give me leave  
To wait on you to your horse.

*Char.* And me to bring you  
To the one half of your journey.

*Giov.* Your love puts  
Your age to too much trouble.

*Char.* I grow young,  
When most I serve you.

*Cont.* Sir, the duke shall thank you. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

Florence. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter ALPHONSO, HIPPOLITO, and HIERONIMO.*

*Alph.* His highness cannot take it ill.

*Hip.* However,

We with our duties shall express our care  
For the safety of his dukedom.

*Hier.* And our loves

\* *So passionate.* i. e. so full of sorrow—so deeply affected—a sense in which the word is frequently used by our old writers.

\* *Imp feathers to the broken wings of time.* See *The Renegado*, Act V., Sc. viii.

Enter COZIMO.

To his person.—Here he comes: present it boldly.

[They kneel, Alphonse tenders a paper.

Cor. What needs this form? We are not grown so proud

As to disdain familiar conference

With such as are to counsel and direct us.

This kind of adoration shew'd not well

In the old Roman emperors, who, forgetting

That they were flesh and blood, would be styled gods:

In us to suffer it, were worse. Pray you, rise.

[Reads.

Still the old suit! With too much curiousness

You have too often search'd this wound which yields

Security and rest, not trouble, to me.

For here you grieve, that my firm resolution

Continues me a widower; and that

My want of issue to succeed me in

My government, when I am dead, may breed

Distraction in the state, and make the name

And family of the Medici, now admired,

Contemptible.

Hip. And with strong reasons, sir.

Alph. For, were you old, and past hope to beget

The model of yourself, we should be silent.

Hier. But, being in your height and pride of years,

As you are now, great sir, and having, too,

In your possession the daughter of

The deceased duke of Urbin, and his heir,

Whose guardian you are made; were you but pleased

To think her worthy of you, besides children,

The dukedom she brings with her for a dower

Will yield a large increase of strength and power

To those fair territories which already

Acknowledge you their absolute lord.

Cor. You press us

With solid arguments, we grant; and, though

We stand not bound to yield account to any

Why we do this or that, (the full consent

Of our subjects being included in our will,)

We, out of our free bounties, will deliver

The motives that divert\* us. You well know

That, three years since, to our much grief, we lost

Our duchess; such a duchess, that the world,

In her whole course of life, yields not a lady

That can with imitation deserve

To be her second; in her grave we buried

All thoughts of woman: let this satisfy

For any second marriage. Now, whereas

You name the heir of Urbin, as a princess

Of great revenues, 'tis confess'd she is so:

But for some causes, private to ourself, [not;

We have disposed her otherwise. Yet despair

For you, ere long, with joy shall understand,

That in our princely care we have provided

One worthy to succeed us.

Enter SANAZARRO.

Hip. We submit,

\* The motives that divert us.] i. e. turn us aside from following your advice.

† ———— that the world,

In her whole course of life, yields not, &c.] This is awkwardly expressed, a circumstance most unusual with Massinger; but seems to mean, in her various excellencies and virtues. It is strangely pointed in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason.

And hold the counsels of great Cozimo Oraculous.

Cor. My Sanazarro!—Nay,

Forbear all ceremony. You look apightly, friend,

And promise in your clear aspect some novel

That may delight us.

Sanaz. O sir, I would not be

The harbinger of aught that might distaste you;

And therefore know (for 'twere a sin to torture

Your highness' expectation) your vice-admiral,

By my directions, hath surprised the gallies

Appointed to transport the Asian tribute

Of the great Turk; a richer prize was never

Brought into Florence.

Cor. Still my nightingale\*,

That with sweet accents dost assure me, that

My spring of happiness comes fast upon me!

Embrace me boldly. I pronounce that wretch

An enemy to brave and thriving action,

That dares believe but in a thought, we are

Too prodigal in our favours to this man,

Whose merits, though with him we should divide

Our dukedom, still continue us his debtor.

Hip. 'Tis far from me.

Alph. We all applaud it.

Cor. Nay, blush not, Sanazarro, we are proud

Of what we build up in thee; nor can our

Election be disparaged, since we have not

Received into our bosom and our grace

A glorious lazy dronet, grown fat with feeding

On others toil, but an industrious bee,

That crops the sweet flowers of our enemies,

And every happy evening returns

Loaden with wax and honey to our hive.

Sanaz. My best endeavours never can discharge

The service I should pay.

Cor. Thou art too modest;

But we will study how to give, and when,

Enter GIOVANNI and CONTARINO.

Before it be demanded.—Giovanni!

My nephew! let me eye thee better, boy.

In thee, methinks my sister lives again;

For her love I will be a father to thee,

For thou art my adopted son.

Giov. Your servant,

And humble subject.

Cor. Thy hard travel, nephew,

Requires soft rest, and therefore we forbear

For the present, an account how thou hast spent

Thy absent hours. See, signiors, see, our care,

Without a second bed, provides you of

A hopeful prince. Carry him to his lodgings,

And, for his further honour, Sanazarro,

With the rest, do you attend him.

Giov. All true pleasures

Circle your highness!

\* Cor. Still my nightingale, That with sweet accents, &c.] This seems to be from Jonson:

"I grant the linnæ, lark, and bull-finch sing,

But best the dear good angel of the spring,

The nightingale."

Our old poets give this pleasing office to the nightingale with great beauty and propriety; thus Sydney:

"The nightingale, so soon as April bringeth

Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,

While late bare earth proud of new clothing springeth,

Sings out her woes," &c.

The Greek poets, and their echoes, the Romans, usually gave it to the swallow, and in this too there was propriety.

† A glorious lazy drone,] i. e. glorious—vain, empty, vanishing. See The Unnatural Combat.

Sanaz. As the rising sun,  
We do receive you.

Gios. May this never set,  
But shine upon you ever!

[*Exeunt Giovanni, Sanazarro, Hieronimo,  
Alphonso, and Hippolito.*]

Cos. Contarino!

Cont. My gracious lord.

Cos. What entertainment found you  
From Carolo de Charomonte?

Cont. Free,  
And bountiful. He's ever like himself,  
Noble and hospitable.

Cos. But did my nephew  
Depart thence willingly?

Cont. He obey'd your summons  
As did become him. Yet it was apparent,  
But that he durst not cross your will, he would  
Have sojourn'd longer there, he ever finding  
Variety of sweetest entertainment.  
But there was something else; nor can I blame  
His youth, though with some trouble he took leave  
Of such a sweet companion,

Cos. Who was it?

Cont. The daughter, sir, of signior Carolo,  
Fair Lidia, a virgin, at all parts  
But in her birth and fortunes, equal to him.  
The rarest beauties Italy can make boast of  
Are but mere shadows to her, she the substance  
Of all perfection. And what increases  
The wonder, sir, her body's matchless form  
Is better'd by the pureness of her soul.  
Such sweet discourse, such ravishing behaviour,  
Such charming language, such enchanting manners,  
With a simplicity that shames all courtship\*,  
Flow hourly from her, that I do believe  
Had Circe or Calypso her sweet graces,  
Wandering Ulysses never had remember'd  
Penelope, or Ithaca.

Cos. Be not rapt so.

Cont. Your excellence would be so, had you seen  
her.

Cos. Take up, take up.—But did your observa-  
Note any passage of affection [tion  
Between her and my nephew?

Cont. How it should  
Be otherwise between them, is beyond  
My best imagination. Cupid's arrows  
Were useless there; for, of necessity,  
Their years and dispositions do accord so,  
They must wound one another.

Cos. Umph! Thou art  
My secretary, Contarino, and more skill'd

\* With a simplicity that shames all courtship,] i. e. all  
court breeding. Davenant has profited of these beautiful  
lines, and given his interesting Bertha many traits of Lidia:

"She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone  
With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart:  
Her nets the most prepared could never shun,  
For nature spread them in the scorn of art.

"She never had in bosom cities bin,  
Ne'er warm'd with hope, nor e'er alloy'd with fears;  
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin,  
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

"But here her father's precepts gave her skill,  
Which with incessant business fill'd the hours;  
In spring she gather'd blossoms for the still,  
In autumn berries, and in summer flowers."

† Cos. Take up, take up.—] i. e. stop, check yourself:  
This sense of the word, which is not uncommon, does not  
occur among the numerous examples collected by Johnson.

In politic designs of state, than in  
Thy judgment of a beauty; give me leave  
In this to doubt it.—Here. Go to my cabinet,  
You shall find there letters newly received,  
Touching the state of Urbin.  
Pray you, with care peruse them; leave the search  
Of this to us.

Cont. I do obey in all things.

[*Exit.*]

Cos. Lidia! a diamond so long conceal'd,  
And never worn in court! of such sweet feature!  
And he on whom I fix my dukedom's hopes  
Made captive to it! Umph! 'tis somewhat strange.  
Our eyes are every where, and we will make  
A strict enquiry. Sanazarro!

Re-enter SANAZARRO.

Sanaz. Sir,

Cos. Is my nephew at his rest?

Sanaz. I saw him in bed, sir.

Cos. 'Tis well; and does the princess Fiorinda,  
Nay, do not blush, she is rich Urbin's heir,  
Continue constant in her favours to you?

Sanaz. Dread sir, she may dispense them as she  
pleases;

But I look up to her as on a princess  
I dare not be ambitious of, and hope  
Her prodigal graces shall not render me  
Offender to your highness\*.

Cos. Not a scruple.

He whom I favour, as I do my friend,  
May take all lawful graces that become him;  
But touching this hereafter. I have now  
(And though perhaps it may appear a trifle)  
Serious employment for thee.

Sanaz. I stand ready  
For any act you please.

Cos. I know it, friend.  
Have you ne'er heard of Lidia, the daughter  
Of Carolo Charomonte?

Sanaz. Him I know, sir,  
For a noble gentleman, and my worthy friend;  
But never heard of her.

Cos. She is deliver'd,  
And feelingly to us by Contarino,  
For a masterpiece in nature. I would have you  
Ride suddenly thither, to behold this wonder,  
But not as sent by us; that's our first caution:  
The second is, and carefully observe it,  
That though you are a bachelor, and endow'd with  
All those perfections that may take a virgin,  
On forfeit of our favour do not tempt her:  
It may be her fair graces do concern us,  
Pretend what business you think fit to gain  
Access unto her father's house, and there  
Make full discovery of her, and return me  
A true relation:—I have some ends in it,  
With which we will acquaint you.

Sanaz. This is, sir,  
An easy task.

Cos. Yet one that must exact  
Your secrecy and diligence. Let not  
Your stay be long.

Sanaz. It shall not, sir.

Cos. Farewell,  
And be, as you would keep our favour, careful.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* Offender to your highness.] Mr. M. Mason reads of  
fending; the word that I have inserted is nearer the old  
copy, which exhibits, Offended to your highness.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Fiorinda's House.*

*Enter FIORINDA and CALAMINTA.*

*Fior.* How does this dressing show?

*Calam.* 'Tis of itself

Curious and rare; but, borrowing ornament  
As it does from your grace, that deigns to wear it,  
Incomparable.

*Fior.* Thou flatter'st me.

*Calam.* I cannot,

Your excellence is above it.

*Fior.* Were we less perfect,

Yet, being as we are, an absolute princess,  
We of necessity must be chaste, wise, fair,  
By our prerogative!—yet all these fail  
To move where I would have them. How received  
Count Sanazarro the rich scarf I sent him  
For his last visit?

*Calam.* With much reverence,  
I dare not say affection. He express'd  
More ceremony in his humble thanks,  
Than feeling of the favour; and appear'd  
Wilfully ignorant, in my opinion,  
Of what it did invite him to.

*Fior.* No matter; [heard]  
He's blind with too much light\*. Have you not  
Of any private mistress he's engaged to?

*Calam.* Not any; and this does amaze me, madam,  
That he, a soldier, one that drinks rich wines,  
Feeds high, and promises as much as Venus  
Could wish to find from Mars, should in his manners  
Be so averse to women.

*Fior.* Troth, I know not;  
He's man enough, and if he has a haunt,  
He preys far off, like a subtle fox.

*Calam.* And that way  
I do suspect him: for I learnt last night,  
When the great duke went to rest, attended by  
One private follower, he took horse; but whither  
He's rid, or to what end, I cannot guess at,  
But I will find it out.

*Fior.* Do, faithful servant,

*Enter CALANDRINO.*

We would not be abused. Who have we here?

*Calam.* How the fool stares!

*Fior.* And looks as if he were  
Conning his neck-verse.

*Cal.* If I now prove perfect  
In my A B C of courtship, Calandrino  
Is made for ever. I am sent—let me see,  
On a *How d'ye*, as they call't.

*Calam.* What wouldst thou say? [ings; well.]

*Cal.* Let me see my notes. These are her lodg-

*Calam.* Art thou an ass?

*Cal.* Peace! thou art a court wagtail,

[Looking on his instructions.]

To interrupt me.

*Fior.* He has given it you.

*Cal.* And then say to the illustrious *Fi-o-rin-da*—  
I have it. Which is she?

*Calam.* Why this; fop-doodle. [me out.]

*Cal.* Leave chattering, bullfinch; you would put  
But 'twill not do.—Then, after you have made  
Your three obeisances to her, kneel, and kiss  
The skirt of her gown—I'm glad it is no worse.

*Calam.* And why so, sir?

*Cal.* Because I was afraid

That, after the Italian garb, I should  
Have kiss'd her backward.

*Calam.* This is sport unlook'd for.

*Cal.* Are you the princess?

*Fior.* Yes, sir.

*Cal.* Then stand fair,

For I am cholerick, and do not nip  
A hopeful blossom. Out again:—Three less  
Obeisances—

*Fior.* I am ready.

*Cal.* I come on, then.

*Calam.* With much formality.

*Cal.* Umph! one, two, three.

[Makes antic curtsies.]

Thus far I am right. Now for the last.—O rare!  
She is perfumed all over! Sure great women,  
Instead of little dogs, are privileged  
To curry musk-cats.

*Fior.* Now the ceremony  
Is pass'd, what is the substance?

*Cal.* I'll peruse

My instructions, and then tell you. *Her skirt kiss'd,*  
*Inform her highness that your lord—*

*Calam.* Who's that?

*Cal.* Prince Giovanni, who intreats your grace,  
That he with your good favour may have leave [it]  
To present his service to you. I think I have nick'd  
For a courtier of the first form.

*Fior.* To my wonder.

*Enter GIOVANNI and a Gentleman.*

Return unto the prince—but he prevents  
My answer. Calaminta, take him off;  
And, for the neat delivery of his message,  
Give him ten ducats: such rare parts as yours  
Are to be cherish'd.

*Cal.* We will share: I know

It is the custom of the court, when ten  
Are promised, five is fair. Fie! fie! the princess  
Shall never know it, so you dispatch me quickly,  
And bid me not come to-morrow.

*Calam.* Very good, sir.

[Exit Calandrino and Calaminta.]

*Giov.* Pray you, friend,  
Inform the duke I am putting into act  
What he commanded.

*Gent.* I am proud to be employ'd, sir. [Exit.]

*Giov.* Madam, that, without warrant, I presume  
To trench upon your privacies, may argue  
Rudeness of manners; but the free access  
Your princely courtesy vouchsafes to all  
That come to pay their services, gives me hope  
To find a gracious pardon.

*Fior.* If you please, not

To make that an offence in your construction,  
Which I receive as a large favour from you,  
There needs not this apology.

*Giov.* You continue,

\* *He's blind with too much light.* Improved by Milton,  
dark with excess of light."

As you were ever, the greatest mistress of  
Fair entertainment.

*Fior.* You are, sir, the master;  
And in the country have learnt to outdo  
All that in court is practised. But why should we  
Talk at such distance? You are welcome, sir.  
We have been more familiar, and since  
You will impose the province (you should govern)  
Of boldness on me, give me leave to say  
You are too punctual. Sit, sir, and discourse  
As we were used.

*Giov.* Your excellence knows so well  
How to command, that I can never err  
When I obey you.

*Fior.* Nay, no more of this.  
You shall overcome; no more, I pray you, sir. —  
And what delights, pray you be liberal  
In your relation, hath the country life  
Afforded you?

*Giov.* All pleasures, gracious madam, [tues.  
But the happiness to converse with your sweet vir-  
I had a grave instructor, and my hours  
Design'd to serious studies yielded me  
Pleasure with profit, in the knowledge of  
What before I was ignorant in; the signior  
Carolo de Charomonte being skilful  
To guide me through the labyrinth of wild passions,  
That labour'd to imprison my free soul  
A slave to vicious sloth.

*Fior.* You speak him well.

*Giov.* But short of his deserts. Then for the time  
Of recreation, I was allow'd  
(Against the form follow'd by jealous parents  
In Italy) full liberty to partake  
His daughter's sweet society. She's a virgin  
Happy in all endowments which a poet  
Could fancy in his mistress; being herself  
A school of goodness, where chaste maids may learn,  
Without the aids of foreign principles,  
By the example of her life and pureness,  
To be, as she is, excellent. I but give you  
A brief epitome of her virtues, which,  
Dilated on at large, and to their merit,  
Would make an ample story.

*Fior.* Your whole age,  
So spent with such a father, and a daughter,  
Could not be tedious to you.

*Giov.* True, great princess:  
And now, since you have pleased to grant the hearing  
Of my time's expence in the country, give me leave  
To entreat the favour to be made acquainted  
What service, or what objects in the court,  
Have, in your excellency's acceptance, proved  
Most gracious to you.

*Fior.* I'll meet your demand,  
And make a plain discovery. The duke's care  
For my estate and person holds the first  
And choicest place: then, the respect the courtiers  
Pay gladly to me, not to be contemn'd.  
But that which rais'd in me the most delight  
(For I am a friend to valour), was to hear  
The noble actions truly reported  
Of the brave count Sanazarro. I profess,  
When it hath been, and fervently, deliver'd,  
How boldly, in the horror of a fight,  
Cover'd with fire and smoke, and, as if nature  
Had lent him wings, like lightning he hath fallen  
Upon the Turkish gallies, I have heard it  
With a kind of pleasure which hath whisper'd to me,  
This worthy must be cherish'd.

*Giov.* 'Twas a bounty  
You never can repent.

*Fior.* I glory in it;  
And when he did return (but still with conquest),  
His armour off, not young Antinous  
Appear'd more courtly: all the graces that  
Render a man's society dear to ladies,  
Like pages waiting on him; and it does  
Work strangely on me.

*Giov.* To divert your thoughts,  
Though they are fix'd upon a noble subject,  
I am a suitor to you.

*Fior.* You will ask,  
I do presume, what I may grant, and then  
It must not be denied.

*Giov.* It is a favour  
For which I hope your excellence will thank me

*Fior.* Nay, without circumstance.

*Giov.* That you would please  
To take occasion to move the duke,  
That you, with his allowance may command  
This matchless virgin, Lidia (of whom  
I cannot speak too much), to wait upon you.  
She's such a one, upon the forfeit of  
Your good opinion of me, that will not  
Be a blemish to your train.

*Fior.* 'Tis rank! he loves her:  
But I will fit him with a suit [Aside].—I pause not  
As if it bred or doubt or scruple in me  
To do what you desire, for I'll effect it,  
And make use of a fair and fit occasion;  
Yet, in return, I ask a boon of you,  
And hope to find you in your grant to me,  
As I have been to you.

*Giov.* Command me, madam.

*Fior.* 'Tis near allied to yours. That you would be  
A suitor to the duke, not to expose  
After so many trials of his faith,  
The noble Sanazarro to all dangers,  
As if he were a wall to stand the fury  
Of a perpetual battery: but now  
To grant him, after his long labours, rest  
And liberty to live in court; his arms  
And his victorious sword and shield hang up  
For monuments.

*Giov.* Umph! I'll embrace, fair princess,

*Enter Cozimo.*

The soonest opportunity. The duke!

*Coz.* Nay, blush not; we smile on your privacy,  
And come not to disturb you. You are equals,  
And, without prejudice to either's honours,  
May make a mutual change of love and courtship,  
Till you are made one, and with holy rites,  
And we give suffrage to it.

*Giov.* You are gracious.

*Coz.* To ourself in this: but now break off; too  
much

Taken at once of the most curious viands,  
Dulls the sharp edge of appetite. We are now  
For other sports, in which our pleasure is  
That you shall keep us company.

*Fior.* We attend you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Country. A Hall in CHAROMONTE'S  
House.

*Enter BERNARDO, CAPONI, and PETRUCHIO.*

*Bern.* Is my lord stirring?

Cap. No; he's fast.

Pet. Let us take, then,

Our morning draught. Such as eat store of beef,  
Mutton, and capons, may preserve their healths  
With that thin composition call'd small beer,  
As, 'tis said, they do in England. But Italians,  
That think when they have sup'd upon an olive,  
A root, or bunch of raisins, 'tis a feast,  
Must kill those crudities rising from cold herbs,  
With hot and lusty wines.

Cap. A happiness

Those tramontanes\* ne'er tasted.

Bern. Have they not

Store of wine there?

Cap. Yes, and drink more in two hours

Than the Dutchmen or the Dane in four and twenty.

Pet. But what is't? French trash, made of rotten  
grapes,

And dregs and lees of Spain, with Welsh metheglin,  
A drench to kill a horse! But this pure nectar,  
Being proper to our climate, is too fine  
To brook the roughness of the sea: the spirit  
Of this begets in us quick apprehensions,  
And active executions; whereas their  
Gross feeding makes their understanding like it:  
They can fight, and that's their all. [They drink.]

Enter SANAZARRO and SERVANT.

Sanaz. Security [open,  
Dwells about this house, I think; the gate's wide  
And not a servant stirring. See the horses  
Set up, and clothed.

Serv. I shall, sir.

[Exit.]

Sanaz. I'll make bold

To press a little further.

Bern. Who is this?

Count Sanazarro?

Pet. Yes, I know him. Quickly  
Remove the flagon.

Sanaz. A good day to you, friends.

Nay, do not conceal your physie; I approve it,  
And, if you please, will be a patient with you.

Pet. My noble lord. [Drinks.]

Sanaz. A health to yours. [Drinks.] Well done!  
I see you love yourselves, and I commend you;  
'Tis the best wisdom.

Pet. May it please your honour  
To walk a turn in the gallery, I'll acquaint  
My lord with your being here.

[Exit.]

Sanaz. Tell him I come

For a visit only. 'Tis a handsome pile this. [Exit.]

Cap. Why here is a brave fellow, and a right one;  
Nor wealth nor greatness makes him proud.

Bern. There are

\* Those tramontanes ne'er tasted, i.e. those strangers,  
those barbarians: so the Italians called, and still call, all  
who live beyond the Alps, *ultra montes*. In a subsequent  
speech, the author does not forget to satirize the acknow-  
ledged propensity of his countrymen to drinking: "Your  
Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander, are  
nothing to your Englishman."

† Caponi, as well as Iago, be not, however, too severe  
upon us, it must be confessed that our ancestors were apt  
scholars, and soon bettered the instructions which they re-  
ceived. Sir Richard Baker (as Mr. Gilchrist observes),  
treating of the wars in the Low-Countries about the end of  
the sixteenth century, says, "Here it must not be omitted,  
that the English (who, of all the dwellers in the northern  
parts of the world, were hitherto the least drinkers, and  
deservedly praised for their sobriety) in these Dutch wars  
learned to be drunkards, and brought the vice so far to over-  
spread the kingdom, that laws were vain to be enacted for  
repressing it." *Chron. fol. p. 382.*

Too few of them; for most of our new courtiers  
(Whose fathers were familiar with the prices  
Of oil and corn, with when and where to vent them,  
And left their heirs rich, from their knowledge that  
way),

Like gourds shot up in a night, disdain to speak  
But to cloth of tissue.

Enter CHAROMONTE in a nightgown, PETRUCHIO  
following.

Char. Stand you prating, knaves,  
When such a guest is under my roof! See all  
The rooms perfumed. This is the man that carries  
The sway and swing of the court; and I had rather  
Preserve him mine with honest offices, than —  
But I'll make no comparisons. Bid my daughter  
Trim herself up to the height; I know this courtier  
Must have a smack at her; and, perhaps, by his  
place,

Expects to wriggle further: if he does,  
I shall deceive his hopes; for I'll not taint  
My honour for the dukedom. Which way went he?

Cap. To the round gallery.

Char. I will entertain him  
As fits his worth and quality, but no further.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—A Gallery in the same.

Enter SANAZARRO.

Sanaz. I cannot apprehend, yet I have argued  
All ways I can imagine, for what reasons  
The great duke does employ me hither; and,  
What does increase the miracle, I must render  
A strict and true account, at my return,  
Of Lidia, this lord's daughter, and describe  
In what she's excellent, and where defective.  
'Tis a hard task: he that will undergo  
To make a judgment of a woman's beauty,  
And see through all her plasterings and paintings,  
Had need of Lynceus' eyes, and with more ease  
May look, like him, through nine mud walls, than  
make

A true discovery of her. But the intents  
And secrets of my prince's heart must be  
Served, and not search'd into.

Enter CHAROMONTE.

Char. Most noble sir,  
Excuse my age, subject to ease and sloth,  
That with no greater speed I have presented  
My service with your welcome.

Sanaz. 'Tis more fit  
That I should ask your pardon, for disturbing  
Your rest at this unsensational hour.  
But my occasions carrying me so near  
Your hospitable house, my stay being short too,  
Your goodness, and the name of friend, which you  
Are pleased to grace me with, gave me assurance  
A visit would not offend.

Char. Offend, my lord!  
I feel myself much younger for the favour.  
How is it with our gracious master?

Sanaz. He, sir,  
Holds still his wonted greatness, and confesses  
Himself your debtor, for your love and care  
To the prince Giovanni; and had sent  
Particular thanks by me, had his grace known,  
The quick dispatch of what I was design'd to  
Would have licens'd me to see you.

am rich  
 owldgment.  
 r, I have heard  
 ness in a daughter.  
 s the wind there? [Aside.  
 ame gives her out for a rare masterpiece.  
 is a plain village girl, sir, but obedient ;  
 best beauty, sir.  
 et my desire  
 find a fair construction from you ;  
 loose thought with me.  
 u are that way,  
 ee from suspicion. Her own manners,  
 imposition from me,  
 I prompt her to it.

Enter LIDIA and PETRONELLA.

As she is,  
 to make a tender of that service  
 stands bound to pay.  
 With your fair leave,  
 I to salute you.  
 you have it.  
 am her gentlewoman, will he not kiss  
 ?  
 rse, i'faith. [Aside.  
 ow he falls off !  
 lord, though silence best becomes a maid,  
 rious to know but what  
 yself, and with becoming distance,  
 me of boldness, I must borrow  
 modesty, as to enquire  
 vanni's health.  
 le cannot want  
 are pleased to wish him.  
 uld 'twere so !  
 here is no blessing that can make  
 and a noble prince complete,  
 fall on him. O ! he was our north star,  
 ad pleasure of our eyes.  
 Where am I ?  
 If another thing ! Can charms  
 such pure rubies\* ? her lips melt  
 touch'd ! Not those smooth gales that  
 Araby, or rich Sabaeat,  
 their passage gums and spices,  
 for a weak simile to express  
 less of her breath. Such a brave stature  
 towed on Pallas, every limb  
 'd to it !  
 is is strange ;—my lord !  
 crave your pardon, and yours, matchless  
 must report you.  
 There's no notice  
 his while of me. [Aside.  
 and I must add,  
 course and reason parallel

—Can charms  
 such pure rubies ! This, I believe, alludes to  
 opinion, that some sorts of gems (from an inhe-  
 c), could not be profaned, or applied to the pur-  
 c. The notion took its rise probably from some  
 ideas respecting the precious stones employed  
 plate of the high-priest of the Jews.  
 by Araby.) So the quarto. Coxeter and Mr. M.  
 muddled it into prose ; they read, *Over happy*  
*The New Way to Pay Old Debts*, this beautiful  
 again.

The rareness of your more than human form,  
 You are a wonder.

Char. Pray you my lord make trial :  
 She can speak, I can assure you ; and that my pre-  
 sence

May not take from her freedom, I will leave you :  
 For know, my lord, my confidence dares trust her  
 Where, and with whom, she pleases.—If he be  
 Taken the right way with her, I cannot fancy  
 A better match ; and for false play, I know  
 The tricks, and can discern them.—Petronella,

Petron. Yes, my good lord.

Char. I have employment for you.

[Exit Charomonte and Petronella.

Lid. What's your will, sir ! [of

Sanaz. Madam, you are so large a theme to treat  
 And every grace about you offers to me  
 Such copiousness of language that I stand  
 Doubtful which first to touch at. If I err,  
 As in my choice I may, let me entreat you,  
 Before I do offend, to sign my pardon :  
 Let this, the emblem of your innocence,  
 Give me assurance.

Lid. My hand join'd to yours,  
 Without this superatition, confirms it,  
 Nor need I fear you will dwell long upon me.  
 The barrenness of the subject yielding nothing  
 That rhetoric with all her tropes and figures  
 Can amplify. Yet, since you are resolved  
 To prove yourself a courtier in my praise,  
 As I'm a woman (and you men affirm  
 Our sex loves to be flatter'd) I'll endure it. i

Enter CHAROMONTE above.

Now, when you please, begin.

Sanaz. [turning from her] Such Leda's paps were—  
 (Down pillows styled by Jove), and their pure  
 whiteness

Shames the swan's down, or snow. No heat of lust  
 Swells up her azure veins ; and yet I feel  
 That this chaste ice but touch'd fans fire in me.

Lid. You need not, noble sir, be thus transported,  
 Or trouble your invention to express  
 Your thought of me : the plainest phrase and language  
 That you can use will be too high a strain  
 For such an humble theme,

Sanaz. If the great duke  
 Made this his end to try my constant temper,  
 Though I am vanquish'd, 'tis his fault, not mine :  
 For I am flesh and blood, and have affections  
 Like other men. Who can behold the temples,  
 Or holy altars, but the objects work  
 Devotion in him ? And I may as well  
 Walk over burning iron with bare feet,  
 And be unscorch'd, as look upon this beauty  
 Without desire, and that desire pursued too,  
 Till it be quench'd with the enjoying those  
 Delights, which to achieve, danger is nothing,  
 And loyalty but a word.

Lid. I ne'er was proud ;  
 Nor can find I am guilty of a thought  
 Deserving this neglect and strangeness from you :  
 Nor am I amorous.\*

\* *Nor am I amorous.* This would be a *strange* declara-  
 tion for Lidia to make, when Sanazarro had said nothing to  
 her on the subject of love ; these words, therefore, must be  
 considered as the beginning of a sentence that is left un-  
 finished, and should be printed thus :

*Nor am I amorous*— M. MASON.  
 " However *strange* the declaration" may be, it is actually

Sanaz. Suppose his greatness  
Loves her himself, why makes he choice of me  
To be his agent? It is tyranny  
To call one pinch'd with hunger to a feast,  
And at that instant cruelly deny him  
To taste of what he sees. Allegiance  
Tempted too far is like the trial of  
A good sword on an anvil; as that often  
Flies in pieces without service to the owner,  
So trust enforced too far proves treachery,  
And is too late repented.

Lid. Pray you, sir,  
Or license me to leave you, or deliver  
The reasons which invite you to command  
My tedious waiting on you.

Char. As I live,  
I know not what to think on't. Is't his pride,  
Or his simplicity?

Sanaz. Whither have my thoughts  
Carried me from myself? In this my dulness,  
I've lost an opportunity—

[Turns to her; she falls off.]

Lid. 'Tis true,  
I was not bred in court, nor live a star there;  
Nor shine in rich embroideries and pearl,  
As they, that are the mistresses of great fortunes,  
Are every day adorn'd with—

Sanaz. Will you vouchsafe  
Your ear, sweet lady?

Lid. Yet I may be bold,  
For my integrity and fame, to rank  
With such as are more glorious. Though I never  
Did injury, yet I am sensible  
When I'm contemn'd, and scorn'd.

Sanaz. Will you please to hear me?

Lid. O the difference of natures! Giovanni,  
A prince in expectation, when he lived here  
Stole courtesy from heaven\*, and would not to

made: nor is there the smallest necessity for supposing the sentence to be incomplete. Lidia simply means, I am not apt to be inflamed at first sight; and the remark is perfectly natural, in her uncertainty respecting the motives of Sanazaro's conduct.

\* *A prince in expectation when he lived here.*

Stole courtesy from heaven, &c.] This is from Shakspeare, and the plain meaning of the phrase is, that the affability and sweetness of Giovanni were of a heavenly kind, i. e. more perfect than was usually found among men; resembling that divine condescension which excludes none from its regard, and therefore immediately derived or stolen from heaven, from whence all good proceeds. In this there is no impropriety: common usage warrants the application of the term to a variety of actions which imply nothing of turpitude, but rather the contrary: affections are stolen—in a word, to steal, here, and in many other places, means little else than to win by importunity, by imperceptible progression, by gentle violence, &c.

I mention this, because it appears to me that the commentators on our great poet have altogether mistaken him:

"And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,

And dress'd myself in such humility,

That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts."

Hen. IV., Part I., Act III., sc. ii.  
"This," says Warburton, who is always too refined for his subject, "is an allusion to the story of Prometheus, who stole fire from thence; and as with this he made a man, so with that Bolingbroke made a king." If there be any allusion to the story (which I will not deny), it is of the most remote and obscure kind; the application of it, however, is surely too absurd for serious notice. Stevens supposes the meaning to be,—"I was so affable, that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus defrauded heaven of its worshippers." Is heaven worshipped with "affability?" or have politeness and elegance of manners such irresistible charms, that, when found below, they must of necessity "engross all devotion," and exclude

The meanest servant in my father's house  
Have kept such distance.

Sanaz. Pray you do not think me  
Unworthy of your ear; it was your beauty  
That turn'd me statue. I can speak, fair lady.

Lid. And I can hear. The harshness of your  
courtship

Cannot corrupt my courtesy.

Sanaz. Will you hear me,  
If I speak of love?

Lid. Provided you be modest;  
I were uncivil, else.

Char. They are come to parley.

I must observe this nearer. [He returns]

Sanaz. You are a rare one,  
And such (but that my haste commands me hence)  
I could converse with ever. Will you grace me  
With leave to visit you again?

Lid. So you,  
At your return to court, do me the favour  
To make a tender of my humble service  
To the prince Giovanni.

Sanaz. Ever touching  
Upon that string! And will you give me hope  
Of future happiness?

Lid. That, as I shall find you:  
The fort that's yielded at the first assault  
Is hardly worth the taking.

Re-enter CHAROMONTE below.

Char. O, they are at it.

Sanaz. She is a magazine of all perfection,  
And 'tis death to part from her, yet I must—  
A parting kiss, fair maid.

Lid. That custom grants you. [ship,

Char. A homely breakfast does attend your lord-  
Such as the place affords.

Sanaz. No; I have feasted  
Already here; my thanks, and so I leave you:  
I will see you again. Till this unhappy hour  
I was never lost, and what to do, or say,  
I have not yet determined.

[Exit.

Char. Gone so abruptly!

'Tis very strange.

Lid. Under your favour, sir,  
His coming hither was to little purpose,  
For any thing I heard from him.

Char. Take heed, Lidia!

I do advise you with a father's love,  
And tenderness of your honour; as I would not  
Have you coarse and harsh in giving entertainment,  
So by no means to be credulous: for great men,  
Till they have gain'd their ends, are giants in  
Their promises, but, those obtain'd, weak pigmies  
In their performance. And it is a maxim  
Allow'd among them, so they may deceive,  
They may swear any thing; for the queen of love,  
As they hold constantly, does never punish,  
But smile, at lovers' perjuries\*.—Yet be wise too,

the Deity from our thoughts!—This is not the language, nor are these the ideas of Shakspeare: and it would well become the critics to pause before they seriously disgrace him with such impious absurdities.

\* *for the queen of love,*

*As they hold constantly, does never punish,*  
*But smile, at lovers' perjuries.—]*

*Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa.*

It would be as well if the queen of love had been a little more fastidious on this subject. Her facility, I fear, has done much mischief, as lovers of all ages have availed themselves

And when you are sued to in a noble way,  
Be neither nice nor scrupulous.

*Lid.* All you speak, sir,  
I hear as oracles; nor will digress

From your directions.

*Char.* So shall you keep  
Your fame untainted.

*Lid.* As I would my life, sir,

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *An ante Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SANAZARRO and Servant.*

*Sanaz.* Leave the horses with my grooms; but  
be you careful,  
With your best diligence and speed, to find out  
The prince, and humbly, in my name, entreat  
I may exchange some private conference with him,  
Before the great duke know of my arrival.

*Serv.* I haste, my lord.

*Sanaz.* Here I'll attend his coming:  
And see you keep yourself, as much as may be,  
Conceal'd from all men else.

*Serv.* To serve your lordship,  
I wish I were invisible.

[*Exit.*]

*Sanaz.* I am driven  
Into a desperate strait, and cannot steer  
A middle course; and of the two extremes  
Which I must make election of, I know not  
Which is more full of horror. Never servant  
Stood more engaged to a magnificent master,  
Than I to Cozimo: and all those honours  
And glories by his grace conferr'd upon me,  
Or by my prosperous services deserved,  
If now I should deceive his trust, and make  
A shipwreck of my loyalty, are ruin'd.  
And, on the other side, if I discover  
Lidia's divine perfections, all my hopes  
In her are sunk, never to be buoy'd up:  
For 'tis impossible, but, as soon as seen,  
She must with adoration be sued to.  
A hermit at his beads but looking on her,  
Or the cold cynic, whom Corinthian Lais [stone,  
(Not moved with her lust's blandishments) call'd a  
At this object would take fire. Nor is the duke  
Such an Hippolytus, but that this Phædra  
But seen, must force him to forsake the groves  
And Dian's huntmanship, proud to serve under  
Venus' soft ensigns. No, there is no way  
For me to hope fruition of my ends,  
But to conceal her beauties;—and how that  
May be effected, is as hard a task  
As with a veil to cover the sun's beams,  
Or comfortable light. Three years the prince  
Lived in her company, and Contarino,  
The secretary, hath possess'd\* the duke

of it: but she had it from her father, whose laxity of principle is well known:

*Jupiter.* ————— *perjuria ridet amantum*

\* *hath possess'd the duke*  
*What a rare piece she is!* I. e. acquainted, or informed.  
In this sense the word perpetually occurs in our old writers.  
Thus in *The City Nightcap*: "You, sirrah, we are possess'd,  
were their pander." Again, in *The City Match*:

"She is possess'd  
What streams of gold you flow in."

What a rare piece she is;—but he's my creature,  
And may with ease be frightened to deny  
What he hath said: and, if my long experience,  
With some strong reasons I have thought upon,  
Cannot o'er-reach a youth, my practice yields me  
But little profit.

*Enter GIOVANNI with the Servant.*

*Giov.* You are well return'd, sir.

*Sanaz.* Leave us.—[*Exit Servant.*] When that  
your grace shall know the motives  
That forced me to invite you to this trouble,  
You will excuse my manners.

*Giov.* Sir, there needs not  
This circumstance between us. You are ever  
My noble friend.

*Sanaz.* You shall have further cause  
To assure you of my faith and zeal to serve you.  
And, when I have committed to your trust  
(Presuming still on your retentive silence)  
A secret of no less importance than  
My honour, nay, my head, it will confirm  
What value you hold with me.

*Giov.* Pray you, believe, sir,  
What you deliver to me shall be lock'd up  
In a strong cabinet, of which you yourself  
Shall keep the key: for here I pawn my honour,  
Which is the best security I can give, yet,  
It shall not be discover'd.

*Sanaz.* This assurance  
Is more than I with modesty could demand  
From such a paymaster; but I must be sudden:  
And therefore, to the purpose. Can your excellence,  
In your imagination, conceive  
On what design, or whither, the duke's will  
Commanded me hence last night?

*Giov.* No, I assure you;  
And it had been a rudeness to enquire  
Of that I was not call'd to.

*Sanaz.* Grant me bearing,  
And I will make you truly understand  
It only did concern you.

*Giov.* Me, my lord! [tunes;]

*Sanaz.* You, in your present state, and future for-  
For both lie at the stake.

*Giov.* You much amaze me.  
Pray you, resolve this riddle,

*Sanaz.* You know the duke,  
If he die issueless, as yet he is,  
Determines you his heir.

*Giov.* It hath pleased his highness  
Oft to profess so much.

*Sanaz.* But say, he should  
Be won to prove a second wife, on whom  
He may beget a son, how, in a moment,  
Will all those glorious expectations, which

Render you revered and remarkable,  
Be in a moment blasted, howe'er you are  
His much-loved sister's son!

*Giov.* I must bear it  
With patience, and in me it is a duty  
That I was born with; and 'twere much unfit  
For the receiver of a benefit  
To offer, for his own ends, to prescribe  
Laws to the giver's pleasure.

*Sanaz.* Sweetly answer'd,  
And like your noble self. This your rare temper  
So wins upon me, that I would not live  
(If that by honest arts I can prevent it)  
To see your hopes made frustrate. And but think  
How you shall be transform'd from what you are,  
Should this (as heaven avert it!) ever happen.  
It must disturb your peace: for wherens now,  
Being, as you are, received for the heir apparent,  
You are no sooner seen, but wonder'd at;  
The signiors making it a business to  
Enquire how you have slept; and, as you walk  
The streets of Florence, the glad multitude  
In throngs press but to see you; and, with joy,  
The father, pointing with his finger, tells  
His son, This is the prince, the hopeful prince,  
That must hereafter rule, and you obey him.—  
Great ladies beg your picture, and make love  
To that, despairing to enjoy the substance.—  
And, but the last night, when 'twas only rumour'd  
That you were come to court, as if you had  
By sea past hither from another world,  
What general shouts and acclamations follow'd!  
The bells rang loud, the bonfires blazed, and such  
As loved not wine, carousing to your health,  
Were drunk, and blush'd not at it. And is this  
A happiness to part with?

*Giov.* I allow these  
As flourishes of fortune, with which princes  
Are often sooth'd; but never yet esteem'd them  
For real blessings.

*Sanaz.* Yet all these were paid  
To what you may be, not to what you are;  
For if the great duke but shew to his servants  
A son of his own, you shall, like one obscure,  
Pass unregarded.

*Giov.* I confess, command  
Is not to be contemn'd, and if my fate  
Appoint me to it, as I may, I'll bear it  
With willing shoulders. But, my lord, as yet,  
You've told me of a danger coming towards me,  
But have not named it.

*Sanaz.* That is soon deliver'd.  
Great Cozimo, your uncle, as I more  
Than guess, for 'tis no frivolous circumstance  
That does persuade my judgment to believe it,  
Purposes to be married.

*Giov.* Married, sir! [me.]  
With whom, and on what terms? pray you, instruct

*Sanaz.* With the fair Lidia.

*Giov.* Lidia!  
*Sanaz.* The daughter  
Of signior Charamonte.

*Giov.* Pardon me  
Though I appear incredulous: for, on  
My knowledge, he ne'er saw her.

*Sanaz.* That is granted:  
But Contarino hath so sung her praises,  
And given her out for such a masterpiece,  
That he's transported with it, sir:—and love  
Steals sometimes through the ear into the heart,

As well as by the eye. The duke no sooner  
Heard her described, but I was sent in post  
To see her, and return my judgment of her.

*Giov.* And what's your censure?

*Sanaz.* 'Tis a pretty creature.

*Giov.* She's very fair.

*Sanaz.* Yes, yes, I have seen worse faces.

*Giov.* Her limbs are neatly form'd.

*Sanaz.* She hath a waist  
Indeed sized to love's wish.

*Giov.* A delicate hand too.

*Sanaz.* Then for a leg and foot—

*Giov.* And there I leave you,  
For I presumed no further.

*Sanaz.* As she is, sir,  
I know she wants no gracious part that may  
Allure the duke; and, if he only see her,  
She is his own; he will not be denied,  
And then you are lost: yet, if you'll second me,  
(As you have reason, for it most concerns you),  
I can prevent all yet.

*Giov.* I would you could,  
A noble way.

*Sanaz.* I will cry down her beauties;  
Especially the beauties of her mind,  
As much as Contarino hath advanced them;  
And this, I hope, will breed forgetfulness,  
And kill affection in him: but you must join  
With me in my report, if you be question'd.

*Giov.* I never told a lie yet; and I hold it  
In some degree blasphemous\* to dispraise  
What's worthy admiration: yet, for once,  
I will dispraise a little, and not vary  
From your relation.

*Sanaz.* Be constant in it.

*Enter ALPHONSO.*

*Alph.* My lord, the duke hath seen your man, and  
wonders

*Enter COZIMO, HIPPOLITO, CONTARINO, and  
Attendants.*

You come not to him. See, if his desire [hither  
To have conference with you hath not brought him  
In his own person.

*Coz.* They are comely coursers,  
And promise swiftness.

*Cont.* They are, of my knowledge,  
Of the best race in Naples.

*Coz.* You are, nephew,  
As I hear, an excellent horseman, and we like it:  
'Tis a fair grace in a prince. Pray you, make trial  
Of their strength and speed; and, if you think them  
fit

For your employment, with a liberal hand  
Reward the gentleman that did present them  
From the viceroy of Naples.

*Giov.* I will use  
My best endeavour, sir.

*Coz.* Wait on my nephew,

*Exeunt Giovanni, Alphonso, Hippolito, and Attendants.*

Nay, stay you, Contarino; be within call;  
It may be we shall use you. [Exit Contarino.]

\* ———— and I hold it  
In some degree blasphemous. So the word was usually  
accented in Massinger's time, and with strict regard to its  
Greek derivation. Thus Sidney:

"Blasphemous words the speaker vain do prove."

And Spenser:

"And therein shut up his blasphemous tongue."

You have rode hard, sir,  
And we thank you for it: every minute seems  
Irkesome, and tedious to us, till you have  
Made your discovery. Say, friend, have you seen  
This phoenix of our age?

Senoz. I have seen a maid, sir;  
But, if that I have judgment, no such wonder\*  
As she was deliver'd to you.

Cos. This is strange. [look'd on]

Sanaz. But certain truth. It may be, she was  
With admiration in the country, sir;  
But, if compared with many in your court,  
She would appear but ordinary.

Cos. Contarino  
Reports her otherwise.

Sanaz. Such as ne'er saw swans,  
May think crows beautiful.

Cos. How is her behaviour?

Sanaz. 'Tis like the place she lives in.

Cos. How her wit,  
Discourae, and entertainment?

Sanaz. Very coarse;  
I would not willingly say poor, and rude:  
But, had she all the beauties of fair women,  
The dulness of her soul would fright me from her.

Cos. You are curious, sir. I know not what to  
think on't.

Contarino!

*Re enter CONTARINO.*

Cont. Sir,

Cos. Where was thy judgment, man,  
To extol a virgin Sanazarro tells me  
Is nearer to deformity!

Sanaz. I saw her,  
And curiously perused her; and I wonder  
That she, that did appear to me, that know  
What beauty is, not worthy the observing,  
Should so transport you.

Cont. Troth, my lord, I thought then—

Cos. Thought! Didst thou not affirm it?

Cont. I confess, sir,  
I did believe so then; but, now I hear  
My lord's opinion to the contrary,  
I am of another faith; for 'tis not fit  
That I should contradict him. I am dim, sir,  
But he's sharp-sighted.

Sanaz. This is to my wish.

Cos. We know not what to think of this; yet  
would not

*Re-enter GIOVANNI, HIPPOLITO, and ALFONSO.*

Determine rashly of it.—How do you like  
My nephew's horsemanship?

Hip. In my judgment, sir,  
It is exact and rare.

Alph. And, to my fancy,  
He did present great Alexander mounted  
On his Bucephalus.

Cos. You are right courtiers,  
And know it is your duty to cry up  
All actions of a prince.

\* Sanaz. I have seen a maid, sir;  
But (if that I have judgment, no such wonder, &c.) It is  
too touch to say that this simple thought is borrowed; and  
yet an expression of Shakespeare's might not improbably have  
hang on Massinger's mind:

"Mr. — No wonder, sir;

"But, certainly a maid."

*Tempest.*  
The commentators have amassed a prodigious number of ex-  
tracts to illustrate the expression: this from Massinger,  
however, which appears to me more to the purpose than any  
of them, they have, as usual, overlooked.

Sanaz. Do not betray  
Yourself, you're safe; I have done my part.

[*Aside to Giovanni.*]

Giov. I thank you;  
Nor will I fail.

Cos. What's your opinion, nephew,  
Of the horses?

Giov. Two of them are, in my judgment,  
The best I ever back'd; I mean the roan, sir,  
And the brown bay: but for the chesnut-colour'd,  
Though he be full of metal, hot, and fiery,  
He trends weak in his pasterns.

Cos. So: come nearer;  
This exercise hath put you into a sweat;  
Take this and dry it\*: and now I command you  
To tell me truly what's your censure of  
Charomonte's daughter, Lidia.

Giov. I am, sir,  
A novice in my judgment of a lady;  
But such as 'tis your grace shall have it freely.  
I would not speak ill of her, and am sorry,  
If I keep myself a friend to truth, I cannot  
Report her as I would, so much I owe  
Her reverend father: but I'll give you, sir,  
As near as I can, her character in little.  
She's of a goodly stature, and her limbs  
Not disproportion'd; for her face, it is  
Far from deformity; yet they flatter her,  
That style it excellent: her manners are  
Simple and innocent; but her discourse  
And wit deserve my pity, more than praise:  
At the best, my lord, she is a handsome picture,  
And, that said, all is spoken.

Cos. I believe you;  
I ne'er yet found you false.

Giov. Nor ever shall, sir.  
Forgive me, matchless Lidia! too much love,  
And jealous fear to lose thee, do compel me,  
Against my will, my reason, and my knowledge,  
To be a poor detractor of that beauty  
Which fluent Ovid, if he lived again,  
Would want words to express. [Aside.]

Cos. Pray you make choice of  
The richest of our furniture for these horses,  
[To Sanazarro.]

And take my nephew with you; we in this  
Will follow his directions.

Giov. Could I find now  
The princess Fiorinda, and persuade her  
To be silent in the suit that I moved to her,  
All were secure.

Sanaz. In that, my lord, I'll aid you.

Cos. We will be private; leave us.

[*Exeunt all but Cosimo.*]

All my studies

And serious meditations aim no further  
Than this young man's good. He was my sister's son,  
And she was such a sister, when she lived,  
I could not prize too much; nor can I better  
Make known how dear I hold her memory,  
Than in my cherishing the only issue  
Which she hath left behind her. Who's that?

*Enter FIORINDA.*

Fior. Sir,

\* This exercise hath put you into a sweat;  
Take this and dry it: This is from Shakespeare; if he  
had been suffered to remain in quiet possession of it, the  
reader would have little to regret on the score of delicacy;  
" — He's fat, and want of breath:

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brow."

*Cos.* My fair charge! you are welcome to us.

*Fior.* I have found it, sir.

*Cos.* All things go well in Urbin. [me

*Fior.* Your gracious care to me, an orphan, frees  
From all suspicion that my jealous fears  
Can drive into my fancy.

*Cos.* The next summer,  
In our own person, we will bring you thither,  
And sent you in your own.

*Fior.* When you think fit, sir.  
But, in the mean-time, with your highness' pardon,  
I am a suitor to you.

*Cos.* Name it, madam,  
With confidence to obtain it.

*Fior.* That you would please  
To lay a strict command on Charomonte,  
To bring his daughter Lidia to the court;  
And pray you, think, sir, that 'tis not my purpose  
To employ her as a servant, but to use her  
As a most wish'd companion.

*Cos.* Ha! your reason? [given her

*Fior.* The hopeful prince, your nephew, sir, hath  
To me for such an abstract of perfection  
In all that can be wish'd for in a virgin,  
As beauty, music, ravishing discourse,  
Quickness of apprehension, with choice manners  
And learning too, not usual with women,  
That I am much ambitious (though I shall  
Appear but as a foil to set her off)  
To be by her instructed, and supplied  
In what I am defective.

*Cos.* Did my nephew  
Seriously deliver this?

*Fior.* I assure your grace,  
With zeal and vehemency; and, even when,  
With his best words, he strived to set her forth,  
(Though the rare subject made him eloquent,)  
He would complain, all he could say came short  
Of her deservings.

*Cos.* Pray you have patience. [Walks aside.  
This was strangely carried.—Ha! are we trifled with?  
Dare they do this? Is Cozimo's fury, that  
Of late was terrible, grown contemptible?  
Well; we will clear our brows, and undermine  
Their secret works, though they have digg'd like  
moles,

And crush them with the tempest of my wrath  
When I appear most calm. He is unfit  
To command others, that knows not to use it,  
And with all rigour: yet my stern looks shall not  
Discover my intents; for I will strike  
When I begin to frown—You are the mistress  
Of that you did demand.

*Fior.* I thank your highness;  
But speed in the performance of the grant  
Doubles the favour, sir.

*Cos.* You shall possess it  
Sooner than you expect:—  
Only be pleased to be ready when my secretary  
Waits on you to take the fresh air. My nephew,  
And my bosom friend so to cheat me! 'tis not fair.

*Re-enter GIOVANNI and SANAZARRO.*

*Sanaz.* Where should this princess be? nor in her  
lodgings,  
Nor in the private walks, her own retreat,  
Which she so much frequented!

\* ——— that knows not to use it,] i. e. his command, authority: the expression is harsh, but is not uncommon in the writers of Massinger's time.

*Giov.* By my life,  
She's with the duke! and I much more than fear  
Her forwardness to prefer my suit hath ruin'd  
What with such care we built up.

*Cos.* Have you furnish'd  
Those coursers, as we will'd you?

*Sanaz.* There's no sign  
Of anger in his looks.

*Giov.* They are complete, sir.

*Cos.* 'Tis well: to your rest. Soft sleeps wait on  
you, madam.

To-morrow, with the rising of the sun,  
Be ready to ride with us. They with more safety  
Had trod on fork-tongued adders, than provoked me.

[Exit.

*Fior.* I come not to be thank'd, sir, for the speedy  
Performance of my promise touching Lidia;  
It is effected.

*Sanaz.* We are undone.

*Fior.* The duke

No sooner heard me with my best of language  
Describe her excellencies, as you taught me,  
But he confirm'd it. You look sad, as if  
You wish'd it were undone.

*Giov.* No, gracious madam,  
I am your servant for't.

*Fior.* Be you as careful  
For what I mov'd to you. Count Sanazarro,  
Now I perceive you honour me, in vouchsafing  
To wear so slight a favour.

*Sanaz.* 'Tis a grace  
I am unworthy of.

*Fior.* You merit more,  
In prizing so a trifle. Take this diamond;  
I'll second what I have begun; for know,  
Your valour hath so won upon me, that  
'Tis not to be resisted: I have said, sir,  
And leave you to interpret it.

[Exit.

*Sanaz.* This to me  
Is wormwood. 'Tis apparent we are taken  
In our own noose. What's to be done?

*Giov.* I know not.  
And 'tis a punishment justly fallen upon me,  
For leaving truth, a constant mistress, that  
Ever protects her servants, to become  
A slave to lies and falsehood. What excuse  
Can we make to the duke, what mercy hope for,  
Our packing\* being laid open?

*Sanaz.* 'Tis not to  
Be question'd but his purposed journey is  
To see fair Lidia.

*Giov.* And to divert him  
Impossible.

*Sanaz.* There's now no looking backward.

*Giov.* And which way to go on with safety, not  
To be imagined.

*Sanaz.* Give me leave: I have  
An embryo in my brain, which, I despair not,  
May be brought to form and fashion, provided  
You will be open-breasted.

*Giov.* 'Tis no time now,  
Our dangers being equal, to conceal  
A thought from you.

*Sanaz.* What power hold you o'er Lidia?  
Do you think that, with some hazard of her life,  
She would prevent your ruin?

\* Our packing being laid open?] i. e. our insidious contrivance, our iniquitous collusion to deceive the duke: so the word is used by Shakspeare, and others.

*Giov.* I presume so:  
If, in the undertaking it, she stray not  
From what becomes her innocence; and to that  
'Tis far from me to press her: I myself  
Will rather suffer.

*Sanaz.* 'Tis enough; this night  
Write to her by your servant Calandrino,  
As I shall give directions; my man

*Enter CALANDRINO, fantastically dressed.*

Shall bear him company. See, sir, to my wish  
He does appear; but much transformed from what  
He was when he came hither.

*Cal.* I confess  
I am not very wise, and yet I find  
A fool, so he be parcel knave, in court  
May flourish, and grow rich.

*Giov.* Calandrino,

*Cal.* Peace!

I am in contemplation.

*Giov.* Do not you know me?

*Cal.* I tell thee, no; on forfeit of my place,  
I must not know myself, much less my father,  
But by petition; that petition lined too  
With golden birds, that sing to the tune of profit,  
Or I am deaf.

*Giov.* But you've your sense of feeling.  
[Offering to strike him.

*Sanaz.* Nay, pray you, forbear.

*Cal.* I have all that's requisite

To the making up of a signior: my spruce ruff,  
My hooded cloak, long stocking, and paned hose,  
My case of toothpicks, and my silver fork\*,

To convey an olive neatly to my mouth;—  
And, what is all in all, my pockets ring  
A golden peal. O that the peasants in the country,  
My quondam fellows, but saw me as I am,  
How they would admire and worship me!

*Giov.* As they shall;  
For instantly you must thither.

*Cal.* My grand signior,  
Vouchsafe a beso las manos\*, and a cringe  
Of the last edition.

*Giov.* You must ride post with letters  
This night to Lidia.

*Cal.* An it please your grace,  
Shall I use my coach, or footcloth mule?

*Sanaz.* You widgeon,  
You are to make all speed; think not of pomp.

*Giov.* Follow for your instructions, sirrah.

*Cal.* I have

One suit to you my good lord.

*Sanaz.* What is't?

*Cal.* That you would give me  
A subtle court-charm, to defend me from  
The infectious air of the country.

*Giov.* What's the reason?

*Cal.* Why, as this court-air taught me knavish  
wit,

By which I am grown rich, if that again  
Should turn me fool and honest, vain hopes farewell!  
For I must die a beggar.

*Sanaz.* Go to, sirrah,

You'll be whipt for this.

*Giov.* Leave fooling, and attend us. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Hall in CHAROMONTE'S House.*

*Enter CHAROMONTE and LIDIA.*

*Char.* Daughter, I have observed, since the prince  
left us,

\* *Cal.* I have all that's requisite

To the making up of a signior; my spruce ruff,

My hooded cloak, long stocking, and paned hose,

My case of toothpicks, and my silver fork.] Calandrino is  
very correct in his enumeration of the articles which in his  
time made up a complete signior; and which are frequently  
introduced with evident marks of disapprobation and ridicule  
by our old poets. The ruff, cloak, and long stocking, are  
sufficiently familiar: hose are breeches:

"Lorenzo, thou dost boast of base renown;

Why, I could whip all these, were their hose down."

*The Spanish Tragedy.*  
Paned hose, therefore, are breeches composed of small squares  
or pannels. While I am on this most grave subject, it may  
not be amiss to observe that, about this time, the large  
slashed breeches of a former reign began to give way to  
others of a closer make; an innovation which the old people  
found very inconvenient, and of which they complained with  
some degree of justice, as being ill adapted to the hard oak  
chairs and benches on which they usually sat! *Toothpicks*,  
the next accompaniment of state, were recently imported  
from Italy, as were *forks*; the want of which our ancestors  
supplied as well as they could with their fingers. Thomas  
Coryat (an itinerant buffoon, with just understanding enough  
to make himself worth the laughing at) claims the honour of  
introducing the use of forks into this country, which, he  
says, he learned in Italy—"where the natives, and also most  
strangers that are commorant there, doe alwaies at their  
meales use a little *fork*, when they cut their meate, for  
while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they

(Whose absence I mourn with you), and the visit  
Count Sanazarro gave us, you have nourished

cut the meat out of the dish, they fasten their *forks*, which  
they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish." *Coryat's Crudities*, &c., 1611.

Johnson, who, more than any of his contemporaries,  
"caught the manners living as they rose," lashes the prostitu-  
tion of monopolies in his time, by making Meercraft  
promise Tailbush and Gilthead to procure them grants for  
the manufacturing of *toothpicks* and *forks*. What he says  
of the former is too long for my purpose; the latter are thus  
introduced:

"*Meer.* Do you hear, sirs?

Have I deserved this from you two, for all

My pains at court to get you each a patent?

"*Gilt.* For what?

"*Meer.* Upon my project of the *forks*,

"*Gilt.* Forks! what be they?

"*Meer.* The laudable use of forks

Brought into custom here, as they are in Italy,

To the sparring of napkins." *The Devil's an Ass.*

\* *Cal.* My grand signior,

Vouchsafe a beso las manos, &c.] This is the phrase in  
which Calandrino supposes his "quondam fellows" will ad-  
dress him. I know not whether it be through ignorance or  
design—but the modern editors always make their foreign  
scraps even more barbarous than the ancient ones. There  
is no occasion for this. In Massinger's time, these tags of  
politeness were in every body's mouth, and better understood  
than they are at this day.

I have restricted myself to as few remarks as possible on  
the beauties of the author, but I cannot forbear observing,  
on the present occasion, that the act we have just finished,  
for language, sentiment, surprising yet natural turns, and  
general felicity of conduct, is not to be paralleled in any  
drama with which I am acquainted.

Sad and retired thoughts, and parted with  
That freedom and alacrity of spirit  
With which you used to cheer me.

*Lid.* For the count, sir,  
All thought of him does with his person die;  
But I confess ingenuously, I cannot  
So soon forget the choice and chaste delights,  
The courteous conversation of the prince,  
And without stain, I hope, afforded me,  
When he made this house a court.

*Char.* It is in us,  
To keep it so without him. Want we know not,  
And all we can complain of, heaven be prais'd for't,  
Is too much plenty; and we will make use of

*Enter CAPONI, BERNARDO, PETRUCHIO, and other  
Servants.*

All lawful pleasures. How now, fellows; when  
Shall we have this lusty dance?

*Cap.* In the afternoon, sir.  
Tis a device, I wis, of my own making.  
And such a one, as shall make your signiorship know  
I have not been your butler for nothing, but  
Have crotchets in my head. We'll trip it lightly,  
And make my sad young mistress merry again,  
Or I'll forswear the cellar.

*Bern.* If we had  
Our fellow Calandrino here, to dance  
His part, we were perfect.

*Pet.* O! he was a rare fellow;  
But I fear the court hath spoil'd him.

*Cap.* When I was young,  
I could have cut a caper upon a pinnacle;  
But now I am old and wise.—keep your figure fair  
And fellow but the sample I shall set you,  
The duke himself will send for us, and laugh at us;  
And that were credit.

*Enter CALANDRINO.*

*Lid.* Who have we here?

*Cal.* I find

What was brawn in the country, in the court grows  
tender.

The bots on these jolting jades! I am bruised to jelly.  
A coach for my money! and that the courtizans  
know well;

Their riding so, makes them last three years longer  
Than such as are hacknied.

*Char.* Calandrino! 'tis he.

*Cal.* Now to my postures.—Let my hand have  
the honour

To convey a kiss from my lips to the cover of  
Your foot, dear signior.

*Char.* Fie! you stoop too low, sir.

*Cal.* The hem of your vestment, lady: your glove  
is for princes;

Nay, I have conn'd my distances.

*Lid.* 'Tis most courtly.

*Cap.* Fellow Calandrino!

*Cal.* Signior de Caponi,

Grand butler of the mansion.

*Bern.* How is't, man? [*Claps him on the shoulder.*]

*Cal.* Be not so rustic in your salutations,

Signior Bernardo, master of the accounts.

Signior Petruccio, may you long continue

Your function in the chamber!

*Cap.* When shall we learn

Such gambols in our villa?

*Lid.* Sure he's mad.

*Char.* 'Tis not unlike, for most of such mush-  
rooms are so.

What news at court?

*Cal.* Haste! they are mysteries,  
And not to be reveal'd. With your favour, signior;  
I am, in private, to confer awhile  
With this signiora: but I'll pawn my honour,  
That neither my terse language, nor my habit,  
Howe'er it may convince, nor my new shrugs,  
Shall render her enamour'd.

*Char.* Take your pleasure;  
A little of these apish tricks may pass,  
Too much is tedious. [Exit.]

*Cal.* The prince, in this paper,  
Presents his service. Nay, it is not courtly  
To see the seal broke open; so I leave you.  
Signiors of the villa, I'll descend to be  
Familiar with you.

*Cap.* Have you forgot to dance?

*Cal.* No, I am better'd.

*Pet.* Will you join with us?

*Cal.* As I like the project.

Let me warm my brains first with the richest grape,  
And then I'm for you.

*Cap.* We will want no wine. [*Exeunt all but Lidia.*]

*Lid.* That this comes only from the best of princes  
With a kind of adoration does command me  
To entertain it; and the sweet contents

[*Kissing the letter.*]

That are inscribed here by his hand must be  
Much more than musical to me. All the service  
Of my life at no part can deserve this favour.  
O what a virgin longing I feel on me  
To unrip the seal, and read it! yet, to break  
What he hath fastened, rashly, may appear  
A saucy rudeness in me.—I must do it  
(Nor can I else learn his commands, or serve them).  
But with such reverence as I would open  
Some holy writ, whose grave instructions beat down  
Rebellious sins, and teach my better part  
How to mount upward.—So [*Opens the letter.*], 'tis  
done, and I

With eagle's eyes will curiously peruse it. [*Reads.*]

*Chaste Lidia, the favours are so great*

*On me by you conferr'd, that to entreat*

*The least addition to them, in true sense*

*May argue me of blushless impudence.*

*But, such are my extremes, if you deny*

*A further grace, I must unpitied die.*

*Haste cuts off circumstance. As you're admired*

*For beauty, the report of it hath fired*

*The duke my uncle, and, I fear, you'll prove,*

*Not with a sacred, but unlawful love.*

*If he see you as you are, my hoped-for light*

*Is changed into an everlasting night;*

*How to prevent it, if your goodness find,*

*You save two lives, and me you ever bind,*

*The honourer of your virtues, GIOVANNI.*

Were I more deaf than adders, these sweet charms  
Would through my ears find passage to my soul,  
And soon enchant it. To save such a prince,  
Who would not perish? virtue in him must suffer,  
And piety be forgotten. The duke's lust,  
Though it rag'd more than Tarquin's, shall not  
reach me—

All quaint inventions of chaste virgins aid me!  
My prayers are heard; I have't. The duke ne'er saw  
me—

Or, if that fail, I am again provided—

But for the servants!—They will take what form  
I please to put upon them. Giovanni,  
Be safe; thy servant Lidia assures it.  
Let mountains of afflictions fall on me,  
Their weight is easy, so I set thee free. [Exit.

## SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter COZIMO, GIOVANNI, SANAZARRO, CHAROMONTE  
and Attendants.

Sanaz. Are you not tired with travel, sir?  
Coz. No, no;  
I am fresh and lusty.  
Char. This day shall be ever  
A holiday to me, that brings my prince  
Under my humble roof. [Weeps.  
Giov. See, sir, my good tutor  
Sheds tears for joy.  
Coz. Dry them up, Charomonte;  
And all forbear the room, while we exchange  
Some private words together.  
Giov. O, my lord,  
How grossly have we overshot ourselves!  
Sanaz. In what, sir?  
Giov. In forgetting to acquaint  
My guardian with our purpose: all that Lidia  
Can do avails us nothing, if the duke  
Find out the truth from him.  
Sanaz. 'Tis now past help,  
And we must stand the hazard:—hope the best, sir.

[Exeunt Giovanni, Sanazarro, and Attendants.]

Char. My loyalty doubted, sir!  
Coz. 'Tis more. Thou hast  
Abused our trust, and in a high degree  
Committed treason.  
Char. Treason! 'tis a word  
My innocence understands not. Were my breast  
Transparent, and my thoughts to be discern'd,  
Not one spot shall be found to taint the candour  
Of my allegiance: and I must be bold  
To tell you, sir, (for he that knows no guilt  
Can know no fear), 'tis tyranny to o'charge  
An honest man; and such, till now, I've lived,  
And such, my lord, I'll die.  
Coz. Sir, do not flatter  
Yourself with hope; these great and glorious words,  
Which every guilty wretch, as well as you,  
That's arm'd with impudence, can with ease deliver,  
And with as full a mouth, can work on us:  
Nor shall gay flourishes of language clear  
What is in fact apparent.  
Char. Fact! what fact?  
You, that know only what it is, instruct me,  
For I am ignorant.  
Coz. This, then, sir: We gave up,  
On our assurance of your faith and care,  
Our nephew Giovanni, nay, our heir  
In expectation, to be train'd up by you  
As did become a prince.  
Char. And I discharged it:  
Is this the treason?  
Coz. Take us with you, sir\*.  
And, in respect we knew his youth was prone

To women, and that, living in our court,  
He might make some unworthy choice, before  
His weaker judgment was confirm'd, we did  
Remove him from it; constantly presuming,  
You, with your best endeavours, rather would  
Have quench'd those heats in him, than light a  
torch,

As you have done, to his looseness.

Char. I! My travail  
Is ill-requited, sir; for, by my soul,  
I was so curious that way, that I granted  
Access to none could tempt him; nor did ever  
One syllable, or absconce accent, touch  
His ear, that might corrupt him.

Coz. No! Why, then,  
With your allowance, did you give free way  
To all familiar privacy between  
My nephew and your daughter? Or why did you  
(Had you no other ends in't but our service)  
Read to them, and together, as they had been  
Scholars of one form, grammar, rhetoric,  
Philosophy,\* story, and interpret to them  
The close temptations of lascivious poets?  
Or wherefore, for we still had spies upon you,  
Was she still present, when, by your advice,  
He was taught the use of his weapon, horsemanship,  
Wrestling, nay, swimming, but to fan in her  
A hot desire of him? and then, forsooth,  
His exercises ended, cover'd with  
A fair pretence of recreation for him  
(When Lidia was instructed in those graces  
That add to beauty), he, brought to admire her,  
Must hear her sing, while to her voice her hand  
Made ravishing music; and, this applauded, dance  
A light lavolta with her?†

Char. Have you ended  
All you can charge me with?

Coz. Nor stopt you there,  
But they must unattended walk into  
The silent groves, and hear the amorous birds  
Warbling their wanton notes; here, a sure shade  
Of barren sicamores, which the all-seeing sun  
Could not pierce through; near that, an harbour  
bung  
With spreading eglantine; there, a bubbling spring  
Watering a bank of hyacinths and lilies;  
With all allurements that could move to lust;  
And could this, Charomonte (should I grant

\* *Philosophy, story.* For *story*, the modern editors unnecessarily read *history*. The two words were anciently synonymous.

† *A light lavolta with her.* What the dance here alluded to is, I cannot tell, nor can I find an explanation of the word in any dictionary. COXETER and M. MASON.

That's a pity! Dictionaries, generally speaking, are not the places to look for terms of this kind, which should be sought in the kindred writings of contemporary authors. *Lavolta* (literally, *the turn*) was a dance originally imported, with many others, from Italy. It is frequently mentioned by our old writers, with whom it was a favourite; and is so graphically described by Sir John Davies, in his *Orchestra*, that all further attempts to explain it must be superfluous:

"Yet is there one, the most delightful kind,  
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,

Where, arm in arm, two dancers are entwined,  
And whirl themselves in strict embracements bound"

Our countrymen, who seem to be lineally descended from Sisyphus, and who, at the end of every century, usually have their work to do over again, after proudly importing from Germany the long-exploded trash of their own nurseries, have just brought back from the same country, and with an equal degree of exultation, the well-known *lavolta* of their grand-fathers, under the mellifluous name of *the waltz*!

\* *Take us with you, sir.* I. e. hear us out, understand our meaning fully, before you form your conclusions: this expression is common to all our old writers; and, indeed, will be frequently found in the succeeding pages of this work.

They had been equals both in birth and fortune),  
Become your gravity? nay, 'tis clear as air,  
That your ambitious hopes to match your daughter  
Into our family, gave connivance to it:  
And this, though not in act, in the intent  
I call high treason.

*Char.* Hear my just defence, sir;  
And, though you are my prince, it will not take  
from

Your greatness, to acknowledge with a blush,  
In this my accusation you have been  
More sway'd by spleen, and jealous suppositions,  
Than certain grounds of reason. You had a father,  
(Blest be his memory), that made frequent proofs  
Of my loyalty and faith, and would I boast  
The dangers I have broke through in his service,  
I could say more. Nay, you yourself, dread sir,  
Whenever I was put unto the test,  
Found me true gold, and not adulterate metal;  
And am I doubted now?

*Cos.* This is from the purpose.

*Char.* I will come to it, sir: Your grace well  
knew,

Before the prince's happy presence made  
My poor house rich, the chiefest blessing which  
I gloried in, though now it prove a curse,  
Was an only daughter. Nor did you command me,  
As a security to your future fears,  
To cast her off: which had you done, howe'er  
She was the light of my eyes, and comfort of  
My feeble age, so far I prized my duty  
Above affection, she now had been  
A stranger to my care. But she is fair!  
Is that her fault or mine? Did ever father  
Hold beauty in his issue for a blemish?  
Her education and her manners tempt too!  
If these offend, they are easily removed:  
You may, if you think fit, before my face,  
In recompense of all my watchings for you,  
With burning corrosives transform her to  
An ugly leper; and, this done, to taint  
Her sweetness, prostitute her to a brothel\*.  
This I will rather suffer, sir, and more,  
Than live suspected by you.

*Cos.* Let not passion  
Carry you beyond your reason.

*Char.* I am calm, sir;  
Yet you must give me leave to grieve I find  
My actions misinterpreted. Alas! sir,  
Was Lidia's desire to serve the prince  
Call'd an offence? or did she practise to  
Seduce his youth, because with her best zeal  
And fervour she endeavoured to attend him?  
'Tis a hard construction. Though she be my  
daughter,

I may thus far speak her: from her infancy  
She was ever civil, her behaviour nearer  
Simplicity than craft; and malice dares not  
Affirm, in one loose gesture, or light language,  
She gave a sign she was in thought unchaste.  
I'll fetch her to you, sir; and but look on her  
With equal eyes, you must in justice grant  
That your suspicion wrongs her.

*Cos.* It may be;  
But I must have stronger assurance of it

Than passionate words: and, not to trifle time,  
As we came unexpected to your house,  
We will prevent all means that may prepare her  
How to answer that, with which we come to charge  
And howsoever it may be received [her.  
As a foul breach to hospitable rites,  
On thy allegiance and boasted faith,  
Nay, forfeit of thy head, we do confine thee  
Close prisoner to thy chamber, till all doubts  
Are clear'd, that do concern us.

*Char.* I obey, sir,  
And wish your grace had followed my horse  
To my sepulchre, my loyalty unsuspected,  
Rather than now—but I am silent, sir,  
And let that speak my duty\*.

*Cos.* If this man  
Be false, disguised treachery ne'er put on  
A shape so near to truth. Within, there!

*Re-enter GIOVANNI and SANAZARRO, ushering in  
PETRONELLA. CALANDRINO and others setting  
forth a banquet.*

*Sanaz.* Sir,

*Cos.* Bring Lidia forth.

*Giov.* She comes, sir, of herself,  
To present her service to you.

*Cos.* Ha! This personage  
Cannot invite affection.

*Sanaz.* See you keep state,

*Petron.* I warrant you.

*Cos.* The manners of her mind  
Must be transcendent, if they can defend  
Her rougher outside. May we with your liking  
Salute you, lady?

*Petron.* Let me wipe my mouth, sir,  
With my cambric handkerchief, and then have at you.

*Cos.* Can this be possible?

*Sanaz.* Yes, sir; you will find her  
Such as I gave her to you.

*Petron.* Will your dukeship  
Sit down and eat some sugar-plums? Here's a castle  
Of march-pane too; and this quince-marmalade  
Was of my own making: all summ'd up together,  
Did cost the setting on; and here is wine too  
As good as e'er was tapp'd. I'll be your taster,  
For I know the fashion [Drinks all off.];—now you  
must do me right, sir;

You shall nor will nor choose.

*Giov.* She's very simple. [Lady?]

*Cos.* Simple! 'tis worse. Do you drink thus often,

*Petron.* Still when I am thirsty, and eat when I  
am hungry: [you,

Such junkets come not every day. Once more to  
With a heart and a half, i'faith.

*Cos.* Pray you, pause a little;

If I hold your cards, I shall pull down the side:  
I am not good at the game.

*Petron.* Then I'll drink for you. [pledge]

*Cos.* Nay, pray you stay: I'll find you out a  
That shall supply my place; what think you of  
This complete signior? You are a Juno,  
And in such state must feast this Jupiter:  
What think you of him?

\* This scene is exquisitely written. It must, however, be  
confessed, that Charonotte's justification of herself is less  
complete than might be expected from one who had so  
good a cause to defend.

† *Cos.* Pray you pause a little;

*If I hold your cards, &c.* See *The Unnatural Combat*,  
Act II. Sc. 2.

\* ——— prostitute her to a brothel.] The  
quarto reads, to a leathouse brothel. The epithet is alto-  
gether idle, and utterly destroys the metre; I have there-  
fore omitted it without scruple, as an interpolation.

Petron. I desire no better.  
 Cos. And you will undertake this service for me?  
 You are good at the sport.  
 Cal. Who, I? a piddler, sir. [drink]  
 Cos. Nay, you shall sit enthroned, and eat and  
 As you were a duke.  
 Cal. If your grace will have me,  
 I'll eat and drink like an emperor.  
 Cos. Take your place then:  
 We are amazed.  
 Giov. This is gross: nor can the imposture  
 But be discover'd.  
 Sanaz. The duke is too sharp-sighted  
 To be deluded thus.  
 Cal. Nay, pray you eat fair,  
 Or divide, and I will choose. Cannot you use  
 Your fork, as I do? Gape, and I will feed you,

[Feeds her.]  
 Gape wider yet; this is court-like.  
 Petron. To choke daws with:—  
 I like it not.  
 Cal. But you like this?  
 Petron. Let it come, boy. [They drink.]  
 Cos. What a sight is this! We could be angry  
 with you.

How much you did belie her when you told us  
 She was only simple! this is barbarous rudeness,  
 Beyond belief.

Giov. I would not speak her, sir,  
 Worse than she was.

Sanaz. And I, my lord, chose rather  
 To deliver her better parted\* than she is,  
 Than to take from her.

Enter CAPONI, with his fellow Servants for the dance.

Cap. Ere I'll lose my dance,  
 I'll speak to the purpose. I am, sir, no prologue;  
 But in plain terms must tell you, we are provided  
 Of a lusty hornpipe.

Cos. Prithee, let us have it,  
 For we grow dull.

Cap. But to make up the medley,  
 For it is of several colours, we must borrow  
 Your grace's ghost here.

Cal. Pray you, sir, depose me;  
 It will not do else. I am, sir, the engine

[Rises, and resigns his chair.]  
 By which it moves.

Petron. I will dance with my duke too;  
 I will not out.

Cos. Begin then.—[They dance.]—There's more  
 Than yet I have discover'd. Some Œdipus  
 Resolve this riddle.

Petron. Did I not foot it roundly? [Falls.]

\* Sanaz. And I, my lord, chose rather  
 To deliver her better parted than she is! i. e. gifted or  
 endowed with better parts, &c. See *Virgin Martyr*, Act  
 II., Sc. 2.

It seems to have been the opinion of Massinger and his  
 fellow dramatists, that no play could succeed without the  
 admission of some kind of farcical interlude among the  
 graver scenes. If the dramas of our author be intimately  
 considered, few will be found without some extraneous  
 mummery of this description; and, indeed, nothing but a  
 pervasion of the nature which I have just mentioned  
 could give birth to the poor mockery before us. As a trick,  
 it is so gross and palpable, that the duke could not have  
 been deceived by it for a moment (to do him justice, he  
 frequently hints his suspicions); and as a piece of honour,  
 it is so low, and even disagreeable, that I cannot avoid  
 regretting a proper regard for his characters had not pre-  
 vented the author from adopting it on the present occasion.

Cos. As I live, stark drunk! away with her.  
 We'll reward you,

[Exeunt Servants with Petronella.]

When you have cool'd yourselves in the cellar.

Cap. Heaven preserve you!

Cos. We pity Charomonte's wretched fortune  
 In a daughter, nay, a monster. Good old man!  
 The place grows tedious; our remove shall be  
 With speed: we'll only in a word or two  
 Take leave, and comfort him.

Sanaz. 'Twill rather, sir,

Increase his sorrow, that you know his shame;  
 Your grace may do it by letter.

Cos. Who sign'd you  
 A patent to direct us? Wait our coming,  
 In the garden.

Giov. All will out.

Sanaz. I more than fear it.

[Exeunt Giovanni and Sanazarro.]

Cos. These are strange chimeras to us: what to  
 judge of't

Is past our apprehension. One command  
 Charomonte to attend us. [Exit an Attendant.]  
 Can it be

That Contarino could be so besotted  
 As to admire this prodigy! or her father  
 To dote upon it! Or does she personate\*,  
 For some ends unknown to us, in this rude beha-  
 viour,

Which in the scene presented, would appear  
 Ridiculous and impossible. O, you are welcome.

Enter CHAROMONTE.

We now acknowledge the much wrong we did you  
 In our unjust suspicion. We have seen  
 The wonder, sir, your daughter.

Char. And have found her  
 Such as I did report her. What she wanted  
 In courtship, was, I hope, supplied in civil  
 And modest entertainment.

Cos. Pray you, tell us,  
 And truly, we command you, did you never  
 Observe she was given to drink?

Char. To drink, sir!

Cos. Yes: nay more, to be drunk?

Char. I had rather see her buried.

Cos. Dare you trust your own eyes, if you find  
 her now

More than distemper'd?

Char. I will pull them out, sir, [please  
 If your grace can make this good. And if you  
 To grant me liberty, as she is I'll fetch her,  
 And in a moment.

Cos. Look you do, and fail not,  
 On the peril of your head.

Char. Drunk!—She disdains it. [Exit.]

\* ———— or does she personate,  
 For some ends unknown to us!—This rude behaviour  
 Within the scene presented, would appear  
 Ridiculous and impossible.] So the old copy. Mr. M.  
 Mason reads,

———— Or does she personate,  
 For some ends unknown to us, this rude behaviour,  
 Which, in the scene presented, would, &c.]  
 And I have continued it, although the old reading makes  
 very good sense. To personate is used here with great pro-  
 priety, for—to play a fictitious character.

! In courtship.] Courtship is used here for that grace and  
 elegance of behaviour which a retired gentleman might  
 suppose to be taught and practised at court.

*Coz.* Such contrarieties were never read of.  
Chamoronte is no fool; nor can I think  
His confidence built on sand. We are abused,  
'Tis too apparent.

*Re-enter CHAMORONTE with LIDIA.*

*Lid.* I am indisposed sir;  
And that life you once tender'd much endanger'd  
In forcing me from my chamber.

*Char.* Here she is, sir;  
Suddenly sick, I grant; but, sure, not drunk;  
Speak to my lord the duke.

*Lid.* All is discover'd.

[*Kneels.*

*Coz.* Is this your only daughter?

*Char.* And my heir, sir;  
Nor keep I any woman in my \* house  
(Unless for sordid offices) but one  
I do maintain, trimm'd up in her cast habits,  
To make her sport: and she, indeed, loves wine,  
And will take too much of it: and, perhaps, for  
mirth,

She was presented to you.

*Coz.* It shall yield  
No sport to the contrivers. 'Tis too plain now.  
Her presence does confirm what Contarino  
Deliver'd of her; nor can sickness dim  
The splendour of her beauties; being herself, then,  
She must exceed his praise.

*Lid.* Will your grace hear me?

I'm faint, and can say little.

*Coz.* Here are accents  
Whose every syllable is musical!  
Pray you, let me raise you, and awhile rest here.  
False Sanazarro, treacherous Giovanni!  
But stand we talking!—

*Char.* Here's a storm soon raised.

[*swear*

*Coz.* As thou art our subject, Chamoronte,  
To act what we command.

*Char.* That is an oath  
I long since took.

*Coz.* Then, by that oath we charge thee,  
Without excuse, denial, or delay,  
To apprehend, and suddenly, Sanazarro,  
And our ungrateful nephew. We have said it.  
Do it without reply, or we pronounce thee,  
Like them, a traitor to us. See them guarded  
In several lodgings, and forbid access  
To all, but when we warrant. Is our will  
Heard sooner than obey'd?

*Char.* These are strange turns;  
But I must not dispute them.

[*Exit.*

*Coz.* Be severe in't.  
O my abused lenity! from what height  
Is my power fall'n!

*Lid.* O me most miserable!  
That, being innocent, make others guilty.  
Most gracious prince—

*Coz.* Pray you rise, and then speak to me.

\* Nor keep I any woman in my house. Coxeter had dropped a word at the press, and Mr. M. Mason was reduced to guess what it might be. He failed as usual; luckily the mistake was of no further consequence than to show with what pertinacity he persisted in not consulting the old copies.

*Lid.* My knees shall first be rooted in this earth  
And, Myrrha-like, I'll grow up to a tree,  
Dropping perpetual tears of sorrow, which  
Harden'd by the rough wind, and turn'd to amber,  
Unfortunate virgins like myself shall wear;  
Before I'll make petition to your greatness,  
Rut with such reverence, my hands held up thus,  
As I would do to heaven. You princes are  
As gods on earth to us, and to be sued to  
With such humility, as his deputies  
May challenge from their vassals.

*Coz.* Here's that form  
Of language I expected; pray you, speak  
What is your suit?

*Lid.* That you would look upon me  
As an humble thing, that millions of degrees  
Is placed beneath you: for what am I, dread sir,  
Or what can fall in the whole course of my life,  
That may be worth your care, much less your  
trouble?

As the lowly shrub is to the lofty cedar,  
Or a molehill to Olympus, if compared,  
I am to you, sir. Or, suppose the prince,  
(Which cannot find belief in me), forgetting  
The greatness of his birth and hopes, hath thrown  
An eye of favour on me, in me punish,  
That am the cause, the rashness of his youth,  
Shall the queen of the inhabitants of the air,  
The eagle, that bears thunder on her wings,  
In her angry mood destroy her hopeful young,  
For suffering a wren to perch too near them?  
Such is our disproportion.

*Coz.* With what fervour  
She pleads against herself!

*Lid.* For me, poor maid,  
I know the prince to be so far above me,  
That my wishes cannot reach him. Yet I am  
So much his creature, that, to fix him in  
Your wonted grace and favour, I'll abjure  
His sight for ever, and betake myself  
To a religious life (where in my prayers  
I may remember him), and ne'er see man more,  
But my ghostly father. Will you trust me, sir?  
In truth I'll keep my word; or, if this fail,  
A little more of fear what may befall him  
Will stop my breath for ever.

*Coz.* Had you thus argued [*Raises her.*  
As you were yourself, and brought as advocates  
Your health and beauty, to make way for you,  
No crime of his could put on such a shape  
But I should look with the eyes of mercy on it.  
What would I give to see this diamond  
In her perfect lustre, as she was before [*fort;*  
The clouds of sickness dimm'd it! Yet take com-  
And, as you would obtain remission for  
His treachery to me, cheer your drooping spirits,  
And call the blood again into your cheeks,  
And then plead for him; and in such a habit  
As in your highest hopes you would put on,  
If we were to receive you for our bride.

*Lid.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Coz.* And that best will be  
A crown of all felicity to me.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An upper Chamber in Charomonte's House.*

*Enter SANAZARRO.*

*Sanaz.* 'Tis proved in me; the curse of human frailty,  
Adding to our afflictions, makes us know  
What's good; and yet our violent passions force us  
To follow what is ill. Reason assured me  
It was not safe to shave a lion's skin;  
And that to trifle with a sovereign was  
To play with lightning: yet imperious beauty,  
Treading upon the neck of understanding,  
Compell'd me to put off my natural shape  
Of loyal duty, to disguise myself  
In the adulterate and cobweb mask  
Of disobedient treachery. Where is now  
My borrow'd greatness, or the promised lives  
Of following courtiers echoing my will?  
In a moment vanish'd! Power that stands not on  
Its proper base, which is peculiar only  
To absolute princes, falls or rises with  
Their frown or favour. The great duke, my master  
(Who almost changed me to his other self,)  
No sooner takes his beams of comfort from me,  
But I, as one unknown, or unregarded,  
Unpitied suffer. Who makes intercession  
To his mercy for me, now? who does remember  
The service I have done him? not a man:  
And such as spake no language but, My lord  
The favourite of Tuscany's grand duke,  
Deride my madness.—Ha! what noise of horses?

[*He looks back.*]

A goodly troop! This back part of my prison  
Allows me liberty to see and know them.  
Contarino? yes, 'tis he, and Lodovico\*;  
And the duchess Fiorinda, Urbin's heir,  
A princess I have slighted: yet I wear  
Her favours; and, to teach me what I am,  
She whom I scorn'd can only mediate for me.  
This way she makes, yet speak to her I dare not;  
And how to make suit to her is a task  
Of as much difficulty.—Yes, thou blessed pledge

[*Takes off the ring.*]

Of her affection, aid me! This supplies  
The want of pen and ink; and this, of paper.

[*Takes a pane of glass.*]

It must be so; and I in my petition  
Concise and pithy.

SCENE II.—*The Court before Charomonte's House.*

*Enter CONTARINO leading in FIORINDA, ALPHONSO, HIPPOLITO, HIERONIMO, and CALAMINTA.*

*Fior.* 'Tis a goodly pile, this.

*Hier.* But better by the owner.

\* ———— *Lodovico*; i. e. *Lodovico Hippolito*.  
† *But better by the owner.* Mr. M. Mason reads *bettered*, which spoils the climax intended by the author: to complete his emendation, he should have read, in the next line,—*But most enriched, &c.* *States*, in the following line, are statesmen, men of power, &c., a sense in which it was commonly used.

*Alph.* But most rich

In the great states it covers.

*Fior.* The duke's pleasure  
Commands us hither.

*Cont.* Which was laid on us  
To attend you to it.

*Hip.* Signior Charomonte,  
To see your excellence his guest, will think  
Himself most happy.

*Fior.* Tie my shoe.—[*The pane falls down.*]—  
What's that?

A pane thrown from the window, no wind stirring!

*Calam.* And at your feet too fall'n:—there's  
something writ on't.

*Cont.* Some courtier, belike, would have it known  
He wore a diamond.

*Calam.* Ha! it is directed

To the princess Fiorinda.

*Fior.* We will read it.

[*Reads.*]

*He whom you pleased to favour, is cast down  
Past hope of rising, by the great duke's frown  
If, by your gracious means, he cannot have  
A pardon;—and that got, he lives your slave.  
Of men the most distressed.*

*SANAZARRO.*

Of me the most beloved; and I will save thee,  
Or perish with thee. Sure, thy fault must be  
Of some prodigious shape, if that my prayers  
And humble intercession to the duke,

*Enter COZIMO and CHAROMONTE.*

Prevail not with him. Here he comes; delay  
Shall not make less my benefit.

*Cox.* What we purpose  
Shall know no change, and therefore move me not.  
We were made as properties, and what we shall  
Determine of them cannot be call'd rigour,  
But noble justice. When they proved disloyal,  
They were cruel to themselves. The prince that  
pardons

The first affront offer'd to majesty,  
Invites a second, rendering that power  
Subjects should tremble at, contemptible.  
Ingratitude is a monster, Carolo,  
To be strangled in the birth, not to be cherish'd.  
Madam, you're happily met with.

*Fior.* Sir, I am  
An humble suitor to you; and the rather  
Am confident of a grant, in that your grace,  
When I made choice to be at your devotion,  
Vow'd to deny me nothing.

*Cox.* To this minute  
We have confirm'd it. What's your boon?

*Fior.* It is, sir,  
That you, in being gracious to your servant,  
The ne'er sufficiently praised Sanazarro,  
That now under your heavy displeasure suffers,  
Would be good unto yourself. His services,  
So many, and so great (your storm of fury  
Calm'd by your better judgment), must inform you,  
Some little slip, for sure it is no more,  
From his loyal duty, with your justice cannot  
Make foul his fair deservings. Great sir, therefore,  
Look backward on his former worth, and turning

Your eye from his offence, what 'tis I know not,  
And, I am confident, you will receive him  
Once more into your favour.

Coz. You say well,  
You are ignorant in the nature of his fault;  
Which when you understand, as we'll instruct you,  
Your pity will appear a charity,  
It being conferr'd on an unthankful man,  
To be repented. He's a traitor, madam,  
To you, to us, to gratitude; and in that  
All crimes are comprehended.

Fior. If his offence  
Aim'd at me only, whatsoe'er it is,  
'Tis freely pardon'd.

Coz. This compassion in you  
Must make the colour of his guilt more ugly.  
The honours we have hourly heap'd upon him,  
The titles, the rewards, to the envy of  
The old nobility, as the common people,  
We now forbear to touch at, and will only  
Insist on his gross wrongs to you. You were

pleased,  
Forgetting both yourself and proper greatness,  
To favour him, nay, to court him to embrace  
A happiness, which, on his knees, with joy  
He should have sued for. Who repined not at  
The grace you did him? yet, in recompense  
Of your large bounties, the disloyal wretch  
Makes you a stale; and, what he might be by you  
Scorn'd and derided, gives himself up wholly  
To the service of another. If you can  
Bear this with patience, we must say you have not  
The bitterness of spleen, or ireful passions  
Familiar to women. Pause upon it,  
And when you have seriously weigh'd his carriage,  
Move us again, if your reason will allow it,  
His treachery known: and then, if you continue  
An advocate for him, we, perhaps, because  
We would deny you nothing, may awake  
Our sleeping mercy. Carolo!

Char. My lord.

[They talk aside.]

Fior. To endure a rival that were equal to me  
Cannot but speak my poverty of spirit;  
But an inferior, more; yet true love must not  
Know or degrees, or distances: Lidia may be  
As far above me in her form, as she  
Is in her birth beneath me; and what I  
In Samzarro liked, he loves in her.  
But, if I free him now, the benefit  
Being done so timely, and confirming too  
My strength and power, my soul's best faculties  
being  
Bent wholly to preserve him, must supply me  
With all I am defective in, and bind him  
My creature ever. It must needs be so,  
Nor will I give it o'er thus.

Coz. Does our nephew  
Bear his restraint so constantly\*, as you  
Deliver it to us?

Char. In my judgment, sir,  
He suffers more for his offence to you,  
Than in his fear of what can follow it.  
For he is so collected, and prepared  
To welcome that you shall determine of him,  
As if his doubts and fears were equal to him.

\* Coz. Does our nephew  
Bear his restraint so constantly,] i. e. with such unshaken  
patience, such immovable resolution, &c.

And sure he's not acquainted with much guilt,  
That more laments the telling one untruth,  
Under your pardon still, for 'twas a fault, sir,  
Than others, that pretend to conscience, do  
Their crying secret sins.

Coz. No more; this gloss  
Defends not the corruption of the text;  
Urge it no more.

[Charomonte and the others talk aside.]

Fior. I once more must make hold, sir,  
To trench upon your patience. I have  
Consider'd my wrongs duly: yet that cannot  
Divert my intercession for a man  
Your grace, like me, once favour'd. I am still  
A suppliant to you, that you would vouchsafe  
The hearing his defence, and that I may,  
With your allowance see and comfort him.  
Then, having heard all that he can allege  
In his excuse, for being false to you,  
Censure him as you please.

Coz. You will o'ercome;  
There's no contending with you. Pray you, enjoy  
What you desire, and tell him, he shall have  
A speedy trial; in which we'll forbear  
To sit a judge, because our purpose is  
To rise up his accuser.

Fior. All increase  
Of happiness wait on Cozimo!

[Exeunt Fiorinda and Calaminta.]

Alph. Was it no more?

Char. My honour's pawn'd for it.

Cont. I'll second you.

Hip. Since it is for the service and the safety  
Of the hopeful prince, fall what can fall, I'll run  
The desperate hazard.

Hier. He's no friend to virtue  
That does decline it.

[They all come forward and kneel.]

Coz. Ha! what sue you for?  
Shall we be ever troubled? Do not tempt  
That anger may consume you.

Char. Let it, sir:  
The loss is less, though innocents we perish,  
Than that your sister's son should fall, unheard,  
Under your fury. Shall we fear to entreat  
That grace for him, that are your faithful servants,  
Which you vouchsafe the count, like us a subject?

Coz. Did not we vow, till sickness had forsook  
Thy daughter Lidia, and she appear'd  
In her perfect health and beauty to plead for him,  
We were deaf to all persuasion?

Char. And that hope, sir,  
Hath wrought a miracle. She is recover'd,  
And, if you please to warrant her, will bring  
The penitent prince before you.

Coz. To enjoy  
Such happiness, what would we not dispense with?

Alph. Hip. Hier. We all kneel for the prince.

Cont. Nor can it stand  
With your mercy, that are gracious to strangers,  
To be cruel to your own.

Coz. But art thou certain,  
I shall behold her at the best?

Char. If ever  
She was handsome, as it fits not me to say so,  
She is now much better'd.

Coz. Rise; thou art but dead  
If this prove otherwise. Lidia, appear,  
And feast an appetite almost pined to death

With longing expectation to behold  
Thy excellencies : thou as beauty's queen,  
Shalt censure the detractors\*. Let my nephew  
Be led in triumph under her command ;  
We'll have it so ; and Sanazarro tremble  
To think whom he hath slander'd. We'll retire  
Ourselves a little, and prepare to meet  
A blessing, which imagination tells us  
We are not worthy of : and then come forth,  
But with such reverence, as if I were  
Myself the priest, the sacrifice my heart,  
To offer at the altar of that goodness  
That must or kill or save me.

*Char.* Are not these  
Strange gambols in the duke ?

*Alph.* Great princes have,  
Like meaner men, their weakness.

*Hip.* And may use it  
Without control or check.

*Cont.* 'Tis fit they should ;  
Their privilege were less else, than their subjects'.  
*Hier.* Let them have their humours ; there's no  
crossing them. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A state-room in the same.

Enter FIORINDA, SANAZARRO, and CALAMINTA.

*Sanaz.* And can it be, your bounties should fall  
down

In showers on my ingratitude, or the wrongs  
Your greatness should revenge, teach you to pity ?  
What retribution can I make, what service  
Pay to your goodness, that, in some proportion,  
May to the world express I would be thankful ?  
Since my engagements are so great, that all  
My best endeavours to appear your creature  
Can but proclaim my wants, and what I owe  
To your magnificence.

*Fior.* All debts are discharged  
In this acknowledgment : yet since you please  
I shall impose some terms of satisfaction  
For that which you profess yourself obliged for,  
They shall be gentle ones, and such as will not,  
I hope, afflict you.

*Sanaz.* Make me understand,  
Great princess, what they are, and my obedience  
Shall, with all cheerful willingness, subscribe  
To what you shall command,

*Fior.* I will bind you to  
Make good your promise. First, I then enjoin you  
To love a lady, that, a noble way,  
Truly affects you, and that you would take  
To your protection and care the dukedom  
Of Urbin, which no more is mine, but your's.  
And that, when you have full possession of  
My person as my fortune, you would use me  
Not as a princess, but instruct me in  
The duties of an humble wife, for such,  
The privilege of my birth no more remember'd,  
I will be to you. This consented to,  
All injuries forgotten, on your lips  
I thus sign your *quietus*.

\* ————thou, as beauty's queen,  
Shalt censure the detractors.] (*Censure*, as I have already  
observed, is used by our old writers where we should now  
use *judge*, and with the same latitude of meaning through  
its various acceptations.

*Sanaz.* I am wretched,  
In having but one life to be employ'd  
As you please to dispose it. And, believe it,  
If it be not already forfeited  
To the fury of my prince, as 'tis your gift,  
With all the faculties of my soul I'll study,  
In what I may, to serve you.

*Fior.* I am happy

Enter GIOVANNI and LIDIA.

In this assurance. What  
Sweet lady's this ?

*Sanaz.* 'Tis Lidia, madam, she——

*Fior.* I understand you.  
Nay, blush not ; by my life, she is a rare one ;  
And, if I were your judge, I would not blame you  
To like and love her. But, sir, you are mine now ;  
And I presume so on your constancy,  
That I dare not be jealous.

*Sanaz.* All thoughts of her  
Are in your goodness buried.

*Lid.* Pray you, sir,  
Be comforted ; your innocence should not know  
What 'tis to fear ; and if that you but look on  
The guards that you have in yourself, you cannot.  
The duke's your uncle, sir, and though a little  
Incensed against you, when he sees your sorrow,  
He must be reconciled. What rugged Tartar,  
Or cannibal, though bathed in human gore,  
But, looking on your sweetness, would forget  
His cruel nature, and let fall his weapon,  
Though then aim'd at your throat ;

*Giov.* O Lidia,  
Of maids the honour, and your sex's glory !  
It is not fear to die, but to lose you,  
That brings this fever on me. I will now  
Discover to you, that which, till this minute,  
I durst not trust the air with. Ere you knew  
What power the magic of your beauty had,  
I was enchanted by it, liked, and loved it,  
My fondness still increasing with my years ;  
And, flatter'd by false hopes, I did attend  
Some blessed opportunity to move  
The duke with his consent to make you mine :  
But now, such is my star-cross'd destiny,  
When he beholds you as you are, he cannot  
Deny himself the happiness to enjoy you.  
And I as well in reason may entreat him  
To give away his crown, as to part from  
A jewel of more value, such you are.  
Yet, howsoever, when you are his duchess,  
And I am turn'd into forgotten dust,  
Pray you, love my memory :—I should say more,  
But I'm cut off.

Enter COZIMO, CHAROMONTE, CONTARINO, HIERONIMO,  
HIPPOLITO, and ALPHONSO.

*Sanaz.* The duke ! That countenance, once,  
When it was clothed in smiles, show'd like an angel's,  
But, now 'tis folded up in clouds of fury,  
'Tis terrible to look on.

*Lid.* Sir.

*Coz.* A while  
Silence your musical tongue, and let me feast  
My eyes with the most ravishing object that  
They ever gazed on. There's no miniature  
In her fair face, but is a copious theme  
Which would, discoursed at large of, make a volume.  
What clear arch'd brows ! what sparkling eyes ! the  
lilies

Contending with the roses in her cheeks,  
Who shall most set them off. What ruby lips!—  
Or unto what can I compare her neck,  
But to a rock of crystal? every limb  
Proportion'd to love's wish, and in their neatness  
Add lustre, to the riches of her habit,  
Not borrow from it.

*Lid.* You are pleased to show, sir,  
The fluency of your language, in advancing  
A subject much unworthy.

*Cor.* How! unworthy?  
By all the vows which lovers offer at  
The Cyprian goddess' altars, eloquence  
Itself presuming, as you are, to speak you,  
Would be struck dumb!—And what have you de-  
served then [*Giovanni and Sanazarro kneel.*]  
(Wretches, you kneel too late), that have endeav-  
our'd

To spout the poison of your black detraction  
On this immaculate whiteness? was it malice  
To her perfections? or—

*Fior.* Your highness promised  
A gracious hearing to the count.

*Lid.* And prince too;  
Do not make void so just a grant.

*Cor.* We will not:  
Yet, since their accusation must be urged,  
And strongly, ere their weak defence have hearing,  
We seat you here, as judges, to determine  
Of your gross wrongs, and ours. [*Sits the Ladies  
in the chairs of state.*] And now, remembering  
Whose deputies you are, be neither sway'd  
Or with particular spleen, or foolish pity,  
For neither can become you.

*Char.* There's some hope yet,  
Since they have such gentle judges.

*Cor.* Rise, and stand forth, then,  
And hear, with horror to your guilty souls, [*cease,*  
What we will prove against you. Could this prin-  
Thou enemy to thyself! [*To Sanazarro.*] stoop her  
high flight

Of towering greatness to invite thy lowness  
To look up to it, and with nimble wings  
Of gratitude couldst thou forbear to meet it?  
Were her favours boundless in a noble way,  
And warranted by our allowance, yet,  
In thy acceptance, there appear'd no sign  
Of a modest thankfulness?

*Fior.* Pray you forbear  
To press that further; 'tis a fault we have  
Already heard, and pardon'd.

*Cor.* We will then  
Pass over it, and briefly touch at that  
Which does concern ourself; in which both being  
Equal offenders, what we shall speak points  
Indifferently at either. How we raised thee,  
Forgetful Sanazarro! of our grace,  
To a full possession of power and honours,  
It being too well known, we'll not remember.  
And what thou wert, rash youth, in expectation,

[*To Giovanni.*]  
And from which headlong thou hast thrown thyself,  
Not Florence, but all Tuscany can witness  
With admiration. To assure thy hopes,  
We did keep constant to a widowed bed,  
And did deny ourself those lawful pleasures  
Our absolute power and height of blood allow'd us;  
Made both, the keys that open'd our heart's secrets,  
And what you spake, believed as oracles:  
But you, in recompense of this, to him

That gave you all, to whom you owed your being,  
With treacherous lies endeavour'd to conceal  
This jewel from our knowledge, which ourself  
Could only lay just claim to.

*Giov.* 'Tis most true, sir.

*Sanaz.* We both confess a guilty cause.

*Cor.* Look on her.

Is this a beauty fit to be embraced  
By any subject's arms? can any tire  
Become that forehead, but a diadem?  
Or, should we grant your being false to us  
Could be excus'd, your treachery to her,  
In seeking to deprive her of that greatness  
(Her matchless form consider'd) she was born to,  
Must ne'er find pardon. We have spoken, ladies,  
Like a rough orator, that brings more truth  
Than rhetoric to make good his accusation;  
And now expect your sentence.

[*The Ladies descend from the state.\**]

*Lid.* In your birth, sir,  
You were mark'd out the judge of life and death,  
And we, that are your subjects, to attend,  
With trembling fear, your doom.

*Fior.* We do resign  
This chair, as only proper to yourself.

*Giov.* And since in justice we are lost, we fly  
Unto your saving mercy. [*All kneeling.*]

*Sanaz.* Which sets off  
A prince, much more than rigour.

*Char.* And becomes him,  
When 'tis express'd to such as fell by weakness,  
That being a twin-born brother to affection,  
Better than wreaths of conquest.

*Hier. Hip. Cont. Alph.* We all speak  
Their language, mighty sir.

*Cor.* You know our temper,  
And therefore with more boldness venture on it:  
And, would not our consent to your demands  
Deprive us of a happiness hereafter  
Ever to be despaired of, we, perhaps,  
Might hearken nearer to you; and could wish  
With some qualification or excuse  
You might make less the mountains of your crimes,  
And so invite our clemency to feast with you.  
But you, that knew with what impatience  
Of grief we parted from the fair Clarinda,  
Our duchess (let her memory still be sacred!),  
And with what imprecations on ourself  
We row'd, not hoping e'er to see her equal,  
Ne'er to make trial of a second choice,  
If nature framed not one that did excel her,  
As this maid's beauty prompts us that she does:  
And yet, with oaths then mix'd with tears, upon  
Her monument we swore our eye should never  
Again be tempted;—'tis true, and those vows  
Are registered above, something here tells me.  
Carolo, thou heardest us swear.

*Char.* And swear so deeply,  
That if all women's beauties were in this,  
(As she's not to be named with the dead duchess,)  
Nay all their virtues bound up in one story  
(Of which mine is scarce an epitome),  
If you should take her as a wife, the weight  
Of your perjuries would sink you. If I durst,  
I had told you this before.

*Cor.* 'Tis strong truth, Carolo:

\* The ladies descend from the state.] i. e. from the raised platform on which the chairs were placed. See *The Bondman*, Act I., sc. iii.

And yet, what was necessity in us  
Cannot free them from treason.

*Char.* There's your error;

The prince, in care to have you keep your vows  
Made unto heaven, vouchsafed to love my daughter\*.

*Lid.* He told me so, indeed, sir.

*Fior.* And the count  
Averr'd as much to me.

*Coz.* You all conspire  
To force our mercy from us.

*Char.* Which given up,  
To aftertimes preserves you unforsworn:  
An honour, which will live upon your tomb,  
When your greatness is forgotten.

*Coz.* Though we know†  
All this is practice, and that both are false;  
Such reverence we will pay to dead Clarinda,  
And to our serious oaths, that we are pleased  
With our own hand to blind our eyes, and not  
Know what we understand. Here, Giovanni,  
We pardon thee; and take from us, in this,  
More than our dukedom: love her. As I part  
With her, all thoughts of women fly fast from us!  
Sanazarro, we forgive you: in your service  
To this princess merit it. Yet, let not others  
That are in trust and grace, as you have been,  
By the example of our lenity  
Presume upon their sovereign's clemency.

*Enter CALANDRINO and PETRONELLA.*

*All.* Long live great Cozimo!

*Cal.* Sure the duke is  
In the giving vein, they are so loud. Come on,  
spouse.—

We have heard all, and we will have our boon too.

*Coz.* What is it?

*Cal.* That your grace, in remembrance of  
My share in a dance, and that I play'd your part,  
When you should have drunk hard, would get this  
signior's grant

To give this damsel to me in the church,  
For we are contracted. In it you shall do  
Your dukedom pleasure.

*Coz.* How?

*Cal.* Why, the whole race  
Of such as can act naturally fools' parts,  
Are quite worn out; and they that do survive,  
Do only zaay us: and we will bring you,

\* *The prince, in care to have you keep your vows  
Made unto heaven, vouchsafed to love my daughter.*  
This attempt to impose upon the great duke is more deplorable than the former. It has falsehood and improbability written on its face: the duke indeed is not deceived by it; but surely the author showed a strange want of judgment in this gratuitous degradation of three of his most estimable characters.

† *Coz.* Though we know  
All this is practice,] i. e. artifice, or insidious design. So  
in Shakspeare:

"—This act persuades me  
That this remotion of the duke and her  
Is practice only." *King Lear.*

If we die not without issue, of both sexes,  
Such chopping mirth-makers, as shall preserve  
Perpetual cause of sport, both to your grace  
And your posterity, that sad melancholy  
Shall ne'er approach you.

*Coz.* We are pleased in it,  
And will pay her portion.

[*Comes forward.*]

May the passage prove,  
Of what's presented, worthy of your love  
And favour, as was aim'd; and we have all  
That can in compass of our wishes fall. [*Exeunt.*]

\* It is impossible not to be charmed with the manner in which this play is written. The style is worthy of the most polished stage. It neither descends to meanness, nor affects a blustering magnificence, but preserves an easy elevation, and a mild dignity; and affords an excellent model for the transaction of dramatic business between persons of high rank and refined education. As to the subject, it is, in itself, of no great importance: but this is somewhat compensated by the interest which the principal characters take in it, and the connection of love with the views of state.—The scenes between Giovanni and Lidia present a most beautiful picture of artless attachment, and of that unreserved innocence and tender simplicity which Massinger describes in a manner so eminently happy.

It is to be wished that this were all; for the impression on the mind of the reader makes him more than usually fearful of any disturbance of his feelings. But in the drama, as in life itself, something will ever be amiss. The very attractive manner in which the characters and their concerns are announced is made to change as the plot advances to its conclusion; and in the fourth act we are grieved to see them

*In pejus rueret, ac retro sublapsa referri.*

The charm of Lidia is dissolved by the substitution of Petronella,—a contrivance which is at once mean and clumsy, and is conceived in utter defiance of the general character of Cozimo. The only way of removing this objection was to alter Cozimo himself, together with the delicacy of the subject. This is done for the sake of maintaining an unhappy consistency. The duke is compelled to forego his usual dignity and sagacity. He loses the very remembrance of his own motives of action, and is played upon by those who are themselves sunk in our esteem.

The connection of the plot with an event in the life of Edgar has been mentioned by the Editor. As to Cozimo, his circumstances seem to point him out as the first grand duke. Pisa and Siena are allotted to us recent acquisitions; though Contarino is too complaisant in attributing the conquest to the arms of his master. There are some personal points which may assist this conjecture. Cozimo is addressed in a submissive manner, and seems to be conscious that his resentment is feared by those around him: and this reminds us of the man who coveted the title of King, and executed summary justice on a son with his own hand. However, other circumstances rather allude to a period not much earlier than the date of this very play; viz. some attempt at independence by the Pisans, which Sanazarro might have checked; and some benefit derived to Florence (though not of the kind here mentioned) from the duchy of Urbino. But why a nephew was called in, when a son was not wanting to either of the Cosmos, or why the state of a childless widower was invented for the great duke, is not so easy to guess: nor is it worth our while.—The dramatist rejects or invents as he pleases; and what he chooses to adopt may be divided between distant ages or countries. The incidents of his arbitrary story are widely dispersed, like the limbs wantonly scattered by Medea; and, if ever to be found, must be searched for in places remote and unexpected:

*Dissipat in multis inventenda locis.*

DR. IRELAND.

## THE MAID OF HONOUR.

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THE MAID OF HONOUR.]—This "Tragi-comedy" does not appear, under the present title, in the Office-book of Sir H. Herbert: but a play called *The Honour of Women* was entered there May 6th, 1628, which Mr. Malone conjectures to be the piece before us. He speaks, however, with some hesitation on the subject, as a play of Massinger's, called *The Spanish Viceroy, or The Honour of Women*, was entered at Stationers' Hall, for Humphrey Mosely, in 1653. If this double title be correct, of which we may reasonably entertain a doubt, the plays cannot be the same; for among the dramatis personæ of the present, no such character as a Spanish viceroy is to be found. Sicily, indeed, was long governed by viceroys from Spain; but Roberto is here styled King, and constantly acts from himself.

Mr. Malone says, that *The Maid of Honour* was printed in 1631. All the copies which I have seen (for there is but one edition) are dated 1632, which was probably the earliest period of its appearance; as we learn from the commendatory verses prefixed to it by Sir Aston Cockayne, that it was printed after *The Emperor of the East*, which was not given to the press till this year.

This play was always a favourite, and, indeed, with strict justice; for it has a thousand claims to admiration and applause. It was frequently acted, the old title-page tells us, "at the Phoenix in Drurie-lane, with good allowance, by the Queen's Majesties servants." An attempt was made some years since to revive it, by Mr. Kemble, but, as I have been informed, without success.

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TO MY MOST HONOURED FRIENDS,

SIR FRANCIS FOLJAMBE, KNT. & BART.,

AND

SIR THOMAS BLAND, KNT.

THAT you have been, and continued so for many years, since you vouchsafed to own me, patrons to me and my despised studies, I cannot but with all humble thankfulness acknowledge; and living as you have done, inseparable in your friendship (notwithstanding all differences, and suits in law arising between you\*), I held it as impertinent as absurd, in the presentment of my service in this kind, to divide you. A free confession of a debt in a meaner man, is the amplest satisfaction to his superiors; and I heartily wish that the world may take notice, and from myself, that I had not to this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies and favours. When your more serious occasions will give you leave, you may please to peruse this trifle, and peradventure find something in it that may appear worthy of your protection. Receive it, I beseech you, as a testimony of his duty who, while he lives resolves to be

Truly and sincerely devoted to your service.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

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\* Notwithstanding all differences, and suits in law arising between you.] The suits in law—between these true friends of Massinger, originated in a question as to the right of working some coal mines.—*Gülichrist*.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROBERTO, *king of Sicily.*  
 FERDINAND, *duke of Urbino.*  
 BERTOLDO, *the king's natural brother, a knight of Malta.*  
 GONZAGA, *a knight of Malta, general to the duchess of Sienna.*  
 ASTUTIO, *a counsellor of state.*  
 FULGENZIO, *the minion of Roberto.*  
 ADORNI, *a follower of Camiola's father.*  
 SIGNOR SYLLI, *a foolish self-lover.*  
 ANTONIO, } *two rich heirs, city-bred*  
 GASPARO, }  
 PIERIO, *a colonel to Gonzaga.*

RODERIGO, } *captains to Gonzaga.*  
 JACOMO, }  
 DRUSO, } *captains to duke Ferdinand.*  
 LAVIO, }  
 FATHER PAULO, *a priest, Camiola's confessor.*  
 Ambassador from the duke of Urbino.  
 A bishop.  
 A page.  
 AURELIA, *duchess of Sienna.*  
 CAMIOLA, *the MAID OF HONOUR,*  
 CLARINDA, *her woman.*  
 Scout, Soldiers, Garter, Attendants, Servants, &c.

SCENE, partly in Sicily, and partly in the Siennese.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Palermo. A State-room in the palace.

Enter ASTUTIO and ADORNI.

Ador. Good day to your lordship.

Ast. Thanks, Adorni.

Ador. May I presume to ask if the ambassador Employ'd by Ferdinand, the duke of Urbino, Hath audience this morning?

Enter FULGENZIO.

Ast. 'Tis uncertain;

For, though a counsellor of state, I am not Of the cabinet council: but here's one, if he please, That may resolve you.

Ador. I will move him.—Sir!

Ful. If you've a suit, shew water\*, I am blind else.

Ador. A suit; yet of a nature not to prove The quarry that you hawk for: if your words Are not like Indian wares, and every scruple To be weigh'd and rated, one poor syllable, Vouchsafed in answer of a fair demand, Cannot deserve a fee.

Ful. It seems you are ignorant, I neither speak nor hold my peace for nothing; And yet, for once, I care not if I answer One single question, gratis.

Ador. I much thank you.

Hath the ambassador audience, sir, to-day?

Ful. Yes.

Ador. At what hour?

Ful. I promised not so much.

A syllable you begg'd, my charity gave it; Move me no further.

Ast. This you wonder at:

With me, 'tis usual.

Ador. Pray you, sir, what is he?

[Exit.

Ast. A gentleman, yet no lord\*. He hath some drops

Of the king's blood running in his veins, derived Some ten degrees off. His revenue lies In a narrow compass, the king's ear; and yields him Every hour a fruitful harvest. Men may talk Of three crops in a year in the Fortunate Islands, Or profit made by wool; but, while there are suitors,

His sheepshearing, nay, shaving to the quick, Is in every quarter of the moon, and constant. In the time of trussing a point, he can undo Or make a man: his play or recreation Is to raise this up, or pull down that; and, though He never yet took orders, makes more bishops In Sicily, than the pope himself.

Enter BERTOLDO, GASPARO, ANTONIO, and a Servant.

Ador. Most strange!

Ast. The presence fills. He in the Malta habit Is the natural brother of the king—a by-blow.

Ador. I understand you.

Gasp. Morrow to my uncle.

Ant. And my late guardian:—but at length I have The reins in my own hands.

Ast. Pray you, use them well,

Or you'll too late repent it.

Bert. With this jewel Presented to Camiola, prepare, This night, a visit for me. [Exit Servant.] I shall Your company, gallants, I perceive, if that The king will hear of war.

Ant. Sir, I have horses Of the best breed in Naples, fitter far To break a rank than crack a lance; and are, In their career, of such incredible swiftness, They outstrip swallows.

\* *Shew water.* i. e. to clear his sight.—This was a proverbial periphrasis for *bribe*, which in Massinger's days (though happily not since!) was found to be the only collyrium for the eyes of a courtier.

\* *Ast. A gentleman, yet no lord.* Would not the satire be more apparent, if the sentence were reversed? As it stands now, it is scarcely intelligible.

Bert. And such may be useful

To run away with, should we be defeated :

You are well provided, signior.

Ant. Sir, excuse me ;

All of their race, by instinct, know a coward,  
And scorn the burthen : they come on like light-  
ning ;

Founder'd in a retreat.

Bert. By no means back them ;

Unless you know your courage sympathize  
With the daring of your horse.

Ant. My lord, this is bitter.

Gasp. I will raise me a company of foot ;  
And, when at push of pike I am to enter  
A breach, to show my valour I have bought\* me  
An armour cannon-proof.

Bert. You will not leap, then,  
O'er an outwork, in your shirt ?

Gasp. I do not like

Activity that way.

Bert. You had rather stand.

A mark to try their muskets on ?

Gasp. If I do

No good, I'll do no hurt.

Bert. 'Tis in you, signior,  
A Christian resolution, and becomes you !  
But I will not discourage you.

Ant. You are, sir,  
A knight of Malta, and, as I have heard,  
Have served against the Turk.

Bert. 'Tis true.

Ant. Pray you, show us  
The difference between the city valour,  
And service in the field.

Bert. 'Tis somewhat more  
Than roaring in a tavern or a brothel,  
Or to steal a constable from a sleeping watch,  
Then burn their halberds ; or, safe guarded by  
Your tenants' sons, to carry away a may-pole  
From a neighbour village. You will not find there,  
Your masters of dependencies ; to take up

\* ——— to show my valour, I have bought me]  
Coxeter and M. Mason read, I have brought me : the old  
copy is surely right.

† Or to steal a constable from a sleeping watch.] For this  
expression, so exquisitely humorous, the modern editors  
give us.

‡ Or to steal a lantern from a sleeping watch !  
It is scarcely possible to mark these wanton deviations from  
the original, without some degree of warmth. By no pro-  
cess in blundering could *lanthorn* be written for *constable* :  
the editors, therefore, must have gratuitously taken upon  
themselves the reformation of the language. Pity for the  
author must be mixed with our indignation at their per-  
verse temerity, when we thus find them banishing his most  
witty expressions from the text, under the bold idea of  
improving it !

It is the more singular that they should do this in the  
present case, as the same thought, in nearly the same words,  
is to be found in *The Renegade*.

§ ——— you will not find there  
Your masters of dependencies, &c.] *Masters of de-  
pendencies* were a set of needy braves, who undertook to  
ascertain the authentic grounds of a quarrel, and, in some  
cases, to settle it for the timorous or unskilful. Thus Beau-  
mont and Fletcher :—

“ Your high office,

“ Taught by the masters of dependencies,

That, by compounding differences between others,

Supply their own necessities, with me

Will never carry it.” *The Elder Brother.*

In this punctilious age, all matters relative to duelling were  
arranged, in set treatises, with a gravity that, in a business  
less serious, would be infinitely ridiculous. Troops of dis-  
banded soldiers, or rather of such as pretended to be so,

A drunken brawl, or, to get you the names  
Of valiant chevaliers, fellows that will be,  
For a cloak with thrice-died velvet, and a cast suit,  
Kick'd down the stairs. A knave with half a breech

there,  
And no shirt (being a thing superfluous,  
And worn out of his memory), if you bear not  
Yourselves both in, and upright, with a provant  
sword\*

Will slash your scarlets and your plush a new way ;  
Or with the hilts thunder about your ears  
Such music as will make your workshops dance  
To the doleful tune of *Lachrymæ*†.

Gasp. I must tell you  
In private, as you are my princely friend,  
I do not like such fiddlers.

Bert. No ! they are useful  
For your imitation ; I remember you,  
When you came first to the court, and talk'd of  
nothing

But your rents and your entradas, ever chiming  
The golden bells in your pockets ; you believed  
The taking of the wall as a tribute due to  
Your gaudy clothes ; and could not walk at mid-  
night

Without a causeless quarrel, as if men  
Of coarser outsides were in duty bound  
To suffer your affronts : but when you had been  
Cudgell'd well twice or thrice, and from the doctrine‡  
Made profitable uses, you concluded  
The sovereign means to teach irregular heirs  
Civility, with conformity of manners,  
Were two or three sound beatings.

Ant. I confess  
They did much good upon me.

Gasp. And on me :  
The principles that they read were sound.

Bert. You'll find  
The like instructions in the camp.

Ant. The king !

took up the “ noble science of arms,” and, with the use of  
the small sword (then a novelty), taught a jargon respecting  
the various modes of “ honourable quarrelling,” which,  
though seemingly calculated to baffle alike the patience and  
the understanding, was a fashionable object of study. The  
dramatic poets, faithful to the moral end of their high art,  
combated this contagious folly with the united powers of  
wit and humour ; and, after a long and well conducted  
struggle, succeeded in rendering it as contemptible as it was  
odious, and finally suppressed it.

\* ——— with a provant sword, &c.] A  
*provant sword* is a plain, unornamented sword, such as  
soldiers are supplied with by the state. Thus, in *Every  
Man in his Humour*, when Master Stephen produces his  
“ pure Toledo,” Bohadil exclaims,

“ This a Toledo ! pish !

“ Steph. Why do you pish !

“ Bob. A Fleming, by heaven ! I'll buy them for a guilder  
a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them ;—a poor  
*provant rapier* ; no better.”

Properly speaking, *provant* means provisions ; thus  
Pestilus, in the tragedy of *Hondius* :

“ All my company  
Are now in love ; ne'er think of meat, nor talk  
Of what *provant* is.”

But our old writers extend it to all the articles which make  
up the magazines of an army.

It appears, from the pointing of the former editors, that  
they had not the slightest notion of what their author was  
saying.

† To the doleful tune of *Lachrymæ*.] See the Picture.

‡ For your imitation ;] Thus the quarto : Mr. M. Mason  
reads, For your *imitation* ; an alteration as void of mean-  
ing as of harmony.

§ ——— and from the doctrine  
Made profitable uses, &c.] See *The Emperor of the East*.

h. Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, Ambassador,  
and Attendants.

*Ascends the throne.*) We sit prepared to hear.  
Your majesty  
in long since familiar, I doubt not,  
desperate fortunes of my lord; and pity  
such that your confederate hath suffer'd,  
his last refuge, may persuade you  
to compassionate, but to leud  
aids to stay him in his fall  
in ruin. He, too late, is conscious  
ambition to encroach upon  
bour's territories, with the danger of  
ty, nay, his life, hath brought in question  
inheritance: but youth, and heat,  
in your interpretation, may  
ad and mediate for him. I must grant it  
in him, being denied the favours  
ur princess of Sienna (though  
ht her in a noble way), to endeavour  
affection by surprisal of  
cipal seat, Sienna.  
Which now proves  
of his captivity, not triumph:  
is still just.

And yet that justice is  
with mercy temper'd, which heaven's deputies  
and to minister. The injured duchess,  
n taught, as nature, could not, with  
ration of her wrongs, but aim at  
revenge; and my lord feels, too late,  
ocence will find friends. The great Gonzaga,  
our of his order (I must praise  
though in an enemy), he whose fights  
quests hold one number, rallying up  
ter'd troops, before we could get time  
al or to man the conquer'd city,  
a before it; and, presuming that  
to be relieved, admits no parley,  
s of truce hung out in vain: nor will he  
ear to composition, but exacts,  
rendering up the town, the goods and lives  
within the walls, and of all sexes,  
his discretion.  
Since injustice  
duke meets this correction, can you press us,  
y seeming argument of reason,  
h pity to decline\* his dangers,  
them on ourself? Shall we not be  
by his harms? The league proclaim'd be-  
en us  
neither of us further than to aid  
her, if by foreign force invaded;  
far in my honour I was tied,  
e, without our counsel, or allowance,  
ta'en arms; with his good leave, he must  
us if we steer not on a rock  
and may avoid. Let other monarchs  
to be made glorious by proud war,

*polish pity to decline his dangers,  
rain them on ourself? To decline, here means to  
on their course; in which sense it is frequently  
in our old poets. Thus Jonson:*  
*— who declining*  
*way, not able, for the throng, to follow,*  
*down the Gemonies."* *Scjanna.*  
*his Forest:*  
*makes, that wisely you decline your life*  
*from the maze of custom, error, strife."*

And, with the blood of their poor subjects, purchase  
Increase of empire, and augment their cares  
In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted,  
Gilding unjust invasions with the trim  
Of glorious conquests; we, that would be known  
The father of our people, in our study  
And vigilance for their safety, must not change  
Their ploughshares into swords, and force them  
from

The secure shade of their own vines, to be  
Scorched with the flames of war; or, for our sport,  
Expose their lives to ruin.

*Amb.* Will you, then,  
In his extremity, forsake your friend?

*Rob.* No; but preserve ourself.

*Bert.* Cannot the beams  
Of honour thaw your icy fears?

*Rob.* Who's that?

*Bert.* A kind of brother, sir, howe'er your subject;  
Your father's son, and one who blushes that  
You are not heir to his brave spirit and vigour,  
As to his kingdom.

*Rob.* How's this!

*Bert.* Sir, to be  
His living chronicle, and to speak his praise,  
Cannot deserve your anger.

*Rob.* Where's your warrant  
For this presumption?

*Bert.* Here, sir, in my heart:  
Let sycophants, that feed upon your favours,  
Style coldness in you caution, and prefer  
Your ease before your honour; and conclude,  
To eat and sleep supinely is the end  
Of human blessings: I must tell you, sir,  
Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;  
And, when we move not forward, we go backward\*:  
Nor is this peace, the nurse of drones and cowards,  
Our health, but a disease.

*Gasp.* Well urged, my lord.

*Ant.* Perfect what is so well begun.

*Amb.* And bind

My lord your servant.

*Rob.* Hair-brain'd fool! what reason

Canst thou infer, to make this good?

*Bert.* A thousand,

Not to be contradicted. But consider

Where your command lies†: 'tis not, in France,

\* *I must tell you, sir,  
Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;  
And when we move not forward, we go backward:* This  
is a beautiful improvement on Horace:  
*Paulum sepulture distat inertia  
Celata virtus.*

It is, however, surpassed by the spirited apostrophe of Jon-  
son to himself:

"Where dost thou careless lie  
Buried in ease and sloth?  
Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die;  
And this security,  
It is the common moth  
That eats on wit and arts, and so destroys them both."  
*Underwoods.*

The last line of the text alludes to the Latin adage: *Non  
progredi est regredi.*

† *But consider  
Where your command lies: &c.* Davies, I think, says,  
that here is an allusion to the affairs of this country under  
James.

However that may be, it is, at least, certain that the  
author, in this animated description, was thinking of Eng-  
land only. He could scarcely be so ignorant of the natural  
history of Sicily as not to know how little of his description  
applied to that island; while every word of it was perfectly  
applicable to this.

Spain, Germany, Portugal, but in Sicily;  
 An island, sir. Here are no mines of gold  
 Or silver to enrich you; no worm spins  
 Silk in her womb, to make distinction  
 Between you and a peasant in your habits;  
 No fish lives near our shores, whose blood can die  
 Scarlet or purple; all that we possess,  
 With beasts we have in common; nature did  
 Design us to be warriors, and to break through  
 Our ring, the sea, by which we are environed;  
 And we by force must fetch in what is wanting  
 Or precious to us. Add to this, we are  
 A populous nation, and increase so fast,  
 That, if we by our providence are not sent  
 Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,  
 Not Sicily, though now it were more fruitful  
 Than when 'twas styled the granary of great Rome,  
 Can yield our numerous fry bread: we must starve,  
 Or eat up one another.

*Ador.* The king hears  
 With much attention.

*Ast.* And seems moved with what  
 Bertoldo hath deliver'd.

*Bert.* May you live long, sir,  
 The king of peace, so you deny not us  
 The glory of the war; let not our nerves  
 Shrink up with sloth, nor, for want of employment,  
 Make younger brothers thieves: it is their swords,  
 sir,

Must sow and reap their harvest. If examples  
 May move you more than arguments, look on Eng-  
 land,

The empress of the European isles,  
 And unto whom alone ours yields precedence:  
 When did she flourish so, as when she was  
 The mistress of the ocean, her navies  
 Putting a girdle round about the world;  
 When the Iberian quaked, her worthies named;  
 And the fair flower-de-luce grew pale, set by  
 The red rose and the white? Let not our armour  
 Hang up, or our unrigg'd armada, make us  
 Ridiculous to the late poor snakes our neighbours,  
 Warm'd in our bosoms, and to whom again  
 We may be terrible; while we spend our hours  
 Without variety, confined to drink,  
 Dice, cards, or whores. Rouse us, sir, from the sleep  
 Of idleness, and redeem our mortgaged honours.  
 Your birth, and justly, claims my father's kingdom;  
 But his heroic mind descends to me:  
 I will confirm so much.

*Ador.* In his looks he seems  
 To break ope Janus' temple.

*Ast.* How these younglings  
 Take fire from him!

*Ador.* It works an alteration  
 Upon the king.

*Ant.* I can forbear no longer:  
 War, war, my sovereign!

*Fid.* The king appears  
 Resolved, and does prepare to speak.

*Rob.* Think not  
 Our counsel's built upon so weak a base,  
 As to be overturn'd, or shaken, with  
 Tempestuous winds of words. As I, my lord,  
 Before resolved you, I will not engage  
 My person in this quarrel; neither press  
 My subjects to maintain it; yet, to show  
 My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling [weary  
 O' your master's sufferings, since these gullants,

Of the happiness of peace, desire to taste  
 The bitter sweets of war, we do consent  
 That, as adventurers and volunteers,  
 No way compell'd by us, they may make trial  
 Of their boasted valours.

*Bert.* We desire no more.

*Rob.* 'Tis well; and, but my grant in this, expect  
 not

Assistance from me. Govern as you please  
 The province you make choice of; for I vow  
 By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry  
 In this rash undertaking, I will hear it  
 No otherwise than as a sad disaster,  
 Fallen on a stranger; nor will I esteem  
 That man my subject, who, in thy extremes,  
 In purse or person aids thee. Take your fortune;  
 You know me; I have said it. So, my lord,  
 You have my absolute\* answer.

*Amb.* My prince pays  
 In me his duty.

*Rob.* Follow me, Fulgentio.

And you, Astutio.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Roberto, Fulgentio, Astutio,*  
*and Attendants.*]

*Gasp.* What a frown he threw,  
 At his departure, on you!

*Bert.* Let him keep

His smiles for his state catamite, I care not.

*Ant.* Shall we aboard to-night?

*Amb.* Your speed, my lord,  
 Doubles the benefit.

*Bert.* I have a business  
 Requires dispatch; some two hours hence I'll meet  
 you. [Exit.

#### SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Camiola's House.*

*Enter Signior SYLLI, walking fantastically, followed by*  
*CAMIOLA and CLARINDA.*

*Cam.* Nay, signior, this is too much ceremony  
 In my own house.

*Syl.* What's gracious abroad,  
 Must be in private practised.

*Clar.* For your mirth's sake  
 Let him alone; he has been all this morning  
 In practice with a peruked gentleman-usher,  
 To teach him his true umble and his postures.

[*Sylli walking by, and practising his postures.*]

When he walks before a lady.

*Syl.* You may, madam,  
 Perhaps, believe that I in this use art,  
 To make you dote upon me, by exposing  
 My more than most rare features to your view;  
 But I, as I have ever done, deal simply;  
 A mark of sweet simplicity, ever noted  
 In the family of the Syllis. Therefore, lady,  
 Look not with too much contemplation on me;  
 If you do, you are in the suds.

*Cam.* You are no barber! [drawn

*Syl.* Fie, no! not I; but my good parts have  
 More loving hearts out of fair ladies' bellies,  
 Than the whole trade have done teeth.

*Cam.* Is't possible?

—So, my lord,

*You have my absolute answer.*] Thus the quarto: Coxeter  
 and Mr. M. Mason, very correctly as well as metrically,  
 read, *You have my whole answer!* How little has hitherto  
 been seen of Massinger!

Syl. Yes, and they live too; marry, much condoling

The scorn of their Narcissus, as they call me  
Because I love myself—

Cam. Without a rival.

What philters or love powders do you use,  
To force affection? I see nothing in  
Your person but I dare look on, yet keep  
My own poor heart still.

Syl. You are warn'd—be arm'd;  
And do not lose the hope of such a husband,  
In being too soon enamour'd.

Clar. Hold in your head,  
Or you must have a martingal.

Syl. I have sworn  
Never to take a wife, but such a one,  
O may your ladyship prove so strong? as can  
Hold out a month against me.

Cam. Never fear it;  
Though your best taking part, your wealth, were  
troubled,

I would not woo you. But since in your pity  
You please to give me caution, tell me what  
Temptations I must fly from.

Syl. The first is,  
That you never hear me sing, for I'm a syren:  
If you observe, when I warble, the dogs howl,  
As ravish'd with my ditties; and you will  
Run mad to hear me.

Cam. I will stop my ears,  
And keep my little wits.

Syl. Next, when I dance,  
And come aloft thus, cast not a sheep's eye  
Upon the quivering of my calf.

Cam. Proceed, sir. [not

Syl. But on no terms, for 'tis a main point, dream  
O' th' strength of my back, though it will bear a  
burthen

With any porter.

Cam. I mean not to ride you.

Syl. Nor I your little ladyship, till you have  
Perform'd the covenants. Be not taken with  
My pretty spider-fingers, nor my eyes,  
That twinkle on both sides.

Cam. Was there ever such  
A piece of motley heard of! [A knocking within.

Who's that? [Exit Clarinda.] You may spare  
The catalogue of my dangers.

Syl. No, good madam;

I have not told you half.

Cam. Enough, good signior;  
If I eat more of such sweetmeats, I shall surfeit.

Re-enter CLARINDA.

Who is't?

Clar. The brother of the king.

Syl. Nay start not.

The brother of the king! is he no more?  
Were it the king himself, I'd give him leave  
To speak his mind to you, for I am not jealous;  
And, to assure your ladyship of so much,  
I'll usher him in, and that done—hide myself. [Exit.

Cam. Camiola, if ever, now be constant:  
This is, indeed, a suitor, whose sweet presence,  
Courtship, and loving language, would have stagger'd

The chaste Penelope; and to increase  
The wonder, did not modesty forbid it,

I should ask that from him he sues to me for:  
And yet my reason, like a tyrant, tells me  
I must nor give nor take it\*.

Re-enter SYLLI with BERTOLDO.

Syl. I must tell you,  
You lose your labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,  
Signior Sylli came before you; and you know,  
First come first served: yet you shall have my  
countenance,

To parley with her, and I'll take special care  
That none shall interrupt you.

Bert. Your are courteous.

Syl. Come, wench, wilt thou hear wisdom?

Clar. Yes, from you, sir. [They converse aside.

Bert. If forcing this sweet favour from your  
lips, [Kisses her.

Fair madam, argue me of too much boldness,  
When you are pleased to understand I take  
A parting kiss, if not excuse, at least  
'Twill qualify the offence.

Cam. A parting kiss, sir!  
What nation, envious of the happiness  
Which Sicily enjoys in your sweet presence,  
Can buy you from her? or what climate yield  
Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here,  
Being both beloved and honour'd; the north-star  
And guider of all hearts; and, to sum up  
Your full account of happiness in a word,  
The brother of the king!

Bert. Do you, alone,  
And with an unexampled cruelty,  
Enforce my absence, and deprive me of  
Those blessings which you, with a polish'd phrase,  
Seem to insinuate that I do possess,  
And yet tax me as being guilty of  
My wilful exile? What are titles to me,  
Or popular suffrage, or my nearness to  
The king in blood, or fruitful Sicily,  
Though it confess'd no sovereign but myself,  
When you, that are the essence of my being,  
The anchor of my hopes, the real substance  
Of my felicity, in your disdain  
Turn all to fading and deceiving shadows?

Cam. You tax me without cause.

Bert. You must confess it.

But answer love with love, and seal the contract  
In the uniting of our souls, how gladly  
(Though now I were in action, and assured,  
Following my fortune, that plumed Victory  
Would make her glorious stand upon my tent)  
Would I put off my armour, in my heat  
Of conquest, and, like Antony, pursue  
My Cleopatra! Will you yet look on me  
With an eye of favour?

Cam. Truth bear witness for me,  
That, in the judgment of my soul, you are  
A man so absolute, and circular  
In all those wish'd-for rarities that may take  
A virgin captive, that, though at this instant  
All scepter'd monarchs of our western world  
Were rivals with you, and Camiola worthy  
Of such a competition, you alone  
Should wear the garland.

\* I must not give nor take it.] This mode of expression,  
which is very frequent in Massinger, is almost as frequently  
changed by Mr. M. Mason into I must not give, &c.

Bert. If so, what diverts

Your favour from me?

Cam. No mulet in yourself,  
Or in your person, mind, or fortune.

Bert. What then?

[sir.]

Cam. The consciousness of mine own wants: alas!

We are not parallels; but, like lines divided\*,  
Can ne'er meet in one centre. Your birth, sir,  
Without addition, were an ample dowry  
For one of fairer fortunes; and this shape,  
Were you ignoble, far above all value:  
To this so clear a mind, so furnish'd with  
Harmonious faculties moulded from heaven,  
That though you were Thersites in your features,  
Of no descent, and Irus in your fortunes,  
Ulysses-like you'd force all eyes and ears  
To love, but seen; and, when heard, wonder at  
Your matchless story: but all these bound up  
Together in one volume!—give me leave,  
With admiration to look upon them;  
But not presume, in my own flattering hopes,  
I may or can enjoy them.

Bert. How you ruin  
What you would seem to build up! I know no  
Disparity between us; you're an heir  
Sprung from a noble family; fair, rich, young,  
And every way my equal.

Cam. Sir, excuse me;  
One vertue with proportion ne'er discloses  
The eagle and the wren:—tissue and frieze

\* *We are not parallels; but, like lines divided,  
Can ne'er meet in one centre.* This seems badly expressed. Parallels are the only lines that cannot meet in a centre; for all lines divided with any angle towards each other, must meet somewhere, if continued both ways. COXETER.

By lines divided, Massinger does not mean, as the editor supposes, lines inclined to each other in any angle; but the divided parts of the same right line, which never can meet in one centre. M. MASON.

If Mr. M. Mason understands his own meaning, it is well; that of his author, I apprehend, he has not altogether made out. Our old writers were not, generally speaking, very expert mathematicians, and therefore frequently confounded the properties of lines and figures. Not only Massinger, but many others who had good means of information, use *parallels* (as it seems to me) for *radii*. Dr. Sacheverell was accused by the wits, or rather whigs, of his day, for speaking, in his famous *University Sermon*, of *parallel lines that met in a centre*. The charge appears to be just, for, though he changed the expression when the sermon was committed to the press, he retained his conviction of its propriety: "They" (temptations), he says, "are the centre in which all our passions terminate and join, though never so much *repugnant* to each other."<sup>1</sup>

In the *Prologue* to Herbert's *Travels*, which were printed not long after *The Maid of Honour*, a similar expression is found: "Great Britain—contains the summe and abridged of all sorts of excellencies, met here like *parallels* in their proper centre."

In the life of Dr. H. More (1710) there is a letter to a correspondent who had sent him a pious treatise, in which the same expression occurs, and is thus noticed by the doctor: "There is but one passage that I remember, which will afford them (the profane and atheistical rout of the age) a disingenuous satisfaction; which is in p. 460, where you say that *straight lines drawn from the centre run parallel together*. To a candid reader your intended sense can be no other than that they run *παρ' ἀλλήλας* that is, by one another; which they may do, though they do not run all along equidistantly one by another, which is the mathematical sense of the word *parallel*." See *Cent. Mag.* May, 1782. The good doctor is, I think, the best critic on the subject that has yet appeared, and sufficiently explains Massinger.

† Cam. Sir, excuse me;  
One vertue with proportion ne'er discloses

In the same garment, monstrous! But suppose  
That what's in you excessive were diminish'd,  
And my desert supplied, the stronger bar,  
Religion, stops our entrance: you are, sir,  
A knight of Malta, by your order bound  
To a single life; you cannot marry me;  
And, I assure myself, you are too noble  
To seek me, though my frailty should consent,  
In a base path.

Bert. A dispensation, lady,  
Will easily absolve me.

Cam. O take heed, sir!  
When what is vow'd to heaven is dispensed with,  
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,  
And not a blessing.

Bert. Is there no hope left me?

Cam. Nor to myself, but is a neighbour to  
Impossibility. True love should walk  
On equal feet; in us it does not, sir;  
But rest assured, excepting this, I shall be  
Devoted to your service.

Bert. And this is your  
Determinate sentence?

Cam. Not to be revoked.

Bert. Farewell then, fairest cruel! all thoughts  
in me

Of women perish. Let the glorious light  
Of noble war extinguish Love's dim taper\*,  
That only lends me light to see my folly:  
Honour, be thou my ever-living mistress,  
And fond affection, as thy bond-slave, serve thee!

[Exit.]

Cam. How soon my sun is set, he being absent,  
Never to rise again! What a fierce battle  
Is fought between my passions!—methinks  
We should have kiss'd at parting.

Syl. I perceive

He has his answer: now must I step in  
To comfort her. You have found, I hope, sweet  
lady,

Some difference between a youth of my pitch,  
And this bugbear Bertoldo; men are men,

*The eagle and the wren*—! The modern editors read *One airy with proportion*, &c. Upon which Coxeter observes, that "the passage is somewhat difficult." It means, however, he adds, "that one who is puff'd up with an high opinion of his birth (i.e. *airy with proportion*), will never stoop so low as Bertoldo must, to marry Camilla!" To this Mr. M. Mason subjoins, that for *disclose* we should read *envelopes*, and that the meaning is, "the airy that is fit for an eagle cannot be equally fit for a wren!" Poor Coxeter's blunder is sufficiently ridiculous; but did not Mr. M. Mason, who tells us, in a note, of the absolute necessity of consulting and comparing contemporary authors, recollect those beautiful lines of Shakspeare?

"Anon, as patient as the female dove,  
Ere that her golden couplets are disclosed,  
Her silence will sit drooping." *Hamlet, i.*  
*Disclose*, in short, is constantly used by our old writers for *hatch*, as *avies* is, for the nest of any bird of prey; and the meaning of this "somewhat difficult passage" nothing more, than that eagles and wrens are too disproportionate in bulk to be *hatched* in the same nest.

\* *Of noble war extinguish Love's dim taper*. So the quarto for which due line the modern editors give us,  
— *Let the glorious light*

*Of noble war extinguish Love's divine taper*!  
It seems strange that no want of harmony in the metre, no defect of sense in the expression, could ever cause them into a suspicion of their inaccuracy. I have not, however, pointed out every error to the reader: in what has already past of this act, the old reading has been silently restored in numerous instances.

The king's brother is no more; good parts will do it,  
When titles fail. Despair not; I may be  
In time entreated.

*Cam.* Be so now, to leave me.

Lights for my chamber. O my heart!

[*Exeunt Camiola and Clarinda.*]

*Syl.* She now,

I know, is going to bed to ruminate  
Which way to glut herself upon my person;  
But, for my oath's sake, I will keep her hungry:  
And, to grow full myself, I'll straight—to supper.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, and ASTUTIO.*

*Rob.* Embark'd to night, do you say?

*Ful.* I saw him aboard, sir.

*Rob.* And without taking of his leave?

*Ast.* 'Twas strange!

*Rob.* Are we grown so contemptible?

*Ful.* 'Tis far

From me, sir, to add fuel to your anger,

That, in your ill opinion of him, burns

Too hot already; else I should affirm

It was a gross neglect.

*Rob.* A wilful scorn

Of duty and allegiance; you give it

Too fair a name. But we shall think on't: can you

Guess what the numbers were that follow'd him

In his desperate action?

*Ful.* More than you think, sir.

All ill-affected spirits in Palermo,

Or to your government or person, with

The turbulent swordsmen, such whose poverty

forced them

To wish a change, are gone along with him;

Creatures devoted to his undertakings,

In right or wrong: and to express their zeal

And readiness to serve him, ere they went,

Profanely took the sacrament on their knees,

To live and die with him.

*Rob.* O most impious!

Their loyalty to us forgot?

*Ful.* I fear so.

*Ast.* Unthankful as they are!

*Ful.* Yet this deserves not

One troubled thought in you, sir; with your pardon,

I hold that their remove from hence makes more

For your security than danger.

*Rob.* True;

And, as I'll fashion it, they shall feel it too.

Astutio, you shall presently be dispatch'd

With letters writ and sign'd with our own hand,

To the duchess of Sienna, in excuse

Of these forces sent against her. If you spare

An oath, to give it credit\*, that we never

Consented to it; swearing for the king,

Though false, it is no perjury.

\* *If you spare*

*An oath, to give it credit, &c.]* This detestable doctrine is unworthy of the king, who has hitherto conducted himself with propriety, and preserved some degree of interest with the reader. Massinger, however, has taken sufficient care to disclose his own ideas of such pernicious tenets, which, I hope, were never fashionable, by the ridicule which he dexterously flings over them in the subsequent speeches.

*Ast.* I know it.

They are not fit to be state agents, sir,  
That, without scruple of their conscience, cannot  
Be prodigal in such trifles.

*Ful.* Right, Astutio.

*Rob.* You must, beside, from us take some in-

structions,

To be imparted, as you judge them useful,

To the general Gonzaga. Instantly

Prepare you for your journey.

*Ast.* With the wings

Of loyalty and duty.

[*Exit.*]

*Ful.* I am bold

To put your majesty in mind——

*Rob.* Of my promise,

And aids, to further you in your amorous project

To the fair and rich Camiola: there's my ring;

Whatever you shall say that I entreat,

Or can command by power, I will make good.

*Ful.* Ever your majesty's creature.

*Rob.* Venns prove

Propitious to you!

[*Exit.*]

*Ful.* All sorts to my wishes;

Bertoldo was my hindrance: he removed,

I now will court her in the conqueror's style;

Come, see, and overcome. Boy!

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Sir; your pleasure?

*Ful.* Haste to Camiola; bid her prepare

An entertainment suitable to a fortune

She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe

To honour her with a visit.

*Page.* 'Tis a favour

Will make her proud.

*Ful.* I know it.

[*Exit.*]

*Page.* I am gone, sir,

*Ful.* Entreaties fit not me; a man in grace

May challenge awe and privilege, by his place.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Camiola's House.*

[*Enter ADORNI, SYLLI, and CLARINDA.*]

*Ador.* So melancholy, say you!

*Clar.* Never given

To such retirement.

*Ador.* Can you guess the cause?

*Clar.* If it hath not its birth and being from

The brave Bertoldo's absence, I confess

'Tis past my apprehension.

*Syl.* You are wide,

The whole field wide\*. I, in my understanding,  
Pity your ignorance;—yet, if you will  
Swear to conceal it, I will let you know  
Where her shoe wrings her.

Clar. I vow, signior,  
By my virginity.

Syl. A perilous oath,  
In a waitingwoman of fifteen! and is, indeed,  
A kind of nothing.

Ador. I'll take one of something.  
If you please to minister it.

Syl. Nay, you shall not swear:  
I had rather take your word; for, should you vow,  
D—n me, I'll do this!—you are sure to break.

Ador. I thank you, signior; but resolve us.

Syl. Know, then,  
Here walks the cause. She dares not look upon me;  
My beauties are so terrible and enchanting,  
She cannot endure my sight.

Ador. There I believe you.

Syl. But the time will come, be comforted, when  
I will

Put off this vizard of unkindness to her,  
And show an amorous and yielding face:  
And, until then, though Hercules himself  
Desire to see her, he had better eat  
His club, than pass her threshold; for I will be  
Her Cerberus to guard her.

Ador. A good dog!

Clar. Worth twenty porters.

Enter Page.

Page. Keep you open house here?  
No groom to attend a gentleman! O, I spy one.

Syl. He means not me, I am sure.

Page. You, sirrah sheep's-head,  
With a face cut on a cat-stick, do you hear?  
You yeoman fawterer, conduct me to  
The lady of the mansion, or my poniard  
Shall disembody thy soul.

Syl. O terrible!  
Disembody! I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one  
Bound up in *decimo sexto*.

Page. Answer, wretch.

Syl. Pray you, little gentleman, be not so furious;  
The lady keeps her chamber.

Page. And we present!  
Sent in an embassy to her! but here is  
Her gentlewoman: sirrah! hold my cloak,  
While I take a leap at her lips; do it, and neatly;  
Or, having first tripp'd up thy heels, I'll make  
Thy back my footstool. [Kisses Clarinda.]

Syl. Tamberlane in little!

Am I turn'd Turk? What an office am I put to!

Clar. My lady, gentle youth, is indisposed.

\* *The whole field wide.* This hemistich is dropt by Mr. M. Mason: it signifies little that the measure of two lines is spoiled by his negligence, for, as he modestly says of his edition, "correctness is the only merit it pretends to." The expression, however Signior Syll picked it up, is a Latinism: *Erras, tota via aberras*.

† *You yeoman fawterer.* See *The Picture*.

‡ *I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one bound up in decimo sexto.* We have already had this expression applied to a page in *The Unnatural Combat*, Act III., sc. II. Indeed, no author, with whom I am acquainted, repeats himself so frequently, and with so little ceremony, as Massinger.

§ *Am I turn'd Turk!* Alluding to the story of Tamberlane, who is said to have mounted his horse from the back of Bajazet, the Turkish Emperor. To turn Turk is an ex-

Page. Though she were dead and buried, only tell her,

The great man in the court, the brave Fulgentio,  
Descends to visit her, and it will raise her  
Out of the grave for joy.

Enter FULGENTIO.

Syl. Here comes another!  
The devil, I fear, in his holiday clothes.

Page. So soon!  
My part is at an end then. Cover my shoulders;  
When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.

Ful. Are you, sirrah, [To Syll.]  
An implement of the house?

Syl. Sure he will make  
A joint stool of me!

Ful. Or, if you belong [To Adorni.]  
To the lady of the place, command her hither.

Ador. I do not wear her livery, yet acknowledge  
A duty to her; and as little bound  
To serve your peremptory will, as she is  
To obey your summons. 'Twill become you, sir,  
To wait her leisure; then, her pleasure known,  
You may present your duty.

Ful. Duty! Slave,

I'll teach you manners.

Ador. I'm past learning; make not

A tumult in the house.

Ful. Shall I be brav'd thus? [They draw.]

Syl. O, I am dead! and now I swoon.

[Falls on his face.]

Clar. Help! murder!

Page. Recover, sirrah; the lady's here.

Enter CAMIOLA.

Syl. Nay, then  
I am alive again, and I'll be valiant. [Rises.]

Cam. What insolence is this? Adorni, hold,  
Hold, I command you.

Ful. Saucy groom!

Cam. Not so, sir;

However, in his life, he had dependence  
Upon my father, he's a gentleman  
As well born as yourself. Put on your hat.

Ful. In my presence without leave!

Syl. He has mine, madam. [Guage.]

Cam. And I must tell you, sir, and in plain lan-  
How'er your glittering outside promise gentry,  
The rudeness of your carriage and behaviour  
Speaks you a coarser thing.

Syl. She means a clown, sir;

I am her interpreter, for want of a better. [you]

Cam. I am a queen in mine own house; nor must  
Expect an empire here.

Syl. Sure I must love her

Before the day, the pretty soul's so valiant. [me]

Cam. What are you? and what would you with

Ful. Proud one,

When you know what I am, and what I came for,  
And may on your submission, proceed to,  
You in your reason must repent the coarseness  
Of my entertainment.

pression frequently used to imply a change of situation, occupation, mode of thought or action. See *The Necessity*, Act V., sc. III.

—*He's a gentleman*  
As well born as yourself. This is the second passage, in the compass of little more than a page, which is wholly omitted by Mr. M. Mason.

*Cam.* Why, fine man? what are you?

*Ful.* A kinsman of the king's.

*Cam.* I cry you mercy,

For his sake, not your own. But, grant you are so,  
'Tis not impossible but a king may have  
A fool to his kinsman,—no way meaning you, sir.

*Ful.* You have heard of Fulgentio?

*Cam.* Long since, sir;

A suit-broker in court. He has the worst  
Report among good men, I ever heard of,  
For bribery and extortion: in their prayers,  
Widows and orphans curse him for a canker  
And caterpillar in the state. I hope, sir,  
You are not the man; much less employ'd by him,  
As a smock agent to me.

*Ful.* I reply not

As you deserve, being assured you know me;  
Pretending ignorance of my person, only [courtly;  
To give me a taste of your wit: 'tis well, and  
I like a sharp wit well.

*Syl.* I cannot endure it;

Nor any of the Syllis.

*Ful.* More; I know too,

This harsh induction must serve as a foil  
To the well-tuned observance and respect  
You will hereafter pay me, being made  
Familiar with my credit with the king,  
And that (contain your joy) I deign to love you

*Cam.* Love me! I am not rapt with it.

*Ful.* Hear't again:

I love you honestly: now you admire me.

*Cam.* I do, indeed: it being a word so seldom  
Heard from a courtier's mouth. But, pray you,  
dear plainly,

Since you find me simple; what might be the motives  
Inducing you to leave the freedom of  
A bachelor's life, on your soft neck to wear  
The stubborn yoke of marriage; and, of all  
The beauties in Palermo, to choose me,  
Poor me! that is the main point you must treat of.

*Ful.* Why, I will tell you. Of a little thing,  
You are a pretty peat\*, indifferent fair, too;  
And, like a new-rigg'd ship, both tight and yare,  
Well truss'd to bear: virgins of giant size  
Are sluggards at the sport; but for my pleasure,  
Give me a neat well-timber'd gamester like you;  
Such need no spurs,—the quickness of your eye  
Assures an active spirit.

*Cam.* You are pleasant, sir;

Yet I presume that there was one thing in me  
Unmention'd yet, that took you more than all  
Those parts you have remember'd.

*Ful.* What?

*Cam.* My wealth, sir,

*Ful.* You are in the right; without that, beauty is  
A flower worn in the morning, at night trod on:  
But beauty, youth, and fortune, meeting in you,  
I will vouchsafe to marry you.

*Cam.* You speak well;

And, in return, excuse me, sir, if I  
Deliver reasons why, upon no terms,  
I'll marry you; I fable not.

*Syl.* I am glad

To hear this; I began to have an ague.

*Ful.* Come, your wise reasons.

\* You are a pretty peat,] For peat the modern editors are pleased to give us piece; a colloquial barbarism of our own times.

*Cam.* Such as they are, pray you take them:

First, I am doubtful whether you are a man,  
Since, for your shape, trimm'd up in a lady's dressing,  
You might pass for a woman; now I love  
To deal on certainties: and, for the fairness  
Of your complexion, which you think will take me,  
The colour, I must tell you, in a man  
Is weak and faint, and never will hold out,  
If put to labour: give me the lovely brown,  
A thick curl'd hair of the same die, broad shoulders,  
A brawny arm full of veins, a leg without  
An artificial calf;—I suspect yours;  
But let that pass.

*Syl.* She means me all this while,  
For I have every one of those good parts;  
O Sylli! fortunate Sylli!

*Cam.* You are moved, sir.

*Ful.* Fie! no; go on.

*Cam.* Then, as you are a courtier,  
A graced one too, I fear you have been too forward;  
And so much for your person. Rich you are,  
Devilish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have  
The aids of Satan's little fiends to get it;  
And what is got upon his back, must be  
Spent you know where;—the proverb's stale.

One word more,

And I have done.

*Ful.* I'll ease you of the trouble,

Coy and disdainful!

*Cam.* Save me, or else he'll beat me. [put me

*Ful.* No, your own folly shall; and, since you  
To my last charm, look upon this, and tremble.

[Shows the king's ring.

*Cam.* At the sight of a fair ring! The king's, I  
take it?

I have seen him wear the like: if he hath sent it

As a favour to me—

*Ful.* Yes, 'tis very likely;

His dying mother's gift, prized at his crown:

By this he does command you to be mine;

By his gift you are so:—you may yet redeem all.

*Cam.* You are in a wrong account still. Though  
the king may

Dispose of my life and goods, my mind's mine own,  
And never shall be your's. The king, heaven bless  
Is good and gracious, and, being in himself [him  
Abstemious from base and goatish looseness,  
Will not compel, against their wills, chaste maidens  
To dance in his minion's circles. I believe,  
Forgetting it when he wash'd his hands, you stole it,  
With an intent to awe me. But you are cozen'd;  
I am still myself, and will be.

*Ful.* A proud haggard,

And not to be reclaim'd! which of your grooms,  
Your coachman, fool, or footman, ministers  
Night-physic to you?

*Cam.* You are foul-mouth'd.

*Ful.* Much fairer

Than thy black soul; and so I will proclaim thee.

*Cam.* Were I a man, thou durst not speak this.

*Ful.* Heaven

So prosper me, as I resolve to do it

To all men, and in every place;—scorn'd by

A tit of ten-pence! [Exeunt Fulgentio and Page.

*Syl.* Now I begin to be valiant:

Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a brother\*!

\* O for a butcher!

Do a friend's part, &c.; This is a true picture of a fop.

Do a friend's part; pray you, carry him the length, of't.

I give him three years and a day to match my Toledo, And then we'll fight like dragons.

Ador. Pray, have patience.

Cam. I may live to have vengeance: my Bertoldo Would not have heard this.

Ador. Madam,—

Cam. Pray you, spare

Your language. Prithce fool, and make me merry\*.

Syl. That is my office ever.

Ador. I must do,

Not talk; this glorious gallant shall hear from me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Siennaset. A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.*

*Chambers shot off: a Flourish as to an Assault: after which, enter GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, and Soldiers.*

Gonz. Is the breach made assaultable?

Pier. Yes, and the moat

Fill'd up; the cannoner hath done his parts;

We may enter six abreast.

Rod. There's not a man

Dares show himself upon the wall.

Jac. Defeat not

The soldiers' hoped-for spoil.

Pier. If you, sir,

Delay the assault, and the city be given up

Nothing could be more abjectly fearful than this our bravado, when in danger: but, now his enemy is gone, he swaggers about most courageously. *Now I begin to be valiant: nay, I will draw my sword. O for a butcher! The bloody cruel temper of one—COXETER.*

*O for a butcher!* It is impossible that the words should convey the sense that the editor attributes to them. It is a difficult passage, and my conjecture may possibly be erroneous, but I should read it thus:—

*Nay, I will draw my sword: O for a bout! Here,*

*Do a friend's part, &c.—M. Mason.*

Syll is no fop, but a fool: one of those characters which the audiences of Massinger's time looked for in every piece that came before them. By fool, I do not mean such as are found in Shakspeare, compounds of archness, knavery, petulance, and licentiousness, infinitely diversified (for to the production of such our poet was not equal), but a harmless simpleton, whose vanity is too puerile and cowardice too abject, to excite in our times either interest or mirth:—for the rest, nothing can be more contemptible than the largon of Coxeter on his own erroneous reading. I have consulted all the copies to which I had access, and they concur in reading, *O for a brother!* (with the single exception, indeed, of Mr. Malone's, which reads *butcher*), i. e. a *brother in arms* (I suppose to do what he immediately after requests Adorai to do for him), a common expression at the time, and well understood by Massinger's audience. The grave remark of Mr. M. Mason on the spurious reading of Coxeter is truly ridiculous. Why did he not examine the old copies?

\* Cam. *Pray you, spare*

*Your language. Prithce, fool, and make me merry.* i. e. play the fool. An explanation that would have been wholly unnecessary, if the modern editors had not mistaken the sense, and therefore altered the passage. They read, in despite of the metre,

*Pray you spare*

*Your language. Prithce fool, and make me merry.*

† *The Siennaset, &c.* Here, as in *The Duke of Milan*, Coxeter attempted to particularize the place of action, but with as little success as before. He reads, *The Castle at Sienna*: this, however, was in the hands of the duke of Urbini; while Gonzaga and his army are described as lying encamped before the walls of the town; which they are now preparing to assault. The castle of Sienna, if castle it must be, should be placed at the head of the next scene. Mr. M. Mason copies all these absurdities, as usual.

To your discretion, you in honour cannot Use the extremity of war,—but, in Compassion to them, you to us prove cruel.

Jac. And an enemy to yourself.

Rod. A hindrance to

The brave revenge you have vow'd.

Gonz. Temper your heat,

And lose not, by too sudden rashness, that

Which, be but patient, will be offer'd to you.

Security ushers ruin; proud contempt

Of an enemy three parts vanquish'd, with desire

And greediness of spoil, have often wrested

A certain victory from the conqueror's grips.

Discretion is the tutor of the war.

Valour the pupil; and, when we command

With lenity, and our direction's follow'd

With cheerfulness, a prosperous end must crown

Our works well undertaken.

Rod. Ours are finish'd—

Pier. If we make use of fortune.

Gonz. Her false smiles

Deprive you of your judgments. The condition

Of our affairs exacts a double care,

And, like bifronted Janus, we must look

Backward, as forward: though a flattering calm

Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest raised,

Not feared, much less expected, in our rear

May foully fall upon us, and distract us

To our confusion.

*Enter a Scout.*

Our scout! what brings

Thy ghastly looks, and sudden speed?

Scout. The assurance

Of a new enemy.

Gonz. This I foresaw and fear'd.

What are they, know'st thou?

Scout. They are, by their colours,

Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightness

Of their rich armours doubly gilded with

Reflection of the sun.

Gonz. From Sicily? —

The king in league! no war proclaim'd! 'tis foul:

But this must be prevented, not disputed.

Ha! how is this! your estridge\* plumes, that but

Even now, like quills of porcupines, seem'd to threaten

The stars, drop at the rumour of a shower,

And, like to captive colours, sweep the earth!

Bear up; but in great dangers, greater minds

Are never proud. Shall a few loose troops, un-

But in a customary ostentation, [trained

Presented as a sacrifice to your valours,

Cause a dejection in you?

Pier. No dejection.

[low.

Rod. However startled, where you lead we'll fol-

Gonz. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their

charge.

But meet them man to man, and horse to horse.

Pierio, in our absence hold our place,

And with our foot men, and those sickly troops,

Prevent a sally. I in mine own person,

With part of the cavallery, will bid

\* *your estridge plumes, &c.* For *estrige* the modern editions read *ostrich*—but this is not the only capricious alteration which they have introduced into this beautiful speech.

† *With part of the cavallery.* So it must be spelt, and so the quarto spells it: the modern editions have *cavallery*.

These hunters welcome to a bloody breakfast :  
But I lose time.

Pier. I'll to my charge.

[Exit.

Gonz. And we

To ours : I'll bring you on.

Jac. If we come off,

It's not amiss ; if not, my state is settled.

[Exeunt. Alarum within.

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Citadel of Sienna.*

Enter FERDINAND, DRUSO, and LIVIO, on the Walls.

Fer. No aids from Sicily ! Hath hope forsook us ;  
And that vain comfort to affliction, pity,  
By our vow'd friend denied us ? we can nor live  
Nor die with honour : like beasts in a toil,  
We wait the leisure of the bloody hunter,  
Who is not so far reconcil'd unto us,  
As in one death to give a period  
To our calamities ; but in delaying  
The fate we cannot fly from, starved with wants,  
We die this night, to live again to-morrow,  
And suffer greater torments.

Drus. There is not

Three days' provision for every soldier,  
At an ounce of bread a day, left in the city.

Liv. To die the beggar's death, with hunger made  
Anatomies while we live, cannot but cruck  
Our heart-strings with vexation.

Fer. Would they would break,  
Break altogether ! How willingly, like Cato,  
Could I tear out my bowels, rather than  
Look on the conqueror's insulting face ;  
But that religion \*, and the horrid dream  
To be suffer'd in the other world, denies it !

Enter a Soldier.

What news with thee ?

Sol. From the turret of the fort,  
By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like  
lightning,  
The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake †  
through,

I did descry some forces making towards us ;  
And, from the camp, as emulous of their glory,  
The general (for I know him by his horse),  
And bravely seconded, encounter'd them.  
Their greetings were too rough for friends ; their  
swords,

And not their tongues, exchanging courtesies.  
By this the main battalies are join'd ;  
And, if you please to be spectators of  
The horrid issue, I will bring you where,  
As in a theatre, you may see their fates  
In purple gore presented.

Fer. Heaven, if yet

Thou art appeased for my wrong done to Aurelia,  
Take pity of my miseries ! Lead the way, friend.

[Exeunt.

which is not metre, nor any thing like metre. The old expression is neither incorrect, nor uncommon, as I could easily show, if it were at all necessary.

\* But that religion.] Here Massinger had Hamlet in view—but has improved his sentiments.

† The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake through,] Both Coxe and Mr. M. Mason corrupt brake into break, though it be arrant nonsense !

SCENE V. *The same. A Plain near the Camp.*

A long Charge : after which, a Flourish for victory ;  
then enter GONZAGA, JACOMO, and RODERIGO,  
wounded ; BERTOLDO, GASPARO, and ANTONIO,  
Prisoners.

Gonz. We have them yet, though they cost us  
dear. This was [selves  
Charged home, and bravely follow'd. Be to your-  
[To Giacomo and Roderigo.

True mirrors to each other's worth ; and looking  
With noble emulation on his wounds,  
The glorious livery of triumphant war,  
Imagine these with equal grace appear  
Upon yourselves. The bloody sweat you have suf-  
fer'd

In this laborious, nay, toilsome harvest,  
Yields a rich crop of conquest ; and the spoil,  
Most precious balsam to a soldier's hurts,  
Will ease and cure them. Let me look upon

[Gasparo and Antonio brought forward.

The prisoners' faces. Oh, how much transform'd  
From what they were ! O Mars ! were these toys  
fashion'd

To undergo the burthen of thy service ?

The weight of their defensive armour bruised

Their weak effeminate limbs, and would have forced  
them,

In a hot day, without a blow to yield.

Ant. This insultation shows not manly in you.

Gonz. To men I had forborne it ; you are women,  
Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights\*. What fury  
Seduced you to exchange your ease in court  
For labour in the field ? perhaps, you thought  
To charge, through dust and blood, an armed foe,  
Was but like graceful running at the ring  
For a wanton mistress' glove ; and the encounter,  
A soft impression on her lips : but you  
Are gaudy butterflies, and I wrong myself  
In paring with you.

Gasp. *Va victis!* now we prove it.

Rod. But here's one fashion'd in another mould,  
And made of tougher metal.

\* you are women,

Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights.] Carpet-knights, a term of contempt very frequently used by our old writers, were such as were made on occasion of public festivities, marriages, births, &c. in contradistinction to those that were created on the field of battle after a victory. They were naturally little regarded by the latter ; and, indeed, their title had long been given, in scorn, to effeminate courtiers, favourites, &c. To confine, as some do, the expression to the knights made by James I. is evidently erroneous ; since it was in use, and in the opprobrious sense of the text, before he was born. I hope it will not be thought that I have loaded the page with superfluous quotations, which it has been my chief study to avoid :—there is, however, so beautiful a passage in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, that, as it is not altogether irrelevant to the subject, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it :

" Oh the brave dames

Of warlike Genoa ! they had eyes to see  
The inward man : and only from his worth,  
Courage and conquest, the blind archer knew  
To bend his shafts, or light his quenched torch ;  
They were proof against him else ! No carpet-knight,  
That spent his youth in groves or pleasant bowers,  
Or stretching on a couch his lazy limbs,  
Sung to his lute such soft and pleasing notes  
As Ovid nor Anacreon ever knew,  
Could work on them, nor once bewitch'd their sense,  
Though he came so perfumed, as he had robb'd  
Sabes or Arabia of their wealth,  
And stored it in one suit."

*Ast.* I would it were  
In me to help you.

*Bert.* If that you want power, sir,  
Lip-comfort cannot cure me. Pray you, leave me  
To mine own private thoughts. [*Walks by.*]

*Ast.* My valiant nephew! [*you,*  
And my more than warlike ward! I am glad to see  
After your glorious conquests. Are these chains  
Rewards for your good service? if they are,  
You should wear them on your necks, since they are  
Like Aldermen of the war. [*massy,*

*Ant.* You jeer us too!  
*Gasp.* Good uncle, name not, as you are a man  
of honour,

That fatal word of war, the very sound of it  
Is more dreadful than a cannon.

*Ant.* But redeem us  
From this captivity, and I'll vow hereafter  
Never to wear a sword, or cut my meat [*first.*  
With a knife that has an edge or point: I'll starve

*Gasp.* I will cry brooms, or cat's-meat, in  
Palermo;

Turn porter, carry burthens, any thing,  
Rather than live a soldier.

*Ast.* This should have [*you,*  
Been thought upon before. At what price, think  
Your two wise heads are rated?

*Ant.* A calf's head is [*in't*  
More worth than mine; I'm sure it has more brains  
Or I had ne'er come here.

*Rod.* And I will eat it  
With bacon, if I have not speedy ransoms. [*sir:*

*Ant.* And a little garlic too, for your own sake,  
'Twill boil in your stomach else.

*Gasp.* Beware of mine,  
Or the horns may choke you; I am married, sir.

*Ant.* You shall have my row of houses near the  
palace.

*Gasp.* And my villa; all—  
*Ant.* All that we have.

*Ant.* Well, have more wit hereafter: for this time,  
You are ransomed.

*Jac.* Off with their irons.

*Rod.* Do, do:  
If you are ours again, you know your price.

*Ant.* Pray you dispatch us: I shall ne'er believe  
I am a free man, till I set my foot  
In Sicily again, and drink Palermo,  
And in Palermo too.

*Ast.* The wind sits fair,  
You shall aboard to night; with the rising sun,  
You may touch upon the coast. But take your  
Of the late general first. [*leaves*

*Gasp.* I will be brief.  
*Ant.* And I. My lord, heaven keep you!

*Gasp.* Yours, to use  
In the way of peace; but as your soldiers, never.  
*Ant.* A pox of war! no more of war.

[*Exeunt Rod. Jac. Ant. and Gasp.*]

*Bert.* Have you  
Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave  
The brother of your king, whose worth disdains  
Comparison with such as these, in irons?  
If ransoms may redeem them, I have lands,  
A patrimony of mine own, assign'd me  
By my deceased sire, to satisfy  
Whate'er can be demanded for my freedom.

*Ast.* I wish you had, sir; but the king, who yields  
No reason for his will, in his displeasure

Hath seized on all you had; nor will Gonzaga,  
Whose prisoner now you are, accept of less  
Than fifty thousand crowns.

*Bert.* I find it now,  
That misery never comes alone. But, grant  
The king is yet inexorable, time  
May work him to a feeling of my sufferings.  
I have friends that swore their lives and fortunes  
were

At my devotion, and, among the rest,  
Yourself, my lord, when forfeited to the law  
For a foul murder, and in cold blood done,  
I made your life my gift, and reconciled you  
To this incensed king, and got your pardon.  
—Beware ingratitude. I know you are rich,  
And may pay down the sum.

*Ast.* I might, my lord.

But pardon me.

*Bert.* And will Astutio prove, then,  
To please a passionate man (the king's no more),  
False to his maker, and his reason, which  
Commands more than I ask? O summer-friendship,  
Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in our  
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off  
In the autumn of adversity! How like  
A prison is to a grave! when dead, we are  
With solemn pomp brought thither, and our heirs,  
Masking their joy in false, dissembled tears,  
Weep o'er the hearse; but earth no sooner covers  
The earth brought thither, but they turn away  
With inward smiles, the dead no more remember'd;  
So, enter'd in a prison—

*Ast.* My occasions  
Command me hence, my lord.

*Bert.* Pray you, leave me, do;  
And tell the cruel king, that I will wear  
These fetters till my flesh and they are one  
Incorporated substance. [*Exit Astutio.*] In myself,  
As in a glass, I'll look on human frailty,  
And curse the height of royal blood: since I,  
In being born near to Jove, am near his thunder\*,  
Cedars once shaken with a storm, their own  
Weight grubs their roots out.—Lead me where you  
please;

I am his, not fortune's martyr, and will die  
The great example of his cruelty. [*Exit guarded.*]

#### SCENE II.—Palermo. A Grove near the Palace.

*Enter ADORNI.*

*Ador.* He undergoes my challenge, and contemns  
it,  
And threatens me with the late edict made  
'Gainst duellists, the altar towards fly to.  
But I, that am engaged, and nourish in me  
A higher aim than fair Camiola dreams of,  
Must not sit down thus. In the court I dare not  
Attempt him; and in public he's so guarded  
With a herd of parasites, clients, fools, and suitors,  
That a musket cannon reach him:—my designs  
Admit of no delay. This is her birthday,  
Which, with a fit and due solemnity,  
Camiola celebrates; and on it, all such  
As love or serve her usually present

\* In being born near to Jove, am near his thunder.]  
Ἰσππῶ Διὸς καὶ τοῦ Ποσειδῶνος κτεταύην. We have  
already had an allusion to this proverb, in The Virgin  
Martyr, Act. I. Sc. I.

A tributary duty. I'll have something  
To give, if my intelligence prove true,  
Shall find acceptance. I am told, near this grove  
Fulgentio, every morning, makes his markets  
With his petitioners; I may present him  
With a sharp petition!—Ha! 'tis he: my fate  
Be ever bless'd for't!

*Enter FULGENTIO and Page.*

*Ful.* Command such as wait me  
Not to presume, at the least for half an hour,  
To press on my retirements.

*Page.* I will say, sir,  
You are at your prayers.

*Ful.* That will not find belief;  
Courtiers have something else to do:—begone, sir.

[*Exit Page.*  
Challenged! 'tis well; and by a groom! still better.  
Was this shape made to fight? I have a tongue yet,  
Howe'er no sword, to kill him; and what way,  
This morning I'll resolve of. [*Exit.*

*Ador.* I shall cross  
Your resolution, or suffer for you.  
[*Exit, following him.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Camiola's House.*

*Enter CAMIOLA, followed by Servants with Presents;*  
*SYLLI and CLARINDA.*

*Syl.* What are all these?

*Clar.* Servants with several presents,  
And rich ones too.

1 *Serv.* With her best wishes, madam,  
Of many such days to you, the lady Petula  
Presents you with this fan.

2 *Serv.* This diamond  
From your aunt, Honoria.

3 *Serv.* This piece of plate  
From your uncle, old Vicentio, with your arms  
Graven upon it.

*Cam.* Good friends, they are too  
Munificent in their love and favour to me.  
Out of my cabinet return such jewels  
As this directs you:—[*To Clarinda.*—for your  
pains; and your's;  
Nor must you be forgotten. [*Gives them money.*]  
Honour me

With the drinking of a health.

1 *Serv.* Gold, on my life!

2 *Serv.* She scorns to give base silver.

3 *Serv.* Would she had been  
Born every month in the year!

1 *Serv.* Month! every day.

2 *Serv.* Show such another maid.

3 *Serv.* All happiness wait you!

*Clar.* I'll see your will done.

[*Exeunt Sylli, Clarinda, and Servants.*

*Enter ADORNI wounded.*

*Cam.* How, Adorni wounded!

*Ador.* A scratch got in your service, else not  
worth  
Your observation: I bring not, madam,  
In honour of your birthday, antique plate,  
Or pearl, for which the savage Indian dives  
Into the bottom of the sea; nor diamonds  
Hewn from steep rocks with danger. Such as give

To those that have, what they themselves want,  
aim at

A glad return with profit: yet, despise not  
My offering at the altar of your favour;  
Nor let the lowness of the giver lessen  
The height of what's presented: since it is  
A precious jewel, almost forfeited,  
And dimm'd with clouds of infamy, redeem'd,  
And, in its natural splendour, with addition  
Restored to the true owner.

*Cam.* How is this?

*Ador.* Not to hold you in suspense, I bring you,  
madam,

Your wounded reputation cured, the sting  
Of virulent malice, festering your fair name,  
Pluck'd out and trod on. That proud man, that was  
Denied the honour of your bed, yet durst,  
With his untrue reports, strumpet your fame,  
Compell'd by me, hath given himself the lie,  
And in his own blood wrote it:—you may read  
Fulgentio subscribed. [*Offering a paper.*

*Cam.* I am amazed!

*Ador.* It does deserve it, madam. Common  
service

Is fit for hinds, and the reward proportion'd  
To their conditions: therefore, look not on me  
As a follower of your father's fortunes, or  
One that subsists on yours;—you frown! my service  
Merits not this aspect.

*Cam.* Which of my favours,  
I might say bounties, hath begot and nourish'd  
This more than rude presumption? Since you had  
An itch to try your desperate valour, wherefore  
Went you not to the war? couldst thou suppose  
My innocence could ever fall so low  
As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it  
Against malicious slander? O how much  
Those ladies are deceived and cheated, when  
The clearness and integrity of their actions  
Do not defend themselves, and stand secure  
On their own bases! Such as in a colour  
Of seeming service give protection to them,  
Betray their own strengths. Malice scorn'd, puts  
Itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit  
To a false accusation. In this, this your  
Most memorable service, you believed  
You did me right; but you have wrong'd me more  
In your defence of my undoubted honour,  
Than false Fulgentio could.

*Ador.* I am sorry what was  
So well intended is so ill received;

*Re-enter CLARINDA.*

Yet, under your correction, you wish'd  
Bertoldo had been present.

*Cam.* True, I did:  
But he and you, sir, are not parallels,  
Nor must you think yourself so.

*Ador.* I am what  
You'll please to have me.

*Cam.* If Bertoldo had  
Punish'd Fulgentio's insolence, it had shown  
His love to her whom, in his judgment, he  
Vouchsafed to make his wife; a height, I hope,  
Which you dare not aspire to. The same actions  
Suit not all men alike;—but I perceive  
Repentance in your looks. For this time, leave me.  
I may forgive, perhaps forget, your folly:  
Conceal yourself till this storm be blown over.

You will be sought for; yet, if my estate  
[Gives him her hand to kiss.]  
Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service.

*Ador.* This is something yet, though I miss'd the  
mark I shot at. [Exit.]

*Cam.* This gentleman is of a noble temper;  
And I too harsh, perhaps, in my reproof:  
Was I not, Clarinda?

*Clar.* I am not to censure  
Your actions, madam; but there are a thousand  
Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause  
Would be proud of such a servant.

*Cam.* It may be;

*Enter a Servant.*

Let me offend in this kind. Why, uncall'd for?  
*Serv.* The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio,  
Selected friends of the renown'd Bertoldo,  
Put ashore this morning.

*Cam.* Without him?

*Serv.* I think so.

*Cam.* Never think more then.

*Serv.* They have been at court,  
Kiss'd the king's hand; and, their first duties done  
To him, appear ambitious to tender  
To you their second service.

*Cam.* Wait them hither. [Exit Servant.]

Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now, if ever,  
Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder  
As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashion'd,  
Must not, nay, cannot, in heaven's providence,

*Enter ANTONIO and GASPARO.*

So soon miscarry!—pray you, forbear; ere you take  
The privilege, as strangers, to salute me  
(Excuse my manners), make me first understand  
How it is with Bertoldo.

*Gasp.* The relation

Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.

*Ant.* I wish

Some other should inform you.

*Cam.* Is he dead?

You see, though with some fear, I dare enquire it.

*Gasp.* Dead! Would that were the worst, a debt  
were paid then,  
Kings in their birth owe nature.

*Cam.* Is there aught  
More terrible than death?

*Ant.* Yes, to a spirit

Like his; cruel imprisonment, and that  
Without the hope of freedom.

*Cam.* You abuse me\*:

The royal king cannot, in love to virtue  
(Though all springs of affection were dried up),  
But pay his ransom.

*Gasp.* When you know what 'tis,  
You will think otherwise: no less will do it  
Than fifty thousand crowns.

*Cam.* A petty sum†,

The price weigh'd with the purchase; fifty thou-  
To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare more  
To his minion for a mask, cannot but ransom  
Such a brother at a million. You wrong  
The king's magnificence.

\* *Cam.* You abuse me:] i. e. practise on my credulity  
with a forged tale: the word often occurs in this sense.

† A petty sum:] The old copies read a pretty sum; and  
are probably right; pretty is often used in the sense of  
trifling, inconsiderable, &c., by our ancient writers.

*Ant.* In your opinion;

But 'tis most certain: he does not alone  
In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids  
All other men.

*Cam.* Are you sure of this?

*Gasp.* You may read

The edict to that purpose, publish'd by him;  
That will resolve you.

*Cam.* Possible! pray you, stand off;

If I do not mutter treason to myself,  
My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him;  
He is my king. The news you have deliver'd  
Makes me weary of your company; we'll salute  
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.  
Nay, pray you, no more compliments.

*Gasp.* One thing more,

And that's substantial: let your Adorni  
Look to himself.

*Ant.* The king is much incensed  
Against him for Fulgentio.

*Cam.* As I am,

For your slowness to depart.

*Both.* Farewell, sweet lady.

*Cam.* O more than impious times! when not  
alone

Subordinate ministers of justice are  
Corrupted and seduced, but kings themselves,  
The greater wheels by which the lesser move,  
Are broken, or\* disjointed! could it be, else,  
A king, to soothe his politic ends, should so far  
Forsake his honour, as at once to break  
The adamant chains of nature and religion,  
To bind up atheism†, as a defence  
To his dark counsel? Will it ever be,  
That to deserve too much is dangerous,  
And virtue, when too eminent, a crime?  
Must she serve fortune still, or, when stripp'd of  
Her gay and glorious favours, lose the beauties  
Of her own natural shape? O, my Bertoldo,  
Thou only sun in honour's sphere, how soon  
Art thou eclipsed and darken'd! not the nearness  
Of blood prevailing on the king; nor all  
The benefits to the general good dispensed,  
Gaining a retribution! But that  
To owe a courtesy to a simple virgin  
Would take from thee; deserving, I find in me  
Some sparks of fire, which, fann'd with honour's  
breath,

Might rise into a flame, and in men darken  
Their usurp'd splendour. Ha! my aim is high,  
And, for the honour of my sex, to fall so,  
Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis resolved:  
Call in Adorni.

*Clar.* I am happy in

Such an employment, madam.

*Cam.* He's a man,

[Exit.]

\* Are broken, or disjointed:] So all the editors till Mr.  
M. Mason, who chooses to read—Are broken and dis-  
jointed. If the wheels were once broken, the state of  
their joints was a matter of no great consequence.

† To bind up atheism:] Our old writers seem to have  
used such words as profaneness, blasphemy, atheism, &c.  
with a laxity which modern practice does not acknow-  
ledge. They applied them to any extraordinary violation  
of moral or natural decorum.

‡ Would take from thee deserving.] The modern edi-  
tors read, thy deserving. I have followed the quarto. The  
observation is general, not limited to her lover. I need  
not observe on the uncommon beauty of this spirited speech.

I know, that at a reverent distance loves me;  
And such are ever faithful. What a sea  
Of melting ice I walk on! what strange censures  
Am I to undergo! but good intents  
Deride all future rumours.

*Re-enter CLARINDA with ADORNI.*

*Ador.* I obey  
Your summons, madam.  
*Cam.* Leave the place, Clarinda;  
One woman, in a secret of such weight,  
Wise men may think too much: [*Exit Clarinda.*]  
nearer, Adorni,  
I warrant it with a smile.  
*Ador.* I cannot ask  
Safer protection; what's your will?  
*Cam.* To doubt  
Your ready desire to serve me, or prepare you  
With the repetition of former merits,  
Would, in my diffidence, wrong you: but I will,  
And without circumstance, in the trust that I  
Impose upon you, free you from suspicion.  
*Ador.* I foster none of you.  
*Cam.* I know you do not.  
You are, Adorni, by the love you owe me—  
*Ador.* The surest conjuration.  
*Cam.* Take me with you\*,—  
Love born of duty; but advance no further.  
You are, sir, as I said, to do me service,  
To undertake a task, in which your faith,  
Judgment, discretion—in a word, your all  
That's good, must be engaged; nor must you study,  
In the execution, but what may make  
For the ends I aim at.  
*Ador.* They admit no rivals. [*toldo's*]  
*Cam.* You answer well. You have heard of Ber-  
Captivity, and the king's neglect; the greatness

Of his ransom; fifty thousand crowns, Adorni;  
Two parts of my estate!

*Ador.* To what tends this?

*Cam.* Yet I so love the gentleman, for to you  
I will confess my weakness, that I purpose  
Now, when he is forsaken by the king,  
And his own hopes, to ransom him, and receive him  
Into my bosom, as my lawful husband—  
Why change you colour?

*Ador.* 'Tis in wonder of  
Your virtue, madam.

*Cam.* You must, therefore, to  
Sienna for me, and pay to Gonzaga  
This ransom for his liberty; you shall  
Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him  
swear

A solemn contract to me, for you must be  
My principal witness if he should—but why  
Do I entertain these jealousies? You will do this?

*Ador.* Faithfully, madam—but not live long  
after. [*Aside.*]

*Cam.* One thing I had forgot: besides his  
freedom,  
He may want accommodations; furnish him  
According to his birth: and from Camiola  
Deliver this kiss, printed on your lips, [*Kisses him.*]  
Seal'd on his hand. You shall not see my blushes:  
I'll instantly dispatch you. [*Exit.*]

*Ador.* I am half  
Hang'd out o' the way already.—Was there ever  
Poor lover so employ'd against himself  
To make way for his rival? I must do it,  
Nay, more, I will. If loyalty can find  
Recompense beyond hope or imagination,  
Let it fall on me in the other world,  
As a reward, for in this I dare not hope it. [*Erit.*]

## ACT I.]

SCENE I.—*The Siennese. A Camp before the  
Walls of Sienna.*

*Enter GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, and JACOBO.*

*Gonz.* You have seized upon the citadel, and dis-  
arm'd  
All that could make resistance?  
*Pier.* Hunger had  
Done that, before we came; nor was the soldier  
Compell'd to seek for prey: the famish'd wretches,  
In hope of mercy, as a sacrifice offer'd  
All that was worth the taking.

*Gonz.* You proclaim'd,  
On pain of death, no violence should be offer'd  
To any woman?

*Rod.* But it needed not;  
For famine had so humbled them, and ta'en off  
The care of their sex's honour, that there was not  
So coy a beauty in the town, but would,

\* *Take me with you.* See The Great Duke of Florence.  
—Act. II. Sc. 2.

For half a mouldy biscuit, sell herself  
To a poor bisognion\*, and without shrieking.

*Gonz.* Where is the duke of Urbin?

*Jac.* Under guard,  
As you directed.

*Gonz.* See the soldiers set  
In rank and file, and, as the duchess passes,  
Bid them vail their ensigns†: and charge them, on  
Not to cry Whores. [*their lives,*]

\* *To a poor bisognion,* *Bisogni*, in Italian, signifies a  
recruit. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's Italian is nearly as correct as his Eng-  
lish. *Bisogno* is sometimes, indeed, used for a soldier in  
his first campaign (a *tyro*), but for a recruit, in our sense  
of the word, I believe never. A *bisognion* (from *bisog-  
noso*), is a necessitous person, a beggar, &c. In our old  
writers it frequently occurs as a term of contempt.

† *Bid them vail their ensigns;* ] i. e. lower them, in  
token of superior authority:

"Now the time is come  
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,  
And let her head fall into England's lap."  
"First Part of King Henry VI."

*Jac.* The devil cannot fright them  
From their military license. Though they know  
They are her subjects, and will part with being  
To do her service; yet, since she's a woman,  
They will touch at her breech with their tongues;  
and that is all  
That they can hope for.

[*A shout, and a general cry within, Whores! whores!*]

*Gonz.* O the devil! they are at it.  
Hell stop their brawling throats. Again! make up,  
And edg'd them into jelly.

*Rod.* To no purpose,  
Though their mothers were there, they would have  
the same name for them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Part of the Camp.*

*Loud Music. Enter RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO, GONZAGA, and AURELIA under a Canopy. ASTUTIO presents her with letters.*

*Gonz.* I do beseech your highness not to ascribe  
To the want of discipline the barbarous rudeness  
Of the soldier, in his profanation of  
Your sacred name and virtues.

*Aurel.* No, lord general;  
I've heard my father say oft, 'twas a custom  
Usual in the camp; nor are they to be punish'd  
For words, that have, in fact, deserved so well:  
Let the one excuse the other.

*All.* Excellent princess! [*us,*]  
*Aurel.* But for these aids from Sicily sent against  
To blast our spring of conquest in the bud;  
I cannot find, my lord ambassador,  
How we should entertain't but as a wrong,  
With purpose to detain us from our own,  
However the king endeavours, in his letters,  
To mitigate the affront.

*Ast.* Your grace hereafter  
May hear from me such strong assurances  
Of his unlimited desires to serve you,  
As will, I hope, drown in forgetfulness  
The memory of what's past.

*Aurel.* We shall take time  
To search the depth of 't further, and proceed  
As our council shall direct us.

*Gonz.* We present you  
With the keys of the city, all lets are removed;  
Your way is smooth and easy; at your feet  
Your proudest enemy falls.

*Aurel.* We thank your valours:  
A victory without blood is twice achieved,  
And the disposal of it, to us tender'd,  
The greatest honour. Worthy captains, thanks!  
My love extends itself to all.

*Gonz.* Make way there.

[*A Guard drawn up; Aurelia passes through them. Loud music.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Sienna. A Room in the Prison.*

*BERTOLDO is discovered in fetters, reading.*

*Bert.* 'Tis here determined (great examples arm'd  
With arguments, produced to make it good),  
That neither tyrants, nor the wrested laws,  
The people's frantic rage, sad exile, want,

Nor that which I endure, captivity,  
Can do a wise man any injury.  
Thus Seneca, when he wrote it, thought.—But then  
Felicity courted him; his wealth exceeding  
A private man's; happy in the embraces  
Of his chaste wife Paulina; his house full  
Of children, clients, servants, battering friends,  
Soothing his lip-positions; and created  
Prince of the senate, by the general voice,  
At his new pupil's suffrage: then, no doubt,  
He held, and did believe, this. But no sooner  
The prince's frowns and jealousies had thrown him  
Out of security's lap, and a centurion  
Had offer'd him what choice of death he pleased,  
But told him, die he must; when straight the  
armour

Of his so boasted fortitude fell off,  
[*Throws away the buck.*]

Complaining of his frailty. Can it then  
Be censured womanish weakness in me, if,  
Thus clogg'd with irons, and the period  
To close up all calamities denied me,  
Which was presented Seneca, I wish  
I ne'er had being; at least, never knew [*tice,*]  
What happiness was: or argue with heaven's jus-  
Tearing my locks, and, in defiance, throwing  
Dust in the air: or, falling on the ground, thus  
With my nails and teeth to dig a grave or rend  
The bowels of the earth, my step-mother,  
And not a natural parent? or thus practise  
To die, and, as I were insensible,  
Believe I had no motion? [*Falls on his face.*]

*Enter GONZAGA, ADORNI, and Gualter.*

*Gonz.* There he is:  
I'll not enquire by whom his ransom's paid,  
I'm satisfied that I have it; nor allege  
One reason to excuse his cruel usage,  
As you may interpret it: let it suffice  
It was my will to have it so. He is yours now.  
Dispose of him as you please. [*Exit.*]

*Ador.* Howe'er I hate him,  
As one preferr'd before me, being a man,  
He does deserve my pity. Sir!—he sleeps:—  
Or is he dead? would he were a saint in heaven!  
'Tis all the hurt I wish him. But, I was not  
Born to such happiness—[*Kneels by him.*—no, he  
breathes—come near,

And, if't be possible, without his feeling,  
Take off his irons.—[*His irons taken off.*—So; now  
leave us private. [*Exit Gualter.*]

He does begin to stir; and, as transported  
With a joyful dream, how he stares! and feels his  
legs,

As yet uncertain whether it can be  
True or fantastical.

*Bert.* [*rising.*] Ministers of mercy,  
Mock not calamity. Ha! 'tis no vision!  
Or, if it be, the happiest that ever  
Appear'd to sinful flesh! Who's here? his face  
Speaks him Adorni;—but some glorious angel,  
Concealing its divinity in his shape,  
Hath done this miracle, it being not an act  
For wolfish man. Resolve me, if thou look'st for  
Bent knees in adoration?

*Ador.* O forbear, sir!  
I am Adorni, and the instrument  
Of your deliverance; but the benefit  
You owe another.

*Bert.* If he has a name,  
As soon as spoken, 'tis writ on my heart  
I am his bondman.

*Ador.* To the shame of men,  
This great act is a woman's.

*Bert.* The whole sex  
For her sake must be defied. How I wander  
In my imagination, yet cannot  
Guess who this phoenix should be!

*Ador.* 'Tis Camiola.

*Bert.* Pray you, speak't again: there's music in  
her name.

Once more, I pray you, sir.

*Ador.* Camiola,

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Bert.* Curs'd atheist that I was,  
Only to doubt it could be any other;  
Since she alone, in the abstract of herself,  
That small, but ravishing substance, comprehends  
Whatever is, or can be wish'd, in the  
Idea of a woman! O what service,  
Or sacrifice of duty, can I pay her,  
If not to live and die her charity's slave,  
Which is resolved already!

*Ador.* She expects not  
Such a dominion o'er you: yet, ere I  
Deliver her demands, give me your hand:  
On this, as she enjoins me, with my lips  
I print her love and service, by me sent you.

*Bert.* I am overwhelmed with wonder!

*Ador.* You must now,  
Which is the sum of all that she desires,  
By a solemn contract bind yourself, when she  
Requires it, as a debt due for your freedom,  
To marry her.

*Bert.* This does engage me further;  
A payment! an increase of obligation,  
To marry her!—'twas my *nil ultra* ever:  
The end of my ambition. O that now  
The holy man, she present, were prepared  
To join our hands, but with that speed my heart  
Wishes mine eyes might see her!

*Ador.* You must swear this.

[tions,

*Bert.* Swear it! Collect all oaths and imprecations,  
Whose least breach is damnation, and those  
Minister'd to me in a form more dreadful;  
Set heaven and hell before me, I will take them:  
False to Camiola! never.—Shall I now  
Begin my vows to you?

*Ador.* I am no churchman;  
Such a one must file it on record: you are free;  
And, that you may appear like to yourself (may  
(For so she wish'd), here's gold, with which you  
Redeem your trunks and servants, and whatever  
Of late you lost. I have found out the captain  
Whose spoil they were; his name is Roderigo.

*Bert.* I know him.

*Ador.* I have done my parts\*.

*Bert.* So much, sir,  
As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks,  
I walk in air! Divine Camiola—  
But words cannot express thee: I'll build to thee  
An altar in my soul, on which I'll offer  
A still-increasing sacrifice of duty. [Exit.

*Ador.* What will become of me now is apparent,  
Whether a poniard or a halter be

The nearest way to hell (for I must thither,  
After I've kill'd myself), is somewhat doubtful.  
This Roman resolution of self-murder  
Will not hold water at the high tribunal,  
When it comes to be argued; my good genius  
Prompts me to this consideration. He  
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,  
And, at the best, shews but a bastard valour.  
This life's a fort committed to my trust,  
Which I must not yield up till it be forced;  
Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,  
But he that boldly bears calamity. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The same.* A State-room in the  
Palace.

*A Flourish.* Enter *PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO,*  
*GONZAGA, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, and*  
*Attendants.*

*Aurel.* A seat here for the duke. It is our glory  
To overcome with courtesies, not rigour;  
The lordly Roman, who held it the height  
Of human happiness to have kings and queens  
To wait by his triumphant chariot-wheels,  
In his insulting pride deprived himself  
Of drawing near the nature of the gods,  
Best known for such, in being merciful.  
Yet, give me leave, but still with gentle language,  
And with the freedom of a friend, to tell you,  
To seek by force, what courtship could not win,  
Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild school.  
Wise poets feign that Venus' coach is drawn  
By doves and sparrows, not by bears and tigers.  
I spare the application\*.

*Fer.* In my fortune  
Heaven's justice hath confirm'd it; yet, great lady,  
Since my offence grew from excess of love,  
And not to be resisted, having paid, too,  
With loss of liberty, the forfeiture  
Of my presumption, in your clemency  
It may find pardon.

*Aurel.* You shall have just cause  
To say it hath. The charge of the long siege  
Defray'd, and the loss my subjects have sustain'd  
Made good, since so far I must deal with caution,  
You have your liberty.

*Fer.* I could not hope for  
Gentler conditions.

*Aurel.* My lord Gonzaga,  
Since my coming to Sienna, I've heard much of  
Your prisoner, brave Bertoldo.

*Gonz.* Such an one,  
Madam, I had.

*Ast.* And have still, sir, I hope,

*Gonz.* Your hopes deceive you. He is ransomed,  
madam,

*Ast.* By whom, I pray you, sir?

*Gonz.* You had best enquire  
Of your intelligencer: I am no informer.

*Ast.* I like not this.

*Aurel.* He is, as 'tis reported,  
A goodly gentleman, and of noble parts;  
A brother of your order.

\* *Ador. I have done my parts.* There is no expression more familiar to our old writers than this: yet Massinger's editors, in their blind rage for reformation, perpetually corrupt it into—*I have done my part.*

\* *I spare the application.* Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason give this hemistich to Ferdinand, and so indeed does my quarto: all the others which I have examined make it conclude Aurelia's speech, to which it evidently belongs.

*Gonz.* He was, madam,  
Till he, against his oath, wrong'd you, a princess,  
Which his religion bound him from.

*Aurel.* Great minds,  
For trial of their valours, oft maintain  
Quarrels that are unjust, yet without malice;  
And such a fair construction I make of him:  
I would see that brave enemy.

*Gonz.* My duty  
Commands me to seek for him.

*Aurel.* Pray you do;  
And bring him to our presence. [Exit *Gonzaga*.]

*Asi.* I must blast  
His entertainment. May it please your excellency,  
He is a man debauch'd, and for his riots,  
Cast off by the king my master; and that, I hope, is  
A crime sufficient.

*Fer.* To you, his subjects,  
That like as your king likes.

*Aurel.* But not to us;  
We must weigh with our own scale.

*Re-enter GONZAGA, with BERTOLDO richly habited, and  
ADORNI.*

*Asi.* This is he, sure.  
How soon mine eye had found him! what a port  
He bears! how well his bravery becomes him!  
A prisoner! nay, a princely suitor, rather!  
But I'm too sudden. [Aside.]

*Gonz.* Madam, 'twas his suit,  
Unsent for to present his service to you,  
Ere his departure.

*Aurel.* With what majesty  
He bears himself!

*Asi.* The devil, I think, supplies him.  
Ransomed, and thus rich too!

*Aurel.* You ill deserve  
[*Bertoldo kneeling, kisses her hand.*]

The favour of our hand—we are not well,  
Give us more air. [Rises suddenly.]

*Gonz.* What sudden qualm is this!

*Aurel.* —That lifted yours against me.

*Bert.* Thus, once more,  
I sue for pardon.

*Aurel.* Sure his lips are poison'd,  
And through these veins forc'd passage to my heart,  
Which is already seized on. [Aside.]

*Bert.* I wait, madam,  
To know what your commands are; my designs  
Exact me in another place.

*Aurel.* Before  
You have our license to depart! If manners,  
Civility of manners, cannot teach you  
To attend our leisure, I must tell you, sir,  
That you are still our prisoner; nor had you  
Commission to free him.

*Gonz.* How's this, madam?

*Aurel.* You were my substitute, and wanted power  
Without my warrant, to dispose of him:  
I will pay back his ransom ten times over,  
Rather than quit my interest.

*Bert.* This is  
Against the law of arms.

*Aurel.* But not of love. [Aside.]  
Why, hath your entertainment, sir, been such,  
In your restraint, that, with the wings of fear,  
You would fly from it?

*Bert.* I know no man, madam,  
Enamour'd of his fetters, or delighting  
In cold or hunger, or that would in reason

Prefer straw in a dungeon, before  
A down-bed in a palace.

*Aurel.* How!—Come nearer:  
Was his usage such!

*Gonz.* Yes; and it had been worse,  
Had I foreseen this.

*Aurel.* O thou mis-shap'd monster!  
In thee it is confirm'd, that such as have  
No share in nature's bounties, know no pity  
To such as have them. Look on him with my eyes,  
And answer, then, whether this were a man  
Whose cheeks of lovely fulness should be made  
A prey to meagre famine! or these eyes,  
Whose every glance store Cupid's emptied quiver,  
To be dimm'd with tedious watching? or these lips,  
These ruddy lips, of whose fresh colour cherries  
And roses were but copies, should grow pale  
For want of nectar! or these legs, that bear  
A burthen of more worth than is supported  
By Atlas' wearied shoulders, should be cramp'd  
With the weight of iron? O, I could dwell ever  
On this description!

*Bert.* Is this in derision,  
Or pity of me?

*Aurel.* In your charity  
Believe me innocent. Now you are my prisoner,  
You shall have fairer quarter; you will shame  
The place where you have been, should you now  
leave it,

Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you  
To more convenient lodgings, and it shall be  
My care to cherish you. Repine who dare;  
It is our will. You'll follow me?

*Bert.* To the centre,  
Such a Sybilla guiding me.

[Exit *Aurelia*, *Bertoldo*, and *Attendants*.]

*Gonz.* Who speaks first?

*Fer.* We stand as we had seen Medusa's head.

*Pier.* I know not what to think, I am so amazed.

*Rod.* Amazed! I am thunderstruck.

*Jac.* We are enchanted  
And this is some illusion.

*Ador.* Heaven forbid!  
In dark despair it shows a beam of hope:  
Contain thy joy, *Adorni*.

*Asi.* Such a princess,  
And of so long-experienced reserv'dness,  
Break forth, and on the sudden, into flashes  
Of more than doubted looseness!

*Gonz.* They come again,  
Smiling, as I live! his arm circling her waist.  
I shall run mad:—Some fury hath possess'd her,  
If I speak, I may be blasted. Ha! I'll mumble  
A prayer or two, and cross myself, and then,  
Though the devil f— fire, have at him.

*Re-enter BERTOLDO and AURELIA.*

*Aurel.* Let not, sir,  
The violence of my passion nourish in you  
An ill-opinion; or, grant my carriage  
Out of the road and garb of private women,  
'Tis still done with decorum. As I am  
A princess, what I do is above censure,  
And to be imitated.

*Bert.* Gracious madam,  
Vouchsafe a little pause; for I am so rapt  
Beyond myself, that, till I have collected  
My scatter'd faculties, I cannot tender  
My resolution.

*Aurel.* Consider of it,  
I will not be long from you.

[*Bertoldo walks by, musing.*]

*Gonz.* Pray I cannot,  
This cursed object strangles my devotion :  
I must speak, or I burst. Pray you, fair lady,  
If you can, in courtesy direct me to  
The chaste Aurelia.

*Aurel.* Are you blind ? who are we ?

*Gonz.* Another kind of thing. Her blood was  
govern'd

By her discretion, and not ruled her reason :  
The reverence and majesty of Juno  
Shined in her looks, and, coming to the camp,  
Appear'd a second Pallas. I can see  
No such divinities in you : if I,  
Without offence, may speak my thoughts, you are,  
As 'twere, a wanton Helen.

*Aurel.* Good ; ere long  
You shall know me better.

*Gonz.* Why, if you are Aurelia,  
How shall I dispose of the soldier ?

*As.* May it please you  
To hasten my dispatch ?

*Aurel.* Prefer your suits  
Unto Bertoldo ; we will give him bearing,  
And you'll find him your best advocate. [Exit.

*As.* This is rare !

*Gonz.* What are we come to ?

*Rod.* Grown up in a moment  
A favourite !

*Ferd.* He does take state already.

*Bert.* No, no ; it cannot be :—yet, but Camiola,  
There is no stop between me and a crown.  
Then my ingratitude ! a sin in which  
All sins are comprehended ! Aid me, virtue,  
Or I am lost.

*Gonz.* May it please your excellence—  
Second me, sir.

*Bert.* Then my so horrid oaths,  
And hell-deep imprecations made against it !

*As.* The king, your brother, will thank you for  
the advancement  
Of his affairs.

*Bert.* And yet who can hold out  
Against such batteries as her power and greatness  
Raise up against my weak defences !

*Gonz.* Sir,

*Re-enter AURELIA.*

Do you dream waking ? 'Slight, she's here again !  
Walks she on woollen feet ?

*Aurel.* You dwell too long  
In your deliberation, and come  
With a cripple's pace to that which you should fly to.

*Bert.* It is confess'd : yet why should I, to win  
From you, that hazard all to my poor nothing,  
By false play send you off a loser from me ?  
I am already too, too much engaged  
To the king my brother's anger ; and who knows  
But that his doubts and politic fears, should you  
Make me his equal, may draw war upon  
Your territories ? Were that breach made up,  
I should with joy embrace what now I fear  
To touch but with due reverence.

\* *Walks she on woollen feet !* These words are certainly part of Gonzaga's speech, who is surprised at the sudden return of Aurelia ; they would come strangely from Bertoldo, in the midst of his meditations. M. Mason. I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's amendment. The old copy gives this hemistich to Bertoldo.

*Aurel.* That hinderance  
Is easily removed. I owe the king  
For a royal visit, which I straight will pay him ;  
And having first reconciled you to his favour,  
A dispensation shall meet with us.

*Bert.* I am wholly yours.

*Aurel.* On this book seal it. [gain's sure.

*Gonz.* What, hand and lip too ! then the bar-  
You have no employment for me ?

*Aurel.* Yes, Gonzaga ;

Provide a royal ship.

*Gonz.* A ship ! St. John ;

Whither are we bound now ?

*Aurel.* You shall know hereafter.

My lord, your pardon, for my too much trenching  
Upon your patience.

*Ador.* Camiola. [Aside to Bertoldo.

*Aurel.* How do you do ?

*Bert.* Indisposed ; but I attend you.

[*Exeunt all but Adorni.*]

*Ador.* The heavy curse that waits on perjury,  
And foul ingratitude, pursue thee ever !  
Yet why from me this ? in his breach of faith  
My loyalty finds reward : what poisons him,  
Proves mithridate to me. I have perform'd  
All she commanded, punctually : and now,  
In the clear mirror of my truth, she may  
Behold his falsehood. 'O that I had wings  
To bear me to Palermo ! This once known,  
Must change her love into a just disdain,  
And work her to compassion of my pain. [Exit.

SCENE V.—PALERMO. A Room in CAMIOLA'S House.  
*Enter SYLLI, CAMIOLA, and CLARINDA, at several doors.*

*Syl.* Undone ! undone ! poor I, that whilome was  
The top and ridge of my house, am, in the sudden,  
Turn'd to the pitifullest animal  
O' the lineage of the Syllis !

*Cam.* What's the matter ?

*Syl.* The king—break girdle, break !

*Cam.* Why, what of him ?

*Syl.* Hearing how far you doted on my person,  
Growing envious of my happiness, and knowing  
His brother, nor his favourite, Fulgentio,  
Could get a sheep's eye from you, I being present,  
Is come himself a suitor, with the awl  
Of his authority to bore my nose,  
And take you from me—Oh, oh, oh !

*Cam.* Do not roar so :

The king !

*Syl.* The king. Yet loving Sylli is not  
So sorry for his own, as your misfortune ;  
If the king should carry you, or you bear him,  
What a loser should you be ! He can but make you  
A queen, and what a simple thing is that,  
To the being my lawful spouse ! the world can never  
Afford you such a husband.

*Cam.* I believe you.

But how are you sure the king is so inclined ?  
Did not you dream this ?

*Syl.* With these eyes I saw him  
Dismiss his train, and lighting from his coach,  
Whispering Fulgentio in the ear.

*Cam.* If so,

I guess the business.

*Syl.* It can be no other,  
But to give me the bob, that being a matter  
Of main importance. Yonder they are, I dare not

Enter ROBERTO and FULGENTIO.

Be seen, I am so desperate : if you forsake me,  
Send me word, that I may provide a willow garland,  
To wear when I drown myself. O Sylli, Sylli!

[Exit crying.]

Ful. It will be worth your pains, sir, to observe  
The constancy and bravery of her spirit.  
Though great men tremble at your frowns, I dare  
Hazard my head, your majesty, set off  
With terror cannot fright her.

Rob. May she answer  
My expectation!

Ful. There she is!

Cam. My knees thus  
Bent to the earth, while my vows are sent upward  
For the safety of my sovereign, pay the duty  
Due for so great an honour, in this favour  
Done to your humblest handmaid.

Rob. You mistake me;  
I come not, lady, that you may report  
The king, to do you honour, made your house  
(He being there) his court; but to correct  
Your stubborn disobedience. A pardon  
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchased  
With this humility.

Cam. A pardon, sir!  
Till I am conscious of an offence,  
I will not wrong my innocence to beg one.  
What is my crime, sir?

Rob. Look on him I favour,  
By you scorn'd and neglected\*.

Cam. Is that all, sir?

Rob. No, minion; though that were too much.  
How can you

Answer the setting on your desperate bravo  
To murder him?

Cam. With your leave, I must not kneel, sir,  
While I reply to this: but thus rise up  
In my defence, and tell you, as a man  
(Since, when you are unjust, the deity  
Which you may challenge as a king parts from you),  
'Twas never read in holy writ, or moral,  
That subjects on their loyalty were obliged  
To love their sovereign's vices; your grace, sir,

To such an undeserver is no virtue.

Ful. What think you now, sir?

Cam. Say, you should love wine,  
You being the king, and, 'cause I am your subject,  
Must I be ever drunk? Tyrants, not kings,  
By violence, from humble vassals force  
The liberty of their souls. I could not love him,  
And to compel affection, as I take it,  
Is not found in your prerogative.

Rob. Excellent virgin!

How I admire her confidence!

[Aside.]

Cam. He complains  
Of wrong done him: but, be no more a king.  
Unless you do me right. Burn your decrees,  
And of your laws and statutes make a fire  
To thaw the frozen numbness of delinquents,  
If he escape unpunish'd. Do your edicts  
Call it death in any man that breaks into  
Another's house, to rob him, though of trifles;  
And shall Fulgentio, your Fulgentio, live,  
Who hath committed more than sacrilege,  
In the pollution of my clear fame,  
By his malicious slanders?

Rob. Have you done this?

Answer truly, on your life.

Ful. In the heat of blood,  
Some such thing I reported.

Rob. Out of my sight!  
For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not  
This injured virgin\* to sue out thy pardon,  
Thy grave is digg'd already.

Ful. By my own folly

I have made a fair hand of't.

[Exit.]

Rob. You shall know, lady,  
While I wear a crown, justice shall use her sword  
To cut offenders off, though nearest to us

Cam. Ay, now you show whose deputy you are:  
If now I bathe your feet with tears it cannot  
Be censured superstition.

Rob. You must rise;  
Rise in our favour and protection ever. [Kisses her.]

Cam. Happy are subjects when the prince is still  
Guided by justice, not his passionate will.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in CAMIOLA's House.*

Enter CAMIOLA and SYLLI.

Cam. You see how tender I am of the quiet  
And peace of your affection, and what great ones  
I put off in your favour.

Syll. You do wisely,  
Exceeding wisely; and when I have said,  
I thank you for't, he happy.

Cam. And good reason,  
In having such a blessing.

\* Rob. Look on him I favour,  
By you scorn'd and neglected.] Coxeter and Mr. M.  
Mason, in defiance of metre and sense:

Rob. Look on him I favour,  
You scorn'd, &c.

Syll. When you have it;  
But the bait is not yet ready. Stay the time,  
While I triumph by myself. King, by your leave,  
I have wiped your royal nose without a napkin;  
You may cry, willow, willow! for your brother,  
I'll only say, go by! for my fine favourite,

\* This injured virgin to sue out thy pardon, I have  
already observed that there is but one edition of this play;  
the copies, however, vary considerably. In this line, for  
example, some of them read *virgin*, some *lady*, and some  
omit the word altogether. In these cases nothing remains  
for an editor, but to make use of his judgment, and select  
that which appears the least objectionable.

† I'll only say, Go by! This is an allusion to *The Spanish  
Tragedy*; the constant butt of all writers of those times,  
who seem to be a little uneasy, notwithstanding their scoffs,  
at its popularity. Old Jeronimo, however, kept his ground

He may graze where he please; his lips may water  
Like a puppy's o'er a fermenty pot, while Sylli,  
Out of his two-leaved cherry-stone dish, drinks  
nectar!

I cannot hold out any longer; heaven forgive me!  
'Tis not the first oath I have broke; I must take  
A little for a preparative.

[Offers to kiss and embrace her.

Cam. By no means.  
If you forswear yourself, we shall not prosper:  
I'll rather lose my longing.

Syl. Pretty soul!  
How careful it is of me! let me buss yet  
Thy little dainty foot for't: that, I'm sure is  
Out of my oath.

Cam. Why, if thou canst dispense with't  
So far, I'll not be scrupulous; such a favour  
My amorous shoemaker steals.

Syl. O most rare leather! [Kisses her shoe often.  
I do begin at the lowest, but in time  
I may grow higher.

Cam. Fie! you dwell too long there;  
Rise, prithee rise.

Syl. O, I am up already.

Enter CLARINDA hastily.

Cam. How I abuse my hours!—What news with  
thee, now? [promise:]

Clar. Off with that gown, 'tis mine; mine by your  
Signor Adorni is return'd! now upon entrance!  
Off with it, off with it, madam!

Cam. Be not so hasty:  
When I go to bed, 'tis thine.

Syl. You have my grant too;  
But, do you hear, lady, though I give way to this,  
You must hereafter ask my leave, before  
You part with things of moment.

Cam. Very good;  
When I'm yours, I'll be govern'd.

Syl. Sweet obedience!

Enter ADORNI.

Cam. You are well return'd.

Ador. I wish that the success  
Of my service had deserved it.

Cam. Lives Bertoldo?

Ador. Yes; and return'd with safety.

Cam. 'Tis not then

In the power of fate to add to, or take from  
My perfect happiness; and yet—he should  
Have made me his first visit.

Ador. So I think too.  
But he—

Syl. Durst not appear, I being present;  
That's his excuse, I warrant you.

Cam. Speak, where is he?  
With whom? who hath deserved more from him? or  
Can be of equal merit? I in this  
Do not except the king.

Ador. He's at the palace,

till the general convulsion, when he sunk, with a thousand  
better things, to rise no more.

What hold he once had of the public mind may be col-  
lected from an anecdote in that strange medley by Prynne,  
which, by the way, contains more ribaldry in a few pages,  
than is to be found in half the plays he reprobates. He  
there tells us of a lady who, on her death-bed, instead of  
attending to the priest, "cried out nothing but Jeronimo!  
Jeronimo!"—and died in this reprobate state, "thinking of  
nothing but plays."

Histriomastix.

With the duchess of Sienna. One coach brought  
them hither,

Without a third: he's very gracious with her;  
You may conceive the rest.

Cam. My jealous fears  
Make me to apprehend.

Ador. Pray you, dismiss  
Signior wisdom, and I'll make relation to you  
Of the particulars.

Cam. Servant, I would have you  
To haste unto the court.

Syl. I will outrun  
A footman, for your pleasure.

Cam. There observe  
The duchess' train and entertainment.

Syl. Fear not;  
I will discover all that is of weight,  
To the liveries of her pages and her footmen.  
This is fit employment for me. [Exit.

Cam. Gracious with  
The duchess! sure, you said so?

Ador. I will use  
All possible brevity to inform you, madam,  
Of what was trusted to me, and discharged  
With faith and loyal duty.

Cam. I believe it;  
You ransomed him, and supplied his wants—ina-  
That is already spoken; and what vows [gine  
Of service he made to me, is apparent;  
His joy of me, and wonder too, perspicuous;  
Does not your story end so?

Ador. Would the end  
Had answered the beginning!—In a word,  
Ingratitude and perjury at the height  
Cannot express him.

Cam. Take heed.

Ador. Truth is arm'd,  
And can defend itself. It must out, madam.  
I saw (the presence full) the amorous duchess  
Kiss and embrace him; on his part accepted  
With equal ardour, and their willing hands  
No sooner join'd, but a remove was publish'd  
And put in execution.

Cam. The proofs are  
Too pregnant. O Bertoldo!

Ador. He's not worth

Your sorrow, madam.

Cam. Tell me, when you saw this,  
Did not you grieve, as I do now to hear it?

Ador. His precipice from goodness raising mine,  
And serving as a foil to set my faith off,  
I had little reason.

Cam. In this you confess  
The devilish malice of your disposition.  
As you were a man, you stood bound to lament it;  
And not, in flattery of your false hopes,  
To glory in it. When good men pursue  
The path mark'd out by virtue, the blest saints  
With joy look on it, and seraphic angels  
Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plaudits,  
To see a scene of grace so well presented,  
The fiends, and men made up of envy, mourning.  
Whereas now, on the contrary, as far  
As their divinity can partake of passion,  
With me they weep, beholding a fair temple,  
Built in Bertoldo's loyalty, turn'd to ashes  
By the flames of his inconstancy, the damn'd  
Rejoicing in the object.—'Tis not well  
In you, Adorni.

Ador. What a temper dwells

In this rare virgin! Can you pity him,  
That hath shown none to you?

*Cam.* I must not be  
Cruel by his example. You, perhaps,  
Expect now I should seek recovery  
Of what I have lost, by tears, and with bent knees  
Beg his compassion. No; my towering virtue,  
From the assurance of my merit, scorns  
To stoop so low. I'll take a nobler course,  
And, confident in the justice of my cause,  
The king his brother, and new mistress, judges,  
Ravish him from her arms. You have the contract,  
In which he swore to marry me!

*Ador.* 'Tis here, madam.

[band;

*Cam.* He shall be, then, against his will, my husband  
And when I have him, I'll so use him!—doubt not,  
But that, your honesty being unquestion'd,  
This writing, with your testimony, clears all.

*Ador.* And buries me in the dark mists of error.

*Cam.* I'll presently to court; pray you, give order  
For my caroch\*.

*Ador.* A cart for me were fitter,

To hurry me to the gallows.

[Exit.

*Cam.* O false men!

Inconstant! perjured! My good angel help me  
In these my extremities!

Re-enter SYLLI.

*Syl.* If you e'er will see a brave sight,  
Lose it not now. Bertoldo and the duchess  
Are presently to be married: there's such pomp,  
And preparation!

*Cam.* If I marry, 'tis  
This day, or never.

*Syl.* Why, with all my heart;  
Though I break this, I'll keep the next oath I make,  
And then it is quit.

*Cam.* Follow me to my cabinet;  
You know my confessor, father Paulo?

*Syl.* Yes: shall he  
Do the feat for us?

*Cam.* I will give in writing  
Directions to him, and attire myself  
Like a virgin bride; and something I will do,  
That shall deserve men's praise, and wonder too.

*Syl.* And I, to make all know I am not shallow,  
Will have my points of cochineal and yellow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A State-room in the Palace.

Loud Music. Enter ROBERTO, BERTOLDO, ADELIA,  
FERDINAND, ASIUTIO, GONZAGA, RODERICO, JA-  
COMO, PIERIO, a Bishop, and Attendants.

*Rob.* Had our division been greater, madam,  
Your clemency, the wrong being done to you,  
In pardon of it, like the red of concord,  
Must make a perfect union. Once more,  
With a brotherly affection, we receive you  
Into our favour: let it be your study  
Hereafter to deserve this blessing, far  
Beyond your merit.

*Bert.* As the princess' grace  
To me is without limit, my endeavours,

With all obsequiousness to serve her pleasures,  
Shall know no bounds: nor will I, being made  
Her husband, e'er forget the duty that  
I owe her as a servant.

*Aurel.* I expect not  
But fair equality, since I well know,  
If that superiority be due,  
'Tis not to me. When you are made my consort,  
All the prerogatives of my high birth cancell'd,  
I'll practise the obedience of a wife,  
And freely pay it. Queens themselves, if they  
Make choice of their inferiors, only aiming  
To feed their sensual appetites, and to reign  
Over their husbands, in some kind commit  
Authorized whoredom; nor will I be guilty,  
In my intent, of such a crime.

*Gonz.* This done,  
As it is promised, madam, may well stand for  
A precedent to great women: but, when once  
The gripping hunger of desire is cloy'd,  
And the poor fool advanced, brought on his knees,  
Most of your eagle breed, I'll not say all,  
Ever excepting you, challenge again  
What, in hot blood, they parted from.

*Aurel.* You are ever  
An enemy of our sex; but you, I hope, sir,  
Have better thoughts.

*Bert.* I dare not entertain  
An ill one of your goodness.

*Rob.* To my power  
I will enable him, to prevent all danger  
Envy can raise against your choice. One word more  
Touching the articles.

Enter FULGENTIO, CAMIOLA, SYLLI, and ADORNI.

*Ful.* In you alone  
Lie all my hopes; you can or kill or save me;  
But pity in you will become you better  
(Though I confess in justice 'tis denied me)  
Than too much rigour.

*Cam.* I will make your peace  
As far as it lies in me; but must first  
Labour to right myself.

*Aurel.* Or add or alter  
What you think fit; in him I have my all.  
Heaven make me thankful for him!

*Rob.* On to the temple.

*Cam.* Stay, royal sir; and as you are a king,  
Erect one\* here, in doing justice to  
An injured maid.

*Aurel.* How's this?

*Bert.* O, I am blasted!

*Rob.* I have given some proof, sweet lady, of  
my promptness.  
To do you right, you need not, therefore, doubt me;  
And rest assured, that, this great work dispatch'd,  
You shall have audience, and satisfaction  
To all you can demand.

*Cam.* To do me justice  
Exacts your present care, and can admit  
Of no delay. If, ere my cause be heard,  
In favour of your brother you go on, sir,  
Your sceptre cannot right me. He's the man,  
The guilty man, whom I accuse; and you  
Stand bound in duty, as you are supreme,  
To be impartial. Since you are a judge,  
As a delinquent look on him, and not  
As on a brother: Justice, painted blind,

\* For my caroch.] It seems as if Massinger's editors were ignorant of the existence or meaning of such a word as caroch; since they exchange it for coach, though it invariably destroys the metre.

\* Erect one here,] i. e. a temple. M. MASON.

Infer her ministers are obliged to hear  
The cause, and truth, the judge, determine of it;  
And not sway'd or by favour or affection,  
By a false gloss, or wrested comment, alter  
The true intent and letter of the law.

*Rob.* Nor will I, madam.

*Aurel.* You seem trouble'd, sir,

*Gonz.* His colour changes too.

*Cam.* The alteration

Grows from his guilt. The goodness of my cause  
Begets such confidence in me, that I bring  
No hired tongue to plead for me, that with gay  
Rhetorical flourishes may palliate  
That which, stripp'd naked, will appear deform'd.  
I stand here mine own advocate; and my truth,  
Deliver'd in the plainest language, will  
Make good itself; nor will I, if the king  
Give suffrage to it, but admit of you,  
My greatest enemy, and this stranger prince,  
To sit assistants with him.

*Aurel.* I ne'er wrong'd you.

[*it.*

*Cam.* In your knowledge of the injury, I believe  
Nor will you, in your justice, when you are  
Acquainted with my interest in this man,  
Which I lay claim to.

*Rob.* Let us take our seats.

What is your title to him?

*Cam.* By this contract,

Seal'd solemnly before a reverend man,

[*Presents a paper to the king.*

I challenge him for my husband.

*Syl.* Ha! was I

Sent for the friar for this? O Sylli! Sylli!

Some cordial, or I faint\*.

*Rob.* This writing is  
Authentic.

*Aurel.* But done in heat of blood,  
Charm'd by her flatteries, as, no doubt, he was,  
To be dispensed with.

*Fer.* Add this, if you please,  
The distance and disparity between  
Their births and fortunes.

*Cam.* What can Innocence hope for,  
When such as sit her judges are corrupted!  
Disparity of birth or fortune, urge you?  
Or syren charms? or, at his best, in me  
Wants to deserve him? Call some few days back,  
And, as he was, consider him, and you  
Must grant him my inferior. Imagine  
You saw him now in fetters, with his honour,  
His liberty lost; with her black wings Despair  
Circling his miseries, and this Gonzaga  
Trampling on his afflictions; the great sum  
Proposed for his redemption; the king  
Forbidding payment of it; his near kinsmen,  
With his protesting followers and friends,  
Falling off from him; by the whole world forsaken;  
Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave  
Of his calamities; and then weigh duly  
What she deserved, whose merits now are doubted,  
That, as his better angel, in her bounties  
Appear'd unto him, his great ransom paid,  
His wants, and with a prodigal hand, supplied;  
Whether, then, being my manumised slave,  
He owed not himself to me?

*Aurel.* Is this true?

*Rob.* In his silence 'tis acknowledged.

*Gonz.* If you want

A witness to this purpose, I'll depose it.

*Cam.* If I have dwelt too long on my deservings  
To this unthankful man, pray you pardon me;  
The cause required it. And though now I add  
A little, in my painting to the life  
His barbarous ingratitude, to deter  
Others from imitation, let it meet with  
A fair interpretation. This serpent,  
Frozen to numbness, was no sooner warm'd  
In the bosom of my pity and compassion,  
But, in return, he ruin'd his preserver.  
The prints the irons had made in his flesh  
Still ulcerous; but all that I had done,  
My benefits, in sand or water written,  
As they had never been, no more remember'd!  
And on what ground but his ambitious hopes  
To gain this duchess' favour?

*Aurel.* Yes; the object,  
Look on it better, lady, may excuse  
The change of his affection.

*Cam.* The object!

In what? forgive me, modesty, if I say  
You look upon your form in the false glass  
Of flattery and self-love, and that deceives you.  
That you were a duchess, as I take it, was not  
Character'd on your face; and, that not seen,  
For other feature, make all these, that are  
Experienced in women, judges of them.  
And, if they are not parasites, they must grant,  
For beauty without art, though you storm at it,  
I may take the right-hand file.

*Gonz.* Well said, i'faith!

I see fair women on no terms will yield  
Priority in beauty.

*Cam.* Down, proud heart!

Why do I rise up in defence of that,  
Which, in my cherishing of it, hath undone me!  
No, madam, I recant,—you are all beauty,  
Goodness, and virtue; and poor I not worthy  
As a foil to set you off: enjoy your conquest;  
But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am [me,  
In my lowness, from your height you may look on  
Aud, in your suffrage to me, make him know  
That, though to all men else I did appear  
The shame and scorn of women, he stands bound  
To hold me as the masterpiece.

*Rob.* By my life,

You have shewn yourself of such an abject temper,  
So poor and low-condition'd, as I grieve for  
Your nearness to me.

*Fer.* I am changed in my  
Opinion of you, lady; and profess  
The virtues of your mind an ample fortune  
For an absolute monarch.

*Gonz.* Since you are resolved  
To damn yourself, in your forsaking of  
Your noble order for a woman, do it  
For this. You may search through the world and  
With such another phoenix. [meet not

*Aurel.* On the sudden  
I feel all fires of love quenched in the water  
Of my compassion. Make your peace; you have  
My free consent; for here I do disclaim  
All interest in you; and, to further your  
Desires, fair mail, composed of worth and honour,  
The dispensation procured by me,  
Freeing Bertoldo from his vow, makes way  
To your embraces.

*Bert.* Oh, how have I stray'd,

\* Some cordial, or I faint.] Wholly omitted in Mr. M.  
Mason's edition.

And, wilfully, out of the noble track  
Mark'd me by virtue! till now I was never  
Truly a prisoner. To excuse my late  
Captivity, I might allege the malice  
Of Fortune; you, that conquer'd me, confessing  
Courage in my defence was no way wanting.  
But now I have surrender'd up my strengths  
Into the power of Vice, and on my forehead  
Branded, with mine own hand, in capital letters,  
Disloyal and ingrateful. Though barr'd from  
Human society, and hiss'd into  
Some desert ne'er yet haunted with the curses  
Of men and women, sitting as a judge  
Upon my guilty self, I must confess  
It justly falls upon me; and one tear,  
Shed in compassion of my sufferings, more  
Than I can hope for.

Cam. This compunction [should  
For the wrong that you have done me, though you  
Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,  
Will, in respect I loved once, make these eyes  
Two springs of sorrow for you.

Bert. In your pity  
My cruelty shows more monstrous; yet I am not,  
Though most ingrateful, grown to such a height  
Of impudence, as, in my wishes only,  
To ask your pardon. If, as now, I fall  
Prostrate before your feet, you will vouchsafe  
To act your own revenge, treading upon me  
As a viper eating through the bowels of  
Your benefits, to whom, with liberty,  
I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen  
That now is insupportable.

Cam. Pray you, rise;  
As I wish peace and quiet to my soul,  
I do forgive you heartily; yet excuse me,  
Though I deny myself a blessing that,  
By the favour of the duchess, seconded  
With your submission, is offered to me;  
Let not the reason I allege for't grieve you,  
You have been false once. I have done: and if,  
When I am married, as this day I will be,  
As a perfect sign of your atonement with me,  
You wish me joy, I will receive it for  
Full satisfaction of all obligations  
In which you stand bound to me.

Bert. I will do it,  
And, what's more, in despite of sorrow, live  
To see myself undone, beyond all hope  
To be made up again.

Syl. My blood begins  
To come to my heart again.

Cam. Pray you, signior Sylli,  
Call in the holy friar; he's prepared  
For finishing the work.

Syl. I knew I was  
The man: heaven make me thankful!

Rob. Who is this?

Ast. His father was the banker\* of Palermo,  
And this the heir of his great wealth: his wisdom  
Was not hereditary.

Syl. Though you know me not,  
Your majesty owes me a round sum; I have  
A seal or two to witness; yet, if you please

To wear my colours and dance at my wedding,  
I'll never see you.

Rob. And I'll grant your suit.

Syl. Gracious madonna, noble general,  
Brave captains, and my quondam rivals, wear them,  
Since I am confident you dare not harbour  
A thought but that way current. [Exit.

Aurel. For my part,  
I cannot guess the issue.

Re-enter SYLLI with Father PAULO.

Syl. Do your duty;  
And with all speed you can you may dispatch us.  
Paul. Thus, as a principal ornament to the church,  
I seize her.

All. How!

Rob. So young, and so religious!

Paul. She has forsok the world.

Syl. And Sylli too!

I shall run mad.

Rob. Hence with the fool!—[Sylli thrust off.]—  
Proceed, Sir.

Paul. Look on this MAID OF HONOUR, now  
Truly honour'd in her vow  
She pays to heaven: vain delight  
By day, or pleasure of the night  
She no more thinks of: This fair hair  
(Favours for great kings to wear)  
Must now be shorn; her rich array  
Changed into a homely gray.  
The dainties with which she was fed,  
And her proud flesh pampered,  
Must not be tasted; from the spring,  
For wine, cold water we will bring,  
And with fasting mortify  
The feasts of sensuality.  
Her jewels, beads; and she must look  
Not in a glass, but holy book;  
To teach her the ne'er-erring way  
To immortality. O may  
She, as she purposes to be  
A child new-born to piety,  
Persever\* in it, and good men,  
With saints and angels, say, Amen!

Cam. This is the marriage! this the port to which  
My vows must steer me! Fill my spreading sails  
With the pure wind of your devotions for me,  
That I may touch the secure haven, where  
Eternal happiness keeps her residence,  
Temptations to frailty never entering!  
I am dead to the world, and thus dispose  
Of what I leave behind me; and, dividing  
My state into three parts, I thus bequeath it:  
The first to the fair nunnery, to which  
I dedicate the last and better part  
Of my frail life; a second portion  
To pious uses; and the third to thee,  
Adorni, for thy true and faithful service.  
And, ere I take my last farewell, with hope  
To find a grant, my suit to you is, that  
You would, for my sake, pardon this young man,  
And to his merits love him, and no further.

Rob. I thus confirm it.

[Gives his hand to Fulgentio.  
Cam. And, as e'er you hope, [To Bertolda,  
Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you  
To reassume your order; and in fighting

\* Ast. His father was the banker of Palermo.] Never  
was there such a copy of an author as that of Massinger by  
Mr. M. Mason. Just above, he dropt a monosyllable to  
spoil the metre; here he has inserted one for the same  
reason: at least I can find no other. He reads, the great  
banker of Palermo.

\* Persever in it.] This is the second time the editors have  
modernised *persevere* into *persevere*, to the destruction of the  
verse. See *Virgin Martyr*, Act I. Scene 1.

Bravely against the enemies of our faith,  
Redeem your mortgaged honour.

*Conz.* I restore this : [*Gives him the white cross.*  
Once more, brothers in arms.

*Bert.* I'll live and die so.

*Cam.* To you my pious wishes ! And, to end  
All differences, great sir, I beseech you  
To be an arbitrator, and compound  
The quarrel long continuing between  
The duke and duchess.

*Rob.* I will take it into  
My special care.

*Cam.* I am then at rest. Now, father,  
Conduct me where you please.

[*Exeunt Paulo and Camiola*

*Rob.* She well deserves  
Her name, THE MAID OF HONOUR ! May she stand,  
To all posterity, a fair example  
For noble maids to imitate ! Since to live  
In wealth and pleasure's common, but to part with  
Such poison'd baits is rare ; there being nothing  
Upon this stage of life to be commended,  
Though well begun, till it be fully ended.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

\* This is of the higher order of Massinger's plays : nor will it be very easy to find in any writer a subject more animated, or characters more variously and pointedly drawn. There is no delay in introducing the business of the drama ; and nothing is allowed to interfere with its progress. Indeed this is by far too rapid ; and event is precipitated upon event without regard to time or place. But Massinger acts with a liberty which it would be absurd to criticise. Thebes and Athens, Palermo and Sienna, are alike to him ; and he must be allowed to transport his agents and their concerns from one to another, as often as the exigencies of his amulatory plan may require.

It is observable, that in this play Massinger has attempted the more difficult part of dramatic writing. He is not content with describing different qualities in his characters ; but lays before the reader several differences of the same qualities. The courage of Gonzaga, though by no means inferior to it, is not that of Bertoldo. In the former, it is a fixed and habitual principle, the honourable business of his life. In the latter, it is an irresistible impulse, the instantaneous result of a fiery temper. Both characters are again distinguished from Roderigo and Giacomo. These too have courage : but we cannot separate it from a mere vulgar motive, the love of plunder ; and in this respect Gonzaga's captains resemble those of Charles in *The Duke of Milan*. There is still another remove ; and all these branches of real courage differ from the poor and forced approaches to valour in Gasparo and Antonio. These distinctions were strongly fixed in Massinger's mind : lest they should pass without due observation, he has made Gonzaga point out some of them, Act II. sc. 3. : and Bertoldo dwells upon others, Act III. sc. 1. And in this respect, again, he has copied his own caution, already noticed in the Observations on *The Renegade*. A broader distinction is used with his two courtiers ; and the cold interest of Astutio is fully contrasted with the dazzling and imprudent assumption of Fulgentio. But Camiola herself is the great object that reigns throughout the piece. Every where she animates us with her spirit, and instructs us with her sense. Yet this superiority takes nothing from her softer feelings. Her tears flow with a mingled fondness and regret ; and she is swayed by a passion which is only quelled by her greater resolution. The influence of her character is also heightened through the different manner of her lovers ; through the mad impatience of the uncontrolled Bertoldo, the glittering pretensions of Fulgentio, and the humble and sincere

attachment of Adorni, who nourishes secret desires of an happiness too exalted for him, faithfully performs commands prejudicial to his own views, through the force of an affection which ensures his obedience, and, amidst so much service, scarcely presumes to hint the passion which consumes him. I know not if even signior Sylli is wholly useless here ; he serves at least to show her good-humoured toleration of a being hardly important enough for her contempt.

In the midst of this just praise of Camiola, there are a few things to be regretted. Reason and religion had forbidden her union with Bertoldo ; and she had declared herself unalterable in her purpose. His captivity reverses her judgment, and she determines not only to liberate, but to marry him. Unfortunately, too, she demands a sealed contract as the condition of his freedom ; though Bertoldo's ardour was already known to her, and the generosity of her nature ought to have abstained from so degrading a bargain. But Massinger wanted to hinder the marriage of Aurelia ; and, with an infelicity which attends many of his contrivances, he provided a prior contract at the expense of the delicacy, as well as the principles, of his heroine. It is well, that the nobleness of the conclusion throws the veil over these blemishes. Her determination is at once natural and unexpected. It answers to the original independence of her character, and she retires with our highest admiration and esteem.

It may be observed here, that Massinger was not unknown to Milton. The date of some of Milton's early poems, indeed, is not exactly ascertained : but if the reader will compare the speech of Paulo, with the *Pemereoso*, he cannot fail to remark a similarity in the cadences, as well as in the measure and the solemnity of the thoughts. On many other occasions he certainly remembers Massinger, and frequently in his representations of female purity, and the commanding dignity of virtue.

A noble lesson arises from the conduct of the principal character. A fixed sense of truth and rectitude gives genuine superiority ; it corrects the proud, and abashes the vain, and marks the proper limits between humility and presumption. It also governs itself with the same ascendancy which it establishes over others. When the lawful objects of life cannot be possessed with clearness of honour, it provides a nobler pleasure in rising above their attraction, and creates a new happiness by controlling even innocent desires.—*DR. IRLAND.*

## THE PICTURE.

**THE PICTURE.]** This Tragi-comedy, or, as Massinger calls it, this "true Hungarian History," was licensed by Sir H. Herbert, June 8th, 1629. The plot, as *The Companion to the Playhouse* observes, is from the 28th novel of the second volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567. The magical circumstance, however, from which the play takes its name, is found in a variety of authors: it has all the appearance of an Arabian fiction, and was introduced into our romances at a very early period. The following stanza is from a poem of the fourteenth century, called *Horn Childs and Maiden Rimnild*, first given to the press by Mr. Ritson:

"To Rimneld he com withouten leasing  
And sche bitaught him a ring  
The vertu wele sche knew:  
'Loke thou forsake it for no thing  
It schal ben our tokening,  
The ston it is wel trewe.  
When the ston wexeth wan,  
Than chaungeth the thought of thi leman,  
Take then a newe;  
When the ston wexeth rede  
Than have y lorn mi maidenhed,  
Oyaines the untrewes."

The immediate source of the story was the *Novelle* of Bandello, since exceedingly popular. Massinger, however, has made some slight variation—there is no temptation of Ulric (the Mathias of the play) and very little of his lady. The knights are secured as fast as they arrive at her castle; and the Picture consequently maintains its position. From the same source, G. Whitston derived the tale of Ulrico and Lady Barbara, in his *Rock of Regard*, which Massinger appears to have read. The story is also to be found among the *Novelles Gallantes*; but they had the same origin, and it is altogether unnecessary to enter into their respective variations. The French have modernized it into a pretty tale, under the name of *Comment filer parfait Amour*.

This Play was much approved at its first appearance, when it was acted, as the phrase is, by the whole strength of the house. Massinger himself speaks of it with complacency; and, indeed, its claims to admiration are of no common kind. It was printed in 1630; but did not reach a second edition. It is said, in the title-page, to have been "often presented at the Globe and Black Friar's playhouses, by the King's Majesty's servants."

An unsuccessful attempt was made to revive this Play, by the Rev. Henry Bate; *Magnis excidit ausis!* We tolerate no magic now but Shakspeare's; and without it *The Picture* can have no interest.

TO MY HONOURED AND SELECTED FRIENDS OF THE

### NOBLE SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

It may be objected, my not inscribing their names, or titles, to whom I dedicate this poem, proceedeth either from my diffidence of their affection to me, or their unwillingness to be published the patrons of a trifle. To such as shall make so strict an inquisition of me, I truly answer, The play, in the persentment, found such a general approbation, that it gave me assurance of their favour to whose protection it is now sacred; and they have professed they so sincerely allow of it, and the maker, that they would have freely granted that in the publication, which, for some reasons, I denied myself. One, and that is a main one; I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real proofs of their friendship, than, mountebank-like, boast their numbers in a catalogue. Accept it, noble Gentlemen, as a confirmation of his service, who hath nothing else to assure you, and witness to the world, how much he stands engaged for your so frequent bounties, and in your charitable opinion of me believe, that you now may, and shall ever, command

Your servant

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Actors' Names.</i>		<i>Actors' Names.</i>
LADISLAUS, king of Hungary,	R. Benfield.	<i>A Guide.</i>	
FERDINAND, general of the army,	R. Sharpe.	<i>Servants to the queen.</i>	
EUBULUS, an old counsellor,	J. Lowin.	<i>Servants to Mathias.</i>	
MATHIAS, a knight of Bohemia,	J. Taylor.		
UBALDO, } wild courtiers,	T. Pollard.	HONORIA, the queen,	J. Thomson.
RICARDO, }	E. Swanstone.	SOPHIA, wife to Mathias,	J. Hunnieman
JULIO BAPTISTA, a great scholar,	W. Pen.	ACANTHE, } maids of honour,	A. Goffe.
HILARIO, servant to Sophia.	J. Shancke.	SYLVIA, }	
Two Boys, representing Apollo and Pallas.		CORISCA, Sophia's woman.	W. Triggs.
Two Couriers.			

*Masks, Attendants, Officers, Captains, &c.*

SCENE, partly in Hungary, and partly in Bohemia.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Frontiers of Bohemia.*

*Enter MATHIAS, SOPHIA, CORISCA, HILARIO, with other Servants.*

*Math.* Since we must part, Sophia, to pass further  
Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.  
We are not distant from the Turkish camp  
Above five leagues, and who knows but some party  
Of his Timariots\*, that scour the country,  
May fall upon us!—be now, as thy name,  
Truly interpreted, hath ever spoke thee,  
Wise and discreet; and to thy understanding  
Marry thy constant patience.

*Soph.* You put me, sir,  
To the utmost trial of it.

*Math.* Nay, no melting;  
Since the necessity that now separates us,  
We have long since disputed, and the reasons,  
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in tears.  
I grant that you, in birth, were far above me,  
And great men, my superiors, rivals for you;  
But mutual consent of heart, as hands,  
Join'd by true love, hath made us one, and equal:  
Nor is it in me mere desire of fame,  
Or to be cried up by the public voice,  
For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour:  
Such airy tumours take not me. You know  
How narrow our demean are†, and, what's more,  
Having as yet no charge of children on us,  
We hardly can subsist.

*Soph.* In you alone, sir,  
I have all abundance.

*Math.* For my mind's content,  
In your own language I could answer you.  
You have been an obedient wife, a right one;  
And to my power, though short of your desert,  
I have been ever an indulgent husband.  
We have long enjoy'd the sweets of love, and though

Not to satiety, or loathing, yet  
We must not live such dotards on our pleasures,  
As still to hug them to the certain loss  
Of profit and preferment. Competent means  
Maintains a quiet bed; want breeds dissension,  
Even in good women.

*Soph.* Have you found in me, sir,  
Any distaste, or sign of discontent,  
For want of what's superfluous?

*Math.* No, Sophia;  
Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent  
Thy constant course in goodness, if heaven bless  
My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee  
That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest,  
Upon this sea of action, as a factor,  
To trade for rich materials to adorn  
Thy noble parts, and show them in full lustre.  
I blush that other ladies, less in beauty  
And outward form, but in the harmony  
Of the soul's ravishing music, the same age  
Not to be named with thee, should so outshine thee  
In jewels, and variety of wardrobes;  
While you, to whose sweet innocence both Indies  
Compared, are of no value, wanting these,  
Pass unregarded.

*Soph.* If I am so rich, or  
In your opinion, why should you borrow  
Additions for me?

*Math.* Why! I should be censured  
Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel  
Above all price, if I forbear to give it  
The best of ornaments: therefore, Sophia,  
In few words know my pleasure, and obey me,  
As you have ever done. To your discretion  
I leave the government of my family,  
And our poor fortunes; and from these command  
Obedience to you, as to myself:  
To the utmost of what's mine, live plentifully;  
And, ere the remnant of our store be spent,  
With my good sword I hope I shall reap for you  
A harvest in such full abundance, as  
Shall make a merry winter.

*Soph.* Since you are not

\* Timariots are the Turkish Cavalry, a sort of feudal  
yeomanry, who hold their lands on condition of service.  
† *How narrow our demean are,* Demean is here used  
for means, as demerits for merits, &c.

To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,  
 All arguments to stay you here are useless: [not  
 Go when you please, sir. Eyes, I charge you waste  
 One drop of sorrow; look you board all up  
 Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you,  
 But then be sure you fail not. You blest angels,  
 Guardians of human life, I at this instant  
 Forbear t'invoke you: at our parting, 'twere  
 To personate devotion\*. My soul  
 Shall go along with you, and, when you are  
 Circled with death and horror, seek and find you:  
 And then I will not leave a saint unused to  
 For your protection. To tell you what  
 I will do in your absence, would show poorly;  
 My actions shall speak for me; 'twere to doubt you  
 To beg I may hear from you; where you are  
 You cannot live obscure, nor shall one post,  
 By night or day, pass unexamined by me.  
 If I dwell long upon your lips, consider,  
 After this feast, the gripping fast that follows,  
 And it will be excusable; pray turn from me.  
 All that I can, is spoken. [Exit.]

Math. Follow your mistress.  
 Forbear your wishes for me; let me find them  
 At my return, in your prompt will to serve her.  
 Hil. For my part, sir, I will grow lean with study  
 To make her merry.

Coris. Though you are my lord,  
 Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place  
 I may take my leave; your hand, or, if you please  
 To have me fight so high, I'll not be coy,  
 But stand a-tip-toe for't.

Math. O, farewell, girl! [Kisses her.]

Hil. A kiss well begg'd, Corisca.

Coris. 'Twas my fee;

Love, how he melts! I cannot blame my lady's  
 Unwillingness to part with such marble lips.  
 There will be scrambling for them in the camp;  
 And were it not for my honesty, I could wish now  
 I were his leaguer laundress; I would find

\* To personate devotion,] i. e. to play it as an assumed part. See *Great Duke of Florence*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

† Love, how he melts,] So the quarto: the modern editions have, *Jove, how he melts*. Why Coxeter made the alteration I cannot even guess; surely, deity for deity, the former is the most natural for Corisca to swear by.

‡ I were his leaguer laundress:] Mr. M. Mason reads his *belger laundress*; what he understood by it, I know not, but Corisca means his camp laundress.

§ While I lay  
 In the leaguer at Ardennes, he corrupts  
 Two mercenary slaves, &c. *Love's Victory*.

*Leaguer* is the Dutch, or rather Flemish, word for a camp; and was one of the newfangled terms introduced from the Low Countries. This innovation on the English language is excellently noticed by Sir John Smythe, in *Certain Discourses concerning the Fortunes and Effects of Divers Sorts of Weapons*, &c., 4to, 1590. "These," (the officers mentioned before,) "attende ignorant of all our ancient discipline and proceedings in actions of armes, have so affected they have proceeded to innovate, or rather to subvert all our ancient proceedings in matters military:—as, for example, they will not vouchsafe in their speeches or writings to use our termes belonging to matters of warre, but doe call a campe by the Dutch name of *legar*; nor will not afford to say that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegerd*:—as though our English nation, which hath bene so famous in all actions militarie manie hundred yeares, were now but newly crept into the world; or as though our language were so barren, that it were not able of itself, or by derivation, to afford convenient words to utter our minds in matters of that qualitie."

I cannot avoid adding my wishes that our officers would reflect a little on these sensible observations: there is now

Soap of mine own, enough to wash his linen,  
 Or I would strain hard for't.

Hil. How the mammet twitters!

Come, come; my lady stays for us.

Coris. Would I had been

Her ladyship the last night!

Hil. No more of that, wench.

[*Exeunt Hilario, Corisca, and the rest.*]

Math. I am strangely troubled: yet why I should  
 nourish

A fury here, and with imagined food,  
 Having no real grounds on which to raise  
 A building of suspicion she was ever  
 Or can be false hereafter? I in this  
 But foolishly enquire the knowledge of  
 A future sorrow, which, if I find out,  
 My present ignorance were a cheap purchase,  
 Though with my loss of being. I have already  
 Dealt with a friend of mine, a general scholar,  
 One deeply read\* in nature's hidden secrets,  
 And, though with much unwillingness, have won him  
 To do as much as art can, to resolve me  
 My fate that follows.—To my wish, he's come.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm  
 Your promise and performance walk together;  
 And therefore, without circumstance, to the point;  
 Instruct me what I am.

Bapt. I could wish you had  
 Made trial of my love some other way.

Math. Nay, this is from the purpose.

Bapt. If you can

Proportion your desire to any mean,  
 I do pronounce you happy; I have found,  
 By certain rules of art, your matchless wife  
 Is to this present hour from all pollution  
 Free and untainted.

Math. Good.

Bapt. In reason, therefore,  
 You should fix here, and make no further search  
 Of what may fall hereafter.

Math. O, Baptista,  
 'Tis not in me to master so my passions;  
 I must know further, or you have made good  
 But half your promise. While my love stood by,  
 Holding her upright, and my presence was  
 A watch upon her, her desires being met too  
 With equal ardour from me, what one proof  
 Could she give of her constancy, being untempted? But  
 When I am absent, and my coming back  
 Uncertain, and those wanton heats in women  
 Not to be quench'd by lawful means, and she  
 The absolute disposer of herself,

a greater affectation than ever, of introducing French military phrases into our army; the consequences of which may be more important than they seem to imagine.

¶ a general scholar,] In the list of dramatica personee, too, he is called a *great scholar*. The character of Baptista is founded upon a notion very generally received in the dark ages, that men of learning were conversant in the operations of magic: and, indeed, a scholar and a magician are frequently confounded by our old writers, or rather considered as one and the same. The notion is not yet obsolete among the vulgar.

Baptista Porta has given an elaborate account, in his treatise *De Magia Naturali*, of the powers once supposed to be possessed and exercised by magicians. Both the work and the author had long been familiar in the mouths of men, and were probably not unknown to Massinger. It is an ingenious conjecture of Mr. Gilchrist, that he took the name of his "deep-read scholar," from Baptista Porta.

Without control or curb ; nay, more, invited  
By opportunity, and all strong temptations,  
If then she hold out—

*Bapt.* As, no doubt, she will.

*Math.* Those doubts must be made certainties,  
*Baptista,*

By your assurance ; or your boasted art  
Deserves no admiration. How you trifle,  
And play with my affliction ! I am on  
The rack, till you confirm me.

*Bapt.* Sure, Mathias,

I am no god, nor can I dive into  
Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are ;  
That is denied to art, and kept conceal'd  
E'en from the devils themselves : they can but guess,  
Out of long observation, what is likely ;  
But positively to foretel that\* shall be,  
You may conclude impossible. All I can,  
I will do for you ; when you are distant from her  
A thousand leagues, as if you then were with her,  
You shall know truly when she is solicited,  
And how far wrought on.

*Math.* I desire no more.

*Bapt.* Take, then, this little model of Sophia,  
With more than human skill limn'd to the life ;

[Gives him a picture.]

Each line and lineament of it in the drawing  
So punctually observed, that, had it motion,  
In so much 'twere herself.

*Math.* It is indeed

An admirable piece ; but if it have not  
Some hidden virtue that I cannot guess at,  
In what can it advantage me ?

*Bapt.* I'll instruct you :

Carry it still about you, and as oft  
As you desire to know how she's affected,  
With curious eyes peruse it : while it keeps  
The figure it now has, entire and perfect,  
She is not only innocent in fact,  
But unattempted ; but if once it vary  
From the true form, and what a now white and red,  
Incline to yellow\*, rest most confident  
She's with all violence courted, but unconquer'd ;  
But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance  
The fort, by composition or surprise,  
Is forced or with her free consent surrender'd.

*Math.* How much you have engaged me for this  
favour

The service of my whole life shall make good.

*Bapt.* We will not part so, I'll along with you,  
And it is needful ; with the rising sun  
The armies meet ; yet, ere the fight begin,  
In spite of opposition, I will place you  
In the head of the Hungarian general's troop,  
And near his person.

*Math.* As my better angel,  
You shall direct and guide me.

*Bapt.* As we ride

I'll tell you more.

*Math.* In all things I'll obey you.

[Exeunt.]

\* But positively to foretel that shall be.] All the copies read, that this shall be, which spoils the verse, and is not, indeed, the language of the age.

† but if once it vary  
From the true form, and what's now white and red  
Incline to yellow.] It is not improbable but that these  
and similar fictions were originally derived from the rab-  
binical notion, that distant events were signified to the  
high-priest by changes in the colour of the precious stones  
which formed the Urim and Thummim.

SCENE II.—Hungary. A State-room in the Palace

Enter UBALDO and RICARDO.

*Ric.* When came the post ?

*Ubaldo.* The last night.

*Ric.* From the camp ?

*Ubaldo.* Yes, as 'tis said, and the letter writ and  
By the general, Ferdinand. [sign'd]

*Ric.* Nay, then, sans question,  
It is of moment.

*Ubaldo.* It concerns the lives  
Of two great armies.

*Ric.* Was it cheerfully

Received by the king ?

*Ubaldo.* Yes ; for being assured

The armies were in view of one another,  
Having proclaim'd a public fast and prayer  
For the good success, he despatch'd a gentleman  
Of his privy chamber to the general,  
With absolute authority from him  
To try the fortune of a day.

*Ric.* No doubt then

The general will come on, and fight it bravely.

Heaven prosper him ! This military art

I grant to be the noblest of professions ;

And yet, I thank my stars for't, I was never

Inclined to learn it ; since this bubble honour

(Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight for),  
With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my judgment,  
Too dear a purchase\*.

*Ubaldo.* Give me our court warfare :

The danger is not great in the encounter

Of a fair mistress.

*Ric.* Fair and sound together

Do very well, Ubaldo ; but such are

With difficulty to be found out ; and when they know

Their value, prized too high. By thy own report,

Thou wast at twelve a gamester, and since that,

Studied all kinds of females, from the night-trader

I' the street, with certain danger to thy pocket,

To the great lady in her cabinet ;

That spent upon thee more in cullises,

To strengthen thy weak back, than would maintain

Twelve Flanders mares, and as many running horses :

Besides apothecaries and surgeons' bills,

Paid upon all occasions, and those frequent.

*Ubaldo.* You talk, Ricardo, as if yet you were

A novice in those mysteries.

*Ric.* By no means ;

My doctor can assure the contrary :

I lose no time. I have felt the pain and pleasure,

As he that is a gamester, and plays often,

Must sometimes be a loser.

*Ubaldo.* Wherefore, then,

Do you envy me ?

*Ric.* It grows not from my want,

Nor thy abundance ; but being, as I am,

The likelier man, and of much more experience,

My good parts are my curses : there's no beauty

But yields ere it be summon'd ; and, as nature

Had sign'd me the monopoly of maidenheads,

There's none can buy it till I have made my market.

Satiety cloyes me ; as I live, I would part with

\* ——— since this bubble honour  
(Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight for),  
With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my judgment,  
Too dear a purchase.] In this passage, which has been  
hitherto most absurdly pointed, Massinger, as Coxeter  
observes, had Shakspeare in his thoughts, and principally  
Falstaff's humorous catechism.

Half my estate, nay, travel o'er the world,  
To find that only phoenix in my search,  
That could hold out against me.

*Ubold.* Be not rapt so;  
You may spare that labour. As she is a woman,  
What think you of the queen?

*Ric.* I dare not aim at  
The petticoat royal, that is still excepted:  
Yet, were she not my king's, being the abstract  
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman,  
To write her in my catalogue, having enjoy'd her,  
I would venture my neck to a halter—but we talk of  
Impossibilities: as she hath a beauty  
Would make old Nestor young; such majesty  
Draws forth a sword of terror to defend it,  
As would fright Paris, though the queen of love  
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.

*Ubold.* Have you observed  
The gravity of her language mix'd with sweetness?  
*Ric.* Then at what distance she reserves herself  
When the king himself makes his approaches to  
her.

*Ubold.* As she were still a virgin, and his life  
But one continued wooing.

*Ric.* She well knows  
Her worth, and values it.

*Ubold.* And so far the king is  
Indulgent to her humours, that he forbears  
The duty of a husband, but when she calls for't.

*Ric.* All his imaginations and thoughts  
Are buried in her; the loud noise of war  
Cannot awake him.

*Ubold.* At this very instant,  
When both his life and crown are at the stake,  
He only studies her content, and when  
She's pleased to shew herself, music and masks  
Are with all care and cost provided for her.

*Ric.* This night she promised to appear.

*Ubold.* You may  
Believe it by the diligence of the king,  
As if he were her harbinger.

*Enter LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, and Attendants, with  
perfumes.*

*Ladis.* These rooms  
Are not perfumed, as we directed.

*Eubu.* Not, sir!

[smoke]  
I know not what you would have; I am sure the  
Cost treble the price of the whole week's provision  
Spent in your majesty's kitchens.

*Ladis.* How I scorn  
Thy gross comparison! When my<sup>\*</sup> Honoria,  
The amazement of the present time, and envy  
Of all succeeding ages, does descend  
To sanctify a place, and in her presence  
Makes it a temple to me, can I be  
Too curious, much less prodigal, to receive her?  
But that the splendour of her beams of beauty  
Hath struck thee blind—

*Eubu.* As dotage hath done you.

*Ladis.* Dotage! O blasphemy! is it in me  
To serve her to her merit? Is she not  
The daughter of a king?

*Eubu.* And you the son  
Of ours I take it; by what privilege else

<sup>\*</sup> When my Honoria.] Mr. M. Mason omits *my*; I know not whether by inadvertence or design; but it injures the metre.

Do you reign over us; for my part I know not  
Where the disparity lies.

*Ladis.* Her birth, old man  
(Old in the kingdom's service, which protects thee),  
Is the least grace in her: and though her beauties  
Might make the Thunderer a rival for her,  
They are but superficial ornaments,  
And faintly speak her: from her heavenly mind,  
Were all antiquity and fiction lost,  
Our modern poets could not in their fancy,  
But fashion a Minerva far transcending  
The imagined one whom Homer only dreamt of.  
But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubulus<sup>\*</sup>!  
And though she knows one glance from her fair eyes  
Must make all gazers her idolaters,  
She is so sparing of their influence,  
That, to shun superstition in others,  
She shoots her powerful beams only at me.  
And can I, then, whom she desires to hold  
Her kingly captive above all the world,  
Whose nations and empires, if she pleased,  
She might command as slaves, but gladly pay  
The humble tribute of my love and service,  
Nay, if I said of adoration, to her,  
I did not err?

*Eubu.* Well, since you hug your fetters,  
In love's name wear them! You are a king, and that  
Concludes you wisest, your will, a powerful reason:  
Which we, that are foolish subjects, must not argue.  
And what in a mean man I should call folly,  
Is in your majesty remarkable wisdom:  
But for me, I subscribe.

*Ladis.* Do, and look up,  
Upon this wonder.

*Loud music.* *Enter HONORIA in state, under a Canopy;*  
*her train borne up by SYLVIA and ACANTHE.*

*Ric.* Wonder! It is more, sir,

*Ubold.* A rapture, an astonishment.

*Ric.* What think you, sir?

*Eubu.* As the king thinks, that is the surest guard  
We courtiers ever lie at. Was prince ever  
So drown'd in dotage? Without spectacles  
I can see a handsome woman, and she is so:  
But yet to admiration look not on her.  
Heaven, how he fawns! and, as it were his duty,  
With what assured gravity she receives it!  
Her hand again! O she at length vouchsafes  
Her lip, and as he had suck'd nectar from it,  
How he's exalted! Women in their natures  
Affect command; but this humility  
In a husband and a king marks her the way  
To absolute tyranny. [The king seats her on his  
throne.] So! Juno's placed  
In Jove's tribunal; and, like Mercury  
(Forgetting his own greatness), he attends

<sup>\*</sup> But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubulus!] Our old writers were very lax in their use of foreign names, Massinger was a scholar, yet he pronounces Eubulus much as Shakespeare would have done it.

<sup>†</sup> You are a king, and that concludes you wisest: &c.] Massinger appears to me to have several sly thrusts, in various parts of his works, at the slavish doctrines maintained by most of the celebrated writers of his time:—

“be it one poet's praise,  
That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways,  
That flattery even to kings he held a shame,  
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.”

<sup>‡</sup> Eubu. As the king thinks, that is the surest guard  
We courtiers ever lie at.] i. e. the surest posture of defence. “Thou knowest,” says Falstaff, “my old sword; thus I lay.” Guard and ward are the same word.

For her employments. She prepares to speak ;  
What oracles shall we hear now ?

*Hon.* That you please, sir,  
With such assurances of love and favour,  
To grace your handmaid, but in being yours, sir,  
A matchless queen, and one that knows herself so,  
Binds me in retribution to deserve  
The grace conferr'd upon me.

*Ladis.* You transcend  
In all things excellent ; and it is my glory,  
Your worth weigh'd truly, to depose myself  
From absolute command, surrendering up  
My will and faculties to your dispose :  
And here I vow, not for a day or year,  
But my whole life, which I wish long to serve you,  
That whatsoever I in justice may  
Exact from these my subjects, you from me  
May boldly challenge : and when you require it,  
In sign of my subjection, as your vassal,  
Thus I will pay my homage.

*Hon.* O forbear, sir !  
Let not my lips envy my robe ; on them  
Print your allegiance often : I desire  
No other fealty.

*Ladis.* Gracious sovereign !  
Boundless in bounty !

*Eubu.* Is not here fine fooling !  
He's, questionless, bewitch'd. Would I were gelt,  
So that would disenchant him ! though I forfeit  
My life for't, I must speak. By your good leave,  
sir—

I have no suit to you, nor can you grant one,  
Having no power : you are like me, a subject,  
Her more than serene majesty being present.  
And I must tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,  
Having deposed yourself, to keep your hat on,  
And not stand bare, as we do, being no king,  
But a fellow-subject with us. Gentlemen ushers,  
It does belong to your place, see it reform'd ;  
He has given away his crown, and cannot challenge  
The privilege of his bonnet.

*Ladis.* Do not tempt me. [example ?]

*Eubu.* Tempt you ! in what ? in following your  
If you are angry, question me hereafter,  
As Ladislaus should do Eubulus,  
On equal terms. You were of late my sovereign  
But weary of it, I now bend my knee  
To her divinity, and desire a boon  
From her more than magnificence.

*Hon.* Take it freely. [him.]  
Nay, be not moved ; for our mirth's sake let us hear  
*Eubu.* 'Tis but to ask a question : Have you  
ne'er read ?

The story of Semiramis and Ninus ?

*Hon.* Not as I remember.

*Eubu.* I will then instruct you,  
And 'tis to the purpose : This Ninus was a king,  
And such an impotent loving king as this was,  
But now he's none ; this Ninus (pray you observe  
me)

Doted on this Semiramis, a smith's wife  
(I must confess, there the comparison holds not,  
You are a king's daughter, yet, under your correc-  
tion,  
Like her a woman) ; this Assyrian monarch,  
Of whom this is a pattern, to express  
His love and service, seated her, as you are,  
In his regal throne, and bound by oath his nobles,  
Forgetting all allegiance to himself,  
One day to be her subjects, and to put

In execution whatever she [him]  
Pleased to impose upon them :—pray you command  
To minister the like to us, and then  
You shall hear what follow'd.

*Ladis.* Well, sir, to your story, [know  
*Eubu.* You have no warrant, stand by ; let me  
Your pleasure, goddess.

*Hon.* Let this nod assure you. [idol !  
*Eubu.* Goddess-like, indeed ! as I live, a pretty  
She knowing her power, wisely made use of it ;  
And fearing his inconstancy, and repentance  
Of what he had granted (as, in reason, madam,  
You may do his), that he might never have  
Power to recal his grant, or question her  
For her short government, instantly gave order  
To have his head struck off.

*Ladis.* Is't possible ? [dom  
*Eubu.* The story says so, and commends her wis-  
For making use of her authority.

And it is worth your imitation, madam :  
He loves subjection, and you are no queen,  
Unless you make him feel the weight of it,  
You are more than all the world to him, and that  
He may be so\* to you, and not seek change  
When his delights are sated, mew him up  
In some close prison (if you let him live,  
Which is no policy), and there diet him  
As you think fit, to feed your appetite ;  
Since there ends his ambition.

*Ubald.* Devilish counsel !

*Ric.* The king's amazed.

*Ubald.* The queen appears, too, full  
Of deep imaginations ; Eubulus  
Hath put both to it.

*Ric.* Now she seems resolved :  
I long to know the issue.

[Honorias descends from the throne.]

*Hon.* Give me leave,  
Dear sir, to reprehend you for appearing  
Perplex'd with what this old man, out of envy  
Of your unequal'd graces, shower'd upon me,  
Hath, in his fabulous story, saucily  
Applied to me. Sir, that you only nourish  
One doubt Honorias dares abuse the power  
With which she is invested by your favour ;  
Or that she ever can make use of it  
To the injury of you, the great bestower,  
Takes from your judgment. It was your delight  
To seek to me with more obsequiousness  
Than I desired : and stood it with my duty  
Not to receive what you were pleased to offer ?  
I do but act the part you put upon me,  
And though you make me personate a queen,  
And you my subject, when the play, your pleasure,  
Is at a period, I am what I was  
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,  
And you my royal sovereign.

\* You are more than all the world to him, and that  
He may be foe to you,] This is the reading of all the old  
copies, but most certainly false. It ought to be  
and that

He may be so to you. COXETER.  
When it is considered that the old way of spelling so was  
foe, and that the f is frequently mistaken for an s, we  
shall not be inclined to think extraordinarily highly of the  
editor's sagacity, notwithstanding it is set off by a capit. l  
letter, which is not to be found in the original. But now  
steps in Mr. M. Mason, and, having the scent of an amend-  
ment, pronounces so to be nonsense ! and proposes to read  
(nay, actually prints), true, which, saith he, " is evidently  
the right word." All this thrashing for chaff !

Ric. Admirable!

[dangers

Hon. I have heard of captains taken more with  
Than the rewards; and if, in your approaches  
To those delights which are your own and freely,  
To heighten your desire, you make the passage  
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you,  
Or blame your fondness? or can that swell me  
Beyond my just proportion?

Ubal. Above wonder!

[ness.

Ladis. Heaven make me thankful for such good-

Hon. Now sir,

The state I took to satisfy your pleasure,  
I change to this humility; and the oath  
You made to me of homage, I thus cancel,  
And seat you in your own.

[Leads the king to the throne.

Ladis. I am transported  
Beyond myself.

Hon. And now to your wise lordship:  
Am I proved a Semiramis? or hath  
My Ninus, as maliciously you made him,  
Cause to repent the excess of favour to me,  
Which you call dotage?

Ladis. Answer, wretch.

Eubu. I dare, sir,  
And say, however the event may plead  
In your defence, you had guilty cause;  
Nor was it wisdom in you I repeat it,  
To teach a lady humble in herself,  
With the ridiculous dotage of a lover,  
To be ambitious.

Hon. Eubulus, I am so;  
'Tis rooted in me; you mistake my temper.  
I do profess myself to be the most  
Ambitious of my sex, but not to hold  
Command over my lord such a proud torrent  
Would sink me in my wishes not that I  
Am ignorant how much I can deserve,  
And may with justice challenge.

Eubu. This I look'd for  
After this seeming humble ebb, I knew  
A gushing tide would follow.

Hon. By my birth,  
And liberal gifts of nature, as of fortune,  
From you, as things beneath me, I expect  
What's due to majesty, in which I am  
A sharer with your sovereign.

Eubu. Good again!

Hon. And as I am most eminent in place,  
In all my actions I would appear so.

Ladis. You need not fear a rival.

Hon. I hope not;  
And till I find one, I disdain to know  
What envy is.

Ladis. You are above it, madam.

Hon. For beauty without art, discourse, and free\*

\* For beauty without art, discourse, and free, &c.] These  
last words are improperly arranged, we should read,

For beauty without art, and discourse free from affectation. M. Mason.

I know not how much Mr. M. Mason had read of his

From affectation, with what graces else  
Can in the wife and daughter of a king  
Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself, as—

Eubu. I

Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own praises!  
This spoken by the people had been heard  
With honour to you. Does the court afford  
No oil-tongued parasite, that you are forced  
To be your own gross flatterer?

Ladis. Be dumb,

Thou spirit of contradiction!

Hon. The wolf

But barks against the moon, and I condemn it.

The mask you promised [A horn sounded within.

Ladis. Let them enter.

Enter a COURIER.

How!

Eubu. Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for.

Ladis. From the camp?

Cour. The general, victorious in your fortune,  
Kisses your hand in this, sir. [Delivers a letter.

Ladis. That great Power,  
Who at his pleasure does dispose of battles,  
Be ever praised for't! Read, sweet, and partake it:  
The Turk is vanquish'd, and with little loss  
Upon our part, in which our joy is doubled.

Eubu. But let it not exalt you bear it, sir,  
With moderation and pay what you owe for't.

Ladis. understand thee, Eubulus. I'll not now  
Enquire particulars.—[Exit Courier.]—Our delights  
deferred,

With reverence to the temples; there we'll tender  
Our souls' devotions to His dread might,  
Who edged our swords, and taught us how to fight.  
[Exeunt.

author when he wrote this note; but must take leave to  
think, that his acquaintance with him was exceedingly  
superficial. The mode of expression, which he would  
change into tame prose by his arrangement, is so frequent  
in Massinger, as to form one of the characteristics of his  
style. It is not, indeed, unknown to, or unused by any of  
his contemporaries: but in none of them are the recurrences  
of it so frequent.

\* Eubu. I

Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own praises!] Dods-  
ley reads,

As I

Blush for you, lady, trumpet not your own praises.

Coxter and Mr. M. Mason:

As I

Blush for you, lady, trumpet your own praises—

And explain it to me—that—“she herself having lost all  
sense of shame, he undertakes to blush for her; and there-  
fore ironically bids her proceed.”

I like neither of these readings. Dodsley's is very tame;  
and Coxter's at variance with what follows. The old  
copy is therefore restored thus:

Eubu. As I

Blush for you lady, trumpet your own praises!

Which leads me to suspect that the queen was interrupted  
by the impudence of Eubulus; upon that idea I have regu-  
lated the text. This is by far the greatest liberty I have  
yet taken with my author.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. A Room in Mathias' House.

*Enter HILARIO and CORISCA.**Hil.* You like my speech?*Coris.* Yes, if you give it action  
In the delivery.*Hil.* If! I pity you. [time,  
I have play'd the fool before; this is not the first  
Nor shall be, I hope, the last.*Coris.* Nay, I think so too.*Hil.* And if I put her not out of her dumps with  
I'll make her howl for anger. [laughter,*Coris.* Not too muchOf that, good fellow Hilario: our sad lady  
Hath drank too often of that bitter cup;  
A pleasant one must restore her. With what patience  
Would she endure to hear of the death of my lord;  
That, merely out of doubt he may miscarry,  
Afflicts herself thus?*Hil.* Umph? 'tis a question  
A widow only can resolve. There be some  
That in their husbands' sicknesses\* have wept  
Their pottle of tears a day; but being once certain  
At midnight he was dead, have in the morning  
Dried up their handkerchiefs, and thought no more  
on't. [row*Coris.* Tush, she is none of that race; if her sor-  
Be not true and perfect, I against my sex  
Will take my oath woman ne'er wept in earnest.  
She has made herself a prisoner to her chamber,  
Dark as a dungeon, in which no beam  
Of comfort enters. She admits no visits;  
Eats little, and her nightly music is  
Of sighs and groans, tuned to such harmony  
Of feeling grief, that I, against my nature,  
Am made one of the consort. This hour only  
She takes the air, a custom every day  
She solemnly observes, with greedy hopes,  
From some that pass by, to receive assurance  
Of the success and safety of her lord.  
Now, if that your device will take—*Hil.* Ne'er fear it:  
I am provided cap-à-pié, and have  
My properties in readiness.*Soph.* [within.] Bring my veil, there.*Coris.* Be gone, I hear her coming.*Hil.* If I do not  
Appear, and, what's more, appear perfect, hiss me.  
[Exit.*Enter SOPHIA.**Soph.* I was flatter'd once, I was a star, but now  
Turn'd a prodigious meteor, and, like one,  
Hang in the air between my hopes and fears;  
And every hour, the little stuff burnt out  
That yields a waning light to dying comfort,\* *That in their husbands' sicknesses have wept!* So the  
quarto: the modern editors read,*That in their husband's sickness have wept*  
which utterly destroys the metre. In the next speech,  
for—woman ne'er wept, Mr. M. Mason gives us women  
ne'er wept! and thus he stumbles and blunders on through  
the whole work.† *Am made one of the consort.* Here, as every where  
else, Mr. M. Mason discharges the genuine word for concert.  
See *The Fatal Downy*.

I do expect my fall, and certain ruin.

In wretched things more wretched is delay;  
And Hope, a parasite to me, being unmask'd,  
Appears more horrid than Despair, and my  
Distraction worse than madness. Even my prayers,  
When with most zeal sent upward, are pull'd down  
With strong imaginary doubts and fears,  
And in their sudden precipice o'erwhelm me.  
Dreams and fantastic visions walk the round\*  
About my widow'd bed, and every slumber's  
Broken with loud alarms: can these be then  
But sad presages, girl?*Coris.* You make them so,  
And antedate a loss shall ne'er fall on you.  
Such pure affection, such mutual love,  
A bed, and undefiled on either part,  
A house without contention, in two bodies  
One will and soul, like to the rod of concord,  
Kissing each other, cannot be short-lived,  
Or end in barrenness.—If all these, dear madam  
(Sweet in your sadness), should produce no fruit,  
Or leave the age no models of yourselves,  
To witness to posterity what you were;  
Succeeding times, frighted with the example,  
But hearing of your story, would instruct  
Their fairest issue to meet sensually,  
Like other creatures, and forbear to raise  
True Love, or Hymen, altars.*Soph.* O Corisca,  
I know thy reasons are like to thy wishes;  
And they are built upon a weak foundation,  
To raise me comfort. Ten long days are past,  
Ten long days, my Corisca, since my lord  
Embark'd himself upon a sea of danger,  
In his dear care of me. And if his life  
Had not been shipwreck'd on the rock of war,  
His tenderness of me (knowing how much  
I languish for his absence) had provided  
Some trusty friend, from whom I might receive  
Assurance of his safety.*Coris.* Ill news, madam, [crutches:  
Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on  
With patience expect it, and, ere long,  
No doubt you shall hear from him.

[Horn blown.

*Soph.* Ha! What's that?*Coris.* The fool has got a sowgelder's horn. A post,  
As I take it, madam.*Soph.* It makes this way still;  
Nearer and nearer.*Coris.* From the camp, I hope.*Enter one disguised as a Courier, with a horn; fol-  
lowed by HILARIO, in antic armour, with long white  
hair and beard.*

[armour,

*Soph.* The messenger appears, and in strange  
Heaven! if it be thy will—*Hil.* It is no boot  
To strive; our horses tired, let's walk on foot:\* *Dreams and fantastic visions walk the round!* For  
the round, Coxeter would read, *their round*; but he did  
not understand the phrase. To "walk the round" was  
technical, and meant to watch, in which sense it often  
occurs in Massinger, and other writers of his age.

And that the castle, which is very near us,  
To give us entertainment, may soon hear us,  
Blow lustily, my lad, and drawing nigh-a\*,  
Ask for a lady which is cleped Sophia.

Coris. He names you, madam.

Hil. For to her I bring.

Thus clad in arms, news of a pretty thing,  
By name Mathias.

[Exit Courier.]

Soph. From my lord? O sir

I am Sophia, that Mathias' wife.

So may Mars favour you in all your battles,

As you with speed unload me of the burthen

I labour under, till I am confirm'd

Both where and how you left him!

Hil. If thou art,

As I believe, the pigney of his heart,

Know he's in health, and what's more, full of glee;

And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

Soph. Have you no letters from him?

Hil. No more words.

In the camp we use no pens, but write with swords;

Yet as I am enjoin'd, by word of mouth

I will proclaim his deeds from north to south;

But tremble not, while I relate the wonder

Though my eyes like lightning shine, and my voice

thunder.

Soph. This is some counterfeit braggart.

Coris. Hear him, madam.

Hil. The rear march'd first, which follow'd by

the van,

And wing'd with the battalia, no man

Durst stay to shift a shirt, or louse himself;

Yet, ere the armies join'd, that hopeful elf,

Thy dear, thy dainty duckling, bold Mathias,

Advanced, and stared like Hercules or Goliath.

A hundred thousand Turks, it is no vaunt,

Assail'd him; every one a Termagant:

But what did he then, with his keen-edge spear

He cut and carbonated them: here and there

Lay legs and arms; and, as 'tis said trulies

Of Bevis, some he quarter'd all in three.

Soph. This is ridiculous.

Hil. I must take breath;

Then like a nightingale, I'll sing his death.

Soph. His death!

Hil. I am out.

Coris. Recover, dunder-head.

[died;

Hil. How he escaped, I should have sung, not

For, though a knight, when I said so, I lied.

Weary he was, and scarce could stand upright,

And looking round for some courageous knight

To rescue him, as one perplex'd in woe,

He call'd to me, help, help, Hilario!

My valiant servant, help!

\* Blow lustily my lad, and drawing nigh-a, Ask for a lady which is cleped Sophia.] Coxeter took the *a from nigh-a*, and Mr. M. Mason, not to behind hand in the business of improvement, reduced *Sophia* to *Sophy*. He then observes with great self complacency, "this emendation" (emendation!) "is evidently right; as all the rest of this ridiculous speech is in rhyme, we should without doubt read *Sophy* instead of *Sophia*!" After all this confidence, the old copy reads precisely as I have given it.

† Hil. No more words! Here is another "emendation!" The editors read; No, mere words. But Hilario alludes to what he had just said—"so much I was will'd to say to thee—and therefore question me no further." The contradiction which follows, makes the humour, if it may be so styled, of this absurd interlude.

‡ And wing'd with the battalia.] Mr. M. Mason reads *battalion*; a needless surcrease of nonsense: by *battalia* our old writers meant what we now call the main body of the army.

Coris. He has spoil'd all.

[bold

Soph. Are you the man of arms, then? I'll make

To take off your martial beard, you had fool's hair

Enough without it. Slave! how durst thou make

Thy sport of what concerns me more than life,

In such an antic fashion? Am I grown

Contemptible to those I feed? you, minion,

Had a hand in it too, as it appears,

Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior\*.

Coris. We did it for your mirth.

Hil. For myself, I hope,

I have spoke like a soldier.

Soph. Hence, you rascal!

I never but with reverence name my lord,

And can I hear it by thy tongue profaned,

And not correct thy folly? but you are [course,

Transform'd and turn'd knight-errant; take your

And wander where you please; for here I vow

By my lord's life (an oath I will not break),

Till his return, or certainty of his safety,

My doors are shut against thee.

[Exit

Coris. You have made

A fine piece of work on't! How do you like the

quality?

You had a foolish itch to be an actor,

And may stroll where you please.

Hil. Will you buy my share?

Coris. No, certainly; I fear I have already

Too much of mine own: I'll only, as a damsel

(As the books say†), thus far help to disarm you;

And so, dear Don Quixote, taking my leave,

I leave you to your fortune.

[Exit.

Hil. Have I sweat

My brains out for this quaint and rare invention,

And am I thus rewarded? I could turn

Tragedian and roar now, but that I fear

'Twould get me too great a stomach, having no meat

To pacify colon§: What will become of me?

I cannot beg in armour, and steal I dare not:

My end must be to stand in a corn field,

And fright away the crows, for bread and cheese;

Or find some hollow tree in the highway,

And there, until my lord return, sell switches:

No more Hilario, but Dolorio now,

I'll weep my eyes out, and be blind of purpose

To move compassion; and so I vanish.

[Exit.

# SCENE II.—Hungary. An Ante-room in the Palace.

Enter EUBULUS, UBALDO, RICARDO, and others.

Eubu. Are the gentlemen sent before, as it was

By the king's direction, to entertain [order'd.

The general?

Ric. Long since; they by this have met him,

And given him the bienvenu.

\* Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior.] Bases seem to be some kind of quilted and ornamental covering for the thighs. It appears to have made a part of the military dress of the time:

† Per. Now by your furtherance I am clad in steel

Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided

Of a pair of bases.

Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best

gown to make thee a pair.—*Pericles*, Act II. sc. 1.

‡ How do you like the quality? i. e. the profession of playing. See *The Roman Actor*. In the last line of this speech, the editors have unnecessarily inserted *now* before stroll.

§ As the books say.] i. e. the books of knight-errantry, which were then much read. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have—As the book says!

¶ To pacify colon:] i. e. the cravings of hunger.—See *The Unnatural Combat*, Act I. sc. 1.

*Eubu.* I hope I need not  
Instruct you in your parts.

*Ubal.* How! us, my lord!  
Fear not; we know our distances and degrees  
To the very inch where we are to salute him.

*Ric.* The state were miserable if the court had  
Of her own breed, familiar with all garbs [none  
Gracious in England, Italy, Spain, or France;  
With form and punctuality to receive  
Stranger ambassadors: for the general  
He's a mere native, and it matters not  
Which way we do accost him.

*Ubal.* 'Tis great pity  
That such as sit at the helm provide no better  
For the training up of the gentry. In my judgment  
An academy erected, with large pensions  
To such as in a table could set down  
The congees, cringes, postures, methods, phrase,  
Proper to every nation—

*Ric.* O, it were  
An admirable piece of work!

*Ubal.* And yet rich fools  
Throw away their charity on hospitals  
For beggars and lame soldiers, and ne'er study  
The due regard to compliment and courtship,  
Matters of more import, and are indeed  
The glories of a monarchy.

*Eubu.* These, no doubt,  
Are state points, gallants, I confess; but sure,  
Our court needs no aids this way, since it is\*  
A school of nothing else. There are some of you  
Whom I forbear to name, whose coining heads  
Are the mints of all new fashions, that have done  
More hurt to the kingdom by superfluous bravery†,  
Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war,  
Or a long famine; all the treasure, by  
This foul excess, is got into the merchant,  
Embroiderer, silkman, jeweller, tailor's hand,  
And the third part of the land too, the nobility  
Engrossing titles only.

*Ric.* My lord, you are bitter. [A trumpet.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The general is alighted, and now enter'd.

*Ric.* Were he ten generals, I am prepared,  
And know what I will do.

*Eub.* Pray you what, Ricardo?

*Ric.* I'll fight at compliment with him.

*Ubal.* I'll charge home too. [off well.

*Eub.* And that's a desperate service; if you come  
*Enter FERDINAND, MATTHIAS, BAPTISTA, and Captains.*

*Ferd.* Captain, command the officers to keep  
The soldier, as he march'd in rank and file,  
Till they hear further from me. [Exit Captains.

*Eubu.* Here's one speaks  
In another key; this is no canting language  
Taught in your academy.

*Ferd.* Nay, I will present you  
To the king myself.

*Math.* A grace beyond my merit.

*Ferd.* You undervalue what I cannot set  
Too high a price on.

*Eubu.* With a friend's true heart,  
I gratulate your return.

*Ferd.* Next to the favour  
Of the great king, I am happy in your friendship.  
*Ubal.* By courtship, coarse on both sides!

*Ferd.* Pray you, receive  
This stranger to your knowledge; on my credit,  
At all parts he serves it.

*Eubu.* Your report  
Is a strong assurance to me. Sir, most welcome.  
*Math.* This said by you the reverence of your age  
Commands me to believe it.

*Ric.* This was pretty;  
But second me now.—I cannot stoop too low  
To do your excellence that due observance  
Your fortune claims.

*Eubu.* He ne'er thinks on his virtue!  
*Ric.* For being, as you are, the soul of soldiers,  
And bulwark of Bellona—

*Ubal.* The protection  
Both of the court and king—  
*Ric.* And the sole minion  
Of mighty Mars—

*Ubal.* One that with justice may  
Increase the number of the worthies—

*Eubu.* Heyday!  
*Ric.* It being impossible in my arms to circle  
Such giant worth—

*Ubal.* At distance we presume  
To kiss your honour'd gauntlet.

*Eubu.* What reply now  
Can he make to this foppery?

*Ferd.* You have said,  
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little,  
That, till I learn to speak, and you to do,  
I must take time to thank you.

*Eubu.* As I live,  
Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops gape now!

*Ric.* This was harsh and scurvy.

*Ubal.* We will be revenged  
When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at him.

*Eubu.* Nay, do your offices, gentlemen, and con-  
The general to the presence. [duct

*Ric.* Keep your order.  
*Ubal.* Make way for the general.

[Exit all but Eubulus]

*Eubu.* What wise man,  
That, with judicious eyes, looks on a soldier,  
But must confess that fortune's swing is more  
O'er that profession, than all kinds else  
Of life pursued by man? They, in a state,  
Are but as surgeons to wounded men,  
E'en desperate in their hopes; while pain and anguish  
Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for death:  
Their wives and children kiss the surgeon's knees,  
Promise him mountains, if his saving hand  
Restore the tortured wretch to former strength.  
But when grim death, by Æsculapius' art,  
Is frighted from the house, and health appears  
In sanguine colours on the sick man's face,  
All is forgot; and, asking his reward,  
He's paid with curses, often receives wounds  
From him whose wounds he cured. I have observed,  
When horrid Mars\*, the touch of whose rough hand

\* Our court needs no aids this way, since it is &c.] Mr. M. Mason, in defiance of authority and of grammar, reads: Our courts need no aids this way since it &c. indeed, he hath printed the whole of this speech very carelessly, and pointed it still more so.

by superfluous bravery] i. e. as I have already observed, fiery, costliness of apparel, &c.

\* From him whose wounds he cured. I have observed, When horrid Mars, &c.] There is both an imperfection and a redundancy in this speech, as it stands in the old edition, which reads,

From him whose wounds he cured, so soldiers,  
Though of more worth and use, meet the same fate  
As it is too apparent. I have observed

With palsies shakes a kingdom, hath put on  
His dreadful helmet, and with terror fills  
The place where he, like an unwelcome guest,  
Resolves to revel, how the lords of her, like  
The tradesman, merchant, and litigious pleader,  
And such like scarabs, bred in the dung of peace,  
In hope of their protection, humbly offer  
Their daughters to their beds, heirs to their service,  
And wash with tears their sweat, their dust, their  
scars:

But when those clouds of war, that menaced  
A bloody deluge to the affrighted state,  
Are, by their breath, dispersed, and overblown,  
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,  
Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace \*;  
Soldiers, that, like the foolish hedge-sparrow,  
To their own ruin hatch this cuckoo peace,  
Are straight thought burthensome; since want of  
means,  
Growing from want of action, breeds contempt:  
And that, the worst of ills, falls to their lot,  
Their service, with the danger, soon forgot.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The queen, my lord, hath made choice of  
this room,  
To see the mask.

Eubu. I'll be a looker on;  
My dancing days are past.

Loud music. Enter UBALDO, RICARDO, LADISLAUS,  
FERDINAND, HONORIA, MATHIAS, SYLVIA, ACANTHE,  
BAPTISTA, Captains, and others. As they pass, a  
Song in praise of war.

Ladis. This courtesy  
To a stranger, my Honoria, keeps fair rank  
With all your rarities. After your travail,

In one hue.  
When horrid Mars, &c.

From the repetitions, I am inclined to think that this  
soliloquy (which is sufficiently long) was abridged in the  
prompter's book, and that the abridgment and the original  
were confounded, and unskillfully copied at the press. This  
is not a circumstance so improbable as it may appear to  
some readers, for I could give many instances of it. It  
should be remembered that there is but one edition of this  
play, so that the evil is without remedy. Coxeter altered  
the pointing, without improving the sense: and Mr. M.  
Mason gave the passage unfaithfully.

\* Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace;] Massinger  
is here mistaken, for Thrace is upon the continent.—  
COXETER.

Massinger probably knew as well as the editor, that part  
of Thrace was on the continent; but the Thracian archipe-  
lago, which was dedicated to Mars, is composed of islands.

M. MASON.  
It is difficult, in the words of Escalus, to say, "which is  
the wiser here, Justice or Iniquity." The contrast is not  
between a continent and an island, but between a state of  
tranquillity and one of warfare. The ancients comprehended  
under the name of Thrace much of the north-eastern part of  
Europe, the fierce inhabitants of which were supposed to  
worship Mars and Bellona; who, in return, made the  
country the peculiar place of their residence. From thence  
they are frequently described with great magnificence by  
the poets, as setting forth to kindle war, "with their pages,  
famine, blood, and death;" and thither, when peace was  
restored, they were supposed to retire again. The same  
idea, and nearly in the same words, has already occurred  
in *The Roman Actor*:

Now, the god of war  
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,  
Banish'd from Rome to Thrace, in our good fortune,  
With justice he may taste the fruits of peace.

Growing from want of action,] This is sufficiently clear;  
yet Mr. M. Mason alters it to—Growing for want of  
action

Look on our court delights; but first, from your  
Relation, with erected ears I'll hear  
The music of your war, which must be sweet,  
Ending in victory.

Ferd. Not to trouble

Your majesties with description of a battle  
Too full of horror for the place, and to  
Avoid particulars, which should I deliver,  
I must trench longer on your patience than  
My manners will give way to;—in a word, sir,  
It was well fought on both sides, and almost  
With equal fortune, it continuing doubtful  
Upon whose tents plumed Victory would take  
Her glorious stand. Impatient of delay,  
With the flower of our prime gentlemen, I charged  
Their main battalia, and with their assistance  
Broke in; but, when I was almost assured  
That they were routed; by a stratagem  
Of the subtle Turk, who opening his gross body  
And rallying up his troops on either side,  
I found myself so far engaged, for I  
Must not conceal my errors, that I knew not  
Which way with honour to come off.

Eubu. I like

A general that tells his faults, and is not  
Ambitious to engross unto himself  
All honour, as some have, in which, with justice,  
They could not claim a share.

Ferd. Being thus hemm'd in,  
Their scimitars rag'd among us; and, my horse  
Kill'd under me, I every minute look'd for  
An honourable end, and that was all  
My hope could fashion to me: circled thus  
With death and horror, as one sent from heaven,  
This man of men, with some choice horse, that follow'd  
His brave example, did pursue the track  
His sword cut for them, and, but that I see him  
Already blush to hear what he, being present,  
I know would wish unspeak'd, I should say, sir,  
By what he did, we boldly may believe  
All that is writ of Hector.

Math. General,

Pray spare these strange hyperboles.

Eubu. Do not blush

To hear a truth; here are a pair of monsieurs,  
Had they been in your place, would have run away,  
And ne'er changed countenance.

Ubaldo. We have your good word still.

Eubu. And shall, while you deserve it.

Ladis. Silence; on.

Ferd. He, as I said, like dreadful lightning thrown  
From Jupiter's shield, dispersed the armed gire  
With which I was environed; horse and man  
Shrunk under his strong arm: more, with his look  
Frighted, the valiant fled, with which encouraged,  
My soldiers (like young eaglets preying under  
The wings of their fece dam), as if from him  
They took both spirit and fire, bravely came on.  
By him I was remounted, and inspired  
With treble courage; and such as fled before  
Boldly made head again; and, to confirm them,  
It suddenly was apparent, that the fortune  
Of the day was ours; each soldier and commander  
Perform'd his part; but this was the great wheel;

\* — more, with his looks, &c.] i. e. yet  
more, farther, &c.

† — but this was the great wheel, &c.)  
This is the third or fourth time we have had this expression.  
It is certainly no felony for a man to steal from himself,  
but it is nevertheless a very awkward way of relieving his

By which the lesser moved ; and all rewards  
And signs of honour, as the civic garland,  
The mural wreath, the enemy's prime horse,  
With the general's sword, and armour (the old honours

With which the Romans crown'd their several leaders),  
To him alone are proper.

*Ladis.* And they shall  
Deservedly fall on him. Sit ; 'tis our pleasure.

*Ferd.* Which I must serve, not argue.  
*Hon.* You are a stranger,  
But, in your service for the king, a native,  
And, though a free queen, I am bound in duty  
To cherish virtue wheresoe'er I find it :  
This place is yours.

*Math.* It were presumption in me  
To sit so near you.

*Hon.* Not having our warrant.  
*Ladis.* Let the maskers enter : by the preparation,  
'Tis a French brawl, an apish imitation  
Of what you really perform in battle :  
And Pallas, bound up in a little volume,  
Apollo, with his lute, attending on her,  
Serve for the induction.

*Enter Maskers, APOLLO with his lute, and PALLAS :  
A Dance ; after which a Song\* in praise of the victorious soldier.*

Our thanks to all.

To the banquet that's prepared to entertain them :  
[*Exeunt Maskers, Apollo, and Pallas.*

What would my best Honoria ?

*Hon.* May it please  
My king, that I, who, by his suffrage, ever  
Have had power to command, may now entreat  
An honour from him.

*Ladis.* Why should you desire  
What is your own : whate'er it be, you are  
The mistress of it.

*Hon.* I am happy in  
Your grant : my suit, sir, is, that your commanders,  
Especially this stranger, may, as I  
In my discretion shall think good, receive  
What's due to their deserts.

*Ladis.* What you determine  
Shall know no alteration.

*Eubu.* The soldier  
Is like to have good usage, when he depends  
Upon her pleasure ! Are all the men so bad,  
That, to give satisfaction we must have  
A woman treasurer ? Heaven help all !

*Hon.* With you, sir, [To *Mathias*.

necessities. It is surprising how seldom these repetitions occur in Shakespeare. When we consider how much he wrote, the exuberance of his resources will appear truly wonderful.

Massinger seems to be indebted to Daniel for the original idea :

For this great motion of a state, we see,  
Both turne on many wheels ; and some, though small,  
Do yet the greater move, who in degree  
Sitte those who likewise turne the great'at of all."

*Philotas.*  
• I don't think Massinger excels in writing songs ; there are none to be found in these plays that have any degree of merit, and few that are even intelligible.—M. Mason.

This song, which is evidently incomplete, I have removed to the end of the play. From the stage direction, it would seem as if the care of these things had been left to the prompter. Just before we have "a song in praise of war," and, in the following act, another, "on pleasure."

I will begin, and, as in my esteem  
You are most eminent, expect to have  
What's fit for me to give, and you to take,  
The favour in the quick dispatch being double,  
Go fetch my casket, and with speed.

[*Erit Acanthe.*

*Eubu.* The kingdom  
Is very bare of money, when rewards  
Issue from the queen's jewel-house. Give him gold  
And store\*, no question the gentleman wants it.  
Good madam, what shall he do with a hoop ring,  
And a spark of diamond in it, though you take it,

*Re-enter ACANTHE with a Casket.*

For the greater honour, from your majesty's finger ?  
'Twill not increase the value. He must purchase  
Rich suits, the gay caparison of courtship†,  
Revel and feast, which, the war ended, is  
A soldier's glory ; and 'tis fit that way  
Your bounty should provide for him.

*Hon.* You are rude,  
And by your narrow thoughts proportion mine.  
What I will do now shall be worth the envy  
Of Cleopatra. Open it ; see here

*Honoria descends from the state.*

The lapidary's idol ! Gold is trash,  
And a poor salary, fit for grooms ; wear these  
As studded stars in your armour, and make the sun  
Look dim with jealousy of a greater light  
Than his beams gild the day with when it is  
Exposed to view. call it Honoria's gift,  
The queen Honoria's gift, that loves a soldier ;  
And, to give ornament and lustre to him,  
Parts freely with her own ! Yet, not to take  
From the magnificence of the king I will  
Dispense his bounty too, but as a page  
To wait on mine ; for other tosses ‡, take  
A hundred thousand crowns :—your hand, dear  
sir,— [Takes off the king's signet.

And this shall be thy warrant.

*Eubu.* I perceive  
I was cheated in this woman : now she is  
In the giving vein to soldiers, let her be proud,  
And the king dote, so she go on, I care not.

\* *And store.* Give him gold, This expression, which is taken from an old ballad, frequently occurs in these plays.

† *He must purchase Rich suits, the gay comparison of courtship.* So it is printed in the old copy : the modern editors have reformed the spelling, and it may be they have done well ; yet the word occurs so frequently in our old dramatists, that I have many doubts on the subject.

In *The Double Falshood*, a play which Theobald attributed to Shakespeare, but which Pope, and his little knot of Critics, (without seeing the honour they did him), affected to believe his own, are these pretty lines :—

"I must stoop to gain her,  
— Throw all my gay comparisons aside,  
And turn my proud additions out of service."

Comparisons they changed, with great exultation over poor Theobald, into *caparisons* ; but had they known, or could he have informed them, that the word was so spelt by every author of that age, it might, perhaps, have moderated the excess of their triumph. *Courtship*, which is found in the same line, signifies the cost and magnificence of a court.

— for other tosses, take, &c.] Meaning, perhaps, in the slight manner in which she notices this part of her bounty, for trash to fling away. Coxeter having negligently printed *losses*, observes on his own blunder, "this, I am apt to think should be, for other uses take," and nothing more was wanted to induce Mr. M. Mason to thrust it into the text !

*Hon.* This done, our pleasure is, that all arrears  
ages\*

Be paid unto the captains, and their troops;  
With a large donative, to increase their zeal  
For the service of the kingdom.

*Tabu.* Better still:

Let men of arms be used thus, if they do not  
Charge desperately upon the cannon's mouth's,  
Though the devil roar'd, and fight like dragons,  
hang me!

Now they may drink sack; but small beer with a  
passport

To beg with as they travel, and no money,  
Turns their red blood to buttermilk.

*Hon.* Are you pleased, sir,

With what I have done

*Ladis.* Yea, and thus confirm it

With this addition of mine own: You have, sir,  
From our loved queen received some recompense  
For your life hazarded in the late action;  
And, that we may follow her great example  
In cherishing valour, without limit ask  
What you from us can wish.

*Math.* If it be true,

Dread sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every soil,  
Where he is well, is to a valiant man  
His natural country, reason may assure me  
I should fix here, where blessings beyond hope,  
From you, the spring, like rivers, flow unto me.  
If wealth were my ambition, by the queen  
I am made rich already, to the amazement  
Of all that see, or shall hereafter read  
The story of her bounty; if to spend  
The remnant of my life in deeds of arms,  
No region is more fertile of good knights,  
From whom my knowledge that way may be bet-  
ter'd,

Than this your warlike Hungary; if favour,  
Or grace in court could take me, by your grant,  
Far, far beyond my merit, I may make  
In yours a free election; but, alas! sir,  
I am not mine own, but by my destiny  
(Which I cannot resist) forced to prefer  
My country's smoke, before the glorious fire  
With which your bounties warm me. All I ask, sir,  
Though I cannot be ignorant it must relish  
Of foul ingratitude, is your gracious license  
For my departure.

*Ladis.* Whither?

*Math.* To my own home, sir,

My own poor home; which will, at my return,  
Grow rich by your magnificence. I am here  
But a body without a soul; and, till I find it  
In the embraces of my constant wife,  
And, to set off that constancy, in her beauty  
And matchless excellencies without a rival,  
I am but half myself.

*Hon.* And is she then

So chaste and fair as you infer?

*Math.* O, madam,

Though it must argue weakness in a rich man,  
To show his gold before an armed thief,  
And I, in praising of my wife, but feed  
The fire of lust in others to attempt her;  
Such is my full-sail'd confidence in her virtue,  
Though in my absence she were now besieged

By a strong army of lascivious wooers,  
And every one more expert in his art,  
Than those that tempted chaste Penelope;  
Though they raised batteries by prodigal gifts,  
By amorous letters, vows made for her service,  
With all the engines wanton appetite  
Could mount to shake the fortress of her honour,  
Here, here is my assurance she holds out,

[Kisses the picture.]

And is impregnable.

*Hon.* What's that?

*Math.* Her fair figure.

*Ladis.* As I live, an excellent face!

*Hon.* You have seen a better.

*Ladis.* I ever except yours\*:—nay, frown not,  
sweetest,

The Cyprian queen, compared to you, in my  
Opinion, is a negro. As you order'd,  
I'll see the soldiers paid; and, in my absence,  
Pray you use your powerful arguments, to stay  
This gentleman in our service.

*Hon.* I will do

My parts.

*Ladis.* On to the camp.

[Exeunt *Ladislaus*, *Ferdinand*, *Eubulus*,  
*Baptista*, *Captains*, and *others*.]

*Hon.* I am full of thoughts,  
And something there is here I must give form to,  
Though yet an embryo: you, signiors,  
Have no business with the soldier, as I take it,  
You are for other warfare; quit the place,  
But be within call.

*Mic.* Employment, on my life, boy!

*Ubal.* If it lie in our road, we are made for ever.

[Exeunt *Ubaldo* and *Ricardo*.]

*Hon.* You may perceive the king is no way tainted  
With the disease of jealousy, since he leaves me  
Thus private with you.

*Math.* It were in him, madam,

A sin unpardonable to distrust such pureness,  
Though I were an Adonis.

*Hon.* I presume

He neither does nor dares: and yet the story  
Delivered of you by the general,  
With your heroic courage, which sinks deeply  
Into a knowing woman's heart, besides  
Your promising presence, might beget some scruple  
In a meaner man; but more of this hereafter.  
I'll take another theme now, and conjure you  
By the honours you have won, and by the love  
Sacred to your dear wife, to answer truly  
To what I shall demand.

*Math.* You need not use

Charms to this purpose, madam.

*Hon.* Tell me, then,

Being yourself assured 'tis not in man  
To sully with one spot th' immaculate whiteness  
Of your wife's honour, if you have not, since  
The Gordian of your love was tied by marriage,  
I'd lay'd false with her?

*Math.* By the hopes of mercy, never.

*Hon.* It may be, not frequenting the converse  
Of handsome ladies, you were never tempted,  
And so your faith's untried yet.

\* *Ladis.* I ever except yours:—nay, frown not, sweetest. This line stands thus in the modern editions:

*Ladis.* I! ne'er, except yours; nay, frown not, sweetest; which is the perfection of taste and harmony: the old copy reads as I have given it.

\* ———— that all arrearsages! This word, I know not why, the modern editors discard for *arrears*.

*Math.* Surely, madam,  
I am no woman-hater; I have been  
Received to the society of the best  
And fairest of our climate, and have met with  
No common entertainment, yet ne'er felt  
The least heat that way.

*Hon.* Strange! and do you think still,  
The earth can show no beauty that can drench  
In Lethe all remembrance of the favour  
You now bear to your own?

*Math.* Nature must find out  
Some other mould to fashion a new creature  
Fairer than her Pandora, ere I prove  
Guilty, or in my wishes or my thoughts,  
To my Sophia.

*Hon.* Sir, consider better;

Not one in our whole sex?

*Math.* I am constant to  
My resolution.

*Hon.* But dare you stand  
The opposition, and bind yourself  
By oath for the performance?

*Math.* My faith else  
Had but a weak foundation.

*Hon.* I take hold  
Upon your promise, and enjoin your stay  
For one month here.

*Math.* I am caught.

*Hon.* And if I do not  
Produce a lady, in that time, that shall  
Make you confess your error, I submit  
Myself to any penalty you shall please  
To impose upon me: in the mean space, write  
To your chaste wife, acquaint her with your fortune:  
The jewels that were mine you may send to her,

For better confirmation: I'll provide you  
Of trusty messengers; but how far distant is she?

*Math.* A day's hard riding.

*Hon.* There is no retiring;  
I'll bind you to your word.

*Math.* Well, since there is  
No way to shun it, I will stand the hazard,  
And instantly make ready my dispatch:  
Till then, I'll leave your majesty. [Exit.

*Hon.* How I burst  
With envy, that there lives, besides myself,  
One fair and loyal woman! 'twas the end  
Of my ambition to be recorded  
The only wonder of the age, and shall I  
Give way to a competitor? Nay, more,  
To add to my affliction, the assurances  
That I placed in my beauty have deceived me:  
I thought one amorous glance of mine could bring  
All hearts to my subjection; but this stranger  
Unmoved as rocks, contemns me. But I cannot  
Sit down so with mine honour: I will gain  
A double victory, by working him  
To my desire, and taint her in her honour,  
Or lose myself: I have read, that sometime poison  
Is useful.—To supplant her, I'll employ  
With any cost, Ubaldo and Ricardo,  
Two noted courtiers, of approved cunning  
In all the windings of lust's labyrinth;  
And in corrupting him, I will outgo  
Nero's Poppæa; if he shut his ears  
Against my syren notes, I'll boldly swear  
Ulysses lives again; or that I have found  
A frozen cynic\*, cold in spite of all  
Allurements; one whom beauty cannot move,  
Nor softest blandishments entice to love. [Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Space near the Entrance  
of Mathias' House.*

*Enter HILARIO, with a pitcher of water and a wallet.*

*Hil.* Thin, thin provision! I am dieted  
Like one set to watch hawks; and, to keep me  
waking,

My croaking guts make a perpetual larum.  
Here I stand centinel; and, though I fright  
Beggars from my lady's gate, in hope to have  
A greater share, I find my commons mend not.  
I look'd this morning in my glass, the river,  
And there appear'd a fish call'd a poor John\*,  
Cut with a lenten face, in my own likeness;  
And it seem'd to speak, and say, Good-morrow,  
cousin!

No man comes this way but has a fling at me:  
A surgeon passing by, ask'd at what rate  
I would sell myself; I answer'd, For what use?  
To make, said he, a living anatomy,  
And set thee up in our hall, for thou art transparent  
Without dissection; and, indeed, he had reason

For I am scour'd with this poor purge to nothing.  
They say that hunger dwells in the camp; but till  
My lord returns, or certain tidings of him,  
He will not part with me:—but sorrow's dry,  
And I must drink howsoever.

*Enter UBALDO, RICARDO, and a Guide.*

*Guide.* That's her castle.  
Upon my certain knowledge.

*Ubaldo.* Our horses held out

To my desire. I am afire to be at it.

*Ric.* Take the jades for thy reward: before I  
part hence,

\* ———— or that I have found  
A frozen cynic, &c.] I doubt whether the queen was well  
read in the characteristics of the different sects. The cynics  
wanted little allurements; the modestest of them would have  
met her advances more than half way: but perhaps her ma-  
jesty meant to say *stolid*. This lady is of a most unamiable  
character. Her vanity, which she mistakes for ambition, is  
excessive; and her eagerness to gratify it, detestable in the  
extreme. She is chaste from temperament, but licentious  
from indulgence.

† For I am scour'd with this poor purge to nothing.] So  
the old copies; the modern editors read, *with this poor por-  
ridge*: but whether out of delicacy, or to improve the metre,  
I cannot say.

\* ———— a fish call'd a poor John,]  
i. e. dried hake. It occurs in *The Guardian*:  
"Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John."

I hope to be better carried. Give me the cabinet :  
So ; leave us now.

*Guide.* Good fortune to you, gallants ! [Exit.

*Ubaldo.* Being joint agents, in a design of trust too,  
For the service of the queen, and our own pleasure,  
Let us proceed with judgment.

*Ric.* If I take not  
This fort at the first assault, make me an eunuch,  
So I may have precedence.

*Ubaldo.* On no terms.  
We are both to play one prize ; he that works best  
In the searching of this mine, shall carry it  
Without contention.

*Ric.* Make you your approaches  
As I directed.

*Ubaldo.* I need no instruction ;  
I work not on your anvil. I'll give fire  
With mine own linstock ; if the powder be dank,  
The devil rend the touch-hole ! Who have we here ?  
What skeleton's this ?

*Ric.* A ghost ! or the image of famine !  
Where dost thou dwell ?

*Hil.* Dwell, sir ! my dwelling is  
In the highway : that goodly house was once  
My habitation, but I am banish'd,  
And cannot be call'd home till news arrive  
Of the good knight Mathias.

*Ric.* If that will  
Restore thee, thou art safe.

*Ubaldo.* We come from him,  
With presents to his lady.

*Hil.* But, are you sure  
He is in health ?

*Ric.* Never so well : conduct us  
To the lady.

*Hil.* Though a poor snake, I will leap  
Out of my skin for joy. Break, pitcher, break !  
And wallet, late my cupboard, I bequeath thee  
To the next beggar ; thou, red herring, swim  
To the Red Sea again : methinks I am already  
Knuckle deep in the fleshpots ; and, though waking,  
dream

Of wine and plenty !

*Ric.* What's the mystery  
Of this strange passion ?

*Hil.* My belly, gentlemen,  
Will not give me leave to tell you ; when I have  
brought you

To my lady's presence, I am disenchanted :  
There you shall know all. Follow ; if I outstrip you,  
Know I run for my belly.

*Ubaldo.* A mad fellow.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE II.—A Room in Mathias' House.

Enter SOPHIA and CORISCA.

*Soph.* Do not again delude me.

*Coris.* If I do,

Send me a grazing with my fellow Hilario\*.  
I stood, as you commanded, in the turret,  
Observing all that pass'd by ; and even now  
I did discern a pair of cavaliers,

\* Send me a grazing with my fellow Hilario,] i. e. my fellow-servant. Even this simple expression cannot escape the ever-meddling delicacy of Mr. M. Mason : he alters it to—my friend Hilario !

For such their outside spoke them, with their guide,  
Dismounting from their horses ; they said something  
To our hungry centinel, that made him caper  
And frisk in the air for joy : and, to confirm this,  
See, madam, they're in view.

Enter HILARIO, UBALDO, and RICARDO.

*Hil.* News from my lord !  
Tidings of joy ! these are no counterfeits,  
But knights indeed. Dear madam, sign my pardon,  
That I may feed again, and pick up my crumbs ;  
I have had a long fast of it.

*Soph.* Eat, I forgive thee.

*Hil.* O comfortable words ! Eat, I forgive thee !  
And if in this I do not soon obey you,  
And ram in to the purpose, billet me again  
In the highway. Butler and cook, be ready,  
For I enter like a tyrant. [Exit.

*Ubaldo.* Since mine eyes  
Were never happy in so sweet an object,  
Without inquiry, I presume you are  
The lady of the house, and so salute you\*.

*Ric.* This letter, with these jewels, from your lord,  
Warrant my boldness, madam.

[Delivers a letter and a casket.

*Ubaldo.* In being a servant  
To such rare beauty, you must needs deserve  
This courtesy from a stranger. [Salutes Corisca.

*Ric.* You are still  
Beforehand with me. Pretty one, I descend  
To take the height of your lip ; and, if I miss  
In the altitude, hereafter, if you please,  
I will make use of my Jacob's staff. [Salutes Corisca.

*Coris.* These gentlemen  
Have certainly had good breeding, as it appears  
By their neat kissing, they hit me so pat on the lips  
At the first sight.

[In the interim, Sophia reads the letter, and  
opens the casket.

*Soph.* Heaven, in thy mercy, make me  
Thy thankful handmaid for this boundless blessing.  
In thy goodness shower'd upon me !

*Ubaldo.* I do not like  
This simple devotion in her ; it is seldom  
Practised among my mistresses.

*Ric.* Or mine.  
Would they kneel to I know not who, for the posses-  
sion

Of such inestimable wealth, before  
They thank'd the bringers of it ? the poor lady  
Does want instruction, but I'll be her tutor,  
And read her another lesson.

*Soph.* If I have  
Shown want of manners, gentlemen, in my slowness  
To pay the thanks I owe you for your travail,  
To do my lord and me, howe'er unworthy  
Of such a benefit, this noble favour,  
Impute it, in your clemency, to the excess  
Of joy that overwhelm'd me.

*Ric.* She speaks well.

*Ubaldo.* Polite and courtly.

\* The lady of the house, and so salute you.] i. e. as such : Mr. M. Mason, not satisfied with this, reforms the text, and prints—and do salute you. The reader cannot be more weary of these eternal corrections, than myself. I lament that it is necessary, for both our sakes, to notice a certain portion of them in this way (all is impossible), lest I should be suspected of capriciously deviating from the text of my predecessors.

*Soph.* And howe'er it may  
Increase the offence, to trouble you with more  
Demands touching my lord, before I have  
Invited you to taste such as the coarseness  
Of my poor house can offer; pray you connive  
On my weak tenderness, though I entreat  
To learn from you something he hath, it may be,  
In his letter left unmention'd.

*Ric.* I can only  
Give you assurance that he is in health,  
Graced by the king and queen.

*Ubal.* And in the court  
With admiration look'd on.

*Ric.* You must therefore  
Put off these widow's garments, and appear  
Like to yourself.

*Ubal.* And entertain all pleasures  
Your fortune marks out for you.

*Ric.* There are other  
Particular privacies, which on occasion  
I will deliver to you.

*Soph.* You oblige me  
To your service ever.

*Ric.* Good! *your service*; mark that.

*Soph.* In the mean time, by your good acceptance  
make

My rustic entertainment relish of  
The curiousness of the court.

*Ubal.* Your looks, sweet madam,  
Cannot but make each dish a feast.

*Soph.* It shall be  
Such, in the freedom of my will to please you.  
I'll shew you the way; this is too great an honour,  
From such brave guests, to me so mean an hostess.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Hungary. *An Outer Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter ACANTHE, and four or five Servants in visors\*.*

*Acan.* You know your charge; give it action, and  
expect

Rewards beyond your hopes.

1 *Serv.* If we but eye them,  
They are ours I warrant you.

2 *Serv.* May we not ask why  
We are put upon this?

*Acan.* Let that stop your mouth;  
[*Gives them money.*]  
And learn more manners, groom. 'Tis upon the hour  
In which they use to walk here: when you have them  
In your power, with violence carry them to the place  
Where I appointed; there I will expect you:  
Be bold and careful. [*Exit.*]

*Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.*

1 *Serv.* These are they.

2 *Serv.* Are you sure?

1 *Serv.* Am I sure I am myself?

2 *Serv.* Seize on him strongly; if he have but means  
To draw his sword, 'tis ten to one we smart for't:  
Take all advantages.

\**Enter ACANTHE, and four or five Servants in visors.*  
The old stage direction is, *Enter Acante, two, four or five  
with vizards*; i. e. such a number as the stage could con-  
veniently supply. The editors not seeing this, have printed,  
*Enter Acante to four or five, &c.* but this is wrong, for they  
all appear together.

*Math.* I cannot guess  
What her intents are; but her carriage was  
As I but now related.

*Bapt.* Your assurance  
In the constancy of your lady is the armour  
That must defend you. Where's the picture?

*Math.* Here,  
And no way alter'd.

*Bapt.* If she be not perfect,  
There is no truth in art.

*Math.* By this, I hope,  
She hath received my letters.

*Bapt.* Without question:  
These courtiers are rank riders, when they are  
To visit a handsome lady.

*Math.* Lend me your ear.  
One piece of her entertainment will require  
Your dearest privacy.

1 *Serv.* Now they stand fair;  
Upon them. [*They rush forward.*]

*Math.* Villains!

1 *Serv.* Stop their mouths. We come not  
To try your valours; kill him if he offer  
To ope his mouth. We have you: 'tis in vain  
To make resistance. Mount them and away.

[*Exeunt with Mathias and Baptista.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery in the same.*

*Enter Servants with lights, LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, and  
EUBULUS.*

*Ladis.* 'Tis late. Go to your rest; but do not envy  
The happiness I draw near to.

*Eubu.* If you enjoy it  
The moderate way, the sport yields, I confess,  
A pretty titillation; but too much of't  
Will bring you on your knees. In my younger days  
I was myself a gamester; and I found  
By sad experience, there is no such soaker  
As a young spongy wife: she keeps a thousand  
Horse-leeches in her box, and the thieves will suck out  
Both blood and marrow! I feel a kind of cramp  
In my joints when I think on't: but it may be

queens,  
And such a queen as yours is, has the art——

*Ferd.* You take leave

To talk, my lord.

*Ladis.* He may, since he can do nothing.

*Eubu.* If you spend this way too much of your  
royal stock,  
Ere long we may be puefellows.

*Ladis.* The door shut!  
Knock gently; harder. So here comes her woman.  
Take off my gown.

*Enter ACANTHE.*

*Acan.* My lord, the queen by me  
This night desires your pardon.

*Ladis.* How, Acante!  
I come by her appointment; 'twas her grant;  
The motion was her own.

*Acan.* It may be, sir;  
But by her doctors she is since advised,  
For her health's sake, to forbear.

*Eubu.* I do not like  
This physical lechery, the old downright way  
Is worth a thousand on't.

*Ladis.* Prithce, Acante,  
Mediate for me.

*Eubu.* O the fiends of hell!

Would any man bribe his servant, to make way  
To his own wife? if this be the court state,  
Shame fall on such as use it!

*Acan.* By this jewel,  
This night I dare not move her, but to-morrow  
I will watch all occasions.

*Ladis.* Take this,  
To be mindful of me. [Exit *Acanthe*.

*Eubu.* 'Slight, I thought a king  
Might have ta'en up any woman at the king's price.  
And must he buy his own, at a dearer rate  
Than a stranger in a brothel?

*Ladis.* What is that  
You mutter, sir?

*Eubu.* No treason to your honour:  
I'll speak it out, though it anger you; if you pay for  
Your lawful pleasure in some kind, great sir,  
What do you make the queen? cannot you clicket  
Without a fee, or when she has a suit  
For you to grant?

*Ferd.* O hold, sir!

*Ladis.* On' with his head!

*Eubu.* Do, when you please; you but blow out  
a taper [of't  
That would light your understanding, and, in care  
Is burnt down to the socket. Be as you are, sir,  
An absolute monarch: it did show more king-like  
In those libidinous Cæsars, that compell'd  
Matrons and virgins of all ranks to bow  
Unto their ravenous lusts; and did admit  
Of more excuse than I can urge for you,  
That slave yourself to the imperious humour  
Of a proud beauty.

*Ladis.* Out of my sight!

*Eubu.* I will, sir,

Give way to your furious passion; but when reason  
Hath got the better of it, I much hope  
The counsel that offends now will deserve  
Your royal thanks. Tranquillity of mind  
Stay with you, sir!—I do begin to doubt [than  
There's something more in the queen's strangeness  
Is yet disclosed; and I will find it out,  
Or lose myself in the search. [Exit.

*Ferd.* Sure he is honest,  
And from your infancy hath truly served you:  
Let that plead for him; and impute this harshness  
To the forwardness of his age.

*Ladis.* I am much troubled,  
And do begin to stagger. Ferdinand, good night!  
To-morrow visit us. Back to our own lodgings.  
[Exit.

#### SCENE V.—Another Room in the same.

Enter ACANTHE and the visored Servants, with MATHIAS  
and BAPTISTA blindfolded.

*Acan.* You have done bravely. Lock this in that  
room,

There let him ruminate; I'll anon unhood him:  
[They carry off *Baptista*.

The other must stay here. As soon as I  
Have quit the place, give him the liberty  
And use of his eyes; that done, disperse yourselves  
As privately as you can: but, on your lives,  
No word of what hath pass'd. [Exit.

1 *Serv.* If I do, sell  
My tongue to a tripe-wife. Come, unbind his arms:  
You are now at your own disposal; and however

We used you roughly, I hope you will find here  
Such entertainment as will give you cause  
To thank us for the service: and so I leave you\*.  
[Exit.

*Math.* If I am in prison, 'tis a neat one.  
What *Œdipus* can resolve this riddle? Ha!  
I never gave just cause to any man  
Basely to plot against my life:—but what is  
Become of my true friend? for him I suffer  
More than myself.

*Acan.* [wi hin.] Remove that idle fear;  
He's safe as you are.

*Math.* Whosoe'er thou art,  
For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine  
Where I should be: though I have read the tales  
Of errant-knighthood, stuff'd with the relations  
Of magical enchantments; yet I am not  
So sottishly credulous to believe the devil  
Hath that way power. [Music above.] Ha! music!

The blushing rose, and purple flower,  
Let grow too long, are soonest blasted;  
Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour,  
And rot in ripeness, left untasted.  
Yet here is one more sweeter than these:  
The more you taste the more she'll please.

Beauty that's enclosed with ice,  
Is a shadow chaste as rare;  
Then how much those sweets entice,  
That have issue full as fair!  
Earth cannot yield from all her powers  
One equal for dame *Venus'* bowerst.

A song too! certainly, be it he or she  
That owes this voice, it hath not been acquainted  
With much affliction. Whosoe'er you are  
That do inhabit here, if you have bodies,  
And are not mere aerial forms, appear,

Enter HONORLA, masked.

And make me know your end with me. Most strange!  
What have I conjured up? sure, if this be  
A spirit, it is no damn'd one. What a shape's here!  
Then, with what majesty it moves! If *Juno*  
Were now to keep her state among the gods,  
And *Hercules* to be made again her guest,  
She could not put on a more glorious habit,  
Though her handmaid, *Iris*, lent her various colours,  
Or old *Oceannus* ravish'd from the deep  
All jewels shipwreck'd in it. As you have  
Thus far made known yourself, if that your face  
Have not too much divinity about it  
For mortal eyes to gaze on, perfect what  
You have begun, with wonder and amazement

\* ——— and so I leave you.] Thus the quarto:  
the modern editors, but less properly, and so we leave you.

† This song puts me in mind of Swift's love-song,  
"Cupid, spread thy purple pinions,  
Sweetly waving o'er my head," —&c.  
and seems to have as little meaning in it.—*M. Mason*.  
Truly there is "no great matter in the song," as the  
*Clown* says: yet it is not altogether so devoid of meaning  
as that which *Mr. M. Mason* has quoted with such laudable  
correctness; nor absolutely foreign to the design in agitation.  
In the first line of the second stanza, the editors read  
though for that's; the word is misprinted in the quarto, and  
I have been reduced to guess at it. The stage direction here  
is, *Music above, a song of pleasure*: from which it seems  
that no song was originally provided by the author. Indeed,  
it is a doubt with me, whether most of these things were  
not supplied by the poet in waiting.

To my astonish'd senses. [*Honoria unmask.*] How!  
the queen! [*Kneels.*]

*Hon.* Rise, sir, and hear my reasons, in defence  
Of the rape (for so you may conceive) which I,  
By my instruments, made upon you. You, perhaps,  
May think what you have suffer'd for my lust  
Is a common practice with me; but I call  
Those ever-shining lamps, and their great Maker,  
As witnesses of my innocence: I ne'er look'd on  
A man but your best self, on whom I ever  
(Except the king) vouchsafed an eye of favour.

*Math.* The king, indeed, and only such a king,  
Deserves your rarities, madam; and, but he,  
'Twere giant-like ambition in any  
In his wishes only, to presume to taste  
The nectar of your kisses; or to feed  
His appetite with that ambrosia, due  
And proper to a prince; and, what binds more,  
A lawful husband. For myself, great queen,  
I am a thing obscure, disfigure'd of  
All merit, that can raise me higher than,  
In my most humble thankfulness for your bounty,  
To hazard my life for you; and that way  
I am most ambitious.

*Hon.* I desire no more  
Than what you promise. If you dare expose  
Your life, as you profess, to do me service,  
How can it better be employ'd than in  
Preserving mine? which only you can do,  
And must do, with the danger of your own;  
A desperate danger too! If private men  
Can brook no rivals in what they affect,  
But to the death pursue such as invade  
What law makes their inheritance; the king,  
To whom you know I am dearer than his crown,  
His health, his eyes, his after hopes, with all  
His present blessings, must fall on that man,  
Like dreadful lightning, that is won by prayers,  
Threats, or rewards, to stain his bed, or make  
His hoped-for issue doubtful.

*Math.* If you aim  
At what I more than fear you do, the reasons  
Which you deliver should, in judgment, rather  
Deter me, than invite a grant, with my  
Assured ruin.

*Hon.* True; if that you were  
Of a cold temper, one whom doubt, or fear,  
In the most horrid forms they could put on,  
Might teach to be ingrateful. Your denial  
To me, that have deserved so much, is more,  
If it can have addition.

*Math.* I know not  
What your commands are.

*Hon.* Have you fought so well  
Among arm'd men, yet cannot guess what lists  
You are to enter, when you are in private  
With a willing lady: one, that, to enjoy  
Your company this night, denied the king  
Access to what's his own? If you will press me  
To speak in plainer language—

*Math.* Pray you, forbear;  
I would I did not understand too much!  
Already, by your words, I am instructed  
To credit that, which, not confirm'd by you,  
Had bred suspicion in me of untruth,  
Though an angel had affirm'd it. But suppose  
That, cloy'd with happiness, which is ever built  
On virtuous chastity, in the wantonness  
Of appetite, you desire to make trial  
Of the false delights proposed by vicious lust;

Among ten thousand, every way more able  
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you  
Obedience, being your subjects, why should you  
Make choice of me a stranger?

*Hon.* Though yet reason  
Was ne'er admitted in the court of love,  
I'll yield you one unanswerable. As I urged,  
In our last private\* conference, you have  
A pretty promising presence; but there are  
Many, in limbs and feature, who may take,  
That way, the right-hand file of you: besides,  
Your May of youth is past, and the blood spent  
By wounds, though bravely taken, renders you  
Disabled for love's service: and that valour  
Set off with better fortune, which, it may be,  
Swells you above your bounds, is not the hook  
That hath caught me, good sir. I need no champion  
With his sword, to guard my honour or my beauty;  
In both I can defend myself, and live  
My own protection.

*Math.* If these advocates,  
The best that can plead for me, have no power,  
What can you find in me else, that may tempt you,  
With irrecoverable loss unto yourself,  
To be a gainer from me!

*Hon.* You have, sir,  
A jewel of such matchless worth and lustre,  
As does disdain comparison, and darkens  
All that is rare in other men; and that  
I must or win or lessen.

*Math.* You heap more  
Amazement on me: What am I possess'd of  
That you can covet? make me understand it,  
If it have a name.

*Hon.* Yes, an imagined one;  
But is, in substance, nothing; being a garment  
Worn out of fashion, and long since given o'er  
By the court and country: 'tis your loyalty  
And constancy to your wife; 'tis that I dote on,  
And does deserve my envy: and that jewel,  
Or by fair play or foul, I must win from you.

*Math.* These are mere contraries. If you love  
me, madam,

For my constancy, why seek you to destroy it?  
In my keeping it preserve me worth your favour.  
Or, if it be a jewel of that value,  
As you with labour'd rhetoric would persuade me,  
What can you stake against it?

*Hon.* A queen's fame,  
And equal honour.

*Math.* So, whoever wins,  
Both shall be losers.

\* In our last private conference, you have.] Mr M.  
Mason omits *private*, though absolutely necessary to the  
measure.

and the blood spent  
By wounds, &c.] We have already had this conceit in  
*The Parliament of Love*:

"Though honour'd in our manly wounds, well taken,  
You say they do deform us, and the loss  
Of much blood that way, renders us unfit  
To please you in your chambers."

Act I. sc. 5.  
† In my keeping it preserve me worth your favour.] So  
the old copy, and surely rightly: "If you love me for my  
constancy, why do you seek to destroy it? Why not rather,  
in allowing me to keep it, suffer me to remain a proper  
object of your kindness?" This seems to be the drift of the  
argument. Coxeter not adverting to this, reads,

In my keeping it preserves me worth your favour!  
And Mr. M. Mason, improving upon him, alters *In* to *If*,  
removes the point, and runs the line into the next sentence:  
If my keeping, it preserves me worth your favour,  
Or, if it be, &c.

But where is Massinger all this while?

Hon. That is that\* I aim at.  
Yet on the die I lay my youth, my beauty,  
This moist palm, this soft lip, and those delights  
Darkness should only judge of. Do you find them  
Infectious in the trial, that you start,  
As frighted with their touch?

Math. Is it in man  
To resist such strong temptations?

Hon. He begins

To waver.

Math. Madam, as you are gracious,  
Grant this short night's deliberation to me;  
And, with the rising sun, from me you shall  
Receive full satisfaction.

Hon. Though extremes  
Hate all delay, I will deny you nothing;  
This key will bring you to your friend; you are  
safe both;

And all things useful that could be prepared  
For one I love and honour, wait upon you.  
Take counsel of your pillow, such a fortune  
As with affection's swiftest wings flies to you,  
Will not be often tender'd. [Exit.]

Math. How my blood  
Rebels! I now could call her back—and yet  
There's something stays me: if the king had ten-  
der'd

Such favours to my wife, 'tis to be doubted  
They had not been refused: but, being a man,  
I should not yield first, or prove an example  
For her defence of frailty. By this, sans question,  
She's tempted too; and here I may examine

[Looks on the picture.]  
How she holds out. She's still the same, the same  
Pure crystal rock of chastity. Perish all  
Allurements that may alter me! The snow  
Of her sweet coldness hath extinguish'd quite  
The fire that but even now began to flame:  
And I by her confirm'd,—rewards nor titles,  
Nor certain death from the refused queen,  
Shall shake my faith; since I resolve to be  
Loyal to her, as she is true to me. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—Bohemia. A Room in Mathias'  
House.

Enter UBALDO and RICARDO.

Ubaldo. What we speak on the voley† begins to  
work,

We have laid a good foundation.

Ric. Build it up,  
Or else 'tis nothing: you have by lot the honour  
Of the first assault, but, as it is condition'd,  
Observe the time proportion'd: I'll not part with  
My share in the achievement: when I whistle,  
Or hem, full off.

\* Hon. *That is that I aim at.* Every where the modern editors labour to destroy all traces of the phraseology of Massinger's age. They read, *That is what I aim at.*

† SCENE VI. Mr. M. Mason, deserting his old guide, does not make this a new scene; though the change of place is from the palace of Ladislaus to the distant residence of Sophia!

Ubaldo. *What we speak on the voley.* A literal translation of the French phrase *à-la-voix*, which signifies *at random*, or *inconsiderately*.—M. Mason.

Thus in *The New Inn*.

"— you must not give credit  
To all that ladies publicly profess,  
Or talk o' the voley unto their servants.

Enter SOPHIA.

Ubaldo. She comes. Stand by, I'll watch  
My opportunity. [They walk aside.]

Soph. I find myself  
Strongly distracted with the various stories,  
Now well, now ill, then doubtfully, by my guests  
Deliver'd of my lord; and, like poor beggars  
That in their dreams find treasure, by reflection  
Of a wounded fancy, make it questionable  
Whether they sleep or not; yet, tickled with  
Such a fantastic hope of happiness,  
Wish they may never wake. In some such measure  
Incredulous of what I see and touch,  
As 'twere a fading apparition, I  
Am still perplex'd, and troubled; and when most  
Confirm'd 'tis true, a curious jealousy  
To be assured, by what means, and from whom  
Such a mass of wealth was first deserved, then  
gotten,

Cunningly steals into me. I have practised,  
For my certain resolution, with these courtiers,  
Promising private conference to either,  
And, at this hour: if in search of the truth,  
I hear, or say, more than becomes my virtue,  
Forgive me, my Mathias.

Ubaldo. Now I make in.— [Comes forward.]  
Madam, as you command, I attend  
Your pleasure.

Soph. I must thank you for the favour.  
Ubaldo. I am no ghostly father; yet if you have  
Some scruples touching your lord, you would be  
resolved of,  
I am prepared.

Soph. But will you take your oath,  
To answer truly?

Ubaldo. On the hem of your smock, if you please,  
A vow I dare not break, it being a book  
I would gladly swear on.

Soph. To spare, sir, that trouble,  
I'll take your word, which, in a gentleman,  
Should be of equal value. Is my lord, then,  
In such grace with the queen?

Ubaldo. You should best know  
By what you have found from him, whether he can  
Deserve\* a grace or no.

Soph. What grace do you mean?

Ubaldo. That special grace, if you will have it, he  
Labour'd so hard for between a pair of sheets,  
Upon your wedding night, when your ladyship  
Lost you know what.

Soph. Fie! be more modest,  
Or I must leave you.

Ubaldo. I would tell a truth  
As cleanly as I could, and yet the subject  
Makes me run out a little.

Soph. You would put, now,  
A foolish jealousy in my head, my lord  
Hath gotten a new mistress.

Ubaldo. One! a hundred;  
But under seal I speak it: I presume  
Upon your silence, it being for your profit.  
They talk of Hercules' fifty in a night,  
'Twas well; but yet to yours he was a piddler;  
Such a soldier and a courtier never came

\* *Deserve a grace or no.* The article is omitted by both the editors, though the metre is imperfect without it.

† *They talk, &c.* I have omitted two words, which appear evidently interpolated, as they destroy at once the construction and the measure.

To Alba\* regalis; the ladies run mad for him,  
And there is such contention among them,  
Who shall engross him wholly, that the like  
Was never heard of

*Soph.* Are they handsome women?

*Ubaldo.* Fie! no; coarse mamnets, and what's  
worse, they are old too,

Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay dear for't,  
Believing that he carries a powder in his breeches  
Will make them young again; and these suck  
shrewdly,

*Ric.* [whistles.] Sir, I must fetch you off.

*Ubaldo.* I could tell you wonders  
Of the cures he has done, but a business of import  
Calls me away; but, that dispatch'd, I will  
Be with you presently. [Walks aside.]

*Soph.* There is something more  
In this than bare suspicion.

*Ric.* [comes forward] save you, lady;  
Now you look like yourself! I have not look'd on  
A lady more complete, yet have seen a madam  
Wear a garment of this fashion, of the same stuff too,  
One just of your dimensions: sat the wind there,  
boy!

*Soph.* What lady, sir?

*Ric.* Nay, nothing; and methinks  
I should know this ruby: very good! 'tis the same.  
This chain of orient pearl, and this diamond too,  
Have been worn before; but much good may they  
do you!

Strength to the gentleman's back! he toil'd hard for  
them

Before he got them.

*Soph.* Why, how were they gotten?

*Ric.* Not in the field with his sword, upon my life,  
He may thank his close stiletto†.—[*Ubaldo* *hems.*]—  
Plague upon it!

Run the minutes so fast?—Pray you excuse my  
manners;

I left a letter in my chamber window,  
Which I would not have seen on any terms; fie on it,  
Forgetful as I am! but I'll straight attend you.  
[Walks aside.]

*Soph.* This is strange. His letters said these  
jewels were  
Presented him by the queen, as a reward  
For his good service, and the trunks of clothes  
That followed them this last night, with haste  
made up  
By his direction.

*Ubaldo.* [comes forward] I was telling you  
Of wonders, madam.

*Soph.* If you are so skilful,  
Without premeditation answer me;  
Know you this gown, and these rich jewels?

*Ubaldo.* Heaven,  
How things will come out! But that I should  
offend you,

And wrong my more than noble friend your husband,  
(For we are sworn brothers), in the discovery  
Of his nearest secrets, I could—

*Soph.* By the hope of favour  
That you have from me, out with it.

\* To Alba regalis;] Mr. M. Mason reads *Aula regalis*.  
Why this change should be thought necessary, I cannot tell;  
Alba regalis was no uncommon expression at the time; and,  
indeed, it is used, by more than one writer, for the English  
court.

† He may thank his close stiletto.] So the old copy.  
Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *his close stillet* too!

*Ubaldo.* 'Tis a potent spell

I cannot resist; why I will tell you, madam,  
And to how many several women you're  
Beholding for your bravery. This was  
The wedding gown of Paulina, a rich strumpet,  
Worn but a day, when she married old Gonzaga,  
And left off trading.

*Soph.* O my heart!

*Ubaldo.* This chain  
Of pearl was a great widow's, that invited  
Your lord to a mask, and the weather proving foul,  
He lodged in her house all night, and merry they  
were;

But how he came by it, I know not.

*Soph.* Perjured man!

*Ubaldo.* This ring was Julietta's, a fine piece,  
But very good at the sport: this diamond  
Was madam Acanthe's, given him for a song  
Prick'd in a private arbour, as she said,  
When the queen ask'd for't; and she heard him  
sing too,

And danced to his hornpipe, or there are liars abroad.  
There are other toys about you the same way pur-  
chased;

But, parallel'd with these, not worth the relation.

You are happy in a husband, never man  
Made better use of his strength: would you have  
him waste

His body away for nothing? if he holds out,  
There's not an embroidered petticoat in the court  
But shall be at your service.

*Soph.* I commend him,  
It is a thriving trade; but pray you leave me  
A little to myself.

*Ubaldo.* You may command  
Your servant, madam.—[*Ubaldo* *aside*].—She's stung  
unto the quick, lad.

*Ric.* I did my part; if this potion\* work not,  
hang me!

Let her sleep as well as she can to-night, to-morrow  
We'll mount new batteries.

*Ubaldo.* And till then leave her.

[*Exeunt Ubaldo and Ricardo.*]

*Soph.* You Powers, that take into your care the  
guard

Of innocence, aid me! for I am a creature  
So forfeited to despair, hope cannot fancy  
A ransom to redeem me. I begin  
To waver in my faith, and make it doubtful,  
Whether the saints, that were canonized for  
Their holiness of life, sinn'd not in secret;  
Since my Ma hias is fallen from his virtue  
In such an open fashion. Could it be, else,  
That such a husband, so devoted to me,  
So vow'd to temperance, for lascivious hire  
Should prostitute himself to common barlots!  
Old and deform'd too! Was't for this he left me,  
And on a feign'd pretence for want of means  
To give me ornament?—or to bring home  
Diseases to me? Suppose these are false  
And lustful goats, if he were true and right,  
Why stays he so long from me, being made rich,  
And that the only reason why he left me?  
No, he is lost; and shall I wear the spoils

\* ———— [If this potion work not,] Both the  
editors omit *potion*: but, indeed, nothing can be more shame-  
fully printed than the whole of this scene, if I said the  
whole of this play, I should not wrong the truth.

And salaries of lust! they cleave unto me  
Like Nessus' poison'd shirt: no, in my rage  
I'll tear them off, and from my body wash  
The venom with my tears. Have I no spleen,  
Nor anger of a woman? shall he build  
Upon my ruins, and I, unrevenged,  
Deplore his falsehood? no; with the same trash  
For which he had dishonour'd me, I'll purchase

A just revenge: I am not yet so much  
In debt to years, nor so mis-shaped, that all  
Should fly from my embraces: Chastity,  
Thou only art a name, and I renounce thee!  
I am now a servant to voluptuousness.  
Wantons of all degrees and fashions, welcome!  
You shall be entertain'd; and, if I stray,  
Let him condemn himself, that led the way. [Exit.]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Hungary. A Room in the Palace.

Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.

Bapt. We are in a desperate strait; there's no evasion,

Nor hope left to come off, but by your yielding  
To the necessity, you must feign a grant  
To her violent passion, or —

Math. What, my Baptista?

Bapt. We are but dead else.

Math. Were the sword now heaved up,  
And my neck upon the block, I would not buy  
An hour's reprieve with the loss of faith and virtue,  
To be made immortal here. Art thou a scholar,  
Nay, almost without parallel, and yet fear  
To die, which is inevitable! You may urge  
The many years that, by the course of nature,  
We may travel in this tedious pilgrimage,  
And hold it as a blessing; as it is,  
When innocence is our guide: yet know, Baptista,  
Our virtues are prefer'd before our years,  
By the great Judge: to die untainted in  
Our fame and reputation is the greatest;  
And to lose that, can we desire to live\*?  
Or shall I, for a momentary pleasure,  
Which soon comes to a period, to all times  
Have breach of faith and perjury remembered  
In a still-living epitaph? no, Baptista,  
Since my Sophia will go to her grave  
Unspotted in her faith, I'll follow her  
With equal loyalty: — But look on this,  
Your own great work, your masterpiece, and then,  
She being still the same, teach me to alter! —  
Ha! sure I do not sleep! or, if I dream,  
This is a terrible vision! I will clear  
My eyesight; perhaps melancholy makes me  
See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent.

I grieve to look upon't: besides the yellow,  
That does assure she's tempted, there are lines  
Of a dark colour, that disperse themselves  
O'er every miniature of her face, and those  
Confirm —

Math. She is turn'd whore!

Bapt. I must not say so.

Yet, as a friend to truth, if you will have me  
Interpret it, in her consent and wishes  
She's false, but not in fact yet.

Math. Fact, Baptista!

Make not yourself a pander to her looseness,  
In labouring to palliate what a visor  
Of impudence cannot cover. Did e'er woman  
In her will decline from chastity, but found means  
To give her hot lust fuel? It is more  
Impossible in nature for gross bodies,  
Descending of themselves, to hang in the air;  
Or with my single arm to underprop  
A falling tower; nay, in its violent course  
To stop the lightning, than to stay a woman  
Hurried by two furies, lust and falsehood,  
In her full career to wickedness!

Bapt. Pray you, temper:  
The violence of your passion.

Math. In extremes  
Of this condition, can it be in man  
To use a moderation? I am thrown  
From a steep rock headlong into a gulph  
Of misery, and find myself past hope,  
In the same moment that I apprehend  
That I am falling: and this, the figure of  
My idol, few hours since, while she continued  
In her perfection, that was late a mirror,  
In which I saw miraculous shapes of duty,  
Staid manners with all excellency a husband  
Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the sudden  
Turn'd to a magical glass, and does present  
Nothing but horns and horror.

Bapt. You may yet,  
And 'tis the best foundation, build up comfort  
On your own goodness.

Math. No, that hath undone me;  
For now I hold my temperance a sin  
Worse than excess, and what was vice, a virtue.  
Have I refused a queen, and such a queen,  
Whose ravishing beauties at the first sight had  
tempted

A hermit from his beads, and changed his prayers  
To amorous sonnets, to preserve my faith  
Inviolable to thee, with the hazard of  
My death with torture, since she could inflict  
No less for my contempt; and have I met  
Such a return from thee! I will not curse thee,  
Nor, for thy falsehood, rail against the sex;  
'Tis poor, and common: I'll only, with wise men,  
Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem,  
Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come,  
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall,  
Produce one constant woman.

\* And to lose that, can we desire to live? This is from Juvenal:

Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas. Sat. VIII.

\* To give her hot lust fuel! Wantonly corrupted by the modern editors into—give her hot lust full scope! Metre and sense destroyed at a stroke!

*Bapt.* This is more  
Than the satirists wrote against them.

*Math.* There's no language  
That can express the poison of these aspicks,  
These weeping crocodiles, and all too little  
That hath been said against them. But I'll mould  
My thoughts into another form; and, if  
She can outlive the report of what I have done,  
This hand, when next she comes within my reach,  
Shall be her executioner.

*Enter HONORIA and ACANTHE.*

*Bapt.* The queen, sir.

*Hon.* Wait our command at distance:—[*Exit.*

*Acante.*—Sir, you too have  
Free liberty to depart.

*Bapt.* I know my manners,  
And thank you for the favour. [Exit.

*Hon.* Have you taken  
Good rest in your new lodgings? I expect now  
Your resolute answer; but advise maturely,  
Before I hear it.

*Math.* Let my actions, madam,  
For no words can dilate my joy, in all  
You can command, with cheerfulness to serve  
you,

Assure your highness; and, in sign of my  
Submission and contrition for my error,  
My lips, that but the last night shunn'd the touch  
Of yours as poison, taught humility now,  
Thus on your foot, and that too great an honour  
For such an undeserver, seal my duty.  
A cloudy mist of ignorance, equal to  
Cimmerian darkness, would not let me see, then,  
What now, with adoration and wonder,  
With reverence I look up to: but those fogs  
Dispersed and scatter'd by the powerful beams  
With which yourself, the sun of all perfection,  
Vouchsafe to cure my blindness; like a suppliant,  
As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg  
What you once pleased to tender.

*Hon.* This is more  
Than I could hope!—What find you so attractive  
Upon my face, in so short time to make  
This sudden metamorphosis? pray you, rise;  
I, for your late neglect, thus sign your pardon.  
Ay, now you kiss like a lover, and not as brothers  
Coldly salute their sister.

*Math.* I am turn'd  
All spirit and fire.

*Hon.* Yet, to give some allay  
To this hot fervour, 'twere good to remember  
The king, whose eyes and ears are every where;  
With the danger too that follows, this discover'd.

*Math.* Danger! a bugbear, madam; let me ride  
once

Like Phaeton in the chariot of your favour,  
And I contemn Jove's thunder: though the king,  
In our embraces stood a looker on,  
His hangman, and with studied cruelty, ready\*  
To drag me from your arms, it should not fright me  
From the enjoying that a single life is  
Too poor a price for. O, that now all vigour  
Of my youth were re-collected for an hour,  
That my desire might meet with yours, and draw  
The envy of all men, in the encounter,

\* *His hangman*, and with studied cruelty, ready.] Here  
again these eternal enemies of the author's idiomatic style  
read, *His hangman* too, with studied cruelty, &c.

Upon my head! I should—but we lose time;  
Be gracious, mighty queen.

*Hon.* Pause yet a little:

The bounties of the king, and, what weighs more,  
Your boasted constancy to your matchless wife,  
Should not so soon be shaken.

*Math.* The whole fabric,  
When I but look on you, is in a moment  
O'erturned and ruin'd; and, as rivers lose  
Their names when they are swallow'd by the ocean,  
In you alone all faculties of my soul  
Are wholly taken up; my wife and king,  
At the best, as things forgotten.

*Hon.* Can this be?

I have gain'd my end now. [Aside.

*Math.* Wherefore stay you, madam?

*Hon.* In my consideration what a nothing  
Man's constancy is.

*Math.* Your beauties make it so  
In me, sweet lady.

*Hon.* And it is my glory:

I could be coy now, as you were, but I  
Am of a gentler temper; howsoever,  
And in a just return of what I have suffer'd  
In your disdain, with the same measure grant me  
Equal deliberation: I ere long  
Will visit you again; and when I next  
Appear, as conquer'd by it, slave-like wait  
On my triumphant beauty. [Exit.

*Math.* What a change  
Is here beyond my fear! but by thy falsehood,  
Sophia, not her beauty, is't denied me  
To sin but in my wishes? what a frown,  
In scorn, at her departure, she threw on me!  
I am both ways lost; storms of contempt and scorn  
Are ready to break on me, and all hope  
Of shelter doubtful: I can neither be  
Disloyal, nor yet honest; I stand guilty  
On either part; at the worst, death will end all;  
And he must be my judge to right my wrong,  
Since I have loved too much, and lived too long.  
[Exit.

SCENE II.—Bohemia. A Room in Mathias'  
House.

*Enter SOPHIA, with a book and a paper.*

*Soph.* Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers  
Of such as do offend, make less the sin.  
For each particular crime a strict account  
Will be exacted; and that comfort which  
The damn'd pretend, fellows in misery,  
Takes nothing from their torments: every one  
Must suffer in himself the measure of  
His wickedness. If so, as I must grant,  
It being unrefutable in reason,  
Howe'er my lord offend, it is no warrant  
For me to walk in his forbidden paths:  
What penance then can expiate my guilt,  
For my consent (transported then with passion)  
To wantonness? the wounds I give my fame  
Cannot recover his; and, though I have fed  
These courtiers with promises and hopes,  
I am yet in fact untainted, and I trust  
My sorrow for it, with my purity,  
And love to goodness for itself, made powerful,  
Though all they have alleged prove true or false,  
Will be such exorcisms, as shall command  
This fury, jealousy, from me. What I have

Determined touching them, I am resolved  
To put in execution. Within, there!

*Enter HILARIO, CORISCA, with other Servants.*

Where are my noble guests?

*Hil.* The elder, madam,  
Is drinking by himself to your ladyship's health,  
In muscadine and eggs; and, for a rasher  
To draw his liquor down, he hath got a pie  
Of marrowbones, potatoes, and eringos,  
With many such ingredients; and 'tis said  
He hath sent his man in post to the next town,  
For a pound of ambergris, and half a peck  
Of fishes call'd cantharides.

*Coris.* The younger  
Prunes up himself, as if this night he were  
To act a bridegroom's part! but to what purpose,  
I am ignorance itself.

*Soph.* Continue so. *[Gives the paper.]*  
Let those lodgings be prepared as this directs you.  
And fail not in a circumstance, as you  
Respect my favour.

1 *Serv.* We have our instructions.

2 *Serv.* And punctually will follow them.

*[Exeunt Servants.]*

*Enter UBALDO.*

*Hil.* Here comes, madam,  
The lord Ubaldo.

*Ubaldo.* Pretty one, there's gold  
To buy thee a new gown, and there's for thee:  
Grow fat, and fit for service. I am now,  
As I should be, at the height, and able to  
Beget a giant. O my better angel!  
In this you show your wisdom, when you pay  
The letcher in his own coin; shall you sit puling,  
Like a patient Grizzle, and be laugh'd at? no:  
This is a fair revenge. Shall we to't?

*Soph.* To what, sir?

*Ubaldo.* The sport you promised.

*Soph.* Could it be done with safety?

*Ubaldo.* I warrant you; I am sound as a bell, a  
tough  
Old blade, and steel to the back, as you shall find me  
In the trial on your anvil.

*Soph.* So; but how, sir,  
Shall I satisfy your friend, to whom, by promise,  
I am equally engaged?

*Ubaldo.* I must confess,  
The more the merrier; but, of all men living,  
Take heed of him; you may safer run upon  
The mouth of a cannon when it is unlading,  
And come off colder.

*Soph.* How! is he not wholesome?

*Ubaldo.* Wholesome! I'll tell you, for your good:  
he is

A spittle of diseases\*, and, indeed,  
More loathsome and infectious; the tub is  
His weekly bath: he hath not drunk this seven years,  
Before he came to your house, but compositions  
Of sassafras and guaiacum; and dry mutton  
His daily portion; name what scratch soever  
Can be got by women, and the surgeons will resolve  
you,

At this time or at that Ricardo had it.

\* *From the chine-evil. he is*

*A spittle of diseases.* So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *A spital of diseases*, which is scarcely sense. See *The City Madam*.

*Soph.* Bless me from him!

*Ubaldo.* 'Tis a good prayer, lady.

It being a degree unto the pox  
Only to mention him; if my tongue burn not, hang  
me,

When I but name Ricardo.

*Soph.* Sir, this caution  
Must be rewarded.

*Ubaldo.* I hope I have mar'd his market.—  
But when?

*Soph.* Why, presently; follow my woman,  
She knows where to conduct you, and will serve  
To-night for a page. Let the waistcoat I appointed,  
With the cambric shirt perfumed, and the rich cap,  
Be brought into his chamber.

*Ubaldo.* Excellent lady!

And a caudle too in the morning.

*Coris.* I will fit you. *[Exeunt Ubaldo and Corisca.]*

*Enter RICARDO.*

*Soph.* So hot on the scent! Here comes the other  
beagle.

*Ric.* Take purse and all.

*Hil.* If this company would come often,  
I should make a pretty term on't.

*Soph.* For your sake  
I have put him off; he only begg'd a kiss,  
I gave it, and so parted.

*Ric.* I hope better;  
He did not touch your lips?

*Soph.* Yes, I assure;  
There was no danger in it?

*Ric.* No! eat presently  
These lozenges of forty crowns an ounce,  
Or you are undone.

*Soph.* What is the virtue of them?

*Ric.* They are preservatives against stinking breath,  
Rising from rotten lungs.

*Soph.* If so, your carriage  
Of such dear antidotes, in my opinion,  
May render yours suspected.

*Ric.* Fie! no; I use them  
When I talk with him, I should be poison'd else.  
But I'll be free with you: he was once a creature,  
It may be, of God's making, but long since  
He is turn'd to a druggist's shop; the spring and  
fall

Hold all the year with him; that he lives, he owes  
To art, not nature; she has given him o'er.  
He moves like the fairy king, on screws and wheels  
Made by his doctor's recipes, and yet still  
They are out of joint, and every day repairing.  
He has a regiment of whores he keeps  
At his own charge in a lazaret-house, but the best is,  
There's not a nose among them. He's acquainted  
With the green water, and the spitting pill's  
Familiar to him. In a frosty morning  
You may thrust him in a pottle-pot; his bones  
Rattle in his skin, like beans toss'd in a bladder.  
If he but hear a coach, the fomentation,  
The friction with fumigation, cannot save him  
From the chine-evil.\* In a word, he is

\* *From the chine-evil.* So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *from the chin evil*. Whether they understood it or not, I cannot say, nor is it indeed of much consequence. It would not be a matter of regret if every reader of this strong but indelicate humour could say with Sophia.

"The best is,

Not one disease, but all ; yet, being my friend,  
I will forbear his character, for I would not  
Wrong him in your opinion.

*Soph.* The best is,  
The virtues you bestow on him, to me  
Are mysteries I know not; but, however,  
I am at your service. Sirrah, let it be your care  
To unclothe the gentleman, and with speed ; delay  
Takes from delight.

*Ric.* Good ! there's my hat, sword, cloak :  
A vengeance on these buttons ! off with my doublet,  
I dare show my skin ; in the touch you will like it  
better.

*Prithee* cut my codpiece-points, and, for this service,  
When I leave them off they are thine.

*Hil.* I'll take your word, sir.

*Ric.* Dear lady, stay not long.

*Soph.* I may come too soon, sir.

*Ric.* No, no, I am ready now.

*Hil.* This is the way, sir.

[*Exeunt Hilario and Ricardo.*]

*Soph.* I was much to blame to credit their reports  
Touching my lord, that so traduce each other,  
And with such virulent malice, though I presume  
They are bad enough : but I have studied for  
them

A way for their recovery.

[*A noise of clapping a door ; Ubaldo appears  
above, in his shirt.*]

*Ubaldo.* What dost thou mean, wench ?  
Why dost thou shut the door upon me ? Ha !  
My clothes are ta'en away too ! shall I starve here ?  
Is this my lodging ? I am sure the lady talk'd of  
A rich cap, a perfumed shirt, and a waistcoat ;  
But here is nothing but a little fresh straw,  
A petticoat for a coverlet, and that torn too,  
And an old woman's biggin for a nightcap.

[*Re-enter Corisca below.*]

'Slight, 'tis a prison, or a pigsty. Ha !  
The windows grated with iron ! I cannot force them,  
And if I leap down here, I break my neck :  
I am betray'd. Rogues ! villains ! let me out ;  
I am a lord, and that's no common title,  
And shall I be used thus ?

*Soph.* Let him rave, he's fast ;  
I'll parley with him at leisure.

*RICARDO entering with a great noise above, as fallen\*.*

*Ric.* Zounds ! have you trapdoors ?

*Soph.* The other bird's i' the cage too, let him  
flutter.

*Ric.* Whither am I fallen ? into hell !

*Ubaldo.* Who makes that noise, there ?

Help me, if thou art a friend.

*Ric.* A friend ! I am where

I cannot help myself ; let me see thy face.

*Ubaldo.* How, Ricardo ! Prithee, throw me  
Thy cloak, if thou canst, to cover me ; I am almost  
Frozen to death.

*Ric.* My cloak ! I have no breeches ;

The virtues you bestow on him, to me  
Are mysteries I know not ;"

The reciprocal criminations of the two courtiers is imitated  
with some humour by Cartwright in *Love's Conceit*, Act IV.  
sc. 1., and by Cowley, but less successfully, in *The Guardian*.

\* *Ricardo entering with a great noise above, as fallen.*  
So the old copy. The modern editors read, with a great  
noise below. It is evident, however, that the prisoners were  
near each other, and so they are represented in the old  
story, which places them in two contiguous chambers of the  
tower or keep of the castle.

I am in my shirt, as thou art ; and here's nothing  
For myself but a clown's cast\* suit.

*Ubaldo.* We are both undone.

*Prithee*, roar a little—Madam !

[*Re-enter HILARIO below, in RICARDO'S clothes.*]

*Ric.* Lady of the house !

*Ubaldo.* Grooms of the chamber !

*Ric.* Gentlewomen ! Milkmaids !

*Ubaldo.* Shall we be murder'd ?

*Soph.* No, but soundly punish'd,  
To your deserts.

*Ric.* You are not in earnest, madam ?

*Soph.* Judge as you find, and feel it ; and now  
hear

What I irrevocably purpose to you.  
Being received as guests into my house,  
And with all it afforded entertain'd,  
You have forgot all hospitable duties ;  
And, with the defamation of my lord,  
Wrought on my woman weakness, in revenge  
Of his injuries, as you fashioned them to me,  
To yield my honour to your lawless lust.

*Hil.* Mark that, poor fellows.

*Soph.* And so far you have  
Transgress'd against the dignity of men,  
Who should, bound to it by virtue, still defend  
Chaste ladies' honours, that it was your trade  
To make them infamous : but you are caught  
In your own toils, like lustful beasts, and therefore  
Hope not to find the usage of men from me :  
Such mercy you have forfeited, and shall suffer  
Like the most slavish women.

*Ubaldo.* How will you use us ?

*Soph.* Ease, and excess in feeding, made you  
wanton,

A pleurisy of ill blood you must let out,  
By labour, and spare diet that way got too,  
Or perish for hunger. Reach him up that distaff  
With the flax upon it ; though no Omphale,  
Nor you a second Hercules, as I take it,  
As you spin well at my command, and please me,  
Your wages, in the coarsest bread and water,  
Shall be proportionable.

*Ubaldo.* I will starve first.

*Soph.* That's as you please.

*Ric.* What will become of me now ?

*Soph.* You shall have gentler work ; I have oft  
observed

You were proud to show the fineness of your  
hands,

And softness of your fingers ; you should reel well  
What he spins, if you give your mind to it, as I'll  
force you.

Deliver him his materials. Now you know  
Your penance, fall to work ; hunger will teach you :  
And so, as slaves to your lust, not me, I leave you.

[*Exeunt Sophia and Corisca.*]

*Ubaldo.* I shall spin a fine thread out now.

*Ric.* I cannot look

On these devices, but they put me in mind  
Of rope-makers.

*Hil.* Fellow, think of thy task.

Forget such vanities, my livery there  
Will serve thee to work in.

\* ———— and here's nothing

For myself, but a clown's cast suit.] The caution of the  
modern editors is admirable : lest cast suit should not be  
intelligible, they alter it into cast off suit, at little more than  
the expense of the metre !

*Ric.* Let me have my clothes yet ;  
I was bountiful to thee.

*Hil.* They are past your wearing,  
And mine by promise, as all these can witness.  
You have no holidays coming, nor will I work  
While these and this lasts ; and so when you please  
You may shut up your shop windows. [Exit.]

*Ubal.* I am faint,  
And must lie down.

*Ric.* I am hungry too, and cold.  
O cursed women !

*Ubal.* This comes of our whoring.  
But let us rest as well as we can to-night,  
But not o'sleep ourselves lest we fast to-morrow.  
[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Hungary. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LADISLAUS, HONORIA, EUBULUS, FERDINAND,  
ACANTHE, and attendants.

*Hon.* Now, you know all, sir, with the motives  
why

I forced him to my lodging.

*Ladis.* I desire  
No more such trials, lady.

*Hon.* I presume, sir,  
You do not doubt my chastity.

*Ladis.* I would not ;  
But these are strange inducements.

*Eubu.* By no means, sir,  
Why, though he were with violence seized upon  
And still detain'd ; the man, sir, being no soldier,  
Nor used to charge his pike when the breach is  
open,

There was no danger in't ! You must conceive, sir,  
Being religious, she chose him for a chaplain,  
To read old homilies to her in the dark ;  
She's bound to it by her canons.

*Ladis.* Still tormented  
With thy impertinence !

*Hon.* By yourself, dear sir,  
I was ambitious only to o'erthrow  
His boasted constancy in his consent ;  
But for fact I condemn him : I was never  
Unchaste in thought, I laboured to give proof  
What power dwells in this beauty you admire so ;  
And when you see how soon it hath transform'd him,  
And with what superstition he adores it,  
Determine as you please.

*Ladis.* I will look on  
This pageant, but—

*Hon.* When you have seen and heard, sir,  
The passages which I myself discover'd,  
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant basely,  
Judge as you please.

*Ladis.* Well, I'll observe the issue.

*Eubu.* How had you ta'en this, general, in your  
wife ?

*Ferd.* As a strange curiosity ; but queens  
Are privileged above subjects, and 'tis fit, sir.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the same.

Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.

*Bapt.* You are much alter'd, sir, since the last  
night,

When the queen left you, and look cheerfully,  
Your dullness quite blown over.

*Math.* I have seen a vision  
This morning makes it good\*, and never was  
In such security as at this instant,  
Fall what can fall : and when the queen appears,  
Whose shortest absence now is tedious to me,  
Observe the encounter.

Enter HONORIA : LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND,  
and ACANTHE, with others, appear above.

*Bapt.* She already is  
Enter'd the lists.

*Math.* And I prepared to meet her.

*Bapt.* I know my duty.

*Hon.* Not so, you may stay now,  
As a witness of our contract.

*Bapt.* I obey  
In all things, madam.

*Hon.* Where's that reverence,  
Or rather superstitious adoration,  
Which, captive-like to my triumphant beauty  
You paid last night ! No humble knee nor sign  
Of vassal duty ! Sure this is the foot  
To whose proud cover, and then happy in it,  
Your lips were glued ; and that the neck then of-  
fer'd,

To witness your subjection, to be trod on :  
Your certain loss of life in the king's anger  
Was then too mean a price to buy my favour ;  
And that false glow-worm fire of constancy  
To your wife, extinguished by a greater light  
Shot from our eyes—and that, it may be (being  
Too glorious to be look'd on), hath deprived you  
Of speech and motion : but I will take off  
A little from the splendour, and descend  
From my own height, and in your lowness hear you  
Plead as a suppliant.

*Math.* I do remember  
I once saw such a woman.

*Hon.* How !  
*Math.* And then

She did appear a most magnificent queen,  
And what's more, virtuous, though somewhat dark-  
en'd

With pride, and self-opinion.

*Eubu.* Call you this courtship ?

*Math.* And she was happy in a royal husband,  
Whom envy could not tax unless it were  
For his too much indulgence to her humours.

*Eubu.* Pray you, sir, observe that touch, 'tis to  
the purpose ;

I like the play the better for't.

*Math.* And she lived  
Worthy her birth and fortune : you retain yet  
Some part of her angelical form ; but when  
Envy to the beauty of another woman,  
Inferior to hers, one that she never  
Had seen, but in her picture, had dispersed  
Infection through her veins, and loyalty,  
Which a great queen, as she was, should have  
nourish'd,

Grew odious to her—

*Hon.* I am thunderstruck.

\* *Math.* I have seen a vision  
[This morning makes it good.] Meaning that the picture  
had recovered its natural colour. This short scene is inimit-  
ably beautiful.

*Math.* And lust in all the bravery it could borrow  
From majesty, howe'er disguised, had ta'en  
Sure footing in the kingdom of her heart,  
The throne of chastity once, how, in a moment,  
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,  
And won upon all hearts, like seeming shadows  
Wanting true substance, vanish'd!

*Hon.* How his reasons  
Work on my soul!

*Math.* Retire into yourself;  
Your own strengths, madam, strongly mann'd with  
virtue,

And be but as you werè, and there's no office  
So base, beneath the slavery that men  
Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to.  
But as you play and juggle with a stranger,  
Varying your shapes like Thetis, though the beauties

Of all that are by poets' raptures sainted\*  
Were now in you united, you should pass  
Pitied by me, perhaps, but not regarded.

*Eubu.* If this take not, I am cheated.

*Math.* To slip once,  
Is incident, and excused by human frailty;  
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both  
Guilty, I grant, in tendering our affection;  
But, as I hope you will do, I repented.  
When we are grown up to ripeness, our life is  
Like to this - - - picture†. While we run  
A constant race in goodness, it retains  
The just proportion; but the journey being  
Tedious, and sweet temptation in the way,  
That may in some degree divert us from  
The road that we put forth in, ere we end  
Our pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn yellow,  
Or be with blackness clouded: but when we  
Find we have gone astray, and labour to  
Return unto our never-failing guide,  
Virtue, contrition, with unfeigned tears,  
The spots of vice wash'd off, will soon restore it  
To the first pureness.

*Hon.* I am disenchanted:

Mercy, O mercy, heavens!

*Ladis.* I am ravish'd

With what I have seen and heard.

*Ferd.* Let us descend,

And hear the rest below.

*Eubu.* This hath fallen out

Beyond my expectation.

*Hon.* How have I wander'd

Out of the track of piety! and misled

By overweening pride, and flattery

Of fawning sycophants (the bane of greatness),

Could never meet till now a passenger,  
That in his charity would set me right,  
Or stay me in my precipice to ruin.  
How ill have I return'd your goodness to me!  
The horror, in my thought of't, turns me marble:  
But if it may be yet prevented—

*Re-enter* LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, ACANTHE,  
and others, below.

O sir,

What can I do to show my sorrow, or  
With what brow ask your pardon?

*Ladis.* Pray you, rise.

*Hon.* Never, till you forgive me, and receive  
Unto your love and favour a changed woman:  
My state and pride turn'd to humility, henceforth  
Shall wait on your commands, and my obedience  
Steer'd only by your will.

*Ladis.* And that will prove  
A second and a better marriage to me.  
All is forgotten.

*Hon.* Sir, I must not rise yet,  
Till, with a free confession of a crime  
Unknown to you yet, and a following suit,  
Which thus I beg, be granted.

*Ladis.* I melt with you:

'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus. [*Raises her.*]

*Hon.* Know then, sir,  
In malice to this good knight's wife, I practis'd  
Ubaldo and Ricardo to corrupt her.

*Bapt.* Thence grew the change of the picture.

*Hon.* And how far  
They have prevail'd, I am ignorant: now, if you, sir,  
For the honour of this good man, may be entreated,  
To travel thither, it being but a day's journey,  
To fetch them off—

*Ladis.* We will put on to-night.

*Bapt.* I, if you please, your harbinger.

*Ladis.* I thank you.

Let me embrace you in my arms; your service  
Done on the Turk, compared with this, weighs nothing.

*Math.* I am still your humble creature.

*Ladis.* My true friend.

*Ferd.* And so you are bound to hold him.

*Eubu.* Such a plant

Imported to your kingdom, and here grafted,  
Would yield more fruit than all the idle weeds  
That suck up your rain of favour.

*Ladis.* In my will

I'll not be wanting. Prepare for our journey.

In act be my Honoria now, not name,

And to all aftertimes preserve thy fame. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Hall in MATHIAS' House.*

*Enter* SOPHIA, CORISCA, and HILARIO.

*Soph.* Are they then so humble?

*Hil.* Hunger and hard labour

\* *Of all that are by poets' raptures sainted.* The modern editors, trembling for the daring flights of Massinger, have kindly brought him down to the ordinary level: they read,

*Of all that are by poet's raptures painted!*  
The change is the more to be admired, as the old copy, to show the expression was a strong one, gave it with a capital letter.

Have tamed them, madam; at the\* first they bellow'd

Like stags ta'en in a toil, and would not work

† ———— *our life is*

*Like to this - - - picture.* A word has dropt out at the press, or been omitted by the transcriber. I could wish to insert *magic*, but leave it to the reader's consideration.

\* ———— *at the first they bellow'd.* I have restored the article, which completes the verse, from the old copy.

For sullenness; but when they found, without it  
There was no eating, and that to starve to death  
Was much against their stomachs; by degrees,  
Against their wills, they fell to it.

*Coris.* And now feed on  
The little pittance you allow, with gladness.

*Hil.* I do remember that they stopp'd their noses  
At the sight of beef and mutton, as course feeding  
For their fine palates; but now, their work being  
ended,

They leap at a barley crust, and hold cheese-parings,  
With a spoonful of pall'd wine pour'd in their water,  
For festival-exceedings\*.

*Coris.* When I examine  
My spinster's work, he trembles like a prentice,  
And takes a box on the ear, when I spy faults  
And botches in his labour, as a favour  
From a curst mistress.

*Hil.* The other, too, reels well  
For his time; and if your ladyship would please  
To see them for your sport, since they want airing.  
It would do well, in my judgment; you shall hear  
Such a hungry dialogue from them!

*Soph.* But suppose,  
When they are out of prison, they should grow  
Rebellious?

*Hil.* Never fear't; I'll undertake  
To lead them out by the nose with a coarse thread  
Of the one's spinning, and make the other reel after,  
And without grumbling; and when you are weary of  
Their company, as easily return them.

*Coris.* Dear madam, it will help to drive away  
Your melancholy.

*Soph.* Well, on this assurance,  
I am content; bring them hither.

*Hil.* I will do it

In stately equipage.

*Soph.* They have confess'd, then,  
They were set on by the queen, to taint me in  
My loyalty to my lord?

*Coris.* 'Twas the main cause  
That brought them hither.

*Soph.* I am glad I know it;  
And as I have begun, before I end  
I'll at the height revenge it; let us step aside,  
They come: the object's so ridiculous,  
In spite of my sad thoughts I cannot but  
Lend a forced smile to grace it.

*Re-enter HILARIO, with UBALDO spinning, and  
RICARDO reeling.*

*Hil.* Come away:  
Work as you go, and lose no time; 'tis precious;  
You'll find it in your commons.

*Ric.* Commons, call you it?  
The word is proper; I have grazed so long  
Upon your commons, I am almost starved here.

*Hil.* Work harder, and they shall be better'd.

*Ubaldo.* Better'd!  
Worse they cannot be: would I might lie  
Like a dog under her table, and serve for a foot-  
stool,

\* For festival-exceedings.] "At the Middle Temple an additional dish to the regular dinner is still called 'exceedings'; to which appellation Massinger alludes in *The Picture*, by the expression of *festival exceedings*: but his editor, Coxeter, not knowing the origin of the phrase, thinks 'exceeding festivals' had been better." Hocclive's *Poems*, by Mason, 4to. 1793, p. 67. For this extract I am indebted to Mr. Waldron.

So I might have my belly full of that  
Her Iceland cur refuses!

*Hil.* How do you like  
Your miring? is it not a favour?

*Ric.* Yes; [hounds,  
Just such a one as you use to a brace of grey-  
When they are led out of their kennels to scumber;  
But our case is ten times harder, we have nothing  
In our bellies to be vented: if you will be  
An honest yeoman-fewterer\*, feed us first,  
And walk us after.

*Hil.* Yeoman-fewterer!  
Such another word to your governor, and you go  
Supperless to bed for't.

*Ubaldo.* Nay, even as you please;  
The comfortable names of breakfasts, dinners,  
Collations, supper, beverage, are words  
Worn out of our remembrance.

*Ric.* O for the steam  
Of meat in a cook's shop!

*Ubaldo.* I am so dry,  
I have not spittle enough to wet my fingers  
When I draw my flax from my distaff.

*Ric.* Nor I strength  
To raise my hand to the top of my reeler. Oh!  
I have the cramp all over me.

*Hil.* What do you think [it,  
Were best to apply to it! A cramp-stone, as I take  
Were very useful.

*Ric.* Oh! no more of stonest.

We have been used too long like hawks already.

*Ubaldo.* We are not so high in our flesh now to need  
casting.

We will come to an empty fist.

*Hil.* Nay, that you shall not.  
So ho, birds!—[holds up a piece of bread.]—How the  
eyasses scratch and scramble!

Take heed of a surfeit, do not cast your gorges;  
This is more than I have commission for; be  
thankful.

\* An honest yeoman-fewterer.] In this and the preceding speech the terms are borrowed from the kennel; *fewterer*, a name which frequently occurs in our old treatises on hunting, was the person who took charge of the dogs immediately under the huntsman. We now call him, I believe, the whipper-in.

Bloomer derives this word from the French *vautre*, which, as Cotgrave says, means a mongrel hound; whence *cellarius*, and *cellarius*, a huntsman.

† *Ric.* Oh! no more of stonest.  
We have been used too long like hawks already.

*Ubaldo.* We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting.

We will come to an empty fist.] To understand this, it will be necessary to have recourse to the treatises on the "noble science of hawking."—"When the hawk will come to the lure, then give her every night stones, till you find her stomach good; after that, profer her casting, to make her cleanse and purge her gorge."—*The Gentleman's Recreation*, p. 135.

Humanity has seldom obtained a greater triumph than in the abolition of this most execrable pursuit, compared to which, cockfighting and bull-baiting are innocent amusements; and this not so much on account of the game killed in the open field, as of the immense number of domestic animals sacrificed to the instruction of the hawk. The blood runs cold while we peruse the calm directions of the brutal falconer, to impale, tie down, fasten by the beak, break the legs and wings of living pigeons, hens, and sometimes herons, for the hourly exercise of the hawk, who was thus enabled to pull them to pieces without resistance.

‡ So ho, birds! How the eyasses scratch and scramble!] So ho, birds! was the falconer's call to feed. An *eyasse*, as I learn from the respectable authority quoted above, is a young hawk newly taken out of the nest, and not able to prey for himself.

*Soph.* Were all that study the abuse of women  
Used thus, the city would not swarm with cuckolds,  
Nor so many tradesmen break.

*Coris.* Pray you, appear now,  
And mark the alteration.

*Hil.* To your work,  
My lady is in presence; show your duties:  
Exceeding well.

*Soph.* How do your scholars profit?

*Hil.* Hold up your heads demurely. Prettily,  
For young beginners.

*Coris.* And will do well in time,  
If they be kept in awe.

*Ric.* In awe! I am sure

I quake like an aspen leaf.

*Ubal.* No mercy, lady?

*Ric.* Nor intermission?

*Soph.* Let me see your work:  
Fie upon't, what a thread's here! a poor cobbler's wife  
Would make a finer to sew a clown's rent startup\*;  
And here you reel as you were drunk.

*Ric.* I am sure  
It is not with wine.

*Soph.* O, take heed of wine;  
Cold water is far better for your healths,  
Of which I am very tender: you had foul bodies,  
And must continue in this physical diet,  
Till the cause of your disease be ta'en away,  
For fear of a relapse; and that is dangerous:  
Yet I hope already that you are in some  
Degree recovered, and that way to resolve me,  
Answer me truly; nay, what I propound  
Concerns both; nearer: what would you now give,  
If your means were in your hands, to lie all night  
With a fresh and handsome lady?

*Ubal.* How! a lady?

O, I am past it; hunger with her razor  
Hath made me an eunuch.

*Ric.* For a mess of porridge,  
Well soppy'd with a bunch of radish and a carrot,  
I would sell my barony; but for women, oh!  
No more of women: not a doit for a doxy,  
After this hungry voyage.

*Soph.* These are truly  
Good symptoms; let them not venture too much in  
the air,

Till they are weaker†.

*Ric.* This is tyranny.

*Ubal.* Scorn upon scorn.

*Soph.* You were so  
In your malicious intents to me.

*Enter a Servant.*

And therefore 'tis but justice—What's the business?

*Serv.* My lord's great friend, signior Baptista,  
madam,  
Is newly lighted from his horse, with certain  
Assurance of my lord's arrival.

\* ———— a clown's rent startup;] A startup,  
Mr. M. Mason says, is part of a man's dress—so, indeed, is  
a bag-wig and sword. It appears, from many passages in  
our old writers, that a startup was a coarse kind of half-  
boot with thick soles; the *perio* of the ancients;  
"Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,  
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,  
Soke through your startups."

† *Till they are weaker.*] *The Faithful Shepherdess.*  
Sophia still affects to consider  
them as too strong to be trusted abroad, consistently with  
her safety: there is much good humour and pleasantry in  
this scene.

*Soph.* How!  
And stand I trifling here? Hence with the mongrels  
To their several kennels; there let them howl in  
private;  
I'll be no further troubled.

[*Exeunt Sophia and Servant.*]

*Ubal.* O that ever

I saw this fury!

*Ric.* Or look'd on a woman

But as a prodigy in nature.

*Hil.* Silence;

No more of this.

*Coris.* Methinks you have no cause  
To repent your being here.

*Hil.* Have you not learnt,  
When your states are spent, your several trades to  
live by,

And never charge the hospital?

*Coris.* Work but tightly,  
And we will not use a dish-clout in the house,  
But of your spinning.

*Ubal.* O, I would this hemp

Were turned to a halter!

*Hil.* Will you march?

*Ric.* A soft one,  
Good general, I beseech you.

*Ubal.* I can hardly

Draw my legs after me.

*Hil.* For a crutch you may use  
Your distaff; a good wit makes use of all things.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

*Enter SOPHIA and BAPTISTA.*

*Soph.* Was he jealous of me?

*Bapt.* There's no perfect love  
Without some touch of't, madam.

*Soph.* And my picture,  
Made by your devilish art, a spy upon  
My actions? I ne'er sat to be drawn,  
Nor had you, sir, commission for't.

*Bapt.* Excuse me;  
At his earnest suit I did it.

*Soph.* Very good:—  
Was I grown so cheap in his opinion of me?

*Bapt.* The prosperous events that crown his for-  
tunes

May qualify the offence.

*Soph.* Good, the events:—

The sanctuary fools and madmen fly to,  
When their rash and desperate undertakings thrive  
well:

But good and wise men are directed by  
Grave counsels, and with such deliberation  
Proceed in their affairs, that chance has nothing  
To do with them: howsoever take the pains, sir,  
To meet the honour (in the king and queen's  
Approaches to my house) that breaks upon me;  
I will expect them with my best of care.

*Bapt.* To entertain such royal guests—

*Soph.* I know it;  
Leave that to me, sir. [*Exit Baptista.*] What should  
move the queen,

So given to ease and pleasure, as fame speaks her,  
To such a journey? or work on my lord  
To doubt my loyalty, nay, more, to take,  
For the resolution of his fears, a course  
That is by holy writ denied a Christian?

'Twas impious in him, and perhaps the welcome  
He hopes in my embraces may deceive

[Trumpets sounded.]

His expectation. The trumpets speak  
The king's arrival: help a woman's wit now,  
To make him know his fault, and my just anger!  
[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same.*—*A Flourish.* Enter LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, EUBULUS, MATHIAS, BAPTISTA, HONORIA, and ACANTHE, with Attendants.

Eubu. Your majesty must be weary.

Hon. No, my lord,

A willing mind makes a hard journey easy.

Math. Not Jove, attended on by Hermes, was  
More welcome to the cottage of Philemon  
And his poor Baucis, than your gracious self,  
Your matchless queen, and all your royal train,  
Are to your servant and his wife.

Ladis. Where is she?

Hon. I long to see her as my now-loved rival.

Eubu. And I to have a smack at her: 'tis a cordial

To an old man, better than sack and a toast  
Before he goes to supper.

Math. Ha! is my house turn'd  
To a wilderness? nor wife nor servants ready,  
With all rites due to majesty, to receive  
Such unexpected blessings! You assured me  
Of better preparation; hath not  
The excess of joy transported her beyond  
Her understanding?

Bapt. I now parted from her,  
And gave her your directions.

Math. How shall I beg  
Your majesties' patience? sure my family's drunk,  
Or by some witch, in envy of my glory,  
A dead sleep thrown upon them.

Enter HILARIO and Servants.

Serv. Sir.

Math. But that

The sacred presence of the king forbids it,  
My sword should make a massacre among you.  
Where is your mistress?

Hil. First, you are welcome home, sir:  
Then know, she says she's sick, sir.—There's no notice

Taken of my bravery!

Math. Sick at such a time!

It cannot be: though she were on her death-bed,  
And her spirit e'en now departed, here stand they  
Could call it back again, and in this honour  
Give her a second being. Bring me to her;  
I know not what to urge, or how to redeem  
This mortgage of her manners.

[Exeunt Mathias, Hilario, and Servants.]

Eubu. There's no climate  
On the world, I think, where one jade's trick or other  
Reigns not in women.

Ferd. You were ever bitter  
Against the sex.

Ladis. This is very strange.

Hon. Mean women

Have their faults, as well as queens.

Lad. O, she appears now.

Re-enter MATHIAS with SOPHIA; HILARIO following.

Math. The injury that you conceive I have done  
you

Dispute hereafter, and in your perverseness  
Wrong not yourself and me.

Soph. I am past my childhood\*,  
And need no tutor.

Math. This is the great king,  
To whom I am engaged till death for all  
I stand possess'd of.

Soph. My humble roof is proud, sir,  
To be the canopy of so much greatness  
Set off with goodness.

Ladis. My own praises flying  
In such pure air as your sweet breath, fair lady,  
Cannot but please me.

Math. This is the queen of queens,  
In her magnificence to me.

Soph. In my duty  
I kiss her highness' robe.

Hon. You stoop too low  
To her whose lips would meet with yours.

Soph. Howe'er [Kisses her.]

It may appear preposterous in women  
So to encounter, 'tis your pleasure, madam,  
And not my proud ambition.—Do you hear, sir?  
Without a magical picture, in the touch  
I find your print of close and wanton kisses  
On the queen's lips. [Aside to Mathias.]

Math. Upon your life be silent:  
And now salute these lords.

Soph. Since you will have me,  
You shall see I am experienced at the game,  
And can play it tightly. You are a brave man, sir.  
[To Ferdinand.]

And do deserve a free and hearty welcome:  
Be this the prologue to it. [Kisses him.]

Eubu. An old man's turn  
Is ever last in kissing. I have lips too,  
However cold ones, madam.

Soph. I will warm them  
With the fire of mine. [Kisses him.]

Eubu. And so she has! I thank you,  
I shall sleep the better all night for't.

Math. You express  
The boldness of a wanton courtesan,  
And not a matron's modesty; take up,  
Or you are disgraced for ever.

Soph. How? with kissing  
Feelingly, as you taught me? would you have me  
Turn my cheek to them, as proud ladies use  
To their inferiors, as if they intended  
Some business should be whisper'd in their ear,  
And not a salutation? what I do,  
I will do freely; now I am in the humour,  
I'll fly at all: are there any more?

Math. Forbear,  
Or you will raise my anger to a height  
That will descend in fury.

Soph. Why? you know  
How to resolve yourself what my intents are,  
By the help of Mephistophilus, and your picture:

\* Soph. I am past my childhood,  
And need no tutor.] The pretty perverseness of Sophia is  
excellently managed in this short conference, and her break-  
ing out at length, highly natural and amusing.

† — take up,] i. e. check  
yourself.

‡ By the help of Mephistophilus,] i. e. Baptista. Mephistophilus is the name of a fiend or familiar spirit in the

Pray you, look upon't again. I humbly thank  
The queen's great care of me while you were absent.  
She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,  
And being for that time a kind of widow,  
To pass away her melancholy hours  
Without good company, and in charity, therefore,  
Provided for me: Out of her own store  
She cull'd the lords Ubaldo and Ricardo,  
Two principal courtiers for ladies' service,  
To do me all good offices; and as such  
Employ'd by her, I hope I have received  
And entertain'd them; nor shall they depart  
Without the effect arising from the cause  
That brought them hither.

*Math.* Thou dost belie thyself:

I know that in my absence thou wert honest,  
However now turn'd monster.

*Soph.* The truth is,

We did not deal, like you, in speculations  
On cheating pictures; we knew shadows were  
No substances, and actual performance  
The best assurance. I will bring them hither,  
To make good in this presence so much for me.  
Some minutes space I beg your majesties' pardon.—  
You are moved now:—champ upon this bit a  
little,

Anon you shall have another. Wait me, Hilario.  
[*Ereunt Sophia and Hilario.*]

*Ladis.* How now? turn'd statue, sir!

*Math.* Fly, and fly quickly,  
From this cursed habitation, or this Gorgon  
Will make you all as I am. In her tongue  
Millions of adders hiss, and every hair  
Upon her wicked head a snake more dreadful  
Than that Tisiphone threw on Athamas,  
Which in his madness forced him to dismember  
His proper issue. O that ever I  
Reposed my trust in magic, or believed  
Impossibilities! or that charms had power  
To sink and search into the bottomless hell  
Of a false woman's heart!

*Eubu.* These are the fruits  
Of marriage! an old bachelor as I am,  
And, what's more, will continue so, is not troubled  
With these fine vagaries.

*Ferd.* Till you are resolved, sir,  
Forsake not hope\*.

*Bap.* Upon my life, this is  
Dissimulation.

*Ladis.* And it suits not with  
Your fortitude and wisdom to be thus  
Transported with your passion.

*Hon.* You were once  
Deceived in me, sir, as I was in you;  
Yet the deceit pleased both.

*Math.* She hath confess'd all;  
What further proof should I ask?

*Hon.* Yet remember  
The distance that is interposed between  
A woman's tongue and her heart; and you must  
grant  
You build upon no certainties.

*History of Dr. Faustus*, as well as in the play of that name  
by Christopher Marlow. He is also mentioned by Shakspeare,  
Jonson, Fletcher, and, indeed, by most of our old  
dramatists.

\* *Till you are resolved, sir,*  
*Forsake not hope.* *Resolved* is convinced. Thus Shakspeare:

"By heavens! I am *resolved*  
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue."

*Re-enter SOPHIA, CORISCA, and HILARIO, with UBALDO  
and RICARDO, spinning and reeling, as before.*

*Eubu.* What have we here?

*Soph.* You must come on, and show yourselves.

*Ubald.* The king!

*Ric.* And queen too! would I were as far under  
the earth

As I am above it!

*Ubald.* Some poet will\*,

From this relation, or in verse or prose,  
Or both together blended, render us  
Ridiculous to all ages.

*Ladis.* I remember

This face, when it was in a better plight:  
Are not you Ricardo?

*Hon.* And this thing, I take it,  
Was once Ubaldo.

*Ubald.* I am now I know not what.

*Ric.* We thank your majesty for employing us  
To this subtle Circe.

*Eubu.* How, my lord! turn'd spinster!

Do you work by the day, or by the great?

*Ferd.* Is your theorbo

Turn'd to a distaff, signior, and your voice,  
With which you chanted, *Room for a lusty gallant!*  
Tuned to the note of *Lachrymæ*†?

*Eubu.* Prithce tell me,  
For I know thou'rt free, how oft, and to the pur-  
pose,

You've been merry with this lady.

*Ric.* Never, never.

*Ladis.* Howsoever, you should say so for your  
credit,

Being the only court bull.

*Ubald.* O that ever

I saw this kicking heifer!

*Soph.* You see, madam,

How I have cured your servants, and what favours  
They with their rampant valour have won from me.  
You may, as they are physic'd, I presume,  
Trust a fair virgin with them; they have learn'd  
Their several trades to live by, and paid nothing  
But cold and hunger for them: and may now  
Set up for themselves, for here I give them over.  
And now to you, sir; why do you not again  
Peruse your picture, and take the advice  
Of your learned consort? these are the men, or  
none,

\* *Some poet will, &c.* There is something delightful in  
these anticipations of future fame by great minds. They are  
the flowery spots in the poet's thorny way, which beguile  
the wearisomeness of his pilgrimage, and in despite of cold-  
ness and neglect, reconcile him to his fate.

† *Tuned to the note of Lachrymæ?* *Lachrymæ* (as Sir  
John Hawkins informs us, in his *History of Music*) was  
the title of a musical work composed by John Donland, a  
celebrated lutanist in the time of king James I. "The title  
of it at length is: *Lachrymæ, or seven Teares figured in  
seven passionate Pavans, with divers other Pavans, Gall-  
iards, and Almans, set forth to the Lute, Viol, or Violin, in  
five Parts.*" To this performance, which was once exceedingly  
popular, allusions are found in most of our old dramatists.  
I do not know what the "seven passionate" (i.e. affecting)  
compositions were, which made up the bulk of this collection,  
but it seems, from the following extract, that one of them  
was the beautiful and pathetic *Lamentation of Lady Anna  
Boothwell*:

"Balow, my babe, lie still and sleepe,

It grieves me sair to see thee weepe;" &c.

"*Cit.* You musicians, play Baloo.

*Wife.* No, good George; let's have *Lachrymæ*.

*Cit.* Why this is it."

*The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

That made you, as the Italian says\*, a becco,  
*Math.* I know not which way to entreat your pardon,

Nor am I worthy of it. My Sophia,  
 My best Sophia; here before the king,  
 The queen, these lords, and all the lookers on,  
 I do renounce my error, and embrace you,  
 As the great example to all aftertimes,  
 For such as would die chaste and noble wives,  
 With reverence to imitate,

*Soph.* Not so, sir,  
 I yet hold off. However I have purged  
 My doubted innocence, the foul aspersions,  
 In your unmanly doubts, cast on my honour,  
 Cannot so soon be wash'd off,

*Eubu.* Shall we have  
 More jiggybobs yet?

*Soph.* When you went to the wars,  
 I set no spy upon you to observe  
 Which way you wander'd, though our sex by nature  
 Is subject to suspicions and fears;  
 My confidence in your loyalty freed me from them.  
 But, to deal as you did, against your religion,  
 With this enchanter, to survey my actions,  
 Was more than woman's weakness; therefore know,  
 And 'tis my boon unto the king, I do  
 Desire a separation from your bed;  
 For I will spend the remnant of my life  
 In prayer and meditation.

*Math.* O, take pity  
 Upon my weak condition, or I am  
 More wretched in your innocence, than if  
 I had found you guilty. Have you shown a jewel  
 Out of the cabinet of your rich mind,  
 To lock it up again? She turns away.  
 Will none speak for me? shame and sin have robb'd  
 me

Of the use of my tongue.  
*Ladis.* Since you have conquer'd, madam,  
 You wrong the glory of your victory  
 If you use it not with mercy.

*Ferd.* Any penance  
 You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant  
 He will gladly suffer.

*Eubu.* Have I lived to see  
 But one good woman, and shall we for a trifle  
 Have her turn nun? I will first pull down the  
 cloister.

To the old sport again, with a good luck to you!  
 'Tis not alone enough that you are good,  
 We must have some of the breed of you: will you  
 destroy

The kind and race of goodness? I am converted,  
 And ask your pardon, madam, for my ill opinion  
 Against the sex; and show me but two such more,  
 I'll marry yet, and love them.

*Hon.* She that yet  
 Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the king,  
 Thus begs remission for him.

*Soph.* O, dear madam,  
 Wrong not your greatness so.

*Omnes.* We all are suitors.

\* *That made you, as the Italian says, a becco.* So the old copy, which is far more humorous than the sophistication of Mr. M. Mason—as the *Italians* say, &c.

*Becco* is rendered, by the commentators on our old plays, a cuckold; the *Italians*, however, give a more defamatory sense: with them it generally means what we call a wit-lol, i. e. one accessory to his own disgrace. This too is the meaning it bears in Massinger and his contemporaries, who were, generally speaking, no indifferent Italian scholars.

*Ubbald.* I do deserve to be heard among the rest.

*Ric.* And we have suffer'd for it.

*Soph.* I perceive

There's no resistance: but suppose I pardon  
 What's past, who can secure me he'll be free  
 From jealousy hereafter!

*Math.* I will be

My own security: go, ride, where you please;  
 Feast, revel, banquet, and make choice with whom,  
 I'll set no watch upon you; and, for proof of it,  
 This cursed picture I surrender up  
 To a consuming fire.

*Bapt.* As I abjure

The practice of my art.

*Soph.* Upon these terms

I am reconciled; and for these that have paid  
 The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.

*Ladis.* At your request they have it.

*Ubbald.* Hang all trades now.

[*honest.*]

*Ric.* I will find a new one, and that is, to live  
*Hil.* These are my fees\*.

*Ubbald.* Pray you, take them, with a mischief!

*Ladis.* So, all ends in peace now.

And, to all married men, be this a caution,  
 Which they should duly tender as their life,  
 Neither to dote too much, nor doubt a wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SONG, by PALLAS, in praise of the victorious Soldier.

See Act II., Sc. 2.

Though we contemplate to express

The glory of our happiness,

That, by your powerful arm, have been

So true a victor, that no sin

Could ever taint you with a blame

To lessen your deserved fame.

Or, though we contend to set

Your worth in the full height, or get

Celestial singers, crown'd with bays,

With flourishes to dress your praise:

You know your conquest; but your story

Lives in your triumphant glory.

\* *Hil. These are my fees.* Meaning the clothes of the two courtiers: they, it should be reflected, are at this time dressed in the cast rags of Hilario.

† The fondness which Massinger seems to have felt for this play was not misplaced. The circumstance on which it is founded is, indeed, sufficiently fantastical, and was disallowed by the philosophy of his own age; but this is no serious hindrance to the effect of the piece. It is distinguished by a peculiar liveliness of fancy, and an intimate knowledge of the heart. It is sportive and tender: it amuses and affects us; and a vein of humour, more brisk than usual, relieves the impression of the serious events.

The comic part is too attractive in itself to need any recommendation, and its effect is too powerful to be missed by any reader. But it may not be useless to point out the substantial, though less obtrusive, merit of the serious scenes.

If it is more than usually difficult to ascertain the influence of sudden passions in bosoms generally virtuous, and well regulated, to balance the struggle between habitual principle and accidental temptation, to measure their impression and resistance, and to determine the side to which the victory is due; it is the praise of Massinger to have surmounted this difficulty, in the characters of Matthias and Sophia; in the exquisite description of their tender attachment, the casual interruption of their peace, its happy restoration, and the proper triumph of virtue. His address is further displayed in the difference of the causes which bring them back to their duty and to each other. The fortitude, contentedness, and simplicity of Sophia are the surer guardians of her conduct; while the ardent spirit of Matthias, bold in seeking advantages abroad, but impatient concerning his happiness at home, exposes him more to the influence of dangerous impressions. Accordingly, after a temporary

illusion, she rescues herself from mischief by the force of her own mind. He is preserved by other causes, the unexpected refusal of Honoria, and the renewed certainty of the constancy of his wife.

As to the queen herself, the cause of their unhappiness, she is described with much novelty, and truth of nature. Mr. Colman\* has talked of her *passion*; if this is the proper term, it is a passion, not for a person, but a *principle*. She offers herself to Mathias from no genuine attachment: it is mere envy of the constancy between him and Sophia, and a malicious determination to show her own superiority, at whatever risk. Her constitutional vanity, dangerously nursed by the doting admiration of her husband, impels her to seduce a virtuous man whom she does not love. Her wantonness is whim; and she prepares to be faithless herself, because she cannot bear a rival in fidelity.

It is here to be remarked, that Massinger seems to have prepared this Play with all the resources which he could command.

In the Observations on *The Duke of Milan*, the reader has been already taught to expect a similarity between the conjugal dotage of Sforza and Ladislaus, &c. &c. Several other plays have been made to contribute sentiments and incidents to *The Picture*. It is impossible to read Honoria's temptation of Mathias, Act. III, sc. v. and not to remember the progress of Donusa's solicitations, and the amazement of Vitelli.—*Renegado*, Act II. sc. iv.—*The Roman Actor* furnishes other circumstances of the same kind, from the conversation of Paris both with Domitia and the emperor, Act IV. sc. ii; and it is remarkable, that he pleads with

the latter, not only in the thought, but in the very manner of Honoria: their argument appears to contradict their own wishes, and this is equally noticed by Domitian and Mathias. The whimsical weakness to which Ubaldo and Riccardo are reduced, and the jokes to which it exposes them, have already amused us, in the characteristic punishment of Perigot—*Parliament of Love*. And, to quote only one more instance, though several might be added, the noble freedom with which Mathias corrects the levity of the queen, Act IV, sc. iv, though greatly superior to it, is certainly suggested by Gonzaga's austere but spirited rebuke of Aurelia—*Maid of Honour*. Act IV. sc. iv.

In short, Massinger has not scrupled to adorn this Play with whatever was afforded by the story itself, or could be added from his own writings; and, like the artist of old, he has composed an exquisite Picture from a collection of many scattered beauties.

There are two morals combined in this play; one arising from the doting love of Ladislaus; the other, from the suspicions of Mathias. Vanity is always unfeeling; and, through indiscreet admiration, may be carried far beyond the supposed frivolousness of its nature, and become a raging passion, destructive of our own virtue and of the happiness of others. Again, unreasonable doubt destroys the very happiness which it labours to secure. Irritation is the natural consequence of unjust suspicion; and the desire of revenge hurries us into actions from which our better principles would otherwise have preserved us. What is worse, we excuse ourselves in mischief on account of the very motive on which we act; and are content to be outrageous on the flattering principle of justice itself.

DR. IRELAND.

\* See his *Critical Reflections on the old English Dramatic Writers*.

# THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.] This Tragi-comedy was licensed for the stage March 11th, 1631, and printed in the following year. The plot is taken from the history of Theodosius the younger, as delivered by the Byzantine writers. See the concluding Observations by Dr. Ireland.

Massinger has followed his various authorities somewhat more closely than usual; indeed, he disclaims, in the Prologue, all merit on the score of invention, the work being, as he says, "a story of reverend antiquity."

Notwithstanding the excellence of this Play, it met with some opposition at its appearance: its distinguished merits, however, procured it a representation at court, and it finally seems to have grown into very general favour. It is preceded, in the old edition, by several commendatory poems, one of which, by W. Singleton, is not undeserving of praise.

It was frequently acted, as the title-page tells us, "at the Blackfriars and Globe Play-houses, by the King's Majesty's servants."

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND MY ESPECIAL GOOD LORD,

JOHN LORD MOHUN,

BARON OF OKEHAMPTON, &c.

MY GOOD LORD,

LET my presumption in styling you so (having never deserved it in my service), from the clemency of your noble disposition, find pardon\*. The reverence due to the name of Mohun, long since honoured in three earls of Somerset, and eight barons of Munster, may challenge from all pens a deserved celebration. And the rather in respect those titles were not purchased, but conferred, and continued in your ancestors, for many virtuous, noble, and still living actions; nor ever forfeited or tainted, but when the iniquity of those times laboured the depression of approved goodness, and in wicked policy held it fit that loyalty and faith, in taking part with the true prince, should be degraded and mulcted. But this admitting no further dilation in this place, may your lordship please, and with all possible brevity, to understand the reasons why I am, in humble thankfulness, ambitious to shelter this poem under the wings of your honourable protection. My worthy friend, Mr. Aston Cockayne, your nephew, to my extraordinary content, delivered to me that your lordship, at your vacant hours, sometimes vouchsafed to peruse such trifles of mine as have passed the press, and not alone warranted them in your gentle suffrage, but disdained not to bestow a remembrance of your love, and intended favour to me. I profess to the world, I was exalted with the bounty, and with good assurance, it being so rare in this age to meet with one noble name, that, in fear to be censured of levity and weakness, dares express itself a friend or patron to contemned poetry†. Having, therefore, no means else left me to witness the obligation in which I stand most willingly bound to your lordship, I offer this Tragi-comedy to your gracious acceptance, no way despairing, but that with a clear aspect you will deign to receive it (it being an induction to my future endeavours), and that in the list of those, that to your merit truly admire you, you may descend to number

Your lordship's faithful honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

\* MY GOOD LORD,

Let my presumption in styling you so, &c. To understand this sentence, it will be necessary to recollect that "my good lord" meant, in the language of Massinger and his contemporaries, my patron. Of this mode of expression many instances are to be found in these volumes. It occurs also in *The Spanish Tragedy*, which I mention for the sake of correcting a slight mistake:

"Lor. What would he with us; he writes us here, To stand good Lorenzo, and help him in his distress." Act III.

In the late editions, there is a comma after *stand*, which perverts the sense.

† That this noble lord not only favoured poetry, but wrote himself, appears from Sir Aston Cockayne's letters to his lordship, in verse. See Cockayne's *Poems*, p. 80.—COKETEA.

## PROLOGUE\*

## AT THE BLACKFRIARS.

That imperious custom warrants it,  
 For with much willingness would omit  
 To efface to his new work. He hath found  
 Offer'd for't), many are apt to wound  
 Lit in this kind: and, whether he  
 Is himself fearful, or peremptory,  
 Not 'scape their censures who delight  
 To apply whatever he shall write,  
 To hard fate. And though he will not sue,  
 He'll beg such suffrages, yet, to you,  
 O ingenious spirits, he doth now,  
 Present his service, with his vow  
 To do his best; and, though he cannot glory  
 Invention (this work being a story  
 To rend antiquity), he doth hope,  
 In proportion of it, and the scope,  
 To observe some pieces drawn like one  
 Of fast hand; and, with the whiter stone,  
 Mark'd in your fair censures. More than this  
 He bid to promise, and it is  
 The most till you confirm it: since we know  
 For the shaft be, archer, or the bow  
 Which 'tis sent, it cannot hit the white,  
 Your approbation guide it right.

prologue has been hitherto very incorrectly given.  
 : reformed from the old copies.

## PROLOGUE

## AT COURT.

As ever, sir, you lent a gracious ear  
 To oppress'd innocence, now vouchsafe to hear  
 A short petition. At your feet, in me,  
 The poet kneels, and to your majesty  
 Appeals for justice. What we now present,  
 When first conceived, in his vote and intent,  
 Was sacred to your pleasure; in each part  
 With his best of fancy, judgment, language, art,  
 Fashion'd and form'd so, as might well, and may  
 Deserve a welcome, and no vulgar way.  
 He durst not, sir, at such a solemn feast,  
 Lard his grave matter with one scurrilous jest;  
 But labour'd that no passage might appear,  
 But what the queen without a blush might hear:  
 And yet this poor work suffer'd by the rage  
 And envy of some Catos of the stage:  
 Yet still he hopes this Play, which then was seen  
 With sore eyes, and condemn'd out of their spleen,  
 May be by you, the supreme judge, set free,  
 And raised above the reach of calumny.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SEIUS the younger, the emperor,  
 SEIUS, a kinsman to the emperor,  
 SEIUS, captain of the guard,  
 SEIUS, } eunuchs of the emperor's chamber,  
 SEIUS, }  
 SEIUS, }  
 SEIUS, } a traveller, friend to Paulinus,  
 SEIUS, }  
 SEIUS, }  
 SEIUS, }  
 SEIUS, } of the Habits and Manners,  
 SEIUS, } of the Suburbs,

Countryman,  
 Surgeon,  
 Empiric.

PULCHERIA, the protectress, sister to the emperor,  
 ATHENAIUS, a strange virgin, afterwards empress, and  
 named Eudocia,  
 ARCADIA, } the younger sisters of the emperor.  
 FLACCILLA, }  
 Officers, Suitors, Attendants, Guards, Huntsman,  
 Executioners, Servants, &c.

SCENE, Constantinople.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter PAULINUS and CLEON.

In your six years travel, friend, no doubt  
 I have met with  
 And rare adventures, and observed  
 Orders of each climate, varying in  
 Manners and the men; and so return  
 To future service of your prince and country,  
 Understanding better'd.

Cle. Sir, I have made of it  
 The best use in my power, and hope my gleanings  
 After the full crop others reaped before me,  
 Shall not, when I am call'd on, altogether  
 Appear unprofitable; yet I left  
 The miracle of miracles in our age  
 At home behind me; every where abroad,  
 Fame, with a true though prodigal voice, deliver'd  
 Such wonders of Pulcheria, the princess,  
 To the amazement, nay, astonishment rather,

Of such as heard it, that I found not *عجب* -  
In all the states and kingdoms that I pass'd through,  
Worthy to be her second.

*Paul.* She, indeed, is  
A perfect phenix, and disdains a rival.  
Her infant years, as you know, promised much,  
But grown to ripeness, she transcends and makes  
Credulity her debtor. I will tell you,  
In my blunt way, to entertain the time,  
Until you have the happiness to see her,  
How in your absence she hath borne herself,  
And with all possible brevity; though the subject  
Is such a spacious field, as would require  
An abstract of the purest eloquence  
(Derived from the most famous orators  
The nurse of learning, Athens, show'd the world)  
In that man that should undertake to be  
Her true historian.

*Cle.* In this you shall do me  
A special favour.

*Paul.* Since Arcadius' death,  
Our late great master, the protection of  
The prince, his son, the second Theodosius,  
By a general vote and suffrage of the people,  
Was to her charge assign'd, with the disposal  
Of his so many kingdoms. For his person,  
She hath so train'd him up in all those arts  
That are both great and good, and to be wish'd  
In an imperial monarch, that the mother  
Of the Gracchi, grave Cornelia, Rome still boasts of,  
The wise Pulcheria but named, must be  
No more remember'd. She, by her example,  
Hath made the court a kind of academy,  
In which true honour is both learn'd and practised:

Her private lodgings a chaste nunnery,  
In which her sisters, as probationers, hear  
From her, their sovereign abbess, all the precepts  
Read in the school of virtue.

*Cle.* You amaze me.

*Paul.* I shall, ere I conclude; for here the wonder  
Begins, not ends. Her soul is so immense,  
And her strong faculties so apprehensive,  
To search into the depth of deep designs,  
And of all natures, that the burthen, which  
To many men were insupportable,  
To her is but a gentle exercise,  
Made, by the frequent use, familiar to her.

*Cle.* With your good favour let me interrupt  
you.

Being, as she is, in every part so perfect,  
Methinks that all kings of our eastern world  
Should become rivals for her.

*Paul.* So they have;  
But to no purpose. She that knows her strength  
To rule and govern monarchs, scorns to wear  
On her free neck the servile yoke of marriage;  
And for one loose desire, envy itself  
Dares not presume to taint her; Venus' son  
Is blind indeed when he but gazes on her;  
Her chastity being a rock of diamonds,  
With which encounter'd, his shafts fly in splinters;  
His flaming torches in the living spring  
Of her perfections quench'd; and, to crown all,  
She's so impartial when she sits upon  
The high tribunal, neither sway'd with pity  
Nor awed by fear, beyond her equal scale,  
That 'tis not superstition to believe  
Astræa once more lives upon the earth,  
Pulcheria's breast her temple.

*Cle.* You have given her  
An admirable character.

*Paul.* She deserves it:  
And such is the commanding power of virtue,  
That from her vicious enemies it compels  
Pæans of praise, as a due tribute to her.

[Loud music.]

*Cle.* What means this solemn music?

*Paul.* Sir\*, it ushers  
The emperor's morning meditation,  
In which Pulcheria is more than assistant.  
'Tis worth your observation, and you may  
Collect from her expense of time this day,  
How her hours, for many years, have been dis-  
posed of.

*Cle.* I am all eyes and ears.

*Enter, after a strain of solemn music, PHILANAX,  
TIMANTUS, Patriarch, THEODOSIUS, PULCHERIA,  
FLACCILLA, and ARCADIA; followed by CHRYSAPIUS  
and GRATIANUS; Servants and Officers.*

*Pul.* Your patience, Sir.  
Let those corrupted ministers of the court,  
Which you complain of, our devotions ended,  
Be cited to appear: for the ambassadors  
Who are importunate to have audience,  
From me you may assure them that to-morrow  
They shall in public kiss the emperor's robe,  
And we in private with our soonest leisure,  
Will give them hearing. Have you especial care  
too,  
That free access be granted unto all  
Petitioners. The morning wears.—Pray you on,  
sir;  
Time lost is ne'er recover'd.

[Exeunt all but Paulinus and Cleon.]

*Paul.* Did you note  
The majesty she appears in?

*Cle.* Yes, my good lord;  
I was ravish'd with it.

*Paul.* And then, with what speed  
She orders her dispatches, not one daring  
To interpose; the emperor himself,  
Without reply, putting in act whatever  
She pleased to impose† upon him.

*Cle.* Yet there were some,  
That in their sullen looks, rather confess'd  
A forced constraint to serve her, than a will  
To be at her devotion: what are they?

*Paul.* Eunuchs of the emperor's chamber, that  
repine

The globe and awful sceptre should give place  
Unto the distaff, for as such they whisper  
A woman's government, but dare not yet  
Express themselves.

*Cle.* From whence are the ambassadors  
To whom she promised audience?

*Paul.* They are  
Employ'd by divers princes, who desire  
Alliance with our emperor, whose years now,  
As you see, write him man. One would advance  
A daughter to the honour of his bed;

\* *Paul.* Sir, it ushers, &c.) A monosyllable has dropt out here. I have inserted *Sir*, the most innocent one that occurred to me.

† *She pleased to impose*] *Is*, which the modern editors insert before *pleased*, was admitted without authority, and indeed without necessity.

A second, his fair sister : to instruct you  
In the particulars would ask longer time  
Than my own designs give way to. I have letters  
From special friends of mine, that to my care  
Commend a stranger virgin, whom this morning  
I purpose to present before the princess :  
If you please, you may accompany me.  
*Cle.* I'll wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter the Informer, with Officers bringing in the Projector, the Minion of the Suburbs, and the Master of the Habit and Manners.*

*Infor.* Why should you droop, or hang your working heads ?  
No danger is meant to you ; pray bear up :  
For aught I know, you are cited to receive  
Preferment due to your merits.

*Proj.* Very likely :  
In all the projects I have read and practised,  
I never found one man compell'd to come  
Before the seat of justice under guard,  
To receive honour.

*Infor.* No ! it may be, you are  
The first example. Men of qualities,  
As I have deliver'd you to the protectress,  
Who knows how to advance them, cannot conceive  
A fitter place to have their virtues publish'd,  
Than in open court. Could you hope that the  
princess,

Knowing your precious merits, will reward them  
In a private corner ? No ; you know not yet  
How you may be exalted.

*Min.* To the gallows.

*Infor.* Fie !

Nor yet depress'd to the gallies ; in your names  
You carry no such crimes : your specious titles  
Cannot but take her :—President of the Projectors !  
What a noise it makes ! The Master of the Habit\* !  
How proud would some one country be that I know,  
To be your first pupil\* ! Minion of the Suburbs,  
And now and then admitted to the court,  
And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames† !  
What hurt is in it ? One thing I must tell you,  
As I am the state-scout, you may think me an in-  
former.

*Mastr.* They are synonyma†.

\* ———— *The Master of the Habit :*

*How proud would some one country be that I know,  
To be your first pupil !* " Still harping upon England,"  
which, at the time these scenes are supposed to have taken  
place, was struggling with a few " naked Picts" for wolves'  
skins !

† *And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames !* This  
seems to have been a cant term, with our old dramatists,  
for a pauper, in allusion probably to his designation. The  
*Squire of Dames* is a personage of great respectability in the  
*Faerie Queene*, from whence, as Mr. Gilchrist observes to  
me, Massinger derived the appellation. In Book III.  
Canto vii. Stanza 53, " he is dispatched by his mistress, to  
relieve distressed damsels during the space of a twelvemonth.  
This injunction he happily performs, and returns with three  
hundred proofs of his prowess and success ; his capricious  
fair one then forbids him her presence until he can find as  
many other ladies,

" The which, for all the suit he could propound,

Would him refuse their pledges to afford,

But did abide for ever chaste and sound."

" After straying three years, and endeavouring with all  
his might to effect the purpose of his mission, he acknow-  
ledges to Satyrane (*misérable dictu !*) that he had found  
but three !" The story, as Warton has observed, is copied  
from Ariosto's *Host's Tale*, c. 28.

‡ *Min.* *They are synonyma.* The modern editors have

*Infor.* Conceal nothing from her  
Of your good parts, 'twill be the better for you ;  
Or if you should, it matters not ; she can conjure,  
And I am her ubiquitous spirit.  
Bound to obey her :—you have my instructions ;  
Stand by, here's better company.

*Enter PAULINUS, CLEON, and ATHENAIUS with a petition.*

*Athen.* Can I hope, sir,  
Oppressed innocence shall find protection  
And justice among strangers, when my brothers,  
Brothers of one womb, by one sire begotten,  
Trample on my afflictions ?

*Paul.* Forget them,  
Remembering those may help you.

*Athen.* They have robb'd me  
Of all means to prefer my just complaint,  
With any promising hope to gain a hearing,  
Much less redress : petitions not sweetened  
With gold, are but unsavory, oft refused ;  
Or, if received, are pocketed, not read.  
A suitor's swelling tears by the glowing beams  
Of choleric authority are dried up  
Before they fall, or, if seen, never pitied.  
What will become of a forsaken maid !  
My flattering hopes are too weak to encounter  
With my strong enemy, despair, and 'tis  
In vain to oppose her.

*Cle.* Cheer her up ; she faints, sir.

*Paul.* This argues weakness ; though your bro-  
thers were

Cruel beyond expression, and the judges  
That sentenced you, corrupt ; you shall find here  
One of you own fair sex to do you right,  
Whose beams of justice, like the sun, extend  
Their light and heat to strangers, and are not  
Municipal or confined.

*Athen.* Pray you, do not feed me  
With airy hopes ; unless you can assure me  
The great Pulcheria will descend to hear  
My miserable story, it were better  
I died without the trouble.

*Paul.* She is bound to it  
By the surest chain, her natural inclination  
To help the afflicted ; nor shall long delays  
More terrible to miserable suitors  
Than quick denials, grieve you. Dry your fair eyes ;  
This room will instantly be sanctified  
With her bless'd presence ; to her ready hand  
Present your grievances, and rest assured  
You shall depart contented.

*Athen.* You breathe in me  
A second life.

*Infor.* Will your lordship please to hear  
Your servant a few words ?

*Paul.* Away, you rascal !  
Did I ever keep such servants ?

*Infor.* If your honesty  
Would give you leave, it would be for your profit.

*Paul.* To make use of an informer ! tell me, in  
what  
Can you advantage me ?

Ignorantly corrupted this into *synonyma* ; but *synonyma*  
was the word in use in Massinger's time.

Thus Jonson :

" Where lately harbour'd many a famous whore,  
A purging bill, now fix'd upon the door,  
Tells you it is a hot-house : so it may,  
And still be a whore-house ;—they're *synonyma*."

*Epiq. vii.*

*Infor.* In the first tender  
Of a fresh suit never begg'd yet.  
*Paul.* What's your suit, sir?  
*Infor.* 'Tis feasible:—here are three arrant knaves  
Discovered by my art.  
*Paul.* And thou the archknave:  
The great devour the less.  
*Infor.* And with good reason;  
I must eat one a month, I cannot live else.  
*Paul.* A notable cannibal! but should I hear thee,  
In what do your knaves concern me?  
*Infor.* In the begging  
Of their estates.  
*Paul.* Before they are condemn'd?  
*Infor.* Yes, or arraign'd; your lordship may  
speak too late else\*.  
They are your own, and I will be content  
With the fifth part of a share.  
*Paul.* Hence, rogue!  
*Infor.* Such rogues  
In this kind will be heard and cherish'd too.  
Fool that I was, to offer such a bargain  
To a spiced-conscience chapman!—but I care not;  
What he disdain to taste, others will swallow.

*Loud music.* Enter THEODOSIUS, PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, FLACCILLA, Patriarch, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, GRATIANUS, and Attendants.

*Cle.* They are returned from the temple.

*Paul.* See she appears;

What think you now?

*Athen.* A cunning painter thus,  
Her veil ta'en off, and awful sword and balance  
Laid by, would picture Justice.

*Pul.* When you please,  
You may intend those royal exercises  
Suiting your birth and greatness: I will bear  
The burthen of your cares, and, having purged  
The body of your empire of ill humours,  
Upon my knees surrender it.

*Chry.* Will you ever

Be awed thus like a boy?

*Grat.* And kiss the rod

Of a proud mistress?

*Tim.* Be what you were born, sir.

*Phil.* Obedience and majesty never lodged  
In the same inn.

*Theod.* No more; he never learn'd  
The right way to command, that stopp'd his ears  
To wise directions.

*Pul.* Read o'er the papers  
I left upon my cabinet, two hours hence  
I will examine you.

*Flac.* We spend our time well!  
Nothing but praying and poring on a book.  
It ill agrees with my constitution, sister.

*Arcad.* Would I had been born some masking-  
lady's woman,  
Only to see strange sights, rather than live thus!

\* *Yes, or arraign'd; your lordship may speak too late else.* This is a severe sarcasm on the avidity of the courtiers in Massinger's time; unfortunately too, it is just. The estates of many condemned persons were begg'd with scandalous precipitation by the favourites of the day, and, what so worse, were justly suspected, in more than one instance, it have constituted the principal part of the crime for which the possessors suffered:

"Sir, you are rich; besides, you know what you  
Have got by your ward's death: I fear you will  
Be begg'd at court." *The Wits.*

*Flac.* We are gone, forsooth; there is no remedy,  
sister. [*Exeunt Arcadia and Flaccilla.*]

*Grat.* What hath his eye found out?

*Tim.* 'Tis fix'd upon

That stranger lady.

*Chry.* I am glad yet, that  
He dares look on a woman.

[*All this time the Informer is kneeling to Pulcheria, and deliv'ring papers.*]

*Theo.* Philanax,  
What is that comely stranger?

*Phil.* A petitioner.

*Chry.* Will you hear her case, and dispatch her in  
your chamber?  
I'll undertake to bring her.

*Theo.* Bring me to  
Some place where I may look on her demeanour:  
'Tis a lovely creature!

*Chry.* There's some hope in this yet.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Theodosius, Patriarch, Philanax, Timantus, Chrysapius, and Gratianus.*]

*Pul.* No: you have done your parts.

*Paul.* Now opportunity courts you,  
Prefer your suit.

*Athen.* As low as misery  
Can fall, for proof of my humility,  
A poor distressed virgin bows her head,  
And lays hold on your goodness, the last altar  
Calamity can fly to for protection,  
Great minds erect their never-falling trophies\*  
On the firm base of mercy; but to triumph  
Over a suppliant, by proud fortune captived,  
Argues a bastard conquest:—'tis to you  
I speak, to you, the fair and just Pulcheria,  
The wonder of the age, your sex's honour;  
And as such, deign to hear me. As you have  
A soul moulded from heaven, and do desire  
To have it made a star there, make the means  
Of your ascent to that celestial height  
Virtue, wing'd with brave action: they draw near  
The nature and the essence of the gods,  
Who imitate their goodness.

*Pul.* If you were  
A subject of the empire, which your habit  
In every part denies—

*Athen.* O, fly not to  
Such an evasion! whate'er I am,  
Being a woman, in humanity  
You are bound to right me. Though the difference  
Of my religion may seem to exclude me [sighed];  
From your defence, which you would have con-  
The moral virtue, which is general,  
Must know no limits. By these blessed feet,  
That pace the paths of equity, and tread boldly  
On the stiff neck of tyrannous oppression,  
By these tears by which I bathe them, I conjure you  
With pity to look on me!

*Pul.* Pray you, rise:  
And, as you rise, receive this comfort from me.  
Beauty, set off with such sweet language, never  
Can want an advocate, and you must bring  
More than a guilty cause if you prevail not.  
Some business long since thought upon dispatch'd,

\* *Great minds erect their never-falling trophies* Never-falling is the reading of the old copies, and should not be changed. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason exhibit never-failing.

You shall have hearing, and, as far as justice  
Will warrant me, my best aids.

*Athen.* I do desire  
No stronger guard; my equity needs no favour.

[*Walks aside.*]

*Pul.* Are these the men?

*Proj.* We were, an't like your highness,  
The men, the men of eminence, the mark,  
And may continue so, if it please your grace.

*Mast.* This speech was well projected.

*Pul.* Does your conscience,  
I will begin with you, whisper unto you  
What here you stand accused of? Are you named  
The President of Projectors?

*Infor.* Justify it, man,  
And tell her in what thou'rt useful.

*Proj.* That is apparent;  
And if you please, ask some about the court,  
And they will tell you, to my rare inventions  
They owe their bravery, perhaps means to purchase,  
And cannot live without me. I, alas!  
Lend out my labouring brains to use, and sometimes  
For a drachma in the pound,—the more the pity.  
I am all patience, and endure the curses  
Of many, for the profit of one patron.

*Pul.* I do conceive the rest. What is the second?

*Infor.* The Minion of the Suburbs.

*Pul.* What hath he  
To do in Constantinople?

*Min.* I steal in now and then,  
As I am thought useful; marry, there I am call'd  
The Squire of Dames, or Servant of the Sex,  
And by the allowance of some sportful ladies,  
Honour'd with that title.

*Pul.* Spare your character, [peer.  
You are here decipher'd: stand by with your com-  
What is the third? a creature I ne'er heard of:  
The Master of the Manners and the Habit!  
You have a double office.

*Mast.* In my actions  
I make both good; for by my theorems,  
Which your polite and terser gallants practise,  
I re-refine the court\*, and civilize  
Their barbarous natures. I have in a table,  
With curious punctuality, set down,  
To a hair's breadth, how low a new-stamp'd courtier  
May vail to a country gentleman, and by  
Gradation, to his merchant, mercer, draper,  
His linen-man, and tailor.

*Pul.* Pray you, discover  
This hidden mystery.

*Mast.* If the foresaid courtier  
(As it may chance sometimes) find not his name  
Writ in the citizens' books, with a state hum  
He may salute them after three days' waiting;  
But, if he owe them money, that he may  
Preserve his credit, let him in policy never  
Appoint a day of payment, so they may hope still:  
But, if he be to take up more, his page  
May attend them at the gate, and usher them  
Into his cellar, and when they are warm'd with wine,  
Conduct them to his bedchamber; and though then  
He be under his barber's hands, as soon as seen,  
He must start up to embrace them, vail thus low;

\* *I re-refine the court.* [So the old copy: the modern editors read, *I refine the court*, which destroys at once the humour and the metre.

† *how low a new-stamp'd courtier*  
*May vail to a country gentleman,* i. e. bow; the word occurs again, in the same sense, a few lines below.

Nay, though he call them cousins, 'tis the better,  
His dignity no way wrong'd in't.

*Paul.* Here's a fine knave!

*Pul.* Does this rule hold without exception, sirrah,  
For courtiers in general?

*Mast.* No, dear madam,  
For one of the last edition; and for him  
I have composed a dictionary, in which  
He is instructed, how, when, and to whom,  
To be proud or humble; at what times of the year  
He may do a good deed for itself, and that is  
Writ in dominical letters; all days else  
Are his own, and of those days the several hours  
Mark'd out, and to what use.

*Pul.* Show us your method;  
I am strangely taken with it.

*Mast.* 'Twill deserve  
A pension, I hope. First, a strong cullis  
In his bed, to heighten appetite; shuttle-cock,  
To keep him in breath when he rises: tennis courts  
Are chargeable, and the riding of great horses [ones  
Too boisterous for my young courtier; let the old  
I think not of, use it: next, his meditation  
How to court his mistress, and that he may seem  
witty,

Let him be furnish'd with confederate jests  
Between him and his friend, that, on occasion, [garb  
They may vent them mutually: what his pace and  
Must be in the presence; then the length of his sword,  
The fashion of the hilt—what the blade is  
It matters not; 'twere barbarism to use it,  
Unless to show his strength upon an anadiron;  
So, the sooner broke the better.

*Pul.* How I abuse  
This precious time! Projector, I treat first  
Of you and your disciples; you roar out,  
All is the king's, his will above his laws;  
And that fit tributes are too gentle yokes  
For his poor subjects: whispering in his ear,  
If he would have their fear, no man should dare  
To bring a salad from his country garden,  
Without the paying gabel\*; kill a hen,  
Without excise: and that if he desire  
To have his children or his servants wear  
Their heads upon their shoulders, you affirm  
In policy 'tis fit the owner should  
Pay for them by the poll; or, if the prince want  
A present sum, he may command a city  
Impossibilities, and for non-performance,  
Compel it to submit to any fine  
His officers shall impose. Is this the way  
To make our emperor happy? can the groans  
Of his subjects yield him music? must his thresholds  
Be wash'd with widows' and wrong'd orphans' tears,  
Or his power grow contemptible?

*Proj.* I begin  
To feel myself a rogue again.

*Pul.* But you are  
The squire of dames, devoted to the service  
Of gamesome ladies, the hidden mystery  
Discover'd, their close bawd, thy slavish breath  
Fanning the fire of lust; the go-between  
This female and that wanton sir; your art

\* *no man should dare*  
*To bring a salad from his country garden.*  
*Without the paying gabel; &c.] This spirit of imposition*  
*is well touched on by Donne:*

"—shortly, boys shall not play  
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay  
Toll to some courtier." Sat. IV.

Can blind a jealous husband, and, disguised  
Like a milliner or shoemaker, convey  
A letter in a pantofle or glove,  
Without suspicion, nay, at his table,  
In a case of picktooths; you instruct them how  
To parley with their eyes, and make the temple  
A mart of looseness:—to discover all  
Your subtle brokages, were to teach in public  
Those private practices which are, in justice,  
Severely to be punished.

Min. I am cast:

A jury of my patronesses cannot quit me.  
Pul. You are master of the manners and the habit;  
Rather the scorn of such as would live men,  
And not, like apes, with servile imitation  
Study prodigious fashions. You keep  
Intelligence abroad, that may instruct  
Our giddy youth at home what new-found fashion  
Is now in use, swearing he's most complete  
That first turns monster. Know, villains, I can  
thrust  
This arm into your hearts, strip off the flesh  
That covers your deformities, and show you  
In your own nakedness. Now, though the law  
Call not your follies death, you are for ever  
Banish'd my brother's court.—Away with them;  
I will hear no reply.

[*Exeunt Informer, and Officers with the Projector,  
Minion of the Suburbs, and Master of the Habit  
and Manners.*]

Enter above THEODOSIUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS,  
CHRYSAPIUS, and GRATIANUS.

Paul. What think you now?

Cle. That I am in a dream; or that I see  
A second Pallas.

Pul. These removed, to you  
I clear my brow. Speak without fear, sweet maid,  
Since, with a mild aspect, and ready ear,  
I sit prepared to hear you.

Athen. Know, great princess,  
My father, though a pagan, was admired  
For his deep search into those hidden studies,  
Whose knowledge is denied to common men.  
The motion, with the divers operations  
Of the superior bodies, by his long  
And careful observation were made  
Familiar to him; all the secret virtues  
Of plants and simples, and in what degree  
They were useful to mankind, he could discourse  
of:

In a word, conceive him as a prophet honour'd  
In his own country. But being born a man,  
It lay not in him to defer the hour  
Of his approaching death, though long foretold:  
In this so fatal hour he call'd before him  
His two sons and myself, the dearest pledges  
Lent him by nature, and with his right hand  
Blessing our several heads, he thus began—

Chry. Mark his attention.

Phil. Give me leave to mark too.

Athen. If I could leave my understanding to you,  
It were superfluous to make division  
Of whatsoever else I can bequeath you;  
But, to avoid contention, I allot  
An equal portion of my possessions  
To you, my sons; but unto thee, my daughter,

My joy, my darling (pardon me, though I  
Repeat his words), if my prophetic soul,  
Ready to take her flight, can truly guess at  
Thy future fate, I leave the\* strange assurance  
Of the greatness thou art born to, unto which  
Thy brothers shall be proud to pay their service:—

Paul. And all men else, that honour beauty.

Theo. Umph!

Athen. Yet, to prepare thee for that certain fortune,  
And that I may from present wants defend thee,  
I leave ten thousand crowns:—which said, being call'd  
To the fellowship of our deities, he expired,  
And with him all remembrance of the charge  
Concerning me, left by him to my brothers.

Pul. Did they detain your legacy?

Athen. And still do.

His ashes were scarce quiet in his urn,  
When, in derision of my future greatness,  
They thrust me out of doors, denying me  
One short night's harbour.

Pul. Weep not.

Athen. I desire,

By your persuasion, or commanding power,  
The restitution of mine own; or that,  
To keep my frailty from temptation,  
In your compassion of me, you would please,  
I, as a handmaid, may be entertain'd  
To do the meanest offices to all such  
As are honour'd in your service.

Pul. Thou art welcome.

What is thy name?

Athen. The forlorn Athenais.

Pul. The sweetness of thy innocence strangely  
takes me. [Takes her up, and kisses her.

Forget thy brothers' wrongs; for I will be  
In my care a mother, in my love a sister to thee;  
And, were it possible thou couldst be won  
To be of our belief—

Paul. May it please your excellence,  
That is an easy task; I, though no scholar,  
Dare undertake it; clear truth cannot want  
Rhetorical persuasions.

Pul. 'Tis a work,  
My lord, will well become you.—Break up the  
court:

May your endeavours prosper!

Paul. Come, my fair one;

I hope, my convert.

Athen. Never: I will die

As I was born.

Paul. Better you ne'er had been.

Phil. What does your majesty think of?—

The maid's gone.

Theo. She's wondrous fair, and in her speech  
appear'd  
Pieces of scholarship.

Chry. Make use of her learning  
And beauty together; on my life she will be  
proud

To be so converted.

Theo. From foul lust heaven guard me!

[*Exeunt.*]

\* ——— I leave the strange assurance,] So the old copy. The modern editors read—*I leave thee strange assurance*: but the whole of this beautiful scene is vitally disgraced by numerous errors and omissions in both the last editions.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, and GRATIANUS.*

*Phil.* We only talk, when we should do

*Tim.* I'll second you;

Begin, and when you please.

*Grat.* Be constant in it.

*Chry.* That resolution which grows cold to-day,  
Will freeze to-morrow.

*Grat.* 'Slight, I think she'll keep him  
Her ward for ever, to herself engrossing  
The disposition of all the favours  
And bounties of the empire.

*Chry.* We, that, by  
The nearness of our service to his person,  
Should raise this man, or pull down that, without  
Her license hardly dare prefer a suit,  
Or if we do, 'tis cross'd,

*Phil.* You are troubled for  
Your proper ends; my aims are high and honest.  
The wrong that's done to majesty I repine at:  
I love the emperor, and 'tis my ambition  
To have him know himself, and to that purpose  
I'll run the hazard of a check.

*Grat.* And I

The loss of my place.

*Tim.* I will not come behind,  
Fall what can fall.

*Chry.* Let us put on sad aspects,  
To draw him on; charge home, we'll fetch you off,  
Or lie dead by you.

*Enter THEODOSIUS.*

*Theo.* How's this? clouds in the chamber,  
And the air clear abroad!

*Phil.* When you, our sun,  
Obscure your glorious beams, poor we, that borrow  
Our little light from you, cannot but suffer  
A general eclipse.

*Tim.* Great sir, 'tis true;  
For, till you please to know and be yourself,  
And freely dare dispose of what's your own,  
Without a warrant, we are falling meteors,  
And not fix'd stars.

*Chry.* The pale-faced moon, that should  
Govern the night, usurps the rule of day,  
And still is at the full in spite of nature,  
And will not know a change.

*Theo.* Speak you in riddles?  
I am no Œdipus, but your emperor,  
And as such would be instructed.

*Phil.* Your command  
Shall be obey'd: till now, I never heard you  
Speak like yourself; and may that Power by which  
You are so, strike me dead, if what I shall  
Deliver as a faithful subject to you,  
Hath root or growth from malice, or base envy.  
Of your sister's greatness! I could honour in her  
A power subordinate to yours; but not,  
As 'tis, predominant.

*Tim.* Is it fit that she,  
In her birth your vassal, should command the knees  
Of such as should not bow but to yourself?

*Grat.* She with security walks upon the heads  
Of the nobility; the multitude,  
As to a deity, offering sacrifice  
For her grace and favour.

*Chry.* Her proud feet even wearied  
With the kisses of petitioners.

*Grat.* While you,  
To whom alone such reverence is proper,  
Pass unregarded by her.

*Tim.* You have not yet  
Been master of one hour of your whole life.

*Chry.* Your will and faculties kept in more awe  
Than she can do her own.

*Phil.* And as a bondman  
(O let my zeal find grace, and pardon from you,  
That I descend so low), you are design'd  
To this or that employment, suiting well  
A private man, I grant, but not a prince.  
To be a perfect horseman, or to know  
The words of the chase, or a fair man of arms,  
Or to be able to pierce to the depth,  
Or write a comment on the obscurest poets,  
I grant are ornaments; but your main scope  
Should be to govern men, to guard your own,  
If not enlarge your empire.

*Chry.* You are built up  
By the curious hand of nature, to revive  
The memory of Alexander, or by  
A prosperous success in your brave actions,  
To rival Cæsar.

*Tim.* Rouse yourself, and let not  
Your pleasures be a copy of her will.

*Phil.* Your pupilage is past, and manly actions  
Are now expected from you.

*Grat.* Do not lose  
Your subjects' hearts.

*Tim.* What is't to have the means  
To be magnificent, and not exercise  
The boundless virtue?

*Grat.* You confine yourself  
To that which strict philosophy allows of,  
As if you were a private man.

*Tim.* No pomp  
Or glorious shows of royalty rendering it  
Both loved and terrible.

*Grat.* 'Slight! you live, as it  
Begets some doubt, whether you have, or not,  
The abilities of a man.

*Chry.* The firmament  
Hath not more stars than there are several beauties  
Ambitious at the height to impart their dear  
And sweetest favours to you.

*Grat.* Yet you have not  
Made choice of one, of all the sex, to serve you,  
In a physical way of courtship.

*Theo.* But that I would not  
Begin the expression of my being a man,  
In blood, or stain the first white robe I wear  
Of absolute power, with a servile imitation  
Of any tyrannous habit, my just anger  
Prompts me to make you, in your sufferings, feel,  
And not in words to instruct you, that the license  
Of the loose and saucy language you now practised  
Hath forfeited your heads.

Grat. How's this!

Phil. I know not

What the play may prove, but I assure you that I do not like the prologue.

Theo. O the miserable

Condition of a prince; who, though he vary More shapes than Proteus, in his mind and manners, He cannot win an universal suffrage From the many-headed monster, multitude! Like Æsop's foolish frogs, they trample on him As a senseless block, if his government be easy; And, if he prove a stork, they croak and rail Against him as a tyrant. I will put off That majesty, of which you think I have Nor use nor feeling; and in arguing with you, Convince you with strong proofs of common reason, And not with absolute power, against which, wretches,

You are not to dispute. Dare you, that are My creatures, by my prodigal favours fashion'd, Presuming on the nearness of your service, Set off with my familiar acceptance, Condemn my obsequiousness to the wise directions Of an incomparable sister, whom all parts Of our world, that are made happy in the knowledge Of her perfections, with wonder gaze on? And yet you, that were only born to eat The blessings of our mother earth, that are Distant but one degree from beasts (since slaves Can claim no larger privilege), that know No further than your sensual appetites, Or wanton lusts, have taught you, undertake To give your sovereign laws to follow that Your ignorance marks out to him! [Walks by.]

Grat. How were we

Abused in our opinion of his temper!

Phil. We had forgot 'tis found in holy writ, That kings' hearts are inscrutable.

Tim. I ne'er read it; My study lies not that way.

Phil. By his looks, The tempest still increases.

Theo. Am I grown

So stupid in your judgments, that you dare, With such security offer violence To sacred majesty? will you not know The lion is a lion though he show not His rending paws, or fill the affrighted air With the thunder of his roarings?—You bless'd saints,

How am I trench'd on! Is that temperance So famous in your cited Alexander, Or Roman Scipio, a crime in me? Cannot I be an emperor, unless Your wives and daughters bow to my proud lusts? And, 'cause I ravish not their fairest buildings And fruitful vineyards, or what is dearest, From such as are my vassals, must you conclude I do not know the awful power and strength Of my prerogative? Am I close-handed, Because I scatter not among you that I must not call mine own? know, you court-leeches, A prince is never so magnificent\*

\* ————know, you court-leeches, A prince is never so magnificent

As when he's sparing to enrich, &c.] There is a peculiarity in the use of this word, which cannot have escaped the reader's notice. In Massinger it constantly stands for *magnificent*, of which several instances have already occurred: thus, in *The Duke of Milan*:

As when he's sparing to enrich a few With the injuries of many. Could your hopes So grossly flatter you, as to believe I was born and train'd up as an emperor, only In my indulgence to give sanctuary, In their unjust proceedings, to the rapine And avarice of my grooms?

Phil. In the true mirror Of your perfections, at length we see Our own deformities.

Tim. And not once daring To look upon that majesty we now alighted—

Chry. With our faces thus glued to the earth, we beg

Your gracious pardon.

Grat. Offering our necks To be trod on, as a punishment for our late Presumption, and a willing testimony Of our subjection.

Theo. Deserve our mercy In your better life hereafter; you shall find, Though, in my father's life\*, I held it madness To usurp his power, and in my youth disdain'd not To learn from the instructions of my sister, I'll make it good to all the world I am An emperor; and even this instant grasp The sceptre, my rich stock of majesty Entire, no scruple wasted.

Phil. If these tears I drop proceed not from my joy to hear this, May my eyeballs follow them!

Tim. I will show myself, By your sudden metamorphosis, transform'd From what I was.

Grat. And ne'er presume to ask What fits not you to give.

Theo. Move in that sphere, And my light with full beams shall shine upon you. Forbear this slavish courtship, 'tis to me In a kind idolatrous.

Phil. Your gracious sister.

Enter PULCHERIA, and Servant†.

Pul. Has he converted her?

Serv. And, as such, will Present her, when you please.

Pul. I am glad of it.

"Yet, not to take From others to give only to myself, I will not hinder your magnificence To my commanders." Act III. Sc. 1.

Again, in *The Renegade*:

"How like a royal merchant, to return You great magnificence." Act. II. Sc. 4.

Again, in *The Parliament of Love*, Dinant upon Novall's giving him his purse, exclaims,

"You are too magnificent." Act IV. Sc. 1.

And in several other places.

\* *Though in my father's life, I held it madness To usurp his power.* We must not look for any very rigid adherence to dates in these historical dramas; a few prominent facts were generally seized on; and if these were distributed among the real actors, it was all the poet aimed at, and all his audience expected. At the death of Arcadius, Theodosius was a child of seven years old, and was more likely to have passed his time in youthful games with the women, than to have thought of dethroning his father. At the period of this scene, he was in his twentieth year. Pulcheria was two or three years older.

† Enter PULCHERIA, and Servant.] To the speeches of the latter, *Mar.* is prefixed instead of *Serv.*; and the going out is *Exit Mart.* There is no name of this kind among the dramatic persons: perhaps it was that of the performer.

Command my dresser to adorn her with  
The robes that I gave order for.

*Serv.* I shall.

*Pul.* And let those precious jewels I took last  
Out of my cabinet, if't be possible,  
Give lustre to her beauties; and, that done,  
Command her to be near us.

*Serv.* 'Tis a province  
I willingly embrace.

[*Erit.*

*Pul.* O my dear sir,  
You have forgot your morning task, and therefore,  
With a mother's love, I come to reprehend you;  
But it shall be gently.

*Theo.* 'Twill become you, though  
You said, with reverend duty. Know hereafter,  
If my mother lived in you, howe'er her son,  
Like you she were my subject.

*Pul.* How!

*Theo.* Put off

Amazement; you will find it. Yet I'll hear you  
At distance, as a sister, but no longer  
As a governess, I assure you.

*Grat.* This is put home.

*Tim.* Beyond our hopes.

*Phil.* She stands as if his words  
Had powerful magic in them.

*Theo.* Will you have me  
Your pupil ever? the down on my chin  
Confirms I am a man, a man of men,  
The emperor, that knows his strength.

*Pul.* Heaven grant  
You know it not too soon!

*Theo.* Let it suffice  
My wardship's out. If your design concerns us  
As a man, and not a boy, with our allowance  
You may deliver it.

*Pul.* A strange alteration!  
But I will not contend. Be as you wish, sir,  
Your own disposer; uncompell'd I cancel  
All bonds of my authority.

[*Kneels.*

*Theo.* You in this  
Pay your due homage, which perform'd, I thus  
Embrace you as a sister; [*Raises her.*] no way  
doubting

Your vigilance for my safety as my honour;  
And what you now come to impart, I rest  
Most confident, points at one of them.

*Pul.* At both;  
And not alone the present, but the future  
Tranquillity of your mind; since in the choice  
Of her you are to heat with holy fires,  
And make the consort of your royal bed,  
The certain means of glorious succession,  
With the true happiness of our human being,  
Are wholly comprehended.

*Theo.* How! a wife?  
Shall I become a votary to Hymen,  
Before my youth hath sacrificed to Venus?  
'Tis something with the soonest:—yet, to show,  
In things indifferent, I am not averse  
To your wise counsels, let me first survey  
Those beauties, that, in being a prince, I know  
Are rivals for me. You will not confine me  
To your election; I must see, dear sister,  
With mine own eyes.

*Pul.* 'Tis fit, sir. Yet in this,  
You may please to consider, absolute princes  
Have, or should have, in policy, less free will  
Than such as are their vassals: for, you must,  
As you are an emperor, in this high business

Weigh with due providence, with whom alliance  
May be most useful for the preservation  
Or increase of your empire.

*Theo.* I approve not

Such compositions for our moral ends,  
In what is in itself divine, nay, more,  
Decreed in heaven. Yet, if our neighbour princes,  
Ambitious of such nearness, shall present  
Their dearest pledges to me (ever reserving  
The caution of mine own content), I will not  
Contemn their courteous offers.

*Pul.* Bring in the pictures.

[*Two pictures brought in.*

*Theo.* Must I then judge the substances by the  
shadows?

The painters are most envious, if they want  
Good colours for preferment: virtuous ladies  
Love this way to be flattered, and accuse  
The workman of detraction, if he had not  
Some grace they cannot truly call their own.  
Is't not so, Gratianus? you may challenge  
Some interest in the science.

*Grat.* A pretender

To the art, I truly honour and subscribe  
To your majesty's opinion,

*Theo.* Let me see—

[*Reads.*

*Cleanthe, daughter to the king of Epiru,  
Ætatis sue, the fourteenth: ripe enough,  
And forward too, I assure you. Let me examine  
The symmetries. If staturaries could  
By the foot of Hercules set down punctually  
His whole dimensions, and the countenance be  
The index of the mind, this may instruct me,  
With the aids of that I've read touching this sub-  
ject,*

What she is inward. The colour of her hair,  
If it be, as this does promise, pale and faint,  
And not a glistening white: her brow, so so;  
The circles of her sight, too much contracted;—  
Juno's fair cow-eyes by old Homer are  
Commended to their merit\*: here's a sharp frost,  
In the tip of her nose, which, by the length, assures me  
Of storms at midnight, if I fail to pay her  
The tribute she expects. I like her not:  
What is the other?

*Chry.* How hath he commenced  
Doctor in this so sweet and secret art,  
Without our knowledge?

*Tim.* Some of his forward pages  
Have robbed us of the honour.

\* *Juno's fair cow-eyes by old Homer are  
Commended to their merit:* Massinger seems pleased  
with this version of *βωπις*, for he has it in other places.  
It is however so uncouth a translation, that, to use the lan-  
guage of the author's time, the ladies, I suspect, "conned  
him little thanks for it." Homer's peace is easily made:  
we may venture to affirm that in applying the epithet to his  
goddess, he thought as little of likening her eyes to a cow's,  
as to those of any other animal: he merely meant *large* or  
rather *full eyes*: *ὄμμος ἐνδείκασθαι βυλομενος ὡς  
εἰσαν ὀφθαλμοὶ τῇ Ἡρᾷ καλοὶ τε μεγάλοι τε,  
ΒΟΘΙΗΝ αὐτὴν ἐκαλεῖ.* LIBAN. So the word  
should be translated, and so, indeed, it is translated by  
Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

† *Chry. How hath he commenced  
Doctor in this so sweet and secret art;  
Without our knowledge?* Thus Fletcher:  
"Come, doctor Andrew, without disputation  
Thou shalt commence in the cellar." *The Elder Brother*.  
This fondness for the introduction of college language has  
been already noticed.

*Phil.* No such matter

He has the theory only, not the practick\*.

*Theo.* [reads.] *Amasia, sister to the Duke of Athens; Her age eighteen, descended lineally*

*From Theseus, as by her pedigree*

*Will be made apparent.* Of his lusty kindred,

And lose so much time! 'tis strange!—as I live,

A philosophical aspect; there is [she hath

More wit than beauty in her face; and when

I court her, it must be in tropes, and figures,

Or she will cry, Absurd! she will have her

elenchas;

To cut off any fallacy I can hope

To put upon her, and expect I should

Ever conclude in syllogisms, and those true ones

*In parte et toto*; or she'll tire me with

Her tedious elocutions in the praise of

The increase of generation, for which

Alone, the sport, in her morality,

Is good and lawful, and to be often practised

For fear of missing. Fie on't! let the race

Of Theseus be match'd with Aristotle's:

I'll none of her.

*Pul.* You are curious in your choice, sir,

And hard to please; yet, if that your consent

May give authority to it, I'll present you

With one that, if her birth and fortunes answer

The rarities of her body and her mind,

Detraction durst not tax her.

*Theo.* Let me see her.

Though wanting those additions, which we can

Supply from our own store: it is in us

To make men rich and noble; but to give

Legitimate shapes and virtues does belong

To the great Creator of them, to whose bounties

Alone 'tis proper, and in this disdains

An emperor for his rival.

*Pul.* I applaud

This fit acknowledgment; since princes then

Grow less than common men, when they contend

With him, by whom they are so.

Enter PAULINUS, CLEON, and ATHENAISS richly habited.

*Theo.* I confess it.

\* *He has the theory only, not the practick.* Mr. M. Mason reads *practice*. All the copies that I have consulted, and I have consulted several, concur in giving *practick*; and this was the language of Massinger's age.

Or *she will cry, Absurd!* Theodosius is here got into his logical phraseology. *Absurde facts, or absurde colligis*, is a term used in disputation, when false conclusions are drawn from the opponent's premises. The expression occurs in *The Elder Brother*: "Do they (i. e. "academics")

"Do they know anything but a tired hackney?"

And then they cry, *Absurd!* as the horse understood them."

This Theobald calls nonsense: it is, however, the *absurde facis* of the schools; and is meant to ridicule that perverse and awkward pedantry which applies the language of art to the trifling occurrences of common life.

*She will have her clenches!* So the old copy: poor Coxeter, who seems to have forgotten his logick, as well as his Greek, not knowing what to make of this word, altered it to *clenches!* the most unfortunate term that he could have chosen. Mr. M. Mason, very much to the credit of his "accuracy," continued the blunder, of course; though how a *clench*, of which the property is to *fix* or *confirm* an argument, is to *destroy* it, he did not think proper to enquire. *Elench* (from ελεγχω) is a sophistical refutation of a position maintained by an opponent.

*With one that, if her birth and fortune answer The rarities, &c.* So read the old copies, and so reads Coxeter: for *answer* Mr. M. Mason, to spoil a pretty passage, chooses to print *answer'd!* but indeed he has corrupted all this scene; in the next speech, for *our own store*, he has *our store*, which utterly subverts the metre.

*Pul.* Not to hold you in suspense, behold the virgin,

Rich in her natural beauties, no way borrowing  
The adulterate aids of art. Peruse her better;  
She's worth your serious view.

*Phil.* I am amazed too:

I never saw her equal.

*Grat.* How his eye

Is fix'd upon her!

*Tim.* And, as she were a fort

He'd suddenly surprise, he measures her

From the bases to the battlements.

*Chry.* Ha! now I view her better,

I know her; 'tis the maid that not long since

Was a petitioner; her bravery

So alters her, I had forgot her face.

*Phil.* So has the emperor.

*Paul.* She holds out yet,

And yields not to the assault.

*Cle.* She's strongly guarded

In her virgin blushes.

*Paul.* When you know, fair creature,

It is the emperor that honours you

With such a strict survey of your sweet parts,

In thankfulness you cannot but return

Due reverence for the favour.

*Athen.* I was lost

In my astonishment at the glorious object,

And yet rest doubtful whether he expects,

Being more than man, my adoration,

Since sure there is divinity about him:

Or will rest satisfied, if my humble knees

In duty thus bow to him.

*Theo.* Ha! it speaks.

*Pul.* She is no statue, sir.

*Theo.* Suppose her one,

And that she had no organs, voice, nor heat,

Most willingly I would resign my empire,

So it might be to aftertimes recorded

That I was her Pygmalion; though like him,

I doted on my workmanship, without hope too

Of having Cytherea so propitious

To my vows or sacrifice, in her compassion

To give it life or motion.

*Pul.* Pray you, be not rapt so,

Nor borrow from imaginary fiction

Impossible aids: she's flesh and blood, I assure you:

And if you please to honour her in the trial,

And be your own security, as you'll find

I fable not, she comes in a noble way

To be at your devotion.

*Chry.* 'Tis the maid

I offer'd to your highness; her changed shape

Conceal'd her from you.

*Theo.* At the first I knew her,

And a second firebrand Cupid brings, to kindle

My flames almost put out: I am too cold,

And play with opportunity.—May I taste then

The nectar of her lip?—[*Kisses her.*]—I do not

give it

The praise it merits: antiquity is too poor

To help me with a simile to express her:

Let me drink often from this living spring,

To nourish new invention.

*Pul.* Do not surfeit

In over-greedily devouring that

Which may without satiety feast you often.

From the moderation in receiving them,

The choicest viands do continue pleasing

To the most curious palates. If you think her

Worth your embraces, and the sovereign title  
Of the Grecian Empress—

*Theo.* If! how much you sin,  
Only to doubt it; the possession of her  
Makes all that was before most precious to me,  
Common and cheap: in this you've shown yourself  
A provident protectress. I already  
Grow weary of the absolute command  
Of my so numerous subjects, and desire  
No sovereignty but here, and write down gladly  
A period to my wishes.

*Paul.* Yet, before  
It be too late, consider her condition;  
Her father was a pagan, she herself  
A new-converted Christian.

*Theo.* Let me know  
The man to whose religious means I owe  
So great a debt.

*Paul.* You are advanced too high, sir,  
To acknowledge a beholdingness; 'tis discharged,  
And I beyond my hopes rewarded, if  
My service please your majesty.

*Theo.* Take this pledge  
Of our assured love. Are there none here  
Have suits to prefer! on such a day as this  
My bounty's without limit. O my dearest!—  
I will not hear thee speak; whatever in  
Thy thoughts is apprehended, I grant freely:  
Thou wouldst plead thy unworthiness. By thyself,  
The magazine of felicity, in thy lowness  
Our eastern queens, at their full height, bow to thee,  
And are, in their best trim, thy foils and shadows!  
Excuse the violence of my love, which cannot  
Admit the least delay. Command the patriarch  
With speed to do his holy office for us,  
That, when we are made one—

*Paul.* You must forbear, sir;  
She is not yet baptized.

*Theo.* In the same hour

In which she is confirmed in our faith,  
We mutually will give away each other,  
And both be gainers; we'll hear no reply  
That may divert us. On.

*Paul.* You may hereafter  
Please to remember to whose furtherance  
You owe this height of happiness.

*Athen.* As I was  
Your creature when I first petition'd you,  
I will continue so, and you shall find me,  
Though an empress, still your servant.

[*All go off \* but Philanax, Gratianus, and Timantus.*]

*Grat.* Here's a marriage  
Made up o' the sudden!

*Phil.* I repine not at  
The fair maid's fortune, though I fear the princess  
Had some peculiar end in't.

*Tim.* Who's so simple  
Only to doubt it?

*Grat.* It is too apparent;  
She hath prefer'd a creature of her own,  
By whose means she may still keep to herself  
The government of the empire.

*Tim.* Whereas, if  
The emperor had espoused some neighbour queen,  
Pulcheria, with all her wisdom, could not  
Keep her pre-eminence.

*Phil.* Be it as it will,  
'Tis not now to be alter'd. Heaven, I say,  
Turn all to the best

*Grat.* Are we come to praying again?

*Phil.* Leave thy profaneness.

*Grat.* Would it would leave me!

I am sure I thrive not by it.

*Tim.* Come to the temple.

*Grat.* Even where you will—I know not what to  
think on't. [Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter PAULINUS and PHILANAX.

*Paul.* Nor this, nor the age before us, ever  
look'd on  
The like solemnity.

*Phil.* A sudden fever  
Kept me at home. Pray you, my lord, acquaint me  
With the particulars.

*Paul.* You may presume  
No pomp nor ceremony could be wanting,  
Where there was privilege to command, and means  
To cherish rare inventions.

*Phil.* believe it  
But the sum of all in brief.

*Paul.* Pray you, so take it:  
Fair Athenais, not long since a suitor,  
And almost in her hopes forsaken, first  
Was christen'd, and the emperor's mother's name,  
Eudocia, as he will'd, imposed upon her;  
Pulcheria, the ever-matchless princess,  
Assisted by her reverend aunt Maria,  
Her godmothers.

*Phil.* And who the masculine witness?

*Paul.* At the new empress' suit, I had the honour;  
For which must ever serve her.

*Phil.* 'Twas a grace  
With justice you may boast of.

[*All go off but Philanax, &c.*] So the old copies, Cosseyer, to let "his reading and writing appear," translates it into Latin and prints: *All exit but Philanax, &c.*, and the most correct of editors follows him!

[*Would it would leave me!*] So the old copy: the modern editors, without regard to sense or metre, read, *Would it leave me.*

[*Phil.* And who the masculine witness? And who the male sponsor? So the word is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, in ridicule, as it should seem, of the puritans. Thus Jonson:

"And that, as puritans at baptism do,

Thou art the father and the witness too." *Epig. 4.*

Again:

*Quar.* His Christian-name is Zeal-of-the-land?

*J. it.* Yes, sir, Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

*Win-w.* How! what a name's there!

*Lit.* O, they have all such names, sir; he was witness for Win, here,—they will not be called godfathers.

*Bartholomew Fair.*

*Paul.* The marriage follow'd ;  
And, as 'tis said, the emperor made bold  
To turn the day to night ; for to bed they went  
As soon as they had dined, and there are wagers  
Laid by some merry lords, he hath already  
Begot a boy upon her.

*Phil.* That is yet  
To be determin'd of ; but I am certain  
A prince, so soon in his disposition alter'd,  
Was never heard nor read of.

*Paul.* But of late,  
Frugal and sparing, now nor bounds nor limits  
To his magnificent bounties. He affirm'd,  
Having received more blessings by his empress  
Than he could hope, in thankfulness to heaven  
He cannot be too prodigal to others.  
Whatever's offer'd to his royal hand,  
He signs without perusing it.

*Phil.* I am here  
Enjoin'd to free all such as lie for debt,  
The creditors to be paid out of his coffers.

*Paul.* And I all malefactors that are not  
Convicted or for treason or foul murder ;  
Such only are excepted.

*Phil.* 'Tis a rare clemency !

*Paul.* Which we must not dispute, but put in  
practice. [Exit.]

#### SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Loud Music. Shouts within:* Heaven preserve the  
Emperor ! Heaven bless the Empress ! *Then*  
*enter in state, the Patriarch, CHRYSAPIUS, PAULI-*  
*NUS, THEODOSIUS, EUDOCIA, PULCHERIA ; ARCADIA*  
*and FLACCILLA, bearing up EUDOCIA'S train ; followed*  
*by PHILANAX, GRATIANUS, and TIMANTUS. Several*  
*Suitors present petitions to the Emperor, which he*  
*seals.*

*Paul.* Sir, by your own rules of philosophy,  
You know things violent last not. Royal bounties  
Are great and gracious, while they are dispensed,  
With moderation ; but, when their excess  
In giving giant-bulks to others, takes from  
The prince's just proportion, they lose  
The name of virtues, and, their natures changed,  
Grow the most dangerous vices.

*Theo.* In this, sister,  
Your wisdom is not circular\* ; they that sow  
In narrow bounds, cannot expect in reason  
A crop beyond their ventures : what I do  
Disperse, I lend, and will with usury  
Return unto my heap. I only then  
Am rich and happy (though my coffers sound  
With emptiness) when my glad subjects feel  
Their plenty and felicity is my gift ;  
And they will find, when they with cheerfulness  
Supply not my defects, I bring the stomach  
To the politic body of the state, the limbs  
Grow suddenly faint and feeble : I could urge  
Proofs of more fineness in their shape and language,  
But none of greater strength.—Dissuade me not ;  
What we will, we will do ; yet, to assure you  
Your care does not offend us, for an hour  
Be happy in the converse of my best  
And dearest comfort. May you please to license  
My privacy some few minutes ?

\* *Theo.* In this, sister,  
Your wisdom is not circular ; A pedantic expression  
worthy of Johnson : Your wisdom is not full and perfect.

*Eud.* License, sir !  
I have no will but is derived from yours,  
And that still waits upon you ; nor can I  
Be left with such security with any  
As with the gracious princess, who receives  
Addition, though she be all excellence,  
In being styled your sister.

*Theo.* O sweet creature !  
Let me be censured fond, and too indulgent,  
Nay, though they say uxorious, I care not—  
Her love and sweet humility exact  
A tribute far above my power to pay  
Her matchless goodness. Forward.

[Flourish. *Exeunt all but Pulcheria, Eudoxia,  
Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*]

*Pul.* Now you find  
Your dying father's prophecy, that foretold  
Your present greatness, to the full accomplish'd,  
For the poor aids and furtherance I lent you  
I willingly forget.

*Eud.* Even that binds me  
To a more strict remembrance of the favour ;  
Nor shall you, from my foul ingratitude,  
In any circumstance, ever find cause  
To upbraid me with your benefit.

*Pul.* I believe so.  
Pray you give us leave :—[*Arcadia and Flaccilla walk*  
*aside.*—What now I must deliver

Under the deepest seal of secrecy,  
Though it be for your good, will give assurance  
Of what is look'd for, if you not alone  
Hear, but obey my counsels.

*Eud.* They must be  
Of a strange nature, if with zealous speed  
I put them not in practice.

*Pul.* 'Twere impertinence  
To dwell on circumstances, since the wound  
Requires a sudden cure ; especially  
Since you, that are the happy instrument  
Elected to it, though young, in your judgment  
Write far above your years, and may instruct  
Such as are more experienced.

*Eud.* Good madam,  
In this I must oppose you : I am well  
Acquainted with my weakness, and it will not  
Become your wisdom, by which I am raised  
To this titulary height, that should correct  
The pride and overweening of my fortune,  
To play the parasite to it, in ascribing  
That merit to me, unto which I can  
Pretend no interest : pray you, excuse  
My bold simplicity, and to my weight  
Design me where you please, and you shall find,  
In my obedience, I am still your creature.

*Pul.* 'Tis nobly answer'd, and I glory in  
The building I have rais'd : go on, sweet lady,  
In this your virtuous progress : but to the point.  
You know, nor do I envy it, you have  
Acquired that power which, not long since was mine,  
In governing the emperor, and must use  
The strength you hold in the heart of his affections,  
For his private, as the public preservation,  
To which there is no greater enemy  
Than his exorbitant prodigality,  
Howe'er his sycophants and flatterers call it  
Royal magnificence ; and though you\* may

\* ———— and though you may] In the old copies,  
and rightly : the modern editors read —and though he may ;  
which absolutely destroys the author's meaning.

Urge what's done for your honour must not be  
Curb'd or controll'd by you, you cannot in  
Your wisdom but conceive, if that the torrent  
Of his violent bounties be not stopp'd or lessen'd,  
It will prove most pernicious. Therefore, madam,  
Since 'tis your duty, as you are his wife,  
To give him saving counsels, and in being  
Almost his idol, may command him to  
Take any shape you please, with a powerful hand  
To stop him in his precipice to ruin——

*Eud.* Avert it, heaven!

*Pul.* Heaven is most gracious to you,  
In choosing you to be the instrument  
Of such a pious work. You see he signs  
What suit soever is prefer'd, not once  
Enquiring what it is, yielding himself  
A prey to all; I would, therefore, have you, lady,  
As I know you will, to advise him, or command him,  
As he would reap the plenty of your favours,  
To use more moderation in his bounties;  
And that, before he gives, he would consider  
The what, to whom, and wherefore.

*Eud.* Do you think

Such arrogance, or usurpation rather,  
Of what is proper and peculiar  
To every private husband, and much more  
To him, an emperor, can rank with the obedience  
And duty of a wife? Are we appointed  
In our creation (let me reason with you)  
To rule, or to obey? or, 'cause he loves me  
With a kind impotence, must I tyrannize  
Over his weakness, or abuse the strength  
With which he arms me, to his wrong? or, like  
A prostituted creature, merchandize  
Our mutual delight for hire, or to  
Serve mine own sordid ends? In vulgar nuptials  
Priority is exploded, though there be  
A difference in the parties; and shall I,  
His vassal, from obscurity raised by him  
To this so eminent light, presume t' appoint him  
To do, or not to do, this, or that? When wives  
Are well accommodated by their husbands  
With all things both for use and ornament,  
Let them fix there, and never dare to question  
Their wills or actions: for myself, I vow,  
Though now my lord would rashly give away  
His sceptre and imperial diadem,  
Or if there could be any thing more precious,  
I would not cross it:—but I know this is  
But a trial of my temper, and as such  
I do receive it; or, if't be otherwise,  
You are so subtle in your arguments,  
I dare not stay to hear them. [*Offers to retire.*]

*Pul.* Is it even so?

I have power o'er these yet, and command their stay,  
To hearken nearer to me.

*Arcad.* We are charged  
By the emperor, our brother, to attend  
The empress' service.

*Flac.* You are too mortified, sister  
(With reverence I speak it), for young ladies  
To keep your company. I am so tired  
With your tedious exhortations, doctrines, uses,  
Of your religious morality\*,

\* ————— I am so tired  
With your tedious exhortations, doctrines, uses,  
(If your religious morality.) These lines stand thus in  
Coxeter and M. Mason:  
————— I am so tired

That, for my health's sake, I must take the freedom  
To enjoy a little of those pretty\* pleasures  
That I was born to.

*Arcad.* When I come to your years,  
I'll do as you do; but, till then, with your pardon,  
I'll lose no more time. I have not learn'd to dance  
yet,  
Nor sing, but holy hymns, and those to vile tunes  
too;

Nor to discourse but of schoolmen's opinions.  
How shall I answer to my suitors, since, I hope,  
Ere long I shall have many, without practice  
To write and speak, something that's not derived  
From the fathers of philosophy?

*Flac.* We shall shame

Our breeding, sister, if we should go on thus.

*Arcad.* 'Tis for your credit that we study  
How to converse with men; women with women  
Yields but a barren argument.

*Flac.* She frowns——

But you'll protect us, madam?

*Eud.* Yes, and love  
Your sweet simplicity.

*Arcad.* All young girls are so,  
Till they know the way of it.

*Flac.* But, when we are enter'd,  
We shall on a good round pace.

*Eud.* I'll leave you, madam.

*Arcad.* And we our duties with you.

[*Exeunt Eudocia, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*]

*Pul.* On all hands  
Thus slighted! no way left? Am I grown stupid  
In my invention? can I make no use  
Of the Emperor's bounties? Now 'tis thought:—  
within there!

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* Madam.

*Pul.* It shall be so:—nearer? your ear.  
—Draw a petition to this end.

*Att.* Besides  
The danger to prefer it, I believe  
'Twill ne'er be granted.

*Pul.* How's this! are you grown,  
From a servant my director? let me hear  
No more of this. Dispatch; [*Exit Attendant.*] I'll  
master him  
At his own weapon.

*With your tedious exhortations, doctrines,  
Uses of your religious morality*

To say nothing of the total disregard of metre, it is manifest  
that the sense was altogether overlooked. *Uses*, which they  
connect with the following words, is a distinct expression,  
adopted, by our old dramatists, from the puritans, who usually  
divided their discourses into *doctrines* and *uses*; by  
the former of which they meant the explanation of their  
subject, and by the latter, the practical inferences drawn  
from it. Thus, in *The Ordinary*, by Cartwright: Andrew  
says:

"Here's no proofs,  
No doctrines, nor no uses; tutor, I  
Would fain learn some religion."

And in *The Magnetic Lady*, by Jonson:

"The parson has an edifying stomach,  
And a persuading palate, like his name;  
He hath begun three draughts of sack in doctrines,  
And four in uses."

\* *To enjoy a little of those pretty pleasures* [*Pretty*,  
which completes the verse, is not to be found in Mr. M.  
Mason.

† *Arcad.* All young girls are so.

[*Till they know the way of it.*] i. e. simple. These two  
lines, without which the next speech cannot be understood, are  
wholly omitted in the "correctest of all editions," and several  
other passages miserably mangled and corrupted, both  
in the printing and pointing.

Enter THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS\*, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, and GRATIANUS.

Theo. Let me understand it,  
If yet there be aught wanting that may perfect  
A general happiness.

Paul. The people's joys  
In seas of acclamations flow in,  
To wait on yours.

Phil. Their love with bounty levied,  
Is a sure guard: obedience forced from fear,  
Paper fortification, which, in danger,  
Will yield to the impression of a reed,  
Or of itself fall off.

Theo. True, Philanax;  
And by that certain compass we resolve  
To steer our bark of government.

Re-enter Attendant with the petition.

Pul. 'Tis well.

Theo. My dearest and my all-deserving sister  
As a petitioner kneel! It must not be.  
Pray you, rise; although your suit were half my  
empire,

'Tis freely granted.

Pul. Your alacrity  
To give bath made a beggar; yet, before  
My suit is by your sacred hand and seal  
Confirm'd, 'tis necessary you peruse  
The sum of my request.

Theo. We will not wrong  
Your judgment in conceiving what 'tis fit  
For you to ask, and us to grant, so much,  
As to proceed with caution; give me my signet:  
With confidence I sign it, and here vow  
By my father's soul, with your free consent,  
It is irrevocable.

Tim. What if she now,  
Calling to memory how often we  
Have cross'd her government, in revenge hath made  
Petition for our heads?

Grat. They must even off then;  
No ransom can redeem us.

Theo. Let those jewels  
So highly rated by the Persian merchants,  
Be bought, and, as a sacrifice from us,  
Presented to Eudocia, she being only  
Worthy to wear them. I am angry with  
The irresistible necessity  
Of my occasions and important cares,  
That so long keep me from her.

[Exit Theodosius, Paulinus, Philanax,  
Timantus, and Gratianus.]

Pul. Go to the empress,  
And tell her, on the sudden I am sick,  
And do desire the comfort of a visit,  
If she please to vouchsafe it. From me use  
Your humblest language—[Exit Attendant.] but,  
when once I have her  
In my possession, I will rise and speak  
In a higher strain: say it raise storms, no matter;  
Fools judge by the event, my ends are honest.

Exit.

\* Enter THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS, &c.] All the copies read, Enter Theodosius, Favorinus, &c.; but as this Favorinus appears not in the list of dramatis personæ, nor in any other part of the play, I have little doubt but that it is a misprint for Paulinus, and have regulated the entrance accordingly.

† It is irrevocable.] i. e. except, unless with your free consent, &c.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter THEODOSIUS, TIMANTUS, and PHILANAX.

Theo. What is become of her? Can she, that  
carries

Such glorious excellence of light about her,  
Be any where conceal'd?

Phil. We have sought her lodgings,  
And all we can learn from the servants, is,  
She, by your majesty's sisters waited on,  
The attendance of her other officers,  
By her express command, denied—

Theo. Forbear  
Impertinent circumstances,—whither went she?  
speak.

Phil. As they guess, to the laurel grove.

Theo. So slightly guarded!  
What an earthquake I feel in me! and, but that  
Religion assures the contrary,  
The poets' dreams of lustful fauns and satyrs  
Would make me fear I know not what.

Enter PAULINUS\*.

Paul. I have found her,  
An it please your majesty.

Theo. Yes, it doth please me:  
But why return'd without her?

Paul. As she made  
Her speediest approaches to your presence,  
A servant of the princess's, Pulcheria,  
Encounter'd her: what 'twas he whisper'd to her  
I am ignorant: but hearing it, she started,  
And will'd me to excuse her absence from you  
The third part of an hour.

Theo. In this she takes  
So much of my life from me; yet, I'll bear it  
With what patience I may, since 'tis her pleasure.  
Go back, my good Paulinus†, and entreat her  
Not to exceed a minute.

Tim. Here's strange fondness! [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the same.

Enter PULCHERIA and SERVANTS.

Pul. You are certain she will come?

1 Serv. She is already  
Enter'd your outward lodgings.

Pul. No train with her?

1 Serv. Your excellency's sisters only.

Pul. 'Tis the better.

See the doors strongly guarded, and deny  
Access to all, but with our special license;  
Why dost thou stay? show your obedience,  
Your wisdom now is useless. [Exit Servants.]

Enter EUDOCIA, ARCADIA, and FLACCILLA.

Flac. She is sick, sure,  
Or, in fit reverence to your majesty,  
She had waited you at the door.

\* Enter PAULINUS.] So the old copies. The modern editors (it is impossible to say why) read, enter Favorinus, though the servant, a little below, says,

"The prince Paulinus, madam,  
Sent from the emperor;" &c.

† Go back, my good Paulinus,] Coxeter and M. Mason, in consequence of their absurd departure from the old copies, and substitution of one name for another, are obliged to omit good, and read, Go back, my Favorinus! Pudet, pudet.

*Arcad.* 'Twould hardly be [*Pulcheria walking by.*  
Excused, in civil manners, to her equal :  
But with more difficulty to you, that are  
So far above her.

*Eud.* Not in her opinion ;  
She hath been too long accustom'd to command,  
To acknowledge a superior.

*Arcad.* There she walks.

*Flac.* If she be not sick of the sullens, I see not  
The least infirmity in her.

*Eud.* This is strange !

*Arcad.* Open your eyes ; the empress.

*Pul.* Reach that chair :

Now, sitting thus at distance, I'll vouchsafe  
To look upon her.

*Arcad.* How, sister ! pray you, awake ;  
Are you in your wits ?

*Flac.* Grant, heaven, your too much learning  
Does not conclude in madness !

*Eud.* You entreated

A visit from me.

*Pul.* True, my servant used

Such language ; but now, as a mistress, I  
Command your service.

*Eud.* Service !

*Arcad.* She's stark mad, sure.

*Pul.* You'll find I can dispose of what's mine own,  
Without a guardian.

*Eud.* Follow me.—I will see you  
When your frantic fit is o'er.—I do begin  
To be of your belief.

*Pul.* It will deceive you.  
Thou shalt not stir from hence :—thus, as mine own,  
I seize upon thee.

*Flac.* Help, help ! violence  
Offer'd to the empress' person !

*Pul.* 'Tis in vain :

She was an empress once, but, by my gift ;  
Which being abused, I recall my grant.  
You are read in story ; call to your remembrance  
What the great Hector's mother, Hecuba,  
Was to Ulysses, Ilium sack'd.

*Eud.* A slave.

*Pul.* To me thou art so.

*Eud.* Wonder and amazement

Quite overwhelm me : how am I transform'd ?  
How have I lost my liberty ? [*Knocking within.*

*Pul.* Thou shalt know  
Too soon no doubt.

*Enter a Servant.*

Who's that, that with such rudeness

Beats at the door ?

*Serv.* The prince Paulinus, madam ;  
Sent from the emperor, to attend upon  
The gracious empress.

*Arcad.* And who is your slave now ?

*Flac.* Sister, repent in time, and beg a pardon  
For your presumption.

*Pul.* It is resolved :

From me return this answer to Paulinus,  
She shall not come ; she's mine ; the emperor hath  
No interest in her. [*Exit Servant.*

*Eud.* Whatsoe'er I am,  
You take not from your power o'er me, to yield  
A reason for this usage.

*Pul.* Though my will is  
Sufficient, to add to thy affliction,  
Know, wretched thing, 'tis not thy fate, but folly,  
Hath made thee what thou art ; 'tis some delight

To urge my merits to one so ungrateful ;  
Therefore with horror hear it. When thou wert  
Thrust, as a stranger, from thy father's house,  
Exposed to all calamities that want  
Could throw upon thee, thine own brothers' scorn,  
And in thy hopes, as by the world, forsaken,  
My pity the last altar that was left thee,  
I heard thy syren charms, with feeling heard them,  
And my compassion made mine eyes vie tears  
With thine, dissembling crocodile ! and when queens  
Were emulous for thy imperial bed,  
The garments of thy sorrows cast aside,  
I put thee in a shape\* as would have forced  
Envy from Cleopatra, had she seen thee.  
Then, when I knew my brother's blood was warm'd  
With youthful fires, I brought thee to his presence ;  
And how my deep designs, for thy good plotted,  
Succeeded to my wishes, is apparent,  
And needs no repetition.

*Eud.* I am conscious

Of your so many and unequall'd favours ;  
But find not how I may accuse myself  
For any facts committed, that, with justice,  
Can raise your anger to this height against me.

*Pul.* Pride and forgetfulness would not let thee  
see that,

Against which now thou canst not close thy eyes.  
What injury could be equal to thy late  
Contempt of my good counsel ? When I urged  
The emperor's prodigal bounties, and entreated  
That you would use your power to give them limits,  
Or, at the least, a due consideration  
Of such as sued, and for what, ere he sign'd it ;  
In opposition, you brought against me  
The obedience of a wife, that ladies were not,  
Being well accommodated by their lords,  
To question, but much less to cross, their pleasures ;  
Nor would you, though the emperor were resolved  
To give away his sceptre, hinder it,  
Since 'twas done for your honour ; covering, with  
False colours of humility, your ambition.

*Eud.* And is this my offence ?

*Pul.* As wicked counsel

Is still most hurtful unto those that give it ;  
Such as deny to follow what is good,  
In reason, are the first that must repent it.  
When I please, you shall hear more ; in the mean  
time,

Thank your own wilful folly, that hath changed you  
From an empress to a bondwoman.

*Theo.* [*within*] Force the doors ;  
Kill those that dare resist.

*Enter THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS, PHILANAX, CHRYSAP-  
PIUS and GRATIANUS.*

*Eud.* Dear sir, redeem me.

*Flac.* O suffer not, for your own honour's sake,  
The empress, you so late loved, to be made  
A prisoner in the court.

*Arcad.* Leap to his lips,  
You'll find them the best sanctuary.

*Flac.* And try then,  
What interest my reverend sister hath  
To force you from them.

*Theo.* What strange May-game's this ?  
Though done in sport, how ill this levity  
Becomes your wisdom !

\* *I put thee in a shape, &c.* i. e. a magnificent dress  
habit. Alluding to her directions to the servant.

*Pul.* I am serious, sir,  
And have done nothing but what you in honour,  
And as you are yourself an emperor,  
Stand bound to justify.

*Theo.* Take heed ; put not these  
Strange trials on my patience.

*Pul.* Do not you, sir,  
Deny your own act: As you are a man,  
And stand on your own bottom, 'twill appear  
A childish weakness to make void a grant  
Sign'd by your sacred hand and seal, and strengthen'd  
With a religious oath, but with my license  
Never to be recall'd. For some few minutes  
Let reason rule your passion, and in this

[*Delivers the deed.*]

Be pleased to read my interest: you will find there,  
What you in me call violence, is justice,  
And that I may make use of what's mine own,  
According to my will. 'Tis your own gift, sir ;  
And what an emperor gives, should stand as firm  
As the celestial poles upon the shoulders  
Of Atlas, or his successor in that office,  
The great Alcides.

*Theo.* Miseries of more weight  
Than 'tis feign'd they supported, fall upon me.  
What hath my rashness done ! In this transaction,  
Drawn in express and formal terms, I have  
Given and consign'd into your hands, to use  
And, observe, as you please my dear Eudocia !  
It is my deed, I do confess it is,  
And, as I am myself, not to be cancell'd :  
But yet you may show mercy—and you will,  
When you consider that there is no beauty  
So perfect in a creature, but is soil'd  
With some unbeseeing blemish. You have labour'd

To build me up a complete prince, 'tis granted ;  
Yet, as I am a man, like other monarchs  
I have defects and frailties ; my facility  
To send petitioners with pleased looks from me,  
Is all I can be charged with ; and it will  
Become your wisdom (since 'tis in your power),  
In charity to provide I fall\* no further  
Or in my oath, or honour.

*Pul.* Royal sir,  
This was the mark I aim'd at, and I glory  
At the length, you so conceive it : 'twas a weakness  
To measure by your own integrity  
The purposes of others. I have shown you,  
In a true mirror, what fruit grows upon

The tree of hoodwink'd bounty, and what dangers  
Precipitation, in the managing  
Your great affairs, produceth.

*Theo.* I embrace it

As a grave advertisement, and vow hereafter  
Never to sign petitions at this rate.

*Pul.* For mine, see, sir, 'tis cancell'd, on my knees

I re-deliver what I now begg'd from you.

[*Tears the deed.*]

She is my second gift\*.

*Theo.* Which if I part from

Till death divorce us—

[*Kisses Eudocia.*]

*Eud.* So, sir !

*Theo.* Nay, sweet, chide not,

I am punish'd in thy looks ; defer the rest,

Till we are more private.

*Pul.* I ask pardon too,

If, in my personated passion, I

Appear'd too harsh and rough.

*Eud.* 'Twas gentle language,

What I was then consider'd.

*Pul.* O, dear madam,

It was decorum in the scene.

*Eud.* This trial,

When I was Athenais, might have pass'd,

But as I am the empress—

*Theo.* Nay, no anger,

Since all good was intended.

[*Exeunt Theodosius, Eudocia, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*]

*Pul.* Building on

That certain base, I fear not what can follow.

[*Exit.*]

*Paul.* These are strange devices, Philanax.

*Phil.* True my lord.

May all turn to the best !

*Grat.* The emperor's looks

Promised a calm.

*Chry.* But the vex'd empress' frowns

Presaged a second storm.

*Paul.* I am sure I feel one

In my leg already.

*Phil.* Your old friend, the gout ?

*Paul.* My forced companion, Philanax.

*Chry.* To your rest.

[*diet.*]

*Paul.* Rest, and forbearing wine, with a temperate

Though many mountebanks pretend the cure of't,

I have found my best physicians.

*Phil.* Ease to your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter EUDOCIA and CHRYSAPIUS.*

*Eud.* Make me her property !

*Chry.* Your Majesty

Hath just cause of distaste ; and your resentment  
Of the affront in the point of honour, cannot  
But meet a fair construction.

\* I fall no further.] Here, as in several other places, Mr. M. Mason substitutes *fall* for *fall*, though the latter be manifestly the better word, and what is of more importance, the author's.

*Eud.* I have only

The title of an empress, but the power

Is by her ravish'd from me : she surveys

My actions as a governess, and calls

My not observing all that she directs,

Folly and disobedience.

*Chry.* Under correction,

With grief I've long observed it ; and, if you

Stand pleased to sign my warrant, I'll deliver,

\* She is my second gift] i. e. (though the mode of expression is rather incorrect,) she is now given to you by me a second time.

In my unfeign'd zeal and desire to serve you  
(Howe'er I run the hazard of my head for't,  
Should it arrive at the knowledge of the princess),  
Not alone the reasons why things are thus carried,  
But give into your hands the power to clip  
The wings of her command.

*Eud.* Your service this way  
Cannot offend me.

*Cry.* Be you pleased to know then,  
But still with pardon, if I am too bold.  
Your too much sufferance imps the broken feathers  
Which carry her to this proud height, in which  
She with security soars, and still towers o'er you :  
But if you would employ the strengths you hold\*  
In the emperor's affections, and remember  
The orb you move in should admit no star else,  
You never would confess, the managing  
Of state affairs to her alone are proper,  
And you sit by, a looker on.

*Eud.* I would not,  
If it were possible I could attempt  
Her diminution, without a taint  
Of foul ingratitude in myself.

*Chry.* In this  
The sweetness of your temper does abuse you ;  
And you call that a benefit to yourself,  
Which she, for her own ends, conferr'd upon you.  
'Tis yielded she gave way to your advancement :  
But for what cause ? that she might still continue  
Her absolute sway and swing o'er the whole state ;  
And that she might to her admirers vaunt,  
The empress was her creature, and the giver  
To be preferr'd before the gift.

*Eud.* It may be.

*Chry.* Nay, 'tis most certain ; whereas, would you  
please

In a true glass to look upon yourself,  
And view, without detraction, your own merits,  
Which all men wonder at, you would find that fate,  
Without a second cause, appointed you  
To the supremest honour. For the princess,  
She hath reign'd long enough, and her remove  
Will make your entrance free to the possession  
Of what you were born to ; and, but once resolve  
To build upon her ruins, leave the engines  
That must be used to undermine her greatness,  
To my provision.

*Eud.* I thank your care ;  
But a design of such weight must not be  
Rashly determined of ; it will exact  
A long and serious consultation from me.  
In the mean time, Chrysapius, rest assured  
I live your thankful mistress. [Exit.

*Chry.* Is this all ?  
Will the physic that I minister'd work no further ?  
I have play'd the fool ; and, leaving a calm port,  
Embark'd myself on a rough sea of danger.  
In her silence lies my safety, which how can I  
Hope from a woman ? but the die is thrown,  
And I must stand the hazard. [Exit.

#### SCENE II.—A Space before the Palace.

Enter THEODOSIUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, GRATIANUS, and Huntsmen.

*Theo.* Is Paulinus  
So tortured with his gout ?

\* But if you would employ the strengths you hold, &c.]  
For strengths Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason as I have already

*Phil.* Most miserably.

And it adds much to his affliction, that  
The pain denies him power to wait upon  
Your Majesty.

*Theo.* I pity him :—he is  
A wondrous honest man, and what he suffers,  
I know, will grieve my empress.

*Tim.* He, indeed, is  
Much bound to her gracious favour.

*Theo.* He deserves it ;  
She cannot find a subject upon whom  
She better may confer it. Is the stag  
Safe lodged ?

*Grat.* Yes, sir, and the hounds and huntamen  
ready.

*Phil.* He will make you royal sport. He is a deer  
Of ten\* at the least.

Enter a Countryman with an apple.

*Grat.* Whither will this clown ?

*Tim.* Stand back.

*Countr.* I would see the emperor ; why should  
you courtiers  
Scorn a poor countryman ? we zweet at the plough  
To vill your mouths, you and your curs might starve  
else :

We prune the orchards, and you cranch the fruit,  
Yet still y' are snarling at us.

*Theo.* What's the matter ?

*Countr.* I would look on thy sweet face.

*Tim.* Unmannerly swain !

*Countr.* Zwain ! though I am a zwain, I have a  
heart yet,

As ready to do service for my leeget,

As any princox peacock of you all.

Zookers ! had I one of you zingle, with this twig  
I would so veeze you.

*Tim.* Will your majesty

Hear this rude language ?

*Theo.* Yes, and hold it as

An ornament, not a blemish. O, Timantus,  
Since that dread Power by whom we are, disdains  
not

With an open ear to hear petitions from us ;

Easy access in us, his deputies,

To the meanest of our subjects, is a debt

Which we stand bound to pay.

*Countr.* By my granam's ghost

'Tis a holesome zaying ! our vicar could not mend it  
In the pulpit on a Zunday.

*Theo.* What's thy suit, friend ?

*Countr.* Zute ! I would laugh at that. Let the  
court beg from thee,

What the poor country gives : I bring a present

To thy good grace, which I can call mine own,

observed, constantly read *strength* ; which bears a very  
different meaning. *Strengths* are strong holds, tortresses,  
commanding positions, &c.

\* *Often,* That is, a deer that has ten branches to his horns,  
which they have at three years old. M. MASON.

\* *As ready to do service for my leeget,*] This last word  
Coxeter blundered into *leg* ; Mr. M. Mason copies him, but  
shrewdly observes—"leege is the word intended by the  
speaker, but I suppose it is *misspelt on purpose* !" I sup-  
pose, in my turn, that this gentleman is a singular instance  
of criticizing a writer without looking at him ! of editing an  
author without consulting the original in a single instance !  
All the copies read as I have given it. In the next line,  
both he and Coxeter absurdly separate princox (or, as they  
choose to write it, princock) from peacock, to which it is  
the adjective.

And look not, like these gay volk, for a return  
Of what they venture. Have I giv'n't you t ha!

*Chry.* A perilous knave.

*Countr.* Zee here a dainty apple.

[Presents the apple.]

Of mine own grafting; zweet and sound, I assure  
thee.

*Theo.* It is the fairest fruit I ever saw.  
Those golden apples in the Hesperian orchards,  
So strangely guarded\* by the watchful dragon,  
As they required great Hercules to get them;  
Or those with which Hippomenes deceived  
Swift-footed Atalanta, when I look  
On this, deserve no wonder. You behold  
The poor man and his present with contempt;  
I to their value prize both: he that could  
So aid weak nature by his care and labour,  
As to compel a crab-tree stock to bear  
A precious fruit of this large size and beauty,  
Would by his industry change a petty village  
Into a populous city, and from that  
Erect a flourishing kingdom. Give the fellow,  
For an encouragement to his future labours,  
Ten Attic talents.

*Countr.* I will weary heaven  
With my prayers for your majesty.

[Exit.]

*Theo.* Philanax,  
From me present this rarity to the rarest  
And best of women: when I think upon  
The boundless happiness that from her flows to me,  
In my imagination I am rapt  
Beyond myself: but I forget our hunting.  
To the forest, for the exercise of my body;  
But for my mind, 'tis wholly taken up  
In the contemplation of her matchless virtues.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter EUDOCIA, PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, and  
FLACCILLA.

*Eud.* You shall know there's a difference between  
us.

*Pul.* There was, I am certain, not long since,  
when you

Kneel'd a petitioner to me; then you were happy  
To be near my feet; and do you hold it, now,  
As a disparagement, that I side you, lady?

*Eud.* Since you respect me only as I was,  
What I am shall be remember'd.

*Pul.* Does the means  
I practised, to give good and saving counsels  
To the emperor, and your new-stamped majesty,  
Still stick in your stomach?

*Eud.* 'Tis not yet digested,  
In troth it is not. Why, good governess,  
Though you are held for a grand madam, and your-  
self

The first that overprize it, I ne'er took  
Your words for Delphian oracles, nor your actions  
For such wonders as you make them:—there is one,  
When she shall see her time, as fit and able  
To be made partner of the emperor's cares,  
As your wise self, and may with justice challenge

\* So strangely guarded, &c.] Though *strangely* be some-  
times used by our old writers in the same sense here required,  
yet I think we might venture to read, *so strongly guarded*.  
—I have, however, made no change.

A nearer interest.—You have done your visit,  
So, when you please, you may leave me.

*Pul.* I'll not bandy

Words with your mightiness, proud one; only thi  
You carry too much sail for your small bark,  
And that, when you least think upon't, may sin  
you.

[Exit.]

*Flac.* I am glad she's gone.

*Arcad.* I fear'd she would have read  
A tedious lecture to us.

Enter PHILANAX with the apple.

*Phil.* From the emperor,  
This rare fruit to the rarest.

*Eud.* How, my lord!

*Phil.* I use his language, madam; and that trus  
Which he imposed on me, discharged, his pleasur  
Commands my present service.

[Exit.]

*Eud.* Have you seen  
So fair an apple?

*Flac.* Never.

*Arcad.* If the taste  
Answer the beauty.

*Eud.* Prettily begg'd:—you should have it,  
But that you eat too much cold fruit, and that  
Changes the fresh red in your cheeks to paleness.

Enter a Servant.

I have other dainties for you:—You come from  
Paulinus; how is't with that truly noble  
And honest lord, my witness at the fount,  
In a word, the man to whose bless'd charity  
I owe my greatness! How is't with him?

*Serv.* Sprightly  
In his mind; but, by the raging of his gout,  
In his body much distemper'd; that you pleased  
To inquire his health, took off much from his pain  
His glad looks did confirm it.

*Eud.* Do his doctors  
Give him no hope?

*Serv.* Little; they rather fear,  
Hly his continual burning, that he stands  
In danger of a fever.

*Eud.* To him again,  
And tell him, that I heartily wish it lay  
In me to ease him; and from me deliver  
This choice fruit to him; you may say to that,  
I hope it will prove physical.

*Serv.* The good lord  
Will be o'erjoy'd with the favour.

*Eud.* He deserves more.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE IV.—A Room in Paulinus' House.

PAULINUS discovered in a Chair, attended by a  
Surgeon.

*Surg.* I have done as much as art can do, to stop  
The violent course of your fit, and I hope you feel it  
How does your honour?

*Paul.* At some ease, I thank you;  
I would you could assure continuance of it,  
For the moiety of my fortune.

*Surg.* If I could cure  
The gout, my lord, without the philosopher's stone  
I should soon purchase, it being a disease  
In poor men very rare, and in the rich  
The cure impossible. Your many bounties  
Bid me prepare you for a certain truth,  
And to flatter you were dishonest.

*Paul.* Your plain dealing  
Deserves a fee\*. Would there were many more such  
Of your profession! Happy are poor men!  
If sick with the excess of heat or cold,  
Caused by necessitous labour, not loose surfeits,—  
They, when spare diet, or kind nature fail  
To perfect their recovery, soon arrive at  
Their rest in death: but, on the contrary,  
The great and noble are exposed as preys  
To the rapine of physicians; and they,  
In lingering out what is remediless,  
Aim at their profit, not the patient's health.  
A thousand trials and experiments  
Have been put upon me, and I forced to pay dear  
For my vexation; but I am resolved  
(I thank your honest freedom) to be made  
A property no more for knaves to work on.

*Enter CLEON with a parchment roll.*

What have you there?

*Cle.* The triumphs of an artisan  
O'er all infirmities, made authentical  
With the names of princes, kings, and emperors,  
That were his patients.

*Paul.* Some empiric.

*Cle.* It may be so; but he swears, within three  
days  
He'll grub up your gout by the roots, and make you  
able

To march ten leagues a day in complete armour.

*Paul.* Impossible.

*Cle.* Or, if you like not him—

*Surg.* Hear him, my lord, for your mirth; I will  
take order

They shall not wrong you.

*Paul.* Usher in your monster.

*Cle.* He is at hand.—March up: now speak for  
yourself.

*Enter EMPIRIC.*

*Emp.* I come not, right honourable, to your pre-  
sence, with any base and sordid end of reward; the  
immortality of my fame is the white I shoot at:  
the charge of my most curious and costly ingredients  
frayed, amounting to some seventeen thousand  
crowns—a trifle in respect of health—writing your  
noble name in my catalogue, I shall acknowledge  
myself amply satisfied.

*Surg.* I believe so.

*Emp.* For your own sake†, I most heartily wish

\* ———— *Would there were many more such  
Of your profession!* These two hemistichs are wholly  
dropt by Mr. M. Mason, who reads,

*Paul.* Your plain dealing

*Deserves a fee. Happy are poor men:*

though the lameness of the metre might have excited a sus-  
picion of some defect. This is the fifth passage omitted by  
him in the compass of a few pages!

† *Emp.* For your own sake, &c.] This empiric may  
be considered as the fruitful parent of the quack, which for  
the two last centuries, has poisoned us in the closet, and en-  
tertained us on the stage: a proud distinction to which his  
ignorance and impudence fully entitle him!

I doubt whether Massinger ever fell into Moliere's hands:  
there is, however, as Mr. Gilchrist has well observed, so  
striking a resemblance between a passage in the *Malade  
Imaginaire* and this before us, that it is difficult to believe  
the coincidence accidental:

Toinette. *Je voudrois que vous eussiez toutes les maladies  
que je viens de dire; que vous fussiez abandonné de tous les  
médicins, désespéré, à l'agonie pour vous montrer l'excel-  
lence de mes remèdes, et l'envie que j'aurois de vous rendre  
service.*

Argan. *Je vous suis obligé, monsieur, des bontés que vous  
avez pour moi, &c.* Acte III. Sc. 13.

that you had now all the diseases, maladies, and  
infirmities upon you, that were ever remembered by  
old Galen, Hippocrates, or the later and more  
admired Paracelsus.

*Paul.* For your good wish, I thank you!

*Emp.* Take me with you, I beseech your good  
lordship.—I urged it, that your joy, in being cer-  
tainly and suddenly freed from them, may be the  
greater, and my not-to-be-paralleled skill the more  
remarkable. The cure of the gout—a toy, without  
boast be it said, my cradle-practice: the cancer, the  
fistula, the dropsy, consumption of lungs and kid-  
neys, hurts in the brain, heart, or liver, are things  
worthy my opposition; but in the recovery of my  
patients I ever overcome them. But to your  
gout—

*Paul.* Ay, marry, sir, that cured, I shall be apter  
To give credit to the rest.

*Emp.* Suppose it done, sir.

*Surg.* And the means you use, I beseech you?

*Emp.* I will do it in the plainest language, and  
discover my ingredients. First, my *boteni terebin-  
thina* of Cypris\*, my manna, *ros calo*, coagulated  
with *vetulas ovorum*, vulgarly the yolks of eggs, with  
a little cyath or quantity of my potable elixir, with  
some few scruples of sassafras and guaiacum, so taken  
every morning and evening, in the space of three  
days, purgeth, cleanseth, and dissipateth the inward  
causes of the virulent tumour.

*Paul.* Why do you smile?

*Surg.* When he hath done I will resolve you.

*Emp.* For my exterior applications, I have these  
balsum-unguentulums, extracted from herbs, plants,  
roots, seeds, gums, and a million of other vegetables,  
the principal of which are, *Ulisipona*, or *serpentaria*,  
*sophia*, or *herba consolidarum*, *parthenium*, or *com-  
manilla Romana*, *mumia transmarina*, mixed with my  
*plumbum philosophorum*, and *mater metallorum, cum  
ossa paraleli, est universale medicamentum in podagra.*

*Cle.* A conjuring balsamum!

*Emp.* This applied warm upon the pained place,  
with a feather of struthio-cameli, or a bird of para-  
dise, which is every where to be had, shall expulse  
this tartarous, viscous, anatheos, and malignant dolor.

*Surg.* An excellent receipt! but does your lord-  
ship

Know what 'tis good for?

*Paul.* I would be instructed.

*Surg.* For the gonorrhœa, or, if you will hear it  
In a plainer phrase, the pox.

*Emp.* If it cure his lordship  
Of that by the way, I hope, sir, 'tis the better.  
My medicine serves for all things, and the pox, sir,  
Though falsely named the sciatica, or gout,  
Is the more catholic sickness.

*Paul.* Hence with the rascal!

Yet hurt him not, he makes me smile, and that  
Frees him from punishment. [They thrust him off.

*Surg.* Such slaves as this  
Render our art contemptible.

*Enter Servant with the apple.*

*Serv.* My good lord.

*Paul.* So soon return'd!

*Serv.* And with this present from

\* First, my *boteni terebinthina* of Cypris, &c.] As I  
know not what degree of learning the author meant to give  
this impostor, I have left his jargon as I found it, content-  
ing myself with correcting the verbal oversights of the for-  
mer editor.

Your great and gracious mistress, with her wishes  
It may prove physical to you.

*Paul.* In my heart

I kneel, and thank her bounty. Dear friend Cleon,  
Give him the cupboard of plate in the next room,  
For a reward.—[*Exeunt Cleon and Servant.*—Most  
glorious fruit! but made

More precious by her grace and love that sent it:  
To touch it only, coming from her hand,  
Makes me forget all pain. A diamond  
Of this large size (though it would buy a kingdom),  
Hewed from the rock, and laid down at my feet,  
Nay, though a monarch's gift, will hold no value,  
Compared with this—and yet, ere I presume  
To taste it, though, sans question, it is  
Some heavenly restorative, I in duty  
Stand bound to weigh my own unworthiness.  
Ambrosia is food only for the gods,  
And not by human lips to be profaned.  
I may adore it as some holy relic  
Derived from thence, but impious to keep it  
In my possession: the emperor only  
Is worthy to enjoy it.—

*Re-enter CLEON.*

Go, good Cleon,  
And (cease this admiration at this object),  
From me present this to my royal master,  
I know it will amaze him: and excuse me  
That I am not myself the bearer of it.  
That I should be lame now, when with wings of  
duty

I should fly to the service of this empress!

Nay, no delays, good Cleon.

*Cle.* I am gone, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter THEODOSIUS, CHRYSAPIUS, TIMANTUS, and  
GRATIANUS.*

*Chry.* Are you not tired, sir?

*Theo.* Tired! I must not say so,  
However, though I rode hard. To a huntsman,  
His toil is his delight, and to complain  
Of weariness, would show as poorly in him  
As if a general should grieve for a wound  
Received upon his forehead, or his breast,  
After a glorious victory. Lay by  
These accoutrements for the chase.

*Enter PULCHERIA.*

*Pul.* You are well return'd, sir,  
From your princely exercise.

*Theo.* Sister, to you  
I owe the freedom, and the use of all  
The pleasures I enjoy: your care provides  
For my security, and the burthen, which  
I should alone sustain, you undergo,  
And, by your painful watchings, yield my sleeps  
Both sound and sure. How happy am I in  
Your knowledge of the art of government!  
And, credit me, I glory to behold you  
Dispose of great designs, as if you were\*  
A part, and no subject of my empire.

\* *Dispose of great designs, as if you were* This line, too,  
which makes sense of the passage, is wholly omitted by Mr.  
M. Mason. I have no pleasure in pointing out these per-  
petual blunders; but it is impossible to pass them entirely  
over in an editor who lays claim to our gratitude solely on the  
score of superior accuracy and attention!

*Pul.* My vigilance, since it hath well succeeded,  
I am confident you allow of—yet it is not  
Approved by all.

*Theo.* Who dares repine at that  
Which hath our suffrage?

*Pul.* One that too well knows  
The strength of her abilities can better  
My weak endeavours.

*Theo.* In this you reflect  
Upon my empress?

*Pul.* True; for, as she is  
The consort of your bed, 'tis fit she share in  
Your cares and absolute power.

*Theo.* You touch a string  
That sounds but harshly to me; and I must,  
In a brother's love, advise you, that hereafter  
You would forbear to move it: since she is  
In her pure self a harmony of such sweetness,  
Composed of duty, chaste desires, her beauty  
(Though it might tempt a hermit from his beads)  
The least of her endowments. I am sorry  
Her holding the first place, since that the second  
Is proper to yourself, calls on your envy.  
She err! it is impossible in a thought;  
And much more speak or do what may offend me.  
In other things I would believe you, sister;  
But, though the tongues of saints and angels tax'd  
her

Of any imperfection, I should be  
Incredulous.

*Pul.* She is yet a woman, sir.

*Theo.* The abstract of what's excellent in the sex,  
But to their mulcts and frailties a mere stranger;  
I'll die in this belief.

*Enter CLEON with the apple.*

*Cle.* Your humblest servant,  
The lord Paulinus, as a witness of  
His zeal and duty to your majesty,  
Presents you with this jewel.

*Theo.* Ha!

*Cle.* It is

Preferr'd by him—

*Theo.* Above his honour?

*Cle.* No, sir;

I would have said his patrimony.

*Theo.* 'Tis the same.

*Cle.* And he entreats, since lameness may excuse  
His not presenting it himself, from me  
(Though far unworthy to supply his place)  
You would vouchsafe to accept it.

*Theo.* Further off,  
You've told your tale. Staye you for a reward?

Take that.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Pul.* How's this?

*Chry.* I never saw him moved thus.

*Theo.* We must not part so, sir;—a guard upon  
him.

*Enter Guard.*

May I not vent my sorrows in the air,  
Without discovery? Forbear the room!

[*Exeunt Pul. Chry. Tim. Grat. and Guard  
with Cle.*]

Yet be within call.—What an earthquake I feel in  
me!

And on a sudden my whole fabric totters.  
My blood within me turns, and through my veins,  
Parting with natural redness, I discern it  
Changed to a fatal yellow. What an army

Of hellish furies, in the horrid shapes [rescue,  
Of doubts and fears, charge on me! rise to my  
Thou stout maintainer of a chaste wife's honour,  
The confidence of her virtues; be not shaken  
With the wind of vain surmises, much less suffer  
The devil jealousy to whisper to me  
My curious observation of that  
I must no more remember. Will't not be?  
Thou uninvited guest, ill-manner'd monster,  
I charge thee, leave me! wilt thou force me to  
Give fuel to that fire I would put out?  
The goodness of my memory proves my mischief,  
And I would sell my empire, could it purchase  
The dull art of forgetfulness\*.—Who waits there?

Re-enter TIMANTUS.

Tim. Most sacred sir—  
Thea. Sacred†, as 'tis accus'd,  
Is proper to me. Sirrah, upon your life,  
Without a word concerning this, command  
Eudocia to come to me. [Exit Tim.] Would I had  
Ne'er known her by that name, my mother's name,  
Or that for her own sake, she had continued  
Poor Athenais still!—No intermission!  
Wilt thou so soon torment me? must I read,  
Writ in the table of my memory,  
To warrant my suspicion, how Paulinus  
(Though ever thought a man averse to women)  
First gave her entertainment, made her way  
For audience to my sister!—then I did  
Myself observe how he was ravish'd with  
The gracious delivery of her story,  
Which was, I grant, the bait that first took me too:—  
She was his convert; what the rhetoric was  
He used, I know not; and, since she was mine,  
In private as in public what a mass  
Of grace and favour bath she heap'd upon him!  
And but to day this fatal fruit—She's come.

Re-enter TIMANTUS with EUDOCIA, FLACCILLA, and  
ARCADIA.

Can she be guilty!

Eud. You seem troubled, sir;

\* To account for this paroxysm of jealous fury in Theodosius, we must call to mind that the ancients attached a certain degree of mystical consequence to the presentation of an apple; which they universally agreed to consider as a tacit confession of passion accepted and returned. Catullus has some beautiful lines on the subject:

*Ut misum sponsi furtivo munere malum*

*Procurrit casto virginis e gremio,*

*Quod misera oblitæ molli sub veste locatum,*

*Dum advenit matris proliit, excutitur,*

*Atque illud prono præcepit agitur decursu:*

*Hinc manat tristis concitus ore rubor.* Car. 63.

Upon which Vossius observes, with a reference to the immediate subject of this scene: *Mala amantium semper uisæ munera, et obsecram continere significationem, satis vel ex primo patet Catulli epigrammate, et multa satis de his colligunt viri docti. Nec fortibus tantum Græciæ et Romanæ rebus, sed et collapsæ utrorumque fortuna, eandem permansisse significationem, satis docet exemplum Paulini interempti propter pomum misum ab Eudocia imperatrice, de quo vide Chronicon Alexandrinum, et complures historia scriptores.* Obser. ad C. Val. Catullum.

Massinger, therefore, had sufficient authority for this part of his story. The fact, however, is properly credited by later and more judicious writers, who have observed that it has all the appearance of an eastern fiction; and, indeed, an adventure, with no very distant resemblance to it, is found in *The Arabian Tales*.

† *Sacratu*, in Latin, means *accused*; to this Theodosius alludes, when he says that *Sacred* as it is *accused*, is proper to him. M. MASON.

I recollect no instance of this sense of *sacratu*: it was to *sacer* that Theodosius alluded; and so perhaps did Mr. M. Mason if he had known it.

My innocence makes me bold to ask the cause,  
That I may ease you of it. No salute,  
After four long hours' absence!

Theo. Prithee, forgive me.

[Kisses her.

Methinks I find Paulinus on her lips,  
And the fresh nectar that I drew from thence  
Is on the sudden pall'd. How have you spent  
Your hours since I last saw you?

Eud. In the converse

Of your sweet sisters.

Theo. Did not Philanax,

From me deliver you an apple?

Eud. Yes, sir;

Heaven, how you frown! pray you, talk of some  
thing else,

Think not of such a trifle.

Theo. How, a trifle!

Does any toy from me presented to you,  
Deserve to be so slighted? do you value  
What's sent, and not the sender? from a peasant  
It had deserved your thanks.

Eud. And meets from you, sir,

All possible respect.

Theo. I prized it, lady,  
At a higher rate than you believe; and would not  
Have parted with it, but to one I did  
Prefer before myself.

Eud. It was, indeed,

The fairest that I ever saw.

Theo. It was;

And it had virtues in it, my Eudocia,

Not visible to the eye.

Eud. It may be so, sir.

Theo. What did you with it?—tell me punctually;  
I look for a strict account.

Eud. What shall I answer?

Theo. Do you stagger? Ha!

Eud. No, sir; I have eaten it.

It had the pleasant<sup>st</sup> taste!—I wonder that  
You found it not in my breath.

Theo. I'faith, I did not,

And it was wondrous strange.

Eud. Pray you, try again.

Theo. I find no scent of't here: you play with me;  
You have it still?

Eud. By your sacred life and fortune,

An oath I dare not break, I have eaten it.

Theo. Do you know how this oath binds?

Eud. Too well to break it.

Theo. That ever man, to please his brutish sense,

Should slave his understanding to his passions,

And, taken with soon-fading white and red,

Deliver up his credulous ears to hear

The magic of a syren; and from these

Believe! there ever was, is, or can be

More than a seeming honesty in bad woman!

Eud. This is strange language, sir.

Theo. Who waits? Come all.

Re-enter PULCHERIA, PHILANAX, CHRYSAPIUS,  
GRATIANUS, and GUARD.

Nay, sister, not so near, being of the sex,

I fear you are infected too.

Pul. What mean you?

\* *It had the pleasant<sup>st</sup> taste!* Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *It had the pleasant taste*, which, if not nonsense, is not very far removed from it.

† *Believe there ever was.* So the old copy: the modern editors, to the destruction both of sense and metre, read, *Believing there ever was, &c.*

*Theo.* To show you a miracle, a prodigy  
Which Afric never equall'd:—Can you think  
This masterpiece of heaven\*, this precious vellum,  
Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,  
Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom,  
In capital letters, writ upon't?

*Pul.* Dear sir.

*Theo.* Nay, add to this, an impudence beyond  
All prostituted boldness. Art not dead yet?  
Will not the tempests in thy conscience rend thee  
As small as atoms, that there may no sign  
Be left thou ever wert so? wilt thou live  
Till thou art blasted with the dreadful lightning  
Of pregnant and unanswerable proofs  
Of thy adulterous twines? die yet, that I  
With my honour may conceal it.

*Eud.* Would long since  
The Gorgon of your rage had turn'd me marble!  
Or, if I have offended—

*Theo.* If!—good angels!  
But I am tame; look on this dumb accuser.

[*Showing the apple.*]

*Eud.* Oh, I am lost!

*Theo.* Did ever cormorant  
Swallow his prey, and then digest it whole,  
As she hath done this apple? Philanax,  
As 'tis, from me presented it; the good lady  
Swore she had eaten it; yet, I know not how,  
It came entire unto Paulinus' hands,  
And I from him received it, sent in scorn,  
Upon my life, to give me a close touch  
That he was weary of thee. Was there nothing  
Left thee to see him to give satisfaction  
To thy insatiate lust, but what was sent  
As a dear favour from me? How have I sinn'd  
In my dotage on this creature! but † to her,  
I have lived as I was born, a perfect virgin:  
Nay, more, I thought it not enough to be  
True to her bed, but that I must feed high,  
To strengthen my abilities to cloy  
Her ravenous appetite, little suspecting  
She would desire a change.

*Eud.* I never did, sir.

*Theo.* Be dumb; I will not waste my breath in  
taxing  
Thy base ingratitude. How I have raised thee

\* ————— Can you think  
This masterpiece of heaven, &c.]

† "Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write whore upon?" *Othello.*  
There are several other short passages in this scene copied  
or imitated from the same play; which, as sufficiently ob-  
vious, I have forborne to notice.

‡ ————— but to her,  
I have lived as I was born, &c.] i. e. except: the word  
occurs in this sense in many other places.

Will by the world be, to thy shame, spoke often:  
But for that ribald, who held in my empire  
The next place to myself, so bound unto me  
By all the ties of duty and allegiance,  
He shall pay dear for't, and feel what it is,  
In a wrong of such high consequence, to pull down  
His lord's slow anger on him!—Philanax,  
He's troubled with the gout, let him be cured  
With a violent death, and in the other world  
Thank his physician.

*Phil.* His cause unheard, sir?

*Pul.* Take heed of rashness.

*Theo.* Is what I command

To be disputed?

*Phil.* Your will shall be done, sir:

But that I am the instrument—

*Theo.* Do you murmur? [*Exit Phil. with Guard.*]  
What couldst thou say, if that my license should  
Give liberty to thy tongue? [*Eudocia kneeling points*  
to *Theodosius' sword.*] thou wouldst die?  
I am not

So to be reconciled. See me no more:  
The sting of conscience ever gnawing on thee,  
A long life be thy punishment! [*Exit.*]

*Flac.* O sweet lady,

How I could weep for her!

*Arcad.* Speak, dear madam, speak.

Your tongue, as you are a woman, while you live  
Should be ever moving, at the least, the last part  
That stirs about you.

*Pul.* Though I should, sad lady,  
In policy rejoice, you, as a rival  
Of my greatness, are removed, compassion,  
Since I believe you innocent, commands me  
To mourn your fortune; credit me, I will urge  
All arguments I can allege that may  
Appease the emperor's fury.

*Arcad.* I will grow too,  
Upon my knees, unless he bid me rise,  
And swear he will forgive you.

*Flac.* And repent too:

All this pother for an apple!

[*Exeunt Pulcheria, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*]

*Chry.* Hope, dear madam,  
And yield not to despair; I am still your servant,  
And never will forsake you, though awhile  
You leave the court and city, and give way  
To the violent passions of the emperor.  
Repentance, in his want of you, will soon find him.  
In the mean time, I'll dispose of you, and omit  
No opportunity that may invite him  
To see his error.

*Eud.* Oh!

[*Wringing her hands.*]

*Chry.* Forbear, for heaven's sake. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Paulinus' House.

Enter PHILANAX, PAULINUS, Guard, and Executioners.

*Paul.* This is most barbarous how have you lost  
All feeling of humanity as honour,  
In your consent alone to have me used thus ?  
But to be, as you are, a looker on  
Nay, more, a principal actor in't (the softness  
Of your former life consider'd), almost turns me  
Into a senseless statue.

*Phil.* Would, long since,  
Death, by some other means, had made you one,  
That you might be less sensible of what  
You have, or are to suffer

*Paul.* Am to suffer  
Let such, whose happiness and heaven depend  
Upon their present being, fear to part with  
A fort they cannot long hold ; mine to me is  
A charge that I am weary of, all defences  
By pain and sickness batter'd :—yet take heed,  
Take heed, lord Philanax, that, for private spleen,  
Or any false-conceived grudge against me,  
(Since in one thought of wrong to you I am  
Sincerely innocent), you do not that  
My royal master must in justice punish,  
If you pass\* to your own heart thorough mine ;

The murder, as it will come out, discover'd. [me,  
*Phil.* I murder you, my lord ! heaven witness for  
With the restoring of your health, I wish you  
Long life and happiness : for myself, I am  
Compell'd to put in execution that  
Which I would fly from : 'tis the emperor,  
The high incensed emperor's will, commands  
What I must see perform'd.

*Paul.* The emperor !  
Goodness and innocence guard me ! wheels nor  
racks

Can force into my memory the remembrance  
Of the least shadow of offence, with which  
I ever did provoke him. Though beloved  
(And yet the people's love is short and fatal),  
I never courted popular applause,  
Feasted the men of action, or labour'd  
By prodigal gifts to draw the needy soldier,  
The tribunes or centurions, to a faction,  
Of which I would rise up the head against him ;  
I hold no place of strength, fortress, or castle,  
In my command, that can give sanctuary  
To malecontents, or countenance rebellion.

have built no palaces to face the court,  
Nor do my followers' braveries shame his train ;  
And though I cannot blame my fate for want,  
My competent means of life deserve no envy ;  
In what, then, am I dangerous

*Phil.* His displeasure  
Reflects on none of those particulars  
Which you have mentioned, though some jealous  
princes  
In a subject cannot brook them.

\* If you pass to your own heart thorough mine ;] Mr. M.  
Mason inserts so before you which injures both the sense and  
the metre. Was he not aware that thorough, or thorow, as  
the quarto has it, is a disyllable ?

*Paul.* None of these !

In what, then, am I worthy his suspicion ?  
But it may, nay it must be, some informer,  
To whom my innocence appear'd a crime.  
Hath poison'd his late good opinion of me.  
'Tis not to die, but, in the censure of  
So good a master, guilty, that afflicts me.

*Phil.* There is no remedy.

*Paul.* No !—I have a friend yet,  
To whom the state I stand in now deliver'd  
(Could the strictness of your warrant give way to  
it),

That, by fair intercession for me, would  
So far prevail, that, my defence unheard,  
I should not, innocent or guilty, suffer  
Without a fit distinction.

*Phil.* These false hopes,  
My lord, abuse you. What man, when condemn'd,  
Did ever find a friend ? or who dares lend  
An eye of pity to that star-cross'd subject  
On whom his sovereign frowns

*Paul.* She that dares plead  
For innocence without a fee, the empress,  
My great and gracious mistress.

*Phil.* There's your error.  
Her many favours, which you hoped should make  
you,

Prove your undoing. She, poor lady, is  
Banish'd for ever, from the emperor's presence,  
And his confirm'd suspicion, to his wrong,  
That you have been over-familiar with her,  
Dooms you to death. I know you understand me.

*Paul.* Over-familiar !

*Phil.* In sharing with him  
Those sweet and secret pleasures of his bed  
Which can admit no partner.

*Paul.* And is that  
The crime for which I am to die ? of all  
My numerous sins, was there not one of weight  
Enough to sink me, if he borrow'd not  
The colour of a guilt never saw,  
To paint my innocence in a deform'd  
And monstrous shape ? but that it were profane  
To argue heaven of ignorance or injustice,  
I now should tax it. Had the stars that reign'd  
At my nativity such cursed influence,  
As not alone to make me miserable,  
But, in the neighbourhood of her goodness to me,  
To force contagion upon a lady,  
Whose purer flames were not inferior  
To theirs when they shine brightest ! to die for her,  
Compared with what she suffers, is a trifle.  
By her example warn'd, let all great women  
Hereafter throw pride and contempt on such  
As truly serve them, since a retribution  
In lawful courtesies is now styled lust  
And to be thankful to a servant's merits  
Is grown a vice, no virtue.

*Phil.* These complaints  
Are to no purpose : think on the long flight  
Your better part must make.

*Paul.* She is prepared :  
Nor can the freeing of an innocent  
From the emperor's furious jealousy hinder her.

—It shall out, 'tis resolv'd; but to be whisper'd  
To you alone. What a solemn preparation  
Is made here to put forth an inch of taper\*  
In itself almost extinguish'd! mortal poison!  
The hangman's sword! the halter!

*Phil.* 'Tis left to you  
To make choice of which you please.

*Paul.* Any will serve  
To take away my gout and life together.  
I would not have the emperor imitate  
Rome's monster, Nero, in that cruel mercy  
He show'd to Seneca. When you have discharged  
What you are trusted with, and I have given you  
Reasons beyond all doubt or disputation,  
Of the empress' and my innocence; when I am dead  
(Since 'tis my master's pleasure, and high treason  
In you not to obey it), I conjure you,  
By the hopes you have of happiness hereafter,  
Since mine in this world are now parting from me,  
That you would win the young man to repentance  
Of the wrong done to his chaste wife, Eudocia,  
And if perchance he shed a tear for what  
In his rashness he imposed on his true servant,  
So it cure him of future jealousy,  
'Twill prove a precious balsamum, and find me  
When I am in my grave.—Now, when you please,  
For I am ready.

*Phil.* His words work strangely on me,  
And I would do, but I know not what to think on't.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter* PULCHERIA, FLACCILLA, ARCADIA, TIMANTUS,  
GRATIANUS, and CHRYSAPIUS.

*Pul.* Still in his sullen mood? no intermission  
Of his melancholy fit?

*Tim.* It rather, madam,  
Increases, than grows less.  
*Grat.* In the next room  
To his bedchamber we watch'd; for he by signs  
Gave us to understand he would admit  
Nor company nor conference.

*Pul.* Did he take  
No rest, as you could guess?

*Chry.* Not any, madam.  
Like a Numidian lion, by the cunning  
Of the desperate huntsman taken in a toil,  
And forced into a spacious cage, he walks  
About his chamber; we might hear him gnash  
His teeth in rage, which open'd, hollow groans  
And murmurs issued from his lips, like winds  
Imprison'd in the caverns of the earth  
Striving for liberty: and sometimes throwing  
His body on his bed, then on the ground,  
And with such violence, that we more than fear'd,  
And still do, if the tempest of his passions  
By your wisdom be not laid, he will commit  
Some outrage on himself.

*Pul.* His better angel,  
I hope, will stay him from so foul a mischief;  
Nor shall my care be wanting.

*Tim.* Twice I heard him  
Say, *False Eudocia, how much art thou  
Unworthy of these tears!* then sigh'd, and straight

\* ————— to put forth an inch of taper] i. e.  
to put out. Forth, for out, occurs continually in our old  
writers.

Roar'd out, *Paulinus!* was his gouty age  
To be preferr'd before my strength and youth?  
Then groan'd again, so many ways expressing  
The afflictions of a tortured soul, that we,  
Who wept in vain for what we could not help,  
Were sharers in his sufferings.

*Pul.* Though your sorrow  
Is not to be condemn'd, it takes not from  
The burthen of his miseries: we must practise,  
With some fresh object, to divert his thoughts  
From that they are wholly fix'd on.

*Chry.* Could I gain  
The freedom of access, I would present him  
With this petition.—Will your highness please  
To look upon it: you will soon find there  
What my intents and hopes are.

*Enter* THEODOSIUS.

*Grat.* Ha! 'tis he.

*Pul.* Stand close,  
And give way to his passions; 'tis not safe  
To stop them in their violent course, before  
They have spent themselves.

*Theo.* I play the fool, and am  
Unequal\* to myself: delinquents are  
To suffer, not the innocent. I have done  
Nothing, which will not hold weight in the scale  
Of my impartial justice; neither feel I  
The worm of conscience upbraiding me  
For one black deed of tyranny; wherefore then,  
Should I torment myself? Great Julius would not  
Rest satisfied that his wife was free from fact,  
But, only for suspicion of a crime.  
Sued a divorce; nor was this Roman rigour  
Censured as cruel: and still the wise Italian,  
That knows the honour of his family  
Depends upon the purity of his bed,  
For a kiss, nay, wanton look, will plough up mis-  
chief,

And sow the seeds of his revenge in blood.  
And shall I, to whose power the law's a servant,  
That stand accountable to none, for what  
My will calls an offence being compell'd,  
And on such grounds, to raise an altar to  
My anger; though, I grant, it is cemented  
With a loose strumpet and adulterer's gore,  
Repent the justice of my fury? No.  
I should not: yet still my excess of love,  
Fed high in the remembrance of her choice  
And sweet embraces, would persuade me that  
Connivance or remission of her fault,  
Made warrantable by her true submission  
For her offence, might be excuseable,  
Did not the cruelty of my wounded honour,  
With an open mouth, deny it.

*Pul.* I approve of  
Your good intention, and I hope 'twill prosper.—  
[*To Chrysapius.*]

He now seems calm: let us, upon our knees,  
Encompass him.—Most royal sir—

*Flac.* Sweet brother—

*Arcad.* As you are our sovereign, by the ties of  
nature  
You are bound to be a father in your care  
To us poor orphans.

*Tim.* Show compassion, sir,  
Unto yourself.

\* *Theo.* I play the fool, and am  
Unequal to myself; i. e. unjust.

*Grat.* The majesty of your fortune  
Should fly above the reach of grief.

*Chry.* And 'tis  
Impair'd, if you yield to it.

*Theo.* Wherefore pay you  
This adoration to a sinful creature\* ?  
I am flesh and blood, as you are, sensible  
Of heat and cold, as much a slave unto  
The tyranny of my passions, as the meanest  
Of my poor subjects. The proud attributes,  
By oil-tongued flattery imposed upon us,  
As sacred, glorious, high, invincible,  
The deputy of heaven, and in that  
Omnipotent, with all false titles else,  
Coin'd to abuse our frailty, though compounded,  
And by the breath of sycophants applied,  
Cure not the least fit of an ague in us.  
We may give poor men riches, confer honours  
On undeservers, raise, or ruin such  
As are beneath us, and, with this puff'd up,  
Ambition would persuade us to forget  
That we are men: but He that sits above us,  
And to whom, at our utmost rate, we are  
But pageant properties, derides our weakness:  
In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent.  
Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids  
That bow unto my sceptre? or restore  
My mind to that tranquillity and peace  
It then enjoy'd?—Can I make Eudocia chaste,  
Or vile Paulinus honest?

*Pul.* If I might,  
Without offence, deliver my opinion—

*Theo.* What would you say?

*Pul.* That, on my soul, the empress  
Is innocent.

*Chry.* The good Paulinus guiltless.

*Grat.* And this should yield you comfort.

*Theo.* In being guilty  
Of an offence far, far transcending that  
They stand condemn'd for! Call you this a comfort?  
Suppose it could be true,—a corsive† rather,  
Not to eat out dead flesh, but putrify  
What yet is sound. Was murder ever held  
A cure for jealousy? or the crying blood  
Of innocence, a balm to take away  
Her festering anguish? As you do desire  
I should not do a justice on myself,  
Add to the proofs by which Paulinus fell,  
And not take from them; in your charity  
Sooner believe that they were false, than I  
Unrighteous in my judgment? subjects' lives  
Are not their prince's tennis-balls, to be bandied  
In sport away: all that I can endure  
For them, if they were guilty, is an atom

\* *Theo.* *Wherefore pay you*

*This adoration to a sinful creature?* In this fine speech  
Massinger has ventured to measure weapons with Shak-  
speare, and, if I may trust my judgment, not unsucces-  
sfully. The feelings, indeed, are more interested by the  
latter, but that arises from the situation of his chief cha-  
racter.

† *Can I make Eudocia chaste,*] The quarto  
has—*Can it make.* For the present reading I am answerable.

‡ *Call you this a comfort?*  
*Suppose it could be true,—a corsive rather,*  
*Not to eat out dead flesh, &c.]* Our old writers used  
*corsive* or *corrosive* indifferently, as it suited the verse; and  
I should make no difficulty of regulating the measure ac-  
cordingly, in defiance of the vicious spelling of the early  
copies. In the next line, for—*to eat out*, which was the  
phraseology of the times, and perfectly correct, the modern  
editors absurdly read—*to eat our dead flesh!*

To the mountain of affliction I pull'd on me,  
Should they prove innocent.

*Chry.* For your majesty's peace,  
I more than hope they were not: the false oath  
Ta'en by the empress, and for which she can  
Plead no excuse, convicted her, and yields  
A sure defence for your suspicion of her,  
And yet to be resolved, since strong doubts are  
More grievous, for the most part, than to know  
A certain loss—

*Theo.* 'Tis true, Chrysapius,  
Were there a possible means.

*Chry.* 'Tis offer'd to you,  
If you please to embrace it. Some few minutes  
Make truce with passion, and but read, and follow  
What's there projected—[*Delivers him a paper.*],—  
you shall find a key  
Will make your entrance easy, to discover  
Her secret thoughts; and then, as in your wisdom  
You shall think fit, you may determine of her;  
And rest confirm'd, whether Paulinus died  
A villain or a martyr.

*Theo.* It may do,  
Nay, sure it must; yet, howsoever it fall;  
I am most wretched. Which way in my wi-hes  
I should\* fashion the event, I'm so distracted  
I cannot yet resolve of.—Follow me;  
Though in my name all names are comprehended,  
I must have witnesses in what degree  
I have done wrong, or suffer'd.

*Pul.* Hope the best, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

*Enter EUDOCIA in sackcloth, her hair loose.*

[*Sings.*] *Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,*

*To stop a wretch's breath,*

*That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart*

*A prey unto thy dart?*

*I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold:*

*Sorrow hath made me old,*

*Deform'd, and wrinkled; all that I can crave,*

*Is, quiet in my grave.*

*Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel;*

*But to me thou art cruel,*

*If thou end not my tedious misery;*

*And I soon cease to be.*

*Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,*

*In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.*

Thus, like a dying swan, to a sad tune  
I sing my own dirge; would a requiem follow,  
Which in my penitence I despair not of  
(This brittle glass of life already broken  
With misery), the long and quiet sleep  
Of death would be most welcome!—Yet before  
We end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we  
Should leave corruption and foul sins behind us.  
But with wash'd feet and hands, the heathens dare  
not

*Enter their profane temples: and for me  
To hope my passage to eternity  
Can be made easy, till I have shook off*

\* *Which way in my wishes*

*I should fashion the event,* Mr. M. Mason omits *should*, which  
reduces the passage to nonsense; but, in his great care for  
the purity of his author's language, alters, in the next line,  
—*resolve* of, to *resolve* on! It is much to be regretted that  
his anxiety should appear so often in the wrong place.

The burthen of my sins in free confession,  
Aided with sorrow and repentance for them,  
Is against reason. 'Tis not laying by  
My royal ornaments, or putting on  
This garment of humility and contrition,  
The throwing dust and ashes on my head,  
Long fasts to tame my proud flesh, that can make  
Atonement for my soul; that must be humbled,  
All outward signs of penitence else are useless.  
Chrysapius did assure me he would bring me  
A holy man, from whom (having discover'd  
My secret crying sins) I might receive  
Full absolution—and he keeps his word.

*Enter THEODOSIUS disguised as a Friar, with  
CHRYSAPIUS.*

Welcome, most reverend sir, upon my knees  
I entertain you.

*Theo.* Noble sir, forbear  
The place; the sacred office that I come for  
[*Exit Chrysapius.*]

Commands all privacy. My penitent daughter,  
Be careful, as you wish remission from me,  
That, in confession of your sins, you hide not  
One crime, whose ponderous weight, when you  
would make

Your flights above the firmament, may sink you.  
A foolish modesty in concealing aught,  
Is now far worse than impudence to profess  
And justify your guilt; be therefore free!  
So may the gates of mercy open to you!

*Eud.* First then, I ask a pardon, for my being  
Ingrateful to heaven's bounty.

*Theo.* A good entrance.

*Eud.* Greatness comes from above, and I, raised  
to it

From a low condition, sinfully forgot  
From whence it came; and, looking on myself  
In the false glass of flattery, I received it  
As a debt due to my beauty, not a gift  
Or favour from the emperor.

*Theo.* 'Twas not well.

*Eud.* Pride waited on unthankfulness; and no  
more

Remembering the compassion of the princess,  
And the means she used to make me what I was,  
Contested with her, and with sore eyes seeing  
Her greater light as it dimm'd mine, I practised  
To have it quite put out.

*Theo.* A great offence;

But, on repentance, not unpardonable.  
Forward.

*Eud.* O, father!—what I now must utter,  
I fear, in the delivery will destroy me,  
Before you have absolved me.

*Theo.* Heaven is gracious;  
Out with it.

*Eud.* Heaven commands us to tell truth,  
Yet I, most sinful wretch, forswore myself.

*Theo.* On what occasion?

*Eud.* Quite forgetting that  
An innocent truth can never stand in need  
Of a guilty lie, being on the sudden ask'd  
By the emperor, my husband, for an apple  
Presented by him, I swore I had eaten it;  
When my grieved conscience too well knows I  
sent it

To comfort sick Paulinus, being a man  
I truly loved and favour'd.

*Theo.* A cold sweat,  
Like the juice of hemlock, bathes me. [Aside.]

*Eud.* And from this  
A furious jealousy getting possession  
Of the good emperor's heart, in his rage he doom'd  
The innocent lord to die; my perjury  
The fatal cause of murder.

*Theo.* Take heed, daughter,  
You niggle\* not with your conscience, and religion,  
In styling him an innocent, from your fear  
And shame to accuse yourself. The emperor  
Had many spies upon you, saw such graces,  
Which virtue could not warrant, shower'd upon him;  
Glances in public, and more liberal favours  
In your private chamber-meetings, making way  
For foul adultery; nor could he be  
But sensible of the compact pass'd between you,  
To the ruin of his honour.

*Eud.* Hear me, father;  
I look'd for comfort, but, in this, you come  
To add to my afflictions.

*Theo.* Cause not you  
Your own damnation, in concealing that  
Which may, in your discovery, find forgiveness.  
Open your eyes; set heaven or hell before you;  
In the revealing of the truth, you shall  
Prepare a palace for your soul to dwell in  
Stored with celestial blessings; whereas, if  
You palliate your crime, and dare beyond  
Playing with lightning, in concealing it,  
Expect a dreadful dungeon filled with horror,  
And never-ending torments.

*Eud.* May they fall  
Eternally upon me, and increase,  
When that which we call Time hath lost its name!  
May lightning cleave the centre of the earth,  
And I sink quick, before you have absolved me,  
Into the bottomless abyss, if ever,  
In one unchaste desire, nay, in a thought,  
I wrong'd the honour of the emperor's bed!  
I do deserve, I grant, more than I suffer,  
In that my fervour and desire to please him,  
In my holy meditations press'd upon me,  
And would not be kept out; now to dissemble,  
When I shall suddenly be insensible  
Of what the world speaks of me, were mere mad-  
ness;

And, though you are incredulous, I presume,  
If, as I kneel now, my eyes swell'n with tears,  
My hands heaved up thus, my stretch'd heart-strings  
ready

To break asunder, my incensed lord  
(His storm of jealousy blown o'er) should hear me,  
He would believe I lied not.

*Theo.* Rise, and see him [Discovers himself.]  
On his knees, with joy affirm it.

*Eud.* Can this be?

*Theo.* My sisters, and the rest there!—All bear  
witness,

*Enter PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, FLACCILLA, CHRYSAP-  
PIUS, TIMANTUS, and PHILANAX.*

In freeing this incomparable lady

\* *Theo.* Take heed, daughter,  
You niggle not with your conscience,] i. e. trifle, play,  
with it; this is the cant sense of the word: its proper mean-  
ing is, to deceive, to draw out surreptitiously, &c. Thus,  
in *The Honest Whore*, Part II.: "I had but one poor  
penny, and that I was glad to niggle out, and buy a holy  
wand to grace him through the streets."

From the suspicion of guilt, I do  
Accuse myself, and willingly submit  
To any penance she in justice shall  
Please to impose upon me.

*Eud.* Royal sir,  
Your ill opinion of me's soon forgiven.

*Pul.* But how you can make satisfaction to  
The poor Paulinus, he being dead, in reason  
You must conclude impossible.

*Theo.* And in that  
I am most miserable; the ocean  
Of joy, which, in your innocence, flow'd high to me,  
Ebbs in the thought of my unjust command,  
By which he died. O, Philanax (as thy name  
Interpreted speaks thee), thou hast ever been  
A lover of the king, and thy whole life  
Can witness thy obedience to my will,  
In putting that in execution which  
Was trusted to thee; say but yet this once,  
Thou hast not done what rashly I commanded,  
And that Paulinus lives, and thy reward  
For not performing that which I enjoin'd thee,  
Shall centuple whatever yet thy duty  
Or merit challenged from me.

*Phil.* 'Tis too late, sir:  
He's dead; and, when you know he was unable  
To wrong you in the way that you suspected,  
You'll wish it had been otherwise.

*Theo.* Unable!

*Phil.* I am sure he was an eunuch, and might  
safely

Lie by a virgin's side; at four years made one,  
Though, to hold grace with ladies, he conceal'd it.  
The circumstances, and the manner how,  
You may hear at better leisure.

*Theo.* How, an eunuch!  
The more the proofs are that are brought to clear  
thee,

My best Eudocia, the more my sorrows.

*Eud.* That I am innocent?

*Theo.* That I am guilty  
Of murder, my Eudocia. I will build  
A glorious monument to his memory;  
And, for my punishment, live and die upon it,  
And never more converse with men.

*Enter PAULINUS.*

*Paul.* Live long, sir!  
May I do so to serve you! and, if that  
I live does not displease you, you owe for it  
To this good lord.

*Theo.* Myself, and all that's mine.

*Phil.* Your pardon is a payment.

*Theo.* I am rapt  
With joy beyond myself. Now, my Eudocia,  
My jealousy puff'd away thus, in this breath  
I scent the natural sweetness. [*Kisses her.*]

*Arcad.* Sacred sir,  
I am happy to behold this, and presume,  
Now you are pleased, to move a suit in which  
My sister is join'd with me.

*Theo.* Prithce speak it;  
For I have vow'd to hear before I grant;—  
I thank your good instructions. [*To Pulcheria.*]

*Arcad.* 'Tis but this, sir:  
We have observed the falling out and in  
Between the husband and the wife shows rarely;  
Their jars and reconcilements strangely take us.

*Flac.* Anger and jealousy that conclude in kisses  
Is a sweet war, in sooth.

*Arcad.* We therefore, brother,  
Most humbly beg you would provide us husbands,  
That we may taste the pleasure of't.

*Flac.* And with speed, sir;  
For so your favour's doubled.

*Theo.* Take my word,  
I will with all convenience; and not blush  
Hereafter to be guided by your counsels:  
I will deserve your pardon. Philanax  
Shall be remember'd, and magnificent bounties  
Fall on Chrysapius; my grace on all.  
Let Cleon be deliver'd, and rewarded.  
My grace on all, which as I lend to you,  
Return your vows to heaven, that it may please,  
As it is gracious, to quench in me  
All future sparks of burning jealousy. [*Exeunt.*]

#### EPILOGUE.

WE have reason to be doubtful, whether he,  
On whom (forced to it from necessity)  
The maker did confer his emperor's part,  
Hath given you satisfaction, in his art  
Of action and delivery; 'tis sure truth,  
The hurthen was too heavy for his youth  
To undergo:—but, in his will, we know,  
He was not wanting, and shall ever owe,  
With his, our service, if your favours deign  
To give him strength, hereafter to sustain  
A greater weight. It is your grace that can  
In your allowance of this, write him man  
Before his time; which if you please to do,  
You make the player and the poet too\*.

\* There is so much sterling merit in several of the incidents and characters of this play, that the reader is inclined to overlook the want of unity in the story itself. It is true, Massinger seems to have been conscious of this defect, and has endeavoured to remedy it by contriving an early introduction of Athenais, and by giving her some slight connection with Paulinus; for this is carefully remembered in the last act, as one of the circumstances which justify the jealousy of Theodosius. But the chief and characteristic event can hardly be said to begin till the fourth act. Most of the preceding scenes are a series of conversations and incidents, rather illustrative of some of the characters, than necessary to the subject: previous in the order of history, but not strictly preparatory to the plot; more occupied with the public influence of Pulcheria, than with the private affection of Eudocia.

This reservation being made, we cannot but admire the genuine dignity with which the government and personal virtues of the Protectress are announced, and the interesting contrast of the beautiful but lighter Athenais. Theodosius is connected with both; and is described with much fidelity of nature in every situation. His characteristic quality is weakness. His implicit obedience to his sister during a long pupillage; his escape from it through the interested persuasions of others; his facility, profusion, and uxorious subjection to Eudocia, are true marks of the same character. Nor are they contradicted by the vehemence into which he falls in the last act. Indeed, during this paroxysm he acts with a power apparently beyond himself. He accumulates circumstances of jealousy with much force and quickness. With a melancholy ingenuity, he perverts the consolations of his friends into new proofs of his guilt; and he compels the most innocent thoughts of others to wear the stamp of his own madness. Still this is the vehemence of Theodosius. His fury is the mere effect of uxoriousness disappointed. He is enraged, not that his honour is tarnished (for this he would fondly overlook), but that he has lost the possession of Eudocia. It is the very impotence of his mind which lends him a momentary vigour; and all his apparent power is founded on his constitutional failing. In the confession scene he quickly loses his assumed character in the anxious husband; and at the assertion of her innocence, he rushes to his reconciliation with an eagerness which shows his true disposition, and renews all the ascendancy of her charms.

It is to be wished that this great merit were not accom-

panied with serious blemishes; but sometimes the manners of Massinger's age are thrust, with more than their usual ill effect, into the history of Theodosius; and sometimes his best characters are needlessly debased. Pulcheria falls into an improper discussion of modern levities with the Informer, &c. Her sisters, contrary to the history of their time, are described as wanton, and rebellious against her authority; nor is there an object for this change of character; they are merely degraded. The Countryman equals the judgment of Theodosius with the Sunday maxims of the vicar of his parish; and Theodosius himself, pure and religious as Massinger really meant to represent him, loses his delicacy; and when he has to choose a wife from the portraits of the candidates, enlarges upon their properties with the licentiousness of an experienced debauché. It is observable, that in one part of this scene an attention to the court bursts out. Theodosius is impatient that he must judge the "substance" of the ladies "by the shadow," and demands to see them "with his own eyes." Perhaps the king was not displeased at the compliment bestowed by a Greek emperor on the notable project of courting the Spanish princess.

A word must be added concerning the sources from which Massinger has drawn his story. Coxeter briefly informs us that the plot is taken from the 7th book of Socrates, and the 8th of Theodoret; and Mr. M. Mason neither confirms nor disproves this intelligence. But what is the plot? Arcadia truly calls it,

"\_\_\_\_\_ the falling out and in

Between the husband and the wife—"

and of the quarrel and reconciliation of Theodosius and Eudocia, the two writers referred to say not a word! It is

not enough that they mention other circumstances of Athenais, and celebrate the virtues of Theodosius and his sisters. The plot is still to be sought for: and Sosomen, the other principal historian of that age, is as silent as the authorities of Coxeter. It will only be found in the later chronicles. It does not appear that there is any full account of Athenais earlier than the time of Malcila. Her love for Paulinus, equally handsome and eloquent, is mentioned by Cedrenus; and the memorable apple, the cause of his death, by Theophanes. Fabr. *Bibl. Græc.* lib. v. c. 1.

There seems to be some confusion in the dramatic personæ of this, as well as of a former historical Play—*Roman Actor*.—Flaccilla is mentioned as one of the younger sisters of Theodosius. At all events this is wrong. Whatever testimony there is for her existence makes her older than Pulcheria. But Sosomen, who names the rest of the family, says nothing of her. And if Philostorgius is to be believed, there was no sister of that name: for, in his account of the disgrace of Eutropius, he marks the time, by observing, that, in order to assist her complaint with Arcadia, she carried with her the two children already born (Pulcheria and Arcadia), and that Marina and Theodosius were produced after that event. It is possible that the name of Marina, omitted by Massinger from the list of the sisters, may have been bestowed on the waiting-woman of Pulcheria. If so, it will rectify the confusion noticed by the editor, Act II. Sc. 1. The "reverend aunt, Maria," who assists at the baptism of Athenais, was perhaps the wife of Honorius, celebrated by Claudian.

*In tanti labor*—

DR. IRELAND.

# THE FATAL DOWRY.

THE FATAL DOWRY.] This most excellent Tragedy does not appear to have been licensed by Sir H Herbert; nor is it accompanied by any prologue or epilogue; circumstances from which Mr. Malone concludes that it was produced previous to 1620. However this be, it was not printed till 1632, before which time, the title-page says, it "had been often acted at the private house in Blackfriars, by his Majesty's servants."

Massinger was assisted in the writing of it by Nathaniel Field (of whom some mention is made in the Introduction.) This would incline me to adopt the opinion of Mr. Malone; for the author seems to have trusted to his own resources after the period here mentioned; all the pieces licensed by the master of the revels being his own composition.

From this Play Rowe borrowed, or, according to Cicero's distinction, stole, the plan of *The Fair Penitent*, a performance by which he is now chiefly known. The relative merits of the two pieces are discussed by Mr. Cumberland, in the ingenious analysis which follows the present Tragedy; and which I regret that he did not pursue to the conclusion, as the superiority of Massinger would have been still more apparent.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROCHFORD, *ex premier president of the parliament of Dijon.*

CHARALOIS, *a noble gentleman, son to the deceased marshal.*

ROMONT, *a brave officer, friend to Charalois.*

NOVALL senior, *premier president of the parliament of Dijon.*

NOVALL junior, *his son, in love with Beaumelle.*

DU CROY, *president of the parliament of Dijon.*

CHARMI, *an advocate.*

BEAUMONT, *Secretary to Rochfort.*

PONTALIER, } *friends of Novall junior.*

MALOTIN, }

LILADAM, *a parasite, dependent on Novall junior.*

AYMER, *a singer, and keeper of a music-house, also dependent on Novall junior.*

*Advocates.*

*Three Creditors.*

*A Priest.*

*Tailor.*

*Barber.*

*Perfumer.*

*Page.*

BEAUMELLE, *daughter to Rochfort.*

FLORIMEL, } *servants to Beaumelle; the latter the se-*

BELLAPERT, } *cret agent of Novall junior.*

*Presidents, Captains, Soldiers, Mourners, Gaoler, Bailiffs, Servants.*

## SCENE, Dijon.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Street before the Court of Justice.*

Enter CHARALOIS with a paper, ROMONT, and CHARMI.

Char. Sir, I may move the court to serve your will;

But therein shall both wrong you and myself.

Rom. Why think you so, sir?

Char. 'Cause am familiar

With what will be their answer: they will say,

'Tis against law, and argue me of ignorance,

For offering them the motion.

Rom. You know not, sir,

How in this cause, they may dispense with law;

And therefore frame not you their answer from them,

But do your parts.

Char. I love the cause so well,

As\* I could run the hazard of a check for't.

Rom. From whom?

Char. Some of the bench, that watch to give it, More than to do the office that they sit for:

But give me, sir, my fee.

Rom. Now you are noble.

Char. I shall deserve this better yet, in giving My lord some counsel, if he please to hear it, Than I shall do with pleading.

\* As I could run, &c.] Former editors—That I could run. I do not love this modernising; by degrees no one will be allowed to speak the language of his age.

Rom. What may it be, sir?

Char. That it would please his lordship, as the presidents

And counsellors of court come by, to stand  
Here, and but show himself\*, and to some one  
Or two, make his request: there is a minute,  
When a man's presence speaks in his own cause,  
More than the tongues of twenty advocates.

Rom. I have urged that.

Enter ROCHFORD and DU CROY.

Char. Their lordships here are coming,  
I must go get me a place. You'll find me in court,  
And at your service. [Exit.]

Rom. Now, put out your spirits.

Du Croy. The ease that you prepare yourself, my  
In giving up the place you hold in court, [lord,  
Will prove, I fear, a trouble in the state,  
And that no slight one.

Roch. Pray you, sir, no more.

Rom. Now, sir, lose not this offer'd means: their  
Fix'd on you with a pitying earnestness, [looks,  
Invite you to demand their furtherance  
To your good purpose: this such a dulness,  
So foolish and untimely, as—

Du Croy. You know him?

Roch. I do; and much lament the sudden fall  
Of this brave house. It is young Charalois,  
Son to the marshal, from whom he inherits  
His fame and virtues only.

Rom. Ha! they name you.

Du Croy. His father died in prison two days since.

Roch. Yes, to the shame of this ungrateful state;  
That such a master in the art of war,  
So noble and so highly meriting  
From this forgetful country, should, for want  
Of means to satisfy his creditors  
The sums he took up for the general good,  
Meet with an end so infamous.

Rom. Dare you ever

Hope for like opportunity?

Du Croy. My good lord!

Roch. My wish bring comfort to you!

Du Croy. The time calls us.

Roch. Good morrow, colonel!

[Exit Rochford and Du Croy.]

Rom. This obstinate spleen,  
You think, becomes your sorrow, and sorts well  
With your black suits: but, grant me wit or judgment,  
And, by the freedom of an honest man, [ment,  
And a true friend to boot, I swear 'tis shameful.  
And therefore flatter not yourself with hope,  
Your sable habit, with the hat and cloak, [them  
No, though the ribands help, have power to work  
To what you would: for those that had no eyes  
To see the great acts of your father, will not,  
From any fashion sorrow can put on,  
Be taught to know their duties.

Charal. If they will not,

They are too old to learn, and I too young  
To give them counsel; since, if they partake  
The understanding and the hearts of men,  
They will prevent my words and tears: if not,  
What can persuasion, though made eloquent  
With grief, work upon such as have changed natures  
With the most savage beast? Bleat, bleat be ever

\* Here, and but show himself,] This has been hitherto printed show yourself. The necessity of the alteration will, I trust, be readily acknowledged.

† Rom. Now, put on your spirits.] Rouse, animate them.

The memory of that happy age, when justice  
Had no guards to keep off wrong'd innocence  
From flying to her succours, and, in that,  
Assurance of redress! where\* now, Romont,  
The damn'd with more ease may ascend from hell,  
Than we arrive at her. One Cerberus there  
Forbids the passage, in our courts a thousand,  
As loud and fertile-headed; and the client  
That wants the sops to fill their ravenous throats,  
Must hope for no access: why should I, then,  
Attempt impossibilities; you, friend, being  
Too well acquainted with my dearth of means  
To make my entrance that way?

Rom. Would I were not!

But, sir, you have a cause, a cause so just,  
Of such necessity, not to be deferr'd,  
As would compel a maid, whose foot was never  
Set o'er her father's threshold, nor within  
The house where she was born, ever spake word  
Which was not usher'd with pure virgin blushes,  
To drown the tempest of a pleader's tongue,  
And force corruption to give back the hire  
It took against her. Let examples move you.  
You see men great in birth, esteem, and fortune,  
Rather than lose a scruple of their right,  
Fawn basely upon such, whose gowns put off,  
They would disdain for servants.

Charal. And to these

Can I become a suitor?

Rom. Without loss:

Would you consider, that to gain their favours,  
Our chastest dames put off their modesties,  
Soldiers forget their honours, usurers  
Make sacrifice of gold, poets of wit,  
And men religious part with fame and goodness.  
Be therefore won to use the means that may  
Advance your pious ends.

Charal. You shall overcome.

Rom. And you receive the glory. Pray you, now  
practise.

Charal. 'Tis well†.

Enter NOVALL senior, Advocates, LILADAM, and  
three Creditors.

[Tenders his petition.] Not look on me!

Rom. You must have patience—

Offer it again.

Charal. And be again condemn'd!

Nov. sen. I know what's to be done.

1 Cred. And, that your lordship

Will please to do your knowledge, we offer first  
Our thankful hearts here, as a bounteous earnest  
To what we will add.

Nov. sen. One word more of this,

I am your enemy. Am I a man

Your bribes can work on? ha?

Lilad. Friends, you mistake

The way to win my lord; he must not hear this

But I, as one in favour in his sight,

May hearken to you for my profit. Sir!

Pray hear them.

\* Assurance of redress! where now, Romont,] So the quarto: the modern editors, in their rage for reformation, read,

Assurance of redress: whereas now Romont, which reduces the line to very homely prose. Where for whereas occurs continually in these plays, and, indeed, in all our old writers.

† Charal. 'Tis well.] These two words I have given to Charalois, to whom they of right belong: they have hitherto been allotted to Romont.

*Nov. sen.* It is well.

*Lilad.* Observe him now.

*Nov. sen.* Your cause being good, and your proceedings so,  
Without corruption I am your friend;  
Speak your desires.

*2 Cred.* Oh, they are charitable;  
The marshal stood engaged unto us three  
Two hundred thousand crowns, which, by his death,

We are defeated of: for which great loss  
We aim at nothing but his rotten flesh:  
Nor is that cruelty.

*1 Cred.* I have a son  
That talks of nothing but of guns and armour,  
And swears he'll be a soldier; 'tis an humour  
I would divert him from; and I am told,  
That if I minister to him, in his drink,  
Powder made of this bankrupt marshal's bones,  
Provided that the carcass rot above ground,  
I'll cure his foolish frenzy.

*Nov. sen.* You show in it  
A father's care. I have a son myself,  
A fashionable gentleman, and a peaceful;  
And, but I am assured he's not so given,  
He should take of it too.

*Charal.* Sir!

*Nov. sen.* What are you?

*Charal.* A gentleman\*.

*Nov. sen.* So are many that rake dunghills.  
If you have any suit, move it in court:

I take no papers in corners. [Exit.

*Rom.* Yes,  
As the matter may be carried, and whereby  
To manage the conveyance.—Follow him.

*Lilad.* You are rude: I say he shall not pass.

[Exit *Charalois* and *Advocates*.

*Rom.* You say so!  
On what assurance?  
For the well cutting of his lordship's corns,  
Picking his toes, or any office else  
Nearer to baseness!

*Lilad.* Look upon me better;  
Are these the ensigns of so coarse a fellow?  
Be well advised.

*Rom.* Out, rogue! do not I know  
These glorious weeds spring from the sordid dunghill

Of thy officious baseness? wert thou worthy  
Of any thing from me, but my contempt,  
I would do more than this—[Beats him.]—more,  
you court-spider!

*Lilad.* But that this man is lawless, he should find  
That I am valiant.

*1 Cred.* If your ears are fast,  
'Tis nothing. What's a blow or two? as much.

*2 Cred.* These chastisements as useful are as  
frequent,

To such as would grow rich.

*Rom.* Are they so, rascals?

I will befriend you, then.

[Kicks them.

*1 Cred.* Bear witness, sirs!

\* *Charal.* Sir!

*Nov. sen.* What are you?

*Charal.* A gentleman. So I have regulated these speeches;  
they formerly stood thus:

*He should take of it too.—Sir! what are you?*

*Charal.* A gentleman.

I believed that the modest *Charalois*, encouraged by *Romont*,  
ventures to address himself to *Novall*.

*Lilad.* Truth, I have borne my part already, friends.  
In the court you shall have more. [Exit.

*Rom.* I know you for  
The worst of spirits, that strive to rob the tombs  
Of what is their inheritance, the dead:  
For usurers, bred by a riotous peace,  
That hold the charter of your wealth and freedom  
By being knaves and cuckolds; that ne'er pray,  
But when you fear the rich heirs will grow wise,  
To keep their lands out of your parchment toils;  
And then, the devil your father's call'd upon,  
To invent some ways of luxury ne'er thought on.  
Begone, and quickly, or I'll leave no room  
Upon your foreheads for your horns to sprout on—  
Without a murmur, or I will undo you,  
For I will beat you honest.

*1 Cred.* Thrift forbid!

We will bear this, rather than hazard that.

[Exit *Creditors*.

Re-enter *CHARALOIS*.

*Rom.* I am somewhat eased in this yet.

*Char.* Only, friend,  
To what vain purpose do I make my sorrow  
Wait on the triumph of their cruelty?  
Or teach their pride, from my humility,  
To think it has overcome? They are determined  
What they will do; and it may well become me,  
To rob them of the glory they expect  
From my submissive entreaties.

*Rom.* Think not so, sir:  
The difficulties that you encounter with  
Will crown the undertaking:—heaven! you weep:  
And I could do so too, but that I know  
There's more expected from the son and friend  
Of him whose fatal loss now shakes our natures,  
Than sighs or tears, in which a village nurse,  
Or cunning strumpet, when her knave is hang'd,  
May overcome us. We are men, young lord,  
Let us not do like women. To the court,  
And there speak like your birth: wake sleeping  
justice,

Or dare the axe. This is a way will sort  
With what you are: I call you not to that  
I will shrink from myself; I will deserve  
Your thanks, or suffer with you.—O how bravely\*  
That sudden fire of anger shows in you!  
Give fuel to it. Since you are on a shelf  
Of extreme danger, suffer like yourself. [Exit.

#### SCENE II.—The Court of Justice.

Enter *ROCHFORD*, *NOVALL senior*, *Presidents*, *CHARMI*,  
*Du Croy*, *BEAUMONT*, *Advocates*, *three Creditors*,  
and *Officers*.

*Du Croy.* Your lordships seated, may this meet-  
ing prove  
Prosperous to us, and to the general good  
Of Burgundy!

*Nov. sen.* Speak to the point.

*Du Croy.* Which is

With honour to dispose the place and power  
Of premier president, which this reverend man,  
*Grave Rochfort*, whom for honour's sake I name,

\* *O how bravely, &c.* This *Romont* is a noble fellow.  
Warm, generous, high-spirited, disinterested, faithful, and  
affectionate, his copy, or rather his shadow, *Horatio*, dwindle  
into perfect insignificance on the comparison.

Is purposed to resign ; a place, my lords,  
In which he hath with such integrity  
Perform'd the first and best parts of a judge,  
That, as his life transcends all fair examples  
Of such as were before him in Dijon,  
So it remains to those that shall succeed him,  
A precedent they may imitate, but not equal\*.

*Roch.* I may not sit to hear this.  
*Du Croy.* Let the love  
And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodness,  
In this overcome your modesty.

*Roch.* My thanks  
For this great favour shall prevent your trouble  
The honourable trust that was imposed  
Upon my weakness, since you witness for me  
It was not ill discharged, I will not mention ;  
Nor now, if age had not deprived me of  
The little strength I had to govern well  
The province that I undertook, forsake it.

*Nov. sen.* That we could lend you of our years !

*Du Croy.* Or strength !

*Nov. sen.* Or, as you are, persuade you to continue

The noble exercise of your knowing judgment !

*Roch.* That may not be ; nor can your lordships' goodness,

Since your employments have conferr'd upon me  
Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it :  
And, though old age, when one foot's in the grave,  
In many, when all humours else are spent,  
Feeds no affection in them, but desire  
To add height to the mountain of their riches,  
In me it is not so. I rest content  
With the honours and estate I now possess :  
And, that I may have liberty to use  
What heaven, still blessing my poor industry,  
Hath made me master of, I pray the court  
To ease me of my burthen, that I may  
Employ the small remainder of my life  
In living well, and learning how to die so.

*Enter ROMONT and CHARALOIS.*

*Rom.* See, sir, our advocate.

*Du Croy.* The court entreats  
Your lordship will be pleased to name the man,  
Which you would have your successor, and in me,  
All promise to confirm it.

*Roch.* I embrace it  
As an assurance of their favour to me,  
And name my lord Novall.

*Du Croy.* The court allows it.

*Roch.* But there are suitors wait here, and their causes

May be of more necessity to be heard ;  
I therefore wish that mine may be deferr'd,  
And theirs have hearing.

*Du Croy.* If your lordship please [To *Nov. sen.*  
To take the place, we will proceed.

*Char.* The cause  
We come to offer to your lordships' censure,  
Is in itself so noble, that it needs not  
Or rhetoric in me that plead, or favour  
From your grave lordships, to determine of it ;  
Since to the praise of your impartial justice  
(Which guilty, nay, condemn'd men, dare not  
scandal),

\* *A precedent they may imitate, but not equal.*] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, with equal advantage to the sense and harmony of the line, read,  
*A precedent that they may imitate, but not equal !*

It will erect a trophy of your mercy,  
Which married to that justice—

*Nec. sen.* Speak to the cause.

*Char.* I will, my lord. To say, the late dead marahal,

The father of this young lord here, my client,  
Hath done his country great and faithful service,  
Might task me of impertinence, to repeat  
What your grave lordships cannot but remember.  
He, in his life, became indebted to  
These thrifty men (I will not wrong their credits,  
By giving them the attributes they now merit),  
And failing, by the fortune of the wars,  
Of means to free himself from his engagements,  
He was arrested, and, for want of bail,  
Imprison'd at their suit ; and, not long after,  
With loss of liberty, ended his life.  
And, though it be a maxim in our laws,  
All suits die with the person, these men's malice  
In death finds matter for their hate to work on,  
Denying him the decent rites of burial\*,  
Which the sworn enemies of the Christian faith  
Grant freely to their slaves. May it therefore please  
Your lordships so to fashion your decree,  
That, what their cruelty doth forbid, your pity  
May give allowance to.

*Nov. sen.* How long have you, sir,  
Practised in court ?

*Char.* Some twenty years, my lord.

*Nov. sen.* By your gross ignorance, it should appear

Not twenty days.

*Char.* I hope I have given no cause  
In this, my lord.

*Nov. sen.* How dare you move the court  
To the dispensing with an act confirm'd  
By parliament, to the terror of all bankrupts ?  
Go home ; and with more care peruse the statutes  
Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness,  
May force you, sir, to leap, against your will,  
Over the place you plead at.

*Char.* I foresaw this.

*Rom.* Why, does your lordship think the moving of  
A cause more honest than this court had ever  
The honour to determine, can deserve  
A check like this ?

*Nov. sen.* Strange boldness !

*Rom.* 'Tis fit freedom :

Or, do you conclude an advocate cannot hold  
His credit with the judge, unless he study  
His face more than the cause for which he pleads ?

*Char.* Forbear.

*Rom.* Or cannot you, that have the power

\* *Denying him the decent rites of burial.*] Herodotus tells us that Asychis, the grandson of Cheops, to facilitate the borrowing of money, allowed the Egyptians to pledge the dead bodies of their parents, which, until redeemed by payment of the sums advanced, could not be deposited in the sepulchres of their fathers. In imitation of this monarch, modern states have sanctioned the arrest of a person's dead body till his debts be paid : but what was in Asychis a wise institution, is in his followers a gratuitous act of absurd and savage barbarity. With the ancients the fate of a human being was not decided by death ; his entrance into a state of rest depended upon a due performance of his obsequies ; and his relations and friends were, therefore, impelled by the most powerful motives, to discharge his obligations, and seal his doom. We, on the contrary, know from divine authority, that "as the tree falleth, so it must lie," and that no action, subsequent to a man's decease, can affect his destiny  
[Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness.] So the old copy ; the moderns read, favouring.

To qualify the rigour of the laws  
When you are pleased, take a little from  
The strictness of your sour decrees, enacted  
In favour of the greedy creditors,  
Against the o'erthrown debtor?

*Nov. sen.* Sirrah! you that prate  
Thus saucily, what are you?

*Rom.* Why, I'll tell thee,  
Thou purple-colour'd man! I am one to whom  
Thou ow'st the means thou hast of sitting there,  
A corrupt elder.

*Char.* Forbear.

*Rom.* The nose thou wear'st is my gift; and  
those eyes,

That meet no object so base as their master,  
Had been long since torn from that guilty head,  
And thou thyself slave to some needy Swiss\*,  
Had I not worn a sword, and used it better  
Than, in thy prayers, thou ever didst thy tongue.

*Nov. sen.* Shall such an insolence pass unpunish'd!  
*Char.* Hear me.

*Rom.* Yet I, that, in my service done my country,  
Disdain to be put in the scale with thee,  
Confess myself unworthy to be valued  
With the least part, nay, hair of the dead marshal;  
Of whose so many glorious undertakings,  
Make choice of any one, and that the meanest,  
Perform'd against the subtle fox of France,  
The politic Louis, or the more desperate Swiss,  
And 'twill outweigh all the good purposes,  
Though put in act, that ever gownman practis'd.

*Nov. sen.* Away with him to prison!

*Rom.* If that cursest,  
Urged justly, and breath'd forth so, ever fell  
On those that did deserve them, let not mine  
Be spent in vain now, that thou from this instant  
Mayst, in thy fear that they will fall upon thee,  
Be sensible of the plagues they shall bring with them.  
And for denying of a little earth  
To cover what remains of our great soldier,  
May all your wives prove whores, your factors  
thieves,

And, while you live, your riotous heirs undo you!  
And thou, the patron of their cruelty,  
Of all thy lordships live not to be owner  
Of so much dung as will conteal a dog,  
Or, what is worse, thyself in! And thy years,  
To th' end thou mayst be wretched, I wish many;  
And, as thou hast denied the dead a grave,  
My misery in thy life make thee desire one,  
Which men and all the elements keep from thee!  
—I have begun well; imitate, exceed.

[To Charalois.

*Roch.* Good counsel, were it a praiseworthy deed.

[Exeunt Officers with Romont.

*Du Croy.* Remember what we are.

*Charal.* Thus low my duty

Answers your lordship's counsel. I will use,  
In the few words with which I am to trouble

\* And thou thyself slave to some needy Swiss.] It may not be amiss to observe here, that Burgundy (in the capital of which the scene is laid) was a powerful and independent state. It might, perhaps, have continued so, but for the ambitious and destructive warfare which the last of its sovereigns madly carried on against the confederated cantons.

+ *Rom.* If that curst, &c.] To this most animated speech Otway seems indebted for the imprecations which he makes the indignant Pierre pour upon the government of Venice. The reader, whom curiosity may lead to compare the two scenes, will find how much the copy falls beneath the original, not only in delicacy, but in spirit.

Your lordships' ears, the temper that you wish me;  
Not that I fear to speak my thoughts, as loud,  
And with a liberty beyond Romont;  
But that I know, for me, that am made up  
Of all that's wretched, so to haste my end,  
Would seem to most rather a willingness  
To quit the burthen of a hopeless life,  
Than scorn of death, or duty to the dead.  
I, therefore, bring the tribute of my praise  
To your severity, and commend the justice  
That will not, for the many services  
That any man hath done the commonwealth,  
Wink at his least of ills. What though my father  
Writ man before he was so, and confirm'd it,  
By numbering that day no part of his life,  
In which he did not service to his country;  
Was he to be free, therefore, from the laws  
And ceremonious form in your decrees;  
Or else, because he did as much as man  
In those three memorable overthrows  
At Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his master\*,  
The warlike Charalois (with whose misfortunes  
I bear his name), lost treasure, men, and life,  
To be excused from payment of those sums  
Which (his own patrimony spent) his zeal  
To serve his country forced him to take up!

*Nov. sen.* The precedent were ill.

*Charal.* And yet, my lord, this much,  
I know, you'll grant; after those great defeatures,  
Which in their dreadful ruins buied quick

Re-enter Officers.

Courage and hope in all men but himself,  
He forced the proud foe, in his height of conquest,  
To yield unto an honourable peace;  
And in it saved an hundred thousand lives,  
To end his own, that was sure proof against  
The scalding summer's heat, and winter's frost,  
Ill airs, the cannon, and the enemy's sword,  
In a most loathsome prison.

*Du Croy.* 'Twas his fault  
To be so prodigal.

*Nov. sen.* He had from the state  
Sufficient entertainment for the army.

*Charal.* Sufficient, my lords! You sit at home,  
And, though your fees are boundless at the bar,  
Are thrifty in the charges of the war—  
But your wills be obey'd. To these I turn,  
To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know  
They're only good men that pay what they owe.

2 *Cred.* And so they are.

1 *Cred.* It is the city doctrine\*;

We stand bound to maintain it.

\* In those three memorable overthrows  
At Granson, Morat, Nancy, &c.] These were indeed memorable, since they were given by ill-armed and undisciplined rustics (invigorated, indeed, by the calm and fearless spirit of genuine liberty) to armies superior to themselves in numbers, and composed of regular troops from some of the most warlike nations in Europe. The overthrow of Granson took place March 3d, 1476; that of Morat, June 22d, in the same year; and that of Nancy, January 5th, 1477. In this Charles (or, as he is here called, Charalois) duke of Burgundy fell; and the subtle fox of France, Louis XI. shortly after seized upon the defenceless duchy, and united it to his own kingdom.

† It is the city doctrine;] Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*—

"Shy. Antonio is a good man.

"Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

"Shy. No, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient."

*Charal.* Be constant in it ;  
And since you are as merciless in your natures,  
As base and mercenary in your means  
By which you get your wealth, I will not urge  
The court to take away one scruple from  
The right of their laws, or [wish\*] one good thought  
In you to mend your disposition with.  
I know there is no music to your ears  
So pleasing as the groans of men in prison,  
And that the tears of widows, and the cries  
Of famish'd orphans, are the feasts that take you.  
That to be in your dangery, with more care  
Should be avoided than infectious air,  
The loathed embraces of diseased women,  
A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour.—  
Yet rather than my father's reverend dust  
Shall want a place in that fair monument  
In which our noble ancestors lie entomb'd,  
Before the court I offer up myself  
A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons  
That have worn out his life ; in my best strength  
I'll run to the encounter of cold, hunger,  
And choose my dwelling where no sun dares enter  
So he may be released.

1 *Cred.* What mean you, sir ?

*Adv.* Only your fee again : there's so much said  
Already in this cause, and said so well,  
That, should I only offer to speak in it,  
I should be or not heard, or laugh'd at for it. [back,

1 *Cred.* 'Tis the first money advocate e'er gave  
Though he said nothing.

*Roch.* Be advised, young lord,  
And well considerate ; you throw away  
Your liberty and joys of life together :  
Your bounty is employed upon a subject  
That is not sensible of it, with which wise man  
Never abused his goodness. The great virtues  
Of your dead father vindicate themselves  
From these men's malice, and break ope the prison,  
Though it contain his body.

*Nov. sen.* Let him alone :  
If he love cords, in God's name let him wear them ;  
Provided these consent.

*Charal.* I hope they are not  
So ignorant in any way of profit,  
As to neglect a possibility  
To get their own, by seeking it from that  
Which can return them nothing but ill fame,  
And curses, for their barbarous cruelties.

3 *Cred.* What think ye of the offer ?

2 *Cred.* Very well.

1 *Cred.* Accept it by all means. Let's shut him  
up ;

He is well shaped, and has a villanous tongue,  
And, should he study that way of revenge,  
As I dare almost swear he loves a wench,  
We have no wives, nor never shall get daughters,  
That will hold out against him.

*Du Croy.* What's your answer ?

2 *Cred.* Speak you for all.

1 *Cred.* Why, let our executions

\* *The right of their laws, or [wish] one good thought*  
*In you, &c.]* A monosyllable has dropt out at the press.  
I have endeavoured to complete the metre, and, perhaps,  
the sense, by the addition in brackets : it is a liberty that  
I seldom take, and never without giving the reader notice  
of it.

† *to be in your danger.]* i. e. to be in your  
debt : a common expression in our old writers ; thus *Portia* :  
" You stand *within his danger*, do you not ?

*Merchant of Venice.*

That lie upon the father, be return'd  
Upon the son, and we release the body.

*Nov. sen.* The court must grant you that.

*Charal.* I thank your lordships.

They have in it confirm'd on me such glory  
As no time can take from me : I am ready,  
Come, lead me where you please. Captivity,  
That comes with honour, is true liberty.

*Exeunt Charalois, Charmi, Officers, and Creditors.*

*Nov. sen.* Strange rashness !

*Roch.* A brave resolution rather,  
Worthy a better fortune : but, however,  
It is not now to be disputed ; therefore  
To my own cause. Already I have found  
Your lordships bountiful in your favours to me,  
And that should teach my modesty to end here,  
And press your loves no further.

*Du Croy.* There is nothing  
The court can grant, but with assurance you  
May ask it, and obtain it.

*Roch.* You encourage  
A bold petitioner, and 'tis not fit  
Your favours should be lost : besides, 't 'as been  
A custom many years, at the surrendering  
The place I now give up, to grant the president  
One boon, that parted with it : and, to confirm  
Your grace towards me, against all such as may  
Detract my actions and life hereafter,  
I now prefer it to you.

*Du Croy.* Speak it freely.

*Roch.* I then desire the liberty of Romont,  
And that my lord Novall, whose private wrong  
Was equal to the injury that was done  
To the dignity of the court, will pardon it,  
And now sign his enlargement.

*Nov. sen.* Pray you demand  
The moiety of my estate, or any thing,  
Within my power but this.

*Roch.* Am I denied then  
My first and last request ?

*Du Croy.* It must not be.

2 *Pre.* I have a voice to give in it.

3 *Pre.* And I.

And if persuasion will not work him to it,  
We will make known our power.

*Nov. Sen.* You are too violent ;  
You shall have my consent : but would you had  
Made trial of my love in any thing  
But this, you should have found then—but it skills  
not ;

You have what you desire.

*Roch.* I thank your lordships.

*Du Croy.* The court is up. Make way.

*[Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumont.]*

*Roch.* I follow you. Beaumont !

*Beau.* My lord.

*Roch.* You are a scholar, Beaumont ;  
And can search deeper into the intents of men,  
Than those that are less knowing.—How appear'd  
The piety and brave behaviour of  
Young Charalois to you ?

*Beau.* It is my wonder,  
Since I want language to express it fully :  
And sure the colonel—

*Roch.* Fie ! he was faulty.

What present money have I ?

*Beau.* There's no want

Of any sum a private man has use for.

*Roch.* 'Tis well :

I am strangely taken with this Charalois.  
Methinks, from his example the whole age  
Should learn to be good, and continue so.

Virtue works strangely with us ; and his goodness  
Rising above his fortune, seems to me,  
Prince-like, to will, not ask, a courtesy. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Street before the Prison.

Enter PONTALIER, MALOTIN, and BEAUMONT.

Mal. 'Tis strange.

Beau. Methinks so.

Pont. In a man but young,  
Yet old in judgment ; theoretic and practice  
In all humanity\*, and, to increase the wonder,  
Religious, yet a soldier ; that he should  
Yield his free-living youth a captive for  
The freedom of his aged father's corpse,  
And rather choose to want life's necessities,  
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should  
In death be kept from Christian ceremony.

Mal. Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son,  
To let strong nature have the better hand,  
In such a case, of all affected reason.  
What years sit on this Charalois ?

Beau. Twenty-eight :

For since the clock did strike him seventeen  
old,

Under his father's wing this son hath fought,  
Served and commanded, and so aptly both,  
That sometimes he appear'd his father's father,  
And never less than's son ; the old man's virtues  
So recent in him, as the world may swear,  
Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.

Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barbarous  
law,

And men more barbarous to execute it,  
Prevail on his soft disposition,  
That he had rather die alive, for debt  
Of the old man, in prison, than they should  
Rob him of sepulture ; considering  
These monies borrow'd bought the lenders peace,  
And all the means they enjoy, nor were diffused  
In any impious or licentious path ?

Beau. True ! for my part, were it my father's  
trunk,  
The tyrannous ram-heads with their horns should  
gore it,

Or cast it to their curs, than they less currish,  
Ere prey on me so with their lion-law,  
Being in my free will, as in his, to shun it.

Pont. Alas ! he knows himself in poverty lost :

For in this partial avaricious age  
What price bears honour ? virtue ? long ago  
It was but praised, and freed ; but now-a-days  
'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise :

The very praise now freezeth too ; for nature  
Did make the heathen far more Christian then,  
Than knowledge us, less heathenish, Christian.

Mal. This morning is the funeral ?

Pont. Certainly,  
And from this prison — 'twas the son's request.

\* In all humanity,] i. e. in all polite literature.

That his dear father might interment have,  
See, the young son enter'd a lively grave\* !  
Beau. They come—observe their order.

Solemn Music. Enter the Funeral Procession. The  
Coffin borne by four, preceded by a Priest. Captains,  
Lieutenants, Ensigns, and Soldiers ; Mourners, Scut-  
cheons, &c., and very good order. ROMONT and  
CHARALOIS, followed by the Gaolers and Officers,  
with Creditors, meet it.

Charal. How like a silent stream shaded with  
night,

And gliding softly with our windy sighs,  
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity !  
Tears, sighs, and blacks† filling the simile ;  
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove  
Of death, thus hollowly break forth. Vouchsafe

[To the Bearers.]

To stay awhile—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth !  
Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful lives,  
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death !  
Here stands thy poor exécutor, thy son,  
That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death ;  
Who gladlier puts on this captivity,  
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.  
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,  
These only have good memories ; for they  
Remember best forget not gratitude.  
I thank you for this last and friendly love :

[To the Soldiers]

And though this country, like a viperous mother,  
Not only hath eat up ungratefully  
All means of thee, her son, but last, thyself,  
Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,  
He cannot raise thee a poor monument,  
Such as a flatterer or a usurer bath ;  
Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,  
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone†.

\* See the young son enter'd a lively grave !] i. e. a living  
grave, so he calls the prison. The quarto has :

See the young son enter'd a lively grave.

The small change here made restores the passage to sense.  
Mr. M. Mason would read—*enters alive* the grave, which I  
should like better, if the preceding line had *dead*, instead of  
*dear* father. The old reading, however, is defended by Mr.  
Gilchrist, who observes that there is a similar combination  
of words just above.

" He had rather *die alive* for debt."

And also in *Samson Agonistes* :

" Myself my sepulchre, a *moving grave*." v. 109.

These passages are, indeed, strikingly similar : but they are  
not for that the more intelligible.

† Tears, sighs, and blacks, &c.] Blacks are constantly  
used by our old writers for mourning weeds.

† Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,  
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.] Had  
Pope Massinger in his thoughts when he wrote his epitaph  
on Gay ?

" These are thy honours ! not that here thy dust  
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;

Pont. Sir.  
 Charal. Peace! O, peace! this scene is wholly mine.  
 What! weep ye, soldiers? blanch not.—Romont weeps.—  
 Ha! let me see! my miracle is eased,  
 The gaolers and the creditors do weep;  
 Even they that make us weep, do weep themselves.  
 Be these thy body's balm! these and thy virtue  
 Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,  
 Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,  
 Alive stinks in his vices, and, being vaniah'd,  
 The golden calf, that was an idol deck'd  
 With marble pillars, jet, and porphyry,  
 Shall quickly, both in bone and name, consume,  
 Though wrapt in lead, spice, searcloth, and perfume!

1 Cred. Sir.

Charal. What? away, for shame! you profane rogues,

Must not be mingled with these holy relics:  
 This is a sacrifice\*—our shower shall crown  
 His sepulchre with olive, myrrh, and bays,  
 The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory;  
 Your tears would spring but weeds.

1 Cred. Would they so!

We'll keep them to stop bottles then.

Rom. No, keep them

For your own sins, you rogues, till you repent;  
 You'll die else, and be damn'd.

2 Cred. Damn'd!—ha! ha! ha!

Rom. Laugh ye?

3 Cred. Yes, faith, sir; we would be very glad  
 To please you either way.

1 Cred. You are ne'er content,  
 Crying nor laughing.

Rom. Both with a birth, ye rogues?

2 Cred. Our wives, sir, taught us.

Rom. Look, look, you slaves! your thankless cruelty,  
 And savage manners of unkind Dijon,  
 Exhaust these floods, and not his father's death.

1 Cred. 'Slid, sir! what would you? you're so choleric!  
 2 Cred. Most soldiers are so, i'faith;—let him alone.

They have little else to live on. We've not had  
 A penny of him, have we?

3 Cred. 'Slight! would you have our hearts?

1 Cred. We have nothing but his body here in  
 durance

For all our money.

Priest. On.

Charal. One moment more,  
 But to bestow a few poor legacies,  
 All I have left in my dead father's rights,  
 And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,  
 That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.  
 Lieutenant, thou this scarf; and may it tie  
 Thy valour and thy honesty together!  
 For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,  
 Your general's necklace once. You, gentle bearers,  
 Divide this purse of gold; this other, strew

But that the virtuous and the good shall say,  
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay!  
 I cannot avoid adding, that Johnson must have written his  
 comments on this little production, in a fit of the spleen,  
 and a very dull one too. They cannot injure Pope, but they  
 may do some harm to himself.  
 \* This is a sacrifice;] From which the profane were ex-  
 cluded. He alludes to the ancient form of adjuration,  
 Εκας, εκας, εσσε, βεβηλοι.

Among the poor: 'tis all I have. Romont—  
 Wear thou this medal of himself—that, like  
 A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine,  
 Even in the wildest wilderness of war,  
 Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired them-  
 selves;  
 Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.  
 For me, my portion provide in heaven! —  
 My root is earth'd, and I, a desolate branch,  
 Left scatter'd in the highway of the world,  
 Trod under foot, that might have been a column  
 Mainly supporting our demolish'd house.  
 This would I wear\* as my inheritance —  
 And what hope can arise to me from it,  
 When I and it are both here prisoners!  
 Only may this, if ever we be free,  
 Keep or redeem me from all infamy.

A DIXON, to solemn Music.

1 Cred. No further; look to them at your own  
 peril.

2 Cred. No, as they please: their master's a good  
 man.—

I would they were at the Bermudes!

Gaol. You must no further.

The prison limits you, and the creditors  
 Exact the strictness.

Rom. Out, you wolvisn mongrels!

Whose brains should be knock'd out, like dogs in  
 July,

Lest your infection poison a whole town.

Charal. They grudge our sorrow. Your ill wills,  
 perforce,

Turn now to charity: they would not have us  
 Walk too far mourning; usurers' relief  
 Grieves, if the debtors have too much of grief.

[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE III.—A Room in Rochfort's House.

Enter BEAUMELLE, FLORIMEL, and BELLAPERT.

Beaumel. I prithee tell me, Florimel, why do  
 women marry?

Flor. Why truly, madam, I think, to lie with their  
 husbands.

Bell. You are a fool. She lies, madam; women  
 marry husbands, to lie with other men.

Flor. 'Faith, even such a woman wilt thou make.  
 By this light, madam, this wagtail will spoil you, if  
 you take delight in her license.

Beaumel. 'Tis true, Florimel; and thou wilt make  
 me too good for a young lady. What an electuary  
 found my father out for his daughter, when he com-  
 pounded you two my women! for thou, Florimel,  
 art even a grain too heavy, simply, for a waiting  
 gentlewoman—

Flor. And thou, Bellapert, a grain too light.

\* This would I wear, &c.] i.e. his father's sword. M.  
 MASON.

† I have followed the quarto, in throwing these rhymes  
 together at the end of the play. I wish I could have thrown  
 them quite away, for, to confess the truth, they are good for  
 nothing.

‡ I will not venture to pronounce the fine scene we have  
 just finished to be written by Field, though I entertain few  
 doubts of it; but I am confident that not a line of this to  
 which we are now arrived was composed by Massinger. It  
 is not in his manner. Unluckily the poet's associates were  
 somewhat like Dr. Johnson's patrons—they encumbered him  
 with their assistance.

*Bell.* Well, go thy ways, goody wisdom\*, whom nobody regards. I wonder whether be elder, thou or thy hood? You think, because you served my lady's mother, are thirty-two years old, which is a pip out, you know—

*Flor.* Well said, whirligig.

*Bell.* You are deceived: I want a peg in the middle.—Out of these prerogatives, you think to be mother of the maids here, and mortify them with proverbs: go, go, govern the sweatmeats, and weigh the sugar, that the wenches steal none; say your prayers twice a-day, and, as I take it, you have performed your function.

*Flor.* I may be even with you.

*Bell.* Hark! the court's broke up. Go, help my old lord out of his caroch, and scratch his head till dinner-time.

*Flor.* Well.

[*Erit.*

*Bell.* Fie, madam, how you walk! By my maiden-head, you look seven years older than you did this morning. Why there can be nothing under the sun valuable to make you thus a minute.

*Beaumel.* Ah, my sweet Bellapert, thou cabinet To all my counsels, thou dost know the cause That makes thy lady wither thus in youth.

*Bell.* Uds-light! enjoy your wishes: whilst I live, One way or other you shall crown your will. Would you have him your husband that you love, And can it not be? he is your servant, though, And may perform the office of a husband.

*Beaumel.* But there is honour, wench.

*Bell.* Such a disease

There is indeed, for which ere I would die—

*Beaumel.* Prithee, distinguish me a maid and wife.

*Bell.* 'Faith, madam, one may bear any man's children, t'other must bear no man's.

*Beaumel.* What is a husband?

*Bell.* Physic, that, tumbling in your belly, will make you sick in the stomach. The only distinction betwixt a husband and a servant is, the first will lie with you when he pleases; the last shall lie with you when you please. Pray tell me, lady, do you love, to marry after, or would you marry, to love love after?

*Beaumel.* I would meet love and marriage both at once.

*Bell.* Why then you are out of the fashion, and will be contemn'd: for I will assure you, there are few women in the world, but either they have married first, and love after; or love first, and married after. You must do as you may, not as you would; your father's will is the goal you must fly to. If a husband approach you, you would have further off, is he you love, the less near you? A husband in these days is but a cloak, to be oftener laid upon your bed, than in your bed.

*Beaumel.* Hum!

*Bell.* Sometimes you may wear him on your shoulder; now and then under your arm; but

\* *Bell. Well, go thy ways, goody wisdom, whom nobody regards.* This flippant allusion to Scripture, were there no other proofs, would be sufficient to convince every attentive reader, that it could not proceed from Massinger. He has, indeed, a thousand references to holy writ; but they are constantly made with a becoming seriousness and solemnity.

† *Which is a pip out.* A pip is a spot upon a card. The allusion is to the very ancient game of *One-and-thirty*: it was once a favourite diversion, and is mentioned, among others, in Green's *Art of Cony Catching*.

seldom or never let him cover you, for 'tis not the fashion.

*Enter NOVALL junior, PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LILADAM, and AYMER.*

*Nov. jun.* Best day to nature's curiosity,  
Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France!  
Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks,  
Whose breath is perfume to our continent!—  
See! Flora trimm'd\* in her varieties

*Bell.* O, divine lord!

*Nov. jun.* No autumn nor no age ever approach  
This heavenly piece, which nature having wrought,  
She lost her needle, and did then despair  
Ever to work so lively and so fair!

*Lilad.* Uds-light! my lord, one of the purls of  
your band is, without all discipline, fallen out of his  
rank.

*Nov. jun.* How! I would not for a thousand  
crowns she had seen't. Dear Liladam, reform it.

*Bell.* Oh lord *per se*, lord! quintessence of honour!  
she walks not under a weed that could deny thee  
any thing.

*Beaumel.* Prithee peace, wench; thou dost but  
blow the fire

That flames too much already.

[*Liladam and Aymer trim Novall, while Bella-  
pert dresses her lady.*

*Aym.* By gad, my lord, you have the divinest  
tailor in Christendom; he hath made you look  
like an angel in your cloth-of-tissue doublet.

*Pont.* This is a three-legg'd lord; there's a fresh  
assault. Oh! that men should spend time thus!  
See, see, how her blood drives to her heart, and  
straight vaults to her cheeks again!

*Malot.* What are these?

*Pont.* One of them there, the lower, is a good,  
foolish, knavish, sociable gallimaufry of a man, and  
has much caught my lord with singing; he is master  
of a music-house. The other is his dressing block,  
upon whom my lord lays all his clothes and fashions  
ere he vouchsafes them his own person: you shall  
see him in the morning in the Galley-foist, at noon  
in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo†, and all  
night in—

\* *See! Flora trimm'd in her varieties.* The old copy reads *turn'd*, and was followed by Coxeter: the alteration is by Mr. M. Mason.

† *Lilad. Uds-light! my lord, &c.* If this ridiculous interruption furnished Sterne with the hint for that humorous one by the Count de Faincant, when he was in the midst of a dissertation on the necessity of a First Cause, it must be allowed that he has greatly improved on his original.

‡ *— you shall see him in the morning in the Galley-foist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo, &c.* I know not what to make of this passage. Mr. M. Mason thinks the places here mentioned were taverns; it is full as likely that they were houses of public resort for some kind of amusement. Our old writers give the name of *galley-foist* to the Lord Mayor's barge; but I see not how this, or any other of the city barges, can be meant here. On reconsidering the whole of this passage, I am inclined to think that the allusion is to particular modes of dress. The galley-foist, when employed, was always adorned with flags, streamers, &c. This is sufficiently manifest from many old views of the river; and it may be, that some gaudy dress set off with scarfs and ribands, took its name from the holiday appearance of this vessel. The Bullion seems to be a piece of finery, which derived its denomination from the large globular gilt buttons, still in use on the continent (particularly in Holland), and of which a diminutive specimen may yet be seen in the clothes of our children. This explains a passage in Jonson:

*Malot.* A bawdyhouse.

*Pont.* If my lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm; they skip into my lord's cast skins some twice a year; and thus they flatter to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my lord.

*Malot.* Good sir, tell me one thing.

*Pont.* What's that?

*Malot.* Dare these men ever fight on any cause?

*Pont.* Oh, no! 'twould spoil their clothes, and put their hands out of order.

*Nov. jun.* Mistress\*, you hear the news? your father has resign'd his presidentship to my lord my father.

*Mal.* And lord Charalois

Undone for ever.

*Pont.* Troth, 'tis pity, sir,

A braver hope of so assured a father

Did never comfort France.

*Lilad.* A good dumb mourner.

*Aym.* A silent black.

*Nov. jun.* Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his clothes!

As if he had come this Christmas from St. Omers,

To see his friends, and return'd after Twelfth-tide.

*Lilad.* His colonel looks finely like a drover—

*Nov. jun.* That had a winter lain perdue in the rain.

*Aym.* What, he that wears a clout about his neck,

His cuffs in's pocket, and his heart in's mouth?

*Nov. jun.* Now, out upon him!

*Beaumel.* Servant, tie my hand.

[*Nov. jun. kisses her hand.*]

How your lips blush, in scorn that they should pay

Tribute to hands when lips are in the way!

*Nov. jun.* I thus recant; yet now your hand looks white,

Because your lips robb'd it of such a right.

Monsieur Aymér, I prithe sing the song

Devoted to my mistress.

*Music—and a Song by Aymér.*

*Enter ROCHFORD and BEAUMONT*

*Beau.* Romont will come, sir, straight.

*Roch.* 'Tis well.

*Beaumel.* My father!

*Nov. jun.* My honourable lord.

*Roch.* My lord Novall, this is a virtue in you;

So early up, and ready before noon,

That are the map of dressing through all France!

"While you do eat, and lie about the town here,  
And cozen in your *Bullions*."

*The Devil's an Ass.*

Here *bullion* is evidently used for some dress of parade, put on by gamblers, &c., for the sake of imposing on the unwary. It is applied in a kindred sense by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"That ape had paid it—O what dainty tricks,  
In his French doublet, with his blistered (blown up, hollow) *bullions*,  
In a long stock tied up."

*Beggar's Bush.*

Quirpo (*cuero*) is an undress; the Spaniards, from whom we borrowed the word, apply it to a person in a light jacket (*justiare-corpe*), without his calot or cloak; but our old dramatists, who use the expression upon all occasions, mean by it any state from nakedness to imperfect clothing. What the night dress of Aymér ("my lord's third leg") was, the adroit interruption of Malotin prevents us from ascertaining, nor, indeed, would I have the reader to accept the explanation of the others as anything more than conjecture.

\* *Nov. jun.* Mistress, you hear the news? For this simple expression the modern editors most strangely and corruptly read, *Must* you hear the news?

*Nov. jun.* I rise to say my prayers, sir; here's my saint.

*Roch.* 'Tis well and courtly:—you must give me leave,—

I have some private conference with my daughter;

Pray use my garden: you shall dine with me.

*Lilad.* We'll wait on you,

*Nov. jun.* Good morn unto your lordship;

Remember, what you have vow'd.—[*To Beaumelle.*]

*Beaumel.* Perform I must.

[*Exeunt all but Rochford and Beaumelle.*]

*Roch.* Why, how now, Beaumelle\*? thou look'st not well.

Thou art sad of late;—come, cheer thee, I have found

A wholesome remedy for these maiden fits:

A goodly oak whereon to twist my wine,

Till her fair branches grow up to the stars.

Be near at hand.—Success crown my intent!

My business fills my little time so full,

I cannot stand to talk! I know thy duty

Is handmaid to my will, especially

When it presents nothing but good and fit.

*Beaumel.* Sir, I am yours.—Oh! if my fears prove true,

Fate hath wrong'd love, and will destroy me too.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter ROMONT and Gaoler.*

*Rom.* Sent you for me, sir

*Roch.* Yes.

*Rom.* Your lordship's pleasure?

*Roch.* Keeper, this prisoner I will see forthcoming,

Upon my word:—sit down, good colonel.

[*Exit Gaoler.*]

Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,

Is to advise you from this iron carriage,

Which, so affected, Romont, you will wear;

To pity, and to counsel you submit

With expedition to the great Novall:

Recant your stern contempt, and alight neglect

Of the whole court and him, and opportunely,

Or you will undergo a heavy censure

In public, very shortly.

*Rom.* Reverend sir,

I have observed you, and do know you well;

And am now more afraid you know not me,

By wishing my submission to Novall,

Than I can be of all the bellowing mouths

That wait upon him to pronounce the censure,

Could it determine me torments and shame.

Submit, and crave forgiveness of a beast!—

'Tis true, this boil of state wears purple tisaue,

Is high fed, proud; so is his lordship's horse,

And bears as rich caparisons. I know

This elephant carries on his back not only

Towers, castles, but the ponderous republic,

And never stoops for't; with his strong-breath'd

trunk

Snuffs others' titles, lordships, offices,

Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his ravenous jaws:

What's this unto my freedom? I dare die;

And therefore ask this camel†, if these blessings

\* *Roch.* Why, how now, Beaumelle? thou look'st not well.] It may be necessary here to remind the reader that Massinger generally uses *Beaumelle* as a trisyllable, which, indeed, is its proper measure.

† And therefore ask this camel, &c.] In his indignation (and it is the indignation of virtue) the undaunted Romont

(For so they would be understood by a man)  
But mollify one rudeness in his nature,  
Sweeten the eager relish of the law,  
At whose great helm he sits. Helps he the poor  
In a just business? nay, does he not cross  
Every deserved soldier and scholar,  
As if, when nature made him, she had made  
The general antipathy of all virtue?  
How savagely and blasphemously he spake  
Touching the general, the brave general dead!  
I must weep when I think on't.

Roch. Sir.

Rom. My lord,

I am not stubborn: I can melt, you see,  
And prize a virtue better than my life:  
For though I be not learn'd, I ever loved  
That holy mother of all issues good,  
Whose white hand, for a sceptre, holds a file  
To polish roughest customs; and in you  
She has her right: see! I am calm as sleep.  
But when I think of the gross injuries,  
The godless wrong done to my general dead,  
I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall;  
A soulless dromedary!

Roch. Oh! be temperate.

Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain:  
Each man's opinion freely is his own  
Concerning any thing, or any body;  
Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the judge's peril.

Re-enter BEAUMONT.

Beau. These men, sir, wait without; my lord is come too.

Roch. Pay them those sums upon the table; take  
Their full releases:—stay, I want a witness:  
Let me entreat you, colonel, to walk in,  
And stand but by to see this money paid;  
It does concern you and your friend; it was  
The better cause you were sent for, though said  
otherwise.

The deed shall make this my request more plain.

Rom. I shall obey your pleasure, sir, though  
ignorant

To what it tends. [Exeunt Romont and Beaumont.

Enter CHARALOIS.

Roch. Worthiest sir,  
You are most welcome. Fie, no more of this!  
You have outwept a woman, noble Charalois.  
No man but has or must bury a father.

Charal. Grave sir, I buried sorrow for his death,  
In the grave with him. I did never think  
He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,  
And see no reason why the vicious,  
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy man,  
Should die alike.

Roch. They do not.

Charal. In the manner  
Of dying, sir, they do not; but all die,  
And therein differ not: but I have done.  
I spied\* the lively picture of my father,  
Passing your gallery, and that cast this water  
Into mine eyes.—See,—foolish that I am,  
To let it do so!

passes rapidly from one strong metaphor to another. This is perplexing; but is not therefore the less natural.

\* / spied, &c.) This is a pretty circumstance, and is calculated not only to show the filial piety of Charalois, but to interest his feelings in favour of Rochfort, by the respect shown to his father.

Roch. Sweet and gentle nature!  
How silken is this well\*, comparatively  
To other men! I have a suit to you, sir.

Charal. Take it, 'tis granted.

Roch. What?

Charal. Nothing, my lord.

Roch. Nothing is quickly granted.

Charal. Faith, my lord,

That nothing granted is even all I have,  
For, all know, I have nothing left to grant.

Roch. Sir, have you any suit to me? I'll grant  
You something, any thing.

Charal. Nay, surely, I that can  
Give nothing, will but sue for that again.  
No man will grant me any thing I sue for,  
But begging nothing, every man will give it.

Roch. Sir!

The love I bore your father, and the worth  
I see in you, so much resembling his,  
Made me thus send for you:—and tender here

[Draws a curtain, and discovers a table with  
money and jewels upon it.

Whatever you will take, gold, jewels, both,  
All, to supply your wants, and free yourself.  
Where heavenly virtue in high-blooded veins  
Is lodged, and can agree, men should kneel down,  
Adore, and sacrifice all that they have;  
And well they may, it is so seldom seen.  
Put off your wonder, and here freely take,  
Or send your servants: nor, sir, shall you use  
In aught of this a poor man's fee, or bribe  
Unjustly taken of the rich, but what's  
Directly gotten, and yet by the law.

Charal. How ill, sir, it becomes those hairs to  
mock!

Roch. Mock! thunder strike me then!

Charal. You do amaze me:

But you shall wonder too. I will not take  
One single piece of this great heap. Why should I  
Borrow, that have no means to pay? nay, am  
A very bankrupt, even in flattering hope  
Of ever raising any. All my begging  
Is Romont's liberty.

Re-enter ROMONT and BEAUMONT, with Creditors.

Roch. Here is your friend,  
Enfranchised ere you spake. I give him to you;  
And, Charalois, I give you to your friend,  
As free a man as he. Your father's debts  
Are taken off.

Charal. How!

Rom. Sir, it is most true;

I am the witness.

1 Cred. Yes, faith, we are paid.

2 Cred. Heaven bless his lordship! I did think  
him wiser.

3 Cred. He a statesman! he's an ass. Pay other  
men's debts!

\* How silken is this well, &c.) I suspect that there is some conception in this passage; but if well be the right reading, it is a quaint allusion to the tears of Charalois, and must be considered as a noun substantive. M. MASON.

I know not what Mr. M. Mason means by *conception*; though I am inclined to think he has given the sense of the passage, such as it is. If we understand well to signify (as, by a violent but not unprecedented catachresis, it may) either *goodness* or *virtue*, the matter will not be much mended: in a word, it is a forced and unnatural expression, and so different from the easy and flowing style of Massinger, that we may set it down, without scruple, to the account of his associate, Field.

1 *Cred.* That he was never bound for.

*Rom.* One more such

Would save the rest of pleaders.

*Charal.* Honour'd Rochfort—

Lie still, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my cheeks\*,

That offer thanks in words for such great deeds.

*Roch.* Call in my daughter. Still I have a suit to you, [Exit Beaumont.

Would you requite me.

*Rom.* With his life, I assure you.

*Roch.* Nay, would you make me now your debtor, sir—

*Re-enter BEAUMONT with BEAUMELLE.*

This is my only child: what she appears,  
Your lordship well may see: her education  
Follows not any; for her mind, I know it  
To be far fairer than her shape, and hope  
It will continue so. If now her birth  
Be not too mean for Charalois, take her, take  
This virgin by the hand, and call her Wife,  
Endow'd with all my fortunes. Bless me so,  
Requite me thus, and make me happier,  
In joining my poor empty name to yours,  
Than if my state were multiplied tenfold.

*Charal.* Is this the payment, sir, that you expect!  
Why, you precipitate me more in debt,  
That nothing but my life can ever pay.  
This beauty being your daughter, in which yours  
I must conceive necessity of her virtue,  
Without all dowry is a prince's aim:  
Then, as she is, for poor and worthless me  
How much too worthy! Waken me, Romont,  
That I may know I dream'd, and find this vanish'd.

*Rom.* Sure, I sleep not.

*Roch.* Your sentence—life or death.

*Charal.* Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?

*Beaumel.* Yes, my lord.

*Enter NOVALL junior, PONTALIER, MALOTIN,  
LILADAM, and AYMER. They all salute.*

*Charal.* You need not question me if I can you:  
You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,  
And Rochfort is your father.

*Nov. jun.* What's this change?

*Roch.* You meet my wishes, gentlemen.

*Rom.* What make

These dogs in doublets here?

*Beau.* A visitation, sir.

*Charal.* Then thus, fair Beaumelle, I write my faith,

\* *Lie still, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my cheeks.* This line, in the old copy, may rival some of Shakspeare's in typographical neatness:

*Lie still my tongue and bushes cal'd my cheeks.*

\* *Lie still my tongue and bushes cal'd my cheeks.*

*Your lordship well may see: her education*

*Follows not any;* i. e. is not inferior to any: the modern editors have,

*Your lordship may well see: for education, Beaumelle Follows not any.*

This strange line is not in the old copy, which reads as I have given it. Coxeter adopted Beaumelle from the margin, and Mr. M. Mason altered the text that he might continue it! Could nothing persuade this gentleman to turn to the original?

Thus seal it in the sight of heaven and men!  
Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this touch,  
In true-love knots, which nought but death shall loose.

And let these tears\*, an emblem of our loves,  
Like chrystal rivers individually  
Flow into one another, make one source,  
Which never man distinguish, less divide!  
Breath marry breath, and kisses mingle souls,  
Two hearts and bodies here incorporate!  
And, though with little wooing I have won,  
My future life shall be a wooing time,  
And every day new as the bridal one.  
Oh, sir! I groan under your courtesies,  
More than my father's bones under his wrongs:  
You, Curtius like, have thrown into the gulf  
Of this his country's foul ingratitude  
Your life and fortunes, to redeem their shames.

*Roch.* No more, my glory! come, let's in, and hasten  
This celebration.

*Rom. Mal. Pont. Beau.* All fair bliss upon it!

[Exit Rochfort, Charalois, Romont, Beaumont, and Malotin.

*Nov. jun.* Mistress!

*Beaumel.* Oh, servant!—Virtue strengthen me!

Thy presence blows round my affection's vane:—

You will undo me, if you speak again. [Exit.

*Lilad. Aym.* Here will be sport for you! this works. [Exit.

*Nov. jun.* Peace! peace!

*Pont.* One word, my lord Novall.

*Nov. jun.* What, thou wouldst money?—there!

*Pont.* No, I will none, I'll not be bought a slave,  
A pander, or a parasite, for all  
Your father's worth. Though you have saved my life,

Rescued me often from my wants, I must not  
Wink at your follies: that will ruin you.  
You know my blunt way, and my love to truth—  
Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,  
Now you do see her made another man's,  
And such a man's, so good, so popular;  
Or you will pluck a thousand mischiefs on you.  
The benefits you have done me are not lost,  
Nor cast away, they are purs'd here in my heart;  
But let me pay you, sir, a fairer way  
Than to defend your vices, or to soothe them.

*Nov. jun.* Ha, ha! what are my courses unto thee?—

Good cousin Pontalier, meddle with that

That shall concern thyself.

[Exit.

*Pont.* No more but scorn!

Move on, then, stars, work your pernicious will:

Only the wise rule, and prevent your ill. [Exit.

[Here a passage over the stage, while the act is playing for the marriage of Charalois with Beaumelle, &c.

\* *And let these tears, &c.* So Rowe:

"Are you not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers,  
Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,  
But roll into the sea one common flood?"

*Fair Penitent.*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. A Room in Charalois' House.

Enter NOVALL junior, and BELLAPERT.

Nov. jun. Fly not to these excuses ; thou hast been

False in thy promise—and, when I have said Ungrateful, all is spoken.

Bell. Good, my lord ; But hear me only.

Nov. jun. To what purpose, trifer ! Can any thing that thou canst say make void The marriage, or those pleasures but a dream, Which Charalois, oh Venus ! hath enjoy'd ?

Bell. I yet could say that you receive advantage In what you think a loss, would you vouchsafe me, That you were never in the way, till now, With safety to arrive at your desires ; That pleasure makes love to you, unattended By danger or repentance.

Nov. jun. That I could But apprehend one reason how this might be ! Hope would not then forsake me.

Bell. The enjoying Of what you most desire, I say the enjoying, Shall, in the full possession of your wishes, Confirm that I am faithful.

Nov. jun. Give some relish How this may appear possible.

Bell. I will. Relish and taste, and make the banquet easy. You say my lady's married :—I confess it : That Charalois hath enjoyed her ;—'tis most true : That, with her, he's already master of The best part of my old lord's state—still better, But that the first or last should be your hinderance I utterly deny ; for but observe me ; While she went for, and was, I swear, a virgin, What courtesy could she, with her honour, give, Or you receive with safety ? take me with you ; When I say courtesy, do not think I mean A kiss, the tying of her shoe or garter, An hour of private conference ; those are trifles. In this word courtesy we, that are gamesters, point at

The sport direct, where not alone the lover Brings his artillery, but uses it ; Which word expounded to you, such a courtesy Do you expect, and sudden.

Nov. jun. But he tasted The first sweets, Bellapert.

Bell. He wrong'd you shrewdly ! He toil'd to climb up to the Phoenix' nest, And in his prints leaves your ascent more easy. I do not know, you that are perfect critics, In women's books, may talk of maidenheads—

Nov. jun. But for her marriage !

Bell. 'Tis a fair protection 'Gainst all arrests of fear or shame for ever. Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study To have one at thirteen ; but they are mad That stay till twenty. Then, sir, for the pleasure, To say adultery's sweeter, that is stale ;

This only—is not the contentment more, To say, This is my cuckold, than my rival ? More I could say—but briefly, she doats on you ; If it prove otherwise, spare not, poison me With the next gold you give me.

Enter BEAUMELLE.

Beaumel. How's this, servant ! Courting my woman ?

Bell. As an entrance to The favour of the mistress. You are together ; And I am perfect in my cue. [Going.]

Beaumel. Stay, Bellapert.

Bell. In this I must not, with your leave, obey you.

Your tailor and your tirewoman wait without, And stay my counsel and direction for Your next day's dressing. I have much to do, Nor will your ladyship, now time is precious, Continue idle ; this choice lord will find So fit employment for you ! [Exit.]

Beaumel. I shall grow angry.

Nov. jun. Not so ; you have a jewel in her, madam.

Re-enter BELLAPERT.

Bell. I had forgot to tell your ladyship The closet is private, and your couch [there] ready : And, if you please that I shall lose the key, But say so, and 'tis done. [Exit.]

Beaumel. You come to chide me, servant, and bring with you Sufficient warrant. You will say, and truly, My father found too much obedience in me, By being won too soon ; yet, if you please, But to remember all my hopes and fortunes Had reference to his liking, you will grant, That though I did not well towards you, I yet Did wisely for myself.

Nov. jun. With too much fervour I have so long loved, and still love you, mistress, To esteem that an injury to me Which was to you convenient :—that is past My help, is past my cure. You yet may, lady, In recompense of all my duteous service (Provided that you will answer your power), ' Become my creditress.

Beaumel. I understand you ; And for assurance the request you make Shall not be long unanswered,—pray you sit, And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find My passions are much fitter to desire, Than to be sued to.

Enter ROMONT and FLORIMEL behind.

Flor. Sir, it is not envy At the start my fellow has got of me in My lady's good opinion, that's the motive Of this discovery ; but the due payment Of what I owe her honour.

Rom. So I conceive it.

Flor. I have observed too much, nor shall my silence

Prevent the remedy :—Yonder they are ;  
I dare not be seen with you. You may do  
What you think fit, which will be, I presume,  
The office of a faithful and tried friend  
To my young lord.

[Exit.]

*Rom.* This is no vision : ha !

*Nov. jun.* With the next opportunity ?

*Beaumel.* By this kiss,  
And this, and this.

*Nov. jun.* That you would ever swear thus !

*Rom.* [comes forward] If I seem rude, your pardon,  
lady ; yours

I do not ask : come ; do not dare to show me

A face of anger, or the least dislike ;

Put on, and suddenly, a milder look,

I shall grow rough else.

*Nov. jun.* What have I done, sir,

To draw this harsh unsavoury language from you ?

*Rom.* Done, popinjay ! why, dost thou think,  
that, if

I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me wrong,  
Thou shouldst outlive it ?

*Beaumel.* This is something more  
Than my lord's friendship gives commission for.

*Nov. jun.* Your presence and the place make him  
presume

Upon my patience.

*Rom.* As if thou e'er wert angry

But with thy tailor ! and yet that poor shred

Can bring more to the making up of a man,

Than can be hoped from thee : thou art his creature ;

And did he not, each morning, new create thee,

Thou'dst stink, and be forgotten. I'll not change

One syllable more with thee, until thou bring

Some testimony, under good men's hands,

Thou art a Christian : I suspect thee strongly,

And will be satisfied ; till which time, keep from  
me,—

The entertainment of your visitation

Has made what I intended one, a business.

*Nov. jun.* So ! we shall meet.—Madam.

*Rom.* Use that leg again,

And I'll cut off the other.

*Nov. jun.* Very good

[Exit.]

*Rom.* What a perfume the musk cat leaves behind  
him !

Do you admit him for a property,

To save your charges, lady ?

*Beaumel.* 'Tis not useless,

Now you are to succeed him.

*Rom.* So I respect you\*,

Not for yourself, but in remembrance of

Who is your father, and whose wife you now are,

That I choose rather not to understand

Your nasty scoff, than —

*Beaumel.* What, you will not beat me

If I expound it to you ! Here's a tyrant

Spares neither man nor woman !

*Rom.* My intents,

Madam, deserve not this ; nor do I stay

To be the whetstone of your wit : preserve it

\* *Rom.* What a perfume the musk cat leaves behind him!  
Do you admit him for a property,  
To save your charges, lady !

*Beau.* 'Tis not useless,

Now you are to succeed him.

*Rom.* So I respect you, &c.] These two speeches were  
inadvertently omitted by Mr. M. Mason : it was the more  
unfortunate, as several of the succeeding lines depended on  
them.

To spend on such as know how to admire  
Such colour'd stuff. In me, there now speaks to  
you

As true a friend and servant to your honour,

And one that will with as much hazard guard it,

As ever man did goodness :—but then, lady ;

You must endeavour not alone to be,

But to appear, worthy such love and service.

*Beaumel.* To what tends this ?

*Rom.* Why, to this purpose, lady

I do desire you should prove such a wife

To Charalois (and such a one he merits),

As Cæsar, did he live, could not except at ;

Not only innocent from crime, but free

From all taint and suspicion.

*Beaumel.* They are base

That judge me otherwise.

*Rom.* But yet be careful :

Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not

To wound the fame of princes, if it find

But any blemish in their lives to work on.

But I'll be plainer with you : had the people

Been learn'd to speak but what even now I saw,

Their malice out of that would raise an engine

To overthrow your honour. In my sight,

With yonder painted fool I frightened from you,

You used familiarity beyond

A modest entertainment : you embraced him

With too much ardour for a stranger, and

Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely.

But learn you to forget him, as I will

Your bounties to him ; you will find it safer.

Rather to be uncourtly than immodest.

*Beaumel.* This pretty rag\* about your neck shows  
well,

And, being coarse and little worth, it speaks you

As terrible as thrifty.

*Rom.* Madam !

*Beaumel.* Yes :

And this strong belt, in which you hang your honour,

Will outlast twenty scarfs.

*Rom.* What mean you, lady ?

*Beaumel.* And [then] all else about you cap-à-pié,

So uniform in spite of handsomeness,

Shows such a bold contempt of comeliness,

That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguert

Grew mad with love of you.

*Rom.* Is my free counsel

Answer'd with this ridiculous scorn ?

*Beaumel.* These objects

Stole very much of my attention from me ;

Yet something I remember, to speak truth,

Deliver'd gravely, but to little purpose,

That almost would have made me swear some curate

Had stolen into the person of Romont,

And, in the praise of goodwife honesty,

Had read an homily.

*Rom.* By this hand—

*Beaumel.* And sword,

I will make up your oath, it will want weight else.—

You are angry with me, and poor I laugh at it.

Do you come from the camp, which affords only

\* *Beaumel.* This pretty rag about your neck shows well.]  
There is already an allusion to this rag :

"What, be that wears a clout about his neck !"

+ That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguer] i. e.  
in the camp. So Lithgow, apologizing for the rudeness of  
his style, desires his readers "to impute the faults thereof to  
a disordered leaguer." His narrative was written at the  
siege of Breda. See *The Picture*.

The conversation of cast suburb whores,  
To set down to a lady of my rank  
Limits of entertainment?

*Rom.* Sure a legion  
Has possess this woman!

*Beaumel.* One stamp more would do well : yet I  
desire not

You should grow horn-mad till you have a wife.  
You are come to warm meat, and perhaps clean  
linen ;

Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,  
That though a thousand watches were set on me,  
And you the master-spy, I yet would use  
The liberty that best likes me. I will revel,  
Feast, kiss, embrace, perhaps grant larger favours ;  
Yet such as live upon my means shall know  
They must not murmur at it. If my lord  
Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you  
To serve his jealousy this way, tell him this :  
You have something to inform him. [Exit.

*Rom.* And I will ;  
Believe it, wicked one, I will. Hear, heaven,  
But, hearing, pardon me ; if these fruits grow  
Upon the tree of marriage, let me shun it  
As a forbidden sweet. An heir, and rich,  
Young, beautiful, yet add to this—a wife,  
And I will rather choose a spittle\* sinner  
Carted an age before, though three parts rotten,  
And take it for a blessing, rather than  
Be fetter'd to the hellish slavery  
Of such an impudence.

*Enter BEAUMONT with writings.*

*Beau.* Colonel, good fortune  
To meet you thus ! You look sad, but I'll tell you  
Something that shall remove it. O, how happy  
Is my lord Charalois in his fair bride !

*Rom.* A happy man, indeed !—pray you, in what ?  
*Beau.* I dare swear, you would think so good a  
lady

A dower sufficient.

*Rom.* No doubt. But on.

*Beau.* So fair, so chaste, so virtuous, so—indeed,  
All that is excellent !

*Rom.* Women have no cunning  
To gull the world !

*Beau.* Yet, to all these, my lord,  
Her father, gives the full addition of  
All he does now possess in Burgundy :  
These writings, to confirm it, are new seal'd,  
And I most fortunate to present him with them ;  
I must go seek him out. Can you direct me ?

*Rom.* You'll find him breaking a young horse.

*Beau.* I thank you. [Exit.

*Rom.* I must do something worthy Charalois'  
friendship.

If she were well inclined, to keep her so  
Deserved not thanks ; and yet, to stay a woman  
Spurr'd headlong by hot lust to her own ruin,  
Is harder than to prop a falling tower  
With a deceiving reed.

*Enter ROCHFORD, speaking to a Servant within.*

*Roch.* Some one seek for me

As soon as he returns.

*Rom.* Her father ? ha !—

How if I break this to him ? sure it cannot

Meet with an ill construction : his wisdom,  
Made powerful by the authority of a father,  
Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels.  
It shall be so.—My lord !

*Roch.* Your friend, Romont.

Would you aught with me ?

*Rom.* I stand so engaged

To your so many favours, that I hold it  
A breach in thankfulness, should I not discover,  
Though with some imputation to myself,  
All doubts that may concern you.

*Roch.* The performance

Will make this protestation worth my thanks.

*Rom.* Then, with your patience, lend me your  
attention :

For what I must deliver, whisper'd only,  
You will with too much grief receive.

*Enter BEAUMELLE and BELLAPERT, behind.*

*Beaumel.* See, wench !

Upon my life, as I forespake, he's now  
Preferring his complaint ; but be thou perfect,  
And we will fit him.

*Bell.* Fear not me ; pox on him !

A captain turned informer against kissing !

Would he were hang'd up in his rusty armour !—

But, if our fresh wits cannot turn the plots.

Of such a mouldy murmur on itself ;

Rich clothes, choice fare, and a true friend at a call,

With all the pleasures the night yields, forsake us !

*Roch.* This in my daughter ! do not wrong her.

*Bell.* Now

Begin : the game's afoot, and we in distance.

*Beaumel.* [comes forward.] 'Tis thy fault, foolish  
girl ! pin on my veil,

I will not wear those jewels. Am I not

Already match'd beyond my hopes ? yet still

You prune and set me forth, as if I were

Again to please a suitor.

*Bell.* 'Tis a course

That our great ladies take.

*Beaumel.* A weak excuse\* !

Those that are better seen in what concerns

A lady's honour and fair fame, condemn it.

You wait well ; in your absence, my lord's friend,

The understanding, grave, and wise Romont—

*Rom.* Must I be still her sport ?

*Beaumel.* Reproved me for it ;

And he has travell'd to bring home a judgment

Not to be contradicted. You will say

My father, that owes more to years than he,

Has brought me up to music, language, courtship,

And I must use them : true ; but not to offend,

Or render me suspected.

*Roch.* Does your fine story

Begin from this ?

*Beaumel.* I thought a parting kiss

From young Novall would have displeased no more

Than heretofore it hath done ; but I find

I must restrain such favours now ; look, therefore ;

As you are careful to continue mine,

That I no more be visited. I'll endure

The strictest course of life that jealousy

Can think secure enough, ere my behaviour

Shall call my fame in question.

\* And I will rather choose a spittle sinner] For spittle !  
Mr. M. Mason reads, spital, as usual, and is, as usual, wrong.  
See *The City Madam*.

\* *Beaumel. A weak excuse !*] This hemistich has been hitherto given to Romont. It is evident, to me at least, that it belongs to Beaumelle. Romont could not call what Bellapert had urged, a weak excuse, for he was ignorant of its drift.

*Rom.* Ten dissemblers

Are in this subtle devil! You believe this?

*Roch.* So far, that if you trouble me again  
With a report like this, I shall not only  
Judge you malicious in your disposition,  
But study to repent what I have done  
To such a nature.

*Rom.* Why, 'tis exceeding well.

*Roch.* And for you, daughter, off with this, off  
with it!

I have that confidence in your goodness, I,  
That I will not consent to have you live  
Like to a recluse in a cloister: Go,  
Call in the gallants, let them make you merry;  
Use all fit liberty.

*Bell.* Blessing upon you!

If this new preacher with the sword and feather  
Could prove his doctrine for canonical,  
We should have a fine world. [Exit.]

*Roch.* Sir, if you please

To bear yourself as fits a gentleman,  
The house is at your service; but, if not,  
Though you seek company elsewhere, your absence  
Will not be much lamented. [Exit.]

*Rom.* If this be

The recompense of striving to preserve  
A wanton gigglet honest, very shortly  
'Twill make all mankind panders.—Do you smile,  
Good lady looseness! your whole sex is like you,  
And that man's mad that seeks to better any:  
What new change have you next?

*Beaumont.* Oh, fear not you, sir,  
I'll shift into a thousand, but I will  
Convert your heresy.

*Rom.* What heresy? speak.

*Beaumont.* Of keeping a lady that is married  
From entertaining servants—

*Enter NOVALL junior, MALOTIN, LILADAM, AYMER,  
and PONTALIER.*

—O, you are welcome!

Use any means to vex him.

And then with welcome follow me. [Exit.]

*Nov. jun.* You are tired

With your grave exhortations, colonel!

*Lilad.* How is it? faith, your lordship may do  
well

To help him to some church preferment: 'tis  
The fashion now for men of all conditions,  
However they have lived, to end that way.

*Aym.* That face would do well in a surplice.

*Rom.* Rogues,  
Be silent—or—

*Pont.* 'Sdeath! will you suffer this\*?

*Rom.* And you, the master-rogue, the coward  
rascal,

I shall be with you suddenly.

*Nov. jun.* Pontalier,

If I should strike him, I know I should kill him;  
And therefore I would have thee beat him, for  
He's good for nothing else.

\* *Pont.* 'sdeath! will you suffer this? Massinger has preserved the character of Pontalier from contamination, with great dexterity, through every scene. He is here the only one (with the exception of Malotin) who does not insult Romont, though he appears to feel some indignation at the contempt with which Novall and his followers are treated by him. He is grateful, but not obsequious; and rather the affectionate tutor than the agent of his young lord, for whose honour he is more solicitous than for his own advantage.

*Lilad.* His back

Appears to me, as it would tire a headle;  
And then he has a knotted brow would bruise  
A courtlike hand to touch it.

*Aym.* He looks like

A currier when his hides grow dear.

*Pont.* Take heed

He curry not some of you.

*Nov. jun.* Gad's me! he's angry.

*Rom.* I break no jests, but I can break my sword  
About your pates.

*Enter CHARALOIS and BEAUMONT.*

*Lilad.* Here's more.

*Aym.* Come, let's be gone:

We are beleagu'ed.

*Nov. jun.* Look, they bring up their troops.

*Pont.* Will you sit down

With this disgrace? you are abused most grossly.

*Lilad.* I grant you, sir, we are; and you would  
have us

Stay, and be more abused.

*Nov. jun.* My lord, I'm sorry

Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it.

[Exit all but Charalois and Romont.]

*Charal.* Prithee, Romont, what caused this uproar?

*Rom.* Nothing;

They laugh'd, and used their scurvy wits upon me.

*Charal.* Come, 'tis thy jealous nature: but I wonder

That you, which are an honest man and worthy,

Should foster this suspicion: no man laughs,

No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'st

His conference and his scorn reflect on thee:

For my part, they should scoff their thin wits out,

So I not heard them; beat me, not being there.

Leave, leave these fits to conscious men, to such

As are obnoxious to those foolish things

As they can gibe at.

*Rom.* Well, sir.

*Charal.* Thou art known

Valiant without defect, rightly defined,

Which is as fearing to do injury,

As tender to endure it; not a brabblor,

A swearer—

*Rom.* Pish, pish! what needs this, my lord?

If I be known none such, how vainly you

Do cast away good counsel! I have loved you,

And yet must freely speak; so young a tutor

Fits not so old a soldier as I am:

And I must tell you, 'twas in your behalf

I grew enraged thus, yet had rather die

Than open the great cause a syllable further.

*Charal.* In my behalf! Wherein hath Charalois

Unfitly so demean'd himself, to give

The least occasion to the loosest tongue

To throw aspersions on him? or so weakly

Protected his own honour, as it should

Need a defence from any but himself?

They are fools that judge me by my outward

seeming.

Why should my gentleness beget abuse?

The lion is not angry that does sleep,

Nor every man a coward that can weep,

For God's sake, speak the cause.

*Rom.* Not for the world.

Oh! it will strike disease into your bones,

Beyond the cure of physic; drink your blood,

Rob you of all your rest, contract your sight,

Leave you no eyes but to see misery,

And of your own; nor speech, but to wish thus,

Would I had perish'd in the prison's jaws,  
From whence I was redeem'd!—'twill wear you  
old,

Before you have experience in that art  
That causes your affliction.

*Charal.* Thou dost strike  
A deathful coldness to my heart's high heat,  
And shrink'st at my liver like the calenture.  
Declare this foe of mine, and life's, that like  
A man I may encounter and subdue it.  
It shall not have one such effect in me  
As thou denouncest: with a soldier's arm,  
If it be strength, I'll meet it; if a fault  
Belonging to my mind, I'll cut it off  
With mine own reason, as a scholar should.  
Speak, though it make me monstrous.

*Rom.* I will die first.  
Farewell; continue merry, and high heaven  
Keep your wife chaste!

*Charal.* Hum! Stay and take this wolf  
Out of my breast, that thou hast lodged there, or  
For ever lose me.

*Rom.* Lose not, sir, yourself,  
And I will venture:—so, the door is fast.

[*Locks the door.*]

Now, noble Charalois, collect yourself,  
Summon your spirits, muster all your strength  
That can belong to man; sift passion  
From every vein, and whatsoever ensues,  
U'braid not me hereafter, as the cause of  
Jealousy, discontent, slaughter, and ruin:  
Make me not parent to sin.—You will know  
This secret that I burn with?

*Charal.* Devil on't,  
What should it be! Romont, I heard you wish  
My wife's continuance of chastity.

*Rom.* There was no hurt in that.

*Charal.* Why, do you know  
A likelihood or possibility  
Unto the contrary?

*Rom.* I know it not, but doubt it; these the  
grounds:

The servant of your wife now, young Novall,  
The son unto your father's enemy  
(Which aggravates presumption the more),  
I have been warn'd of, touching her:—nay, seen  
them

Tied heart to heart, one in another's arms,  
Multiplying kisses, as if they meant  
To pose arithmetic; or whose eyes would  
Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.  
I saw their mouths engender, and their palms  
Glew'd as if love had lock'd them; their words  
flow

And melt each other's, like two circling flames,  
Where chastity, like a phoenix, methought burn'd,  
But left the world nor ashes, nor an heir.—  
Why stand you silent thus? what cold dull phlegm,  
As if you had no drop of choler mix'd  
In your whole constitution, thus prevails,  
To fix you now thus stupid, bearing this?

*Charal.* You did not see him on my couch within,  
Like George a-horseback, on her, nor a-bed?

*Rom.* No.

*Charal.* Ha! ha!

*Rom.* Laugh you! even so did your wife,  
And her indulgent father.

*Charal.* They were wise:  
Wouldst have me be a fool?

*Rom.* No, but a man.

*Charal.* There is no dram of manhood to suspect  
On such thin airy circumstance as this;  
Mere compliment and courtship. Was this tale  
The hideous monster which you so conceal'd?  
Away, thou curious impertinent\*,  
And idle searcher of such lean, nice toys!  
Go, thou seditious sower of debate,  
Fly to such matches, where the bridegroom doubts  
He holds not worth enough to countervail  
The virtue and the beauty of his wife!  
Thou buzzing drone, that 'bout my ears dost hum,  
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,  
Whose venom time nor medicine could assuage,  
Thus do I put thee off! and, confident  
In mine own innocence and desert,  
Dare not conceive her so unreasonable,  
To put Novall in balance against me;  
An upstart, craned up to the height he has.  
Hence, busybody! thou'rt no friend to me,  
That must be kept to a wife's injury.

*Rom.* Is't possible?—farewell, fine honest man!  
Sweet-temper'd lord, adieu! What apoplexy  
Hath knit sense up? is this Romont's reward?  
Bear witness, the great spirit of thy father,  
With what a healthful hope I did administer  
This potion, that hath wrought so virulently!  
I not accuse thy wife of act, but would  
Prevent her precipice to thy dishonour,  
Which now thy tardy sluggishness will admit.  
Would I had seen thee grav'd with thy great sire,  
Ere lived to have men's marginal fingers point  
At Charalois, as a lamented story†!  
An emperor put away his wife for touching  
Another man; but thou wouldst have thine tasted,  
And keep her, I think.—Phob! I am a fire  
To warm a dead man, that waste out myself.  
Bleed!—What a plague, a vengeance, is't to me,  
If you will be a cuckold? here, I show  
A sword's point to thee, this side you may shun,  
Or that, the peril; if you will run on,  
I cannot help it.

*Charal.* Didst thou never see me  
Angry, Romont?

*Rom.* Yes, and pursue a foe  
Like lightning.

*Charal.* Prithee, see me so no more:  
I can be so again. Put up thy sword,  
And take thyself away, lest I draw mine.

*Rom.* Come, fright your foes with this, sir!  
I'm your friend,

And dare stand by you thus.

*Charal.* Thou art not my friend,  
Or being so, thou art mad; I must not buy  
Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,

\* *Away thou curious impertinent,* This is an allusion to the title of one of Cervantes' novels, which were much read and admired in Massinger's time.

† *Would I had seen thee grav'd with thy great sire, Ere lived to have men's marginal fingers point*

At Charalois, as a lamented story! This is a most beautiful allusion to the ancient custom of placing an index (☞) in the margin of books, to direct the reader's attention to the striking passages. Massinger follows Shakspere in drawing his illustrations from the most familiar objects.

‡ *Bleed*—] So the quarto; Coxeter has *Blood*; which Mr. M. Mason points as if it were an oath. This, however, is not the author's meaning: he was about to say, perhaps, *Bleed* (for one that feels not for himself!) or something equivalent to it: but his impatient indignation will not let him proceed, and he bursts out into exclamatory interrogations.

Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury  
Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all  
Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.  
Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.  
Farewell, uncivil\* man! let's meet no more:  
Here our long web of friendship I untwist.  
Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife,  
For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,  
That open'd mine to me? yes; if I do,  
The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn!  
I am a Frenchman, not Italian born. [Exit.]

Rom. A dull Dutch rather: fall and cool, my blood!  
Boil not in zeal of thy friend's hurt so high,  
That is so low and cold himself in't! Woman,  
How strong art thou! how easily beguiled!  
How thou dost rack us by the very horns!  
Now wealth, I see, change manners and the man.  
Something I must do mine own wrath to assuage,  
And note my friendship to an after age. [Exit.]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Novall's House.

NOVALL junior, discovered seated before a looking-glass, with a Barber and Perfumer dressing his hair, while a Tailor adjusts a new suit which he wears. LILADAM, AYMER, and a Page attending.

Nov. jun. Mend this a little: pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh, fie upon't! O lard! he has made me smell for all the world like a flax, or a red-headed woman's chamber: Powder, powder, powder!

Perf. Oh, sweet lord!

Page. That's his perfumer.

Tail. Oh, dear lord!

Page. That's his tailor.

Nov. jun. Monsieur Liladam, Aymer, how allow you the model of these clothes?

Aym. Admirably, admirably; oh, sweet lord! assuredly it's pity the worms should eat thee.

Page. Here's a fine cell! a lord, a tailor, a perfumer, a barber, and a pair of monsieurs: three to three; as little wit in the one as honesty in the other. 'Sfoot! I'll into the country again, learn to speak truth, drink ale, and converse with my father's tenants: here I hear nothing all day, but—Upon my soul, as I am a gentleman, and an honest man!

Aym. I vow and affirm, your tailor must needs be an expert geometrician; he has the longitude, latitude, altitude, profundity, every dimension of your body, so exquisitely—here's a lace laid as directly as if truth were a tailor.

Page. That were a miracle.

Lilad. With a hair's-breadth's error, there's a shoulder-piece cut, and the base of a pickadille in puncto.

Aym. You are right, monsieur; his vestments sit as if they grew upon him, or art had wrought them on the same loom as nature framed his lordship; as if your tailor were deeply read in astrology, and had taken measure of your honourable body with a Jacob's staff, an ephemerides.

Tail. I am bound t' ye, gentlemen.

Page. You are deceived; they'll be bound to you: you must remember to trust them none.

Nov. jun. Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable neat artificer, give the devil his due.

Page. Ay, if he would but cut the coat according to the cloth still.

Nov. jun. I now want only my mistress' approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite punctual queen

of dressing in all Burgundy—pah! and makes all other young ladies appear as if they came from board last week out of the country: isn't not true, Liladam?

Lilad. True, my lord! as if any thing your lordship could say could be otherwise than true.

Nov. jun. Nay, o' my soul, 'tis so; what fouler object in the world, than to see a young, fair, handsome beauty unhandsomely dighted, and incongruently accoutred; or a hopeful chevalier unmethodically appointed in the external ornaments of nature? For, even as the index tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapters, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality and habiliment of the soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered, and slovenly outside.

Page. An admirable lecture! oh, all you gallants, that hope to be saved by your clothes, edify, edify!

Aym. By the Lard, sweet lard, thou deservest a pension o' the state.

Page. O' the tailors: two such lords were able to spread tailors o'er the face of the whole kingdom.

Nov. jun. Pox o' this glass! it flatters.—I could find in my heart to break it.

Page. O, save the glass, my lord, and break their heads;

They are the greater flatterers, I assure you.

Aym. Flatters! detracts, impairs—yet, put it by, Lest thou, dear lord, Narcissus like, should'st doat Upon thyself, and die; and rob the world Of nature's copy, that she works form by.

Lilad. Oh that I were the infant queen of Europe! Who but thyself, sweet lord, should marry me?

Nov. jun. I marry! were there a queen o' the world, not I.

\* Farewell, uncivil man! i. e. unacquainted with the usages and customs of civil or municipal life.

† This empty coxcomb was afterwards improved into the sedate and entertaining fop of Cibber and Vaubrough's age. Whether they copied from nature I cannot say; but the bear of our dramas, whose wit lies altogether in the restless activity of his legs and arms, resembles no animal rational or irrational, with which I am acquainted, unless it be a monkey that has just snapt its chain.

Wedlock ! no ; padlock, horselock ;—I wear spurs  
[*He Capers.*]

To keep it off my heels. Yet, my Aymer,  
Like a free, wanton jennet in the meadows,  
I look about, and neigh, take hedge and ditch,  
Feed in my neighbours' pastures, pick my choice  
Of all their fair-maned mares : but married once,  
A man is staked or poun'd, and cannot graze  
Beyond his own hedge.

*Enter PONTALIER and MALOTIN.*

*Pont.* I have waited, sir,  
Three hours to speak wi' ye, and not take it well  
Such magpies are admitted, whilst I dance  
Attendance.

*Lilad.* Magpies ! what d'ye take me for ?

*Pont.* A long thing with a most unpromising face.

*Aym.* I'll never ask him what he takes me for ?

*Malot.* Do not, sir,

For he'll go near to tell you.

*Pont.* Art not thou  
A barber-surgeon ?

*Barb.* Yes, sirrah ; why ?

*Pont.* My lord is sorely troubled with two scabs.

*Lilad.* *Aym.* Hum——

*Pont.* I prithee cure him of them.

*Nov. jun.* Pish ! no more.

Thy gall sure's overflown ; these are my council,  
And we were now in serious discourse.

*Pont.* Of perfume and apparel ! Can you rise,  
And spend five hours in dressing-talk with these ?

*Nov. jun.* Thou'ldst have me be a dog : up, stretch,  
and shake,

And ready for all day.

*Pont.* Sir, would you be  
More curious in preserving of your honour trim,  
It were more manly. I am come to wake  
Your reputation from this lethargy  
You let it sleep in ; to persuade, importune,  
Nay, to provoke you, sir, to call to account  
This colonel Romont, for the foul wrong  
Which, like a burthen, he hath laid upon you,  
And, like a drunken porter, you sleep under,  
'Tis all the town talks\* ; and, believe it, sir,  
If your tough sense persist thus, you are undone,  
Utterly lost ; you will be scorn'd and baffled  
By every lacquey : season now your youth  
With one brave thing, and it shall keep the odour  
Even to your death, beyond, and on your tomb  
Scent like sweet oils and frankincense. Sir, this life,  
Which once you saved, I ne'er since counted mine ;  
I borrowed it of you, and now will pay it :  
I tender you the service of my sword  
To bear your challenge, if you'll write, your fate  
I'll make mine own ; what'er betide you, I,  
That have lived by you, by your side will die.

*Nov. jun.* Ha ! Ha ! wouldst have me challenge  
poor Romont ?—

Fight with close breeches, thou may'st think I dare  
not† :

\* 'Tis all the town talks.] So the quarto ; which is surely better than *town-talk*, which the modern editors have substituted in its place.

† Fight with close breeches, thou mayst think I dare not.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason point this as if they supposed close breeches referred to Romont ; but it is not so. In answer to the charge of cowardice, Novall tells Pontalier, that though he may conclude, from his finical appearance, and his vestments sitting as if they grew upon him, that he was afraid of Romont, he was mistaken. It is the poverty, not the close breeches of his enemy which prevents his challenging him.

Do not mistake me coz, I am very valiant ;  
But valour shall not make me such an ass.

What use is there of valour now-a-days ?  
'Tis sure or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd.

Fight thou as thy mind moves thee, 'tis thy trade ;

Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with Romont !  
No, I'll not fight under a lord.

*Pont.* Farewell, sir !

I pity you

Such living lords walk, their dead honour's graves ;  
For no companions fit but fools and knaves.

Come, Malotin. [*Exeunt Pontalier and Malotin.*]

*Enter ROMONT.*

*Lilad.* 'Sfoot, Colbrand, the low giant !

*Aym.* He has brought a battle in his face, let's go.

*Page.* Colbrand, d'ye call him ? he'll make some  
of you\*

Smoke, I believe.

*Rom.* By your leave, sirs !

*Aym.* Are you a consort† ?

\* *Page.* Colbrand, d'ye call him ? he'll make some of you Smoke, I believe.] It is as rare to find a conceit in Massinger as to miss one in his contemporaries : here, however, there appears something like an attempt to find resemblance between Colbrand and cold-brand ! In justice to the author it should be added, that it is put into the mouth of a page. Colbrand was a Danish giant, as may be seen in *The Renowned history of Guy Earl of Warwick*, every child's delight.

† *Aym.* Are you a consort ?] i. e. come you here to be played on. COXETER.

This cannot be the meaning, for a concert is not played on.

M. MASON.

A concert is understood to mean instruments played upon.

DAVIS.

And thus the text is illustrated ! Not one of these gentlemen had the slightest idea of what Massinger was saying, nor, which though not uncommon is yet somewhat more extraordinary, of what he was saying himself.

In the author's age, the taverns were infested with itinerant bands of musicians, each of which (jointly and individually) was called a noise or consort : these were sometimes invited to play to the company, but seem more frequently to have thrust themselves, unasked, into it, with an offer of their services : their intrusion was usually prefaced with, "By your leave, gentlemen, will you hear any music ?" One example, in a case where hundreds might easily be produced, will make all clear :

"Enter Fiddler to the company.

"*Fid.* Will't please you, gentlemen, to hear any music ?

"*Boo.* Shall we have any ?

"*Srb.* By no means ; it takes from our mirth.

"*Boo.* Begone, then !

"*Fid.* A very good song, an't please you ?

"*Srb.* This is the trick of taverns when men desire to be private." Shirley's *Love's Cruelty*.

Romont, who had broken into Novall's dressing-room, with the customary phrase, *By your leave, gentlemen*, naturally draws from Aymer (a musician) the question he puts ; and Romont, who understands him, as naturally replies, I will show you that I am not : musicians are paid, whereas I will pay (beat) you. This is the sense of the passage. I have before remarked on the strange conduct of Mr. M. Mason, in changing *consort* to *concert*, as often as it occurs.

Not many years since, a volume of *Comments on the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher*, was published by the Right Honourable J. Monck Mason, in which, among other passages, I was somewhat struck with the following :—

"Or be of some good concert." *The Captain*.

"The old reading is *consort*, which the editors have injudiciously changed to *concert*, a mistake which the editors of *Shakespeare* have also run into."

Though this may be true, it required a certain degree of intrepidity to enable a man who never saw the word in Massinger without corrupting it, to hazard a sneer of this nature at the editors of *Shakespeare*. It must be remembered that I speak on the supposition that the author of the *Comments* was also the editor of Massinger.

Rom. Do you take me for  
A fiddler? you're deceived: look! I'll pay you.  
[Kicks them.]

Page. It seems he knows you one, he bumbiddles  
you so.

Lilad. Was there ever so base a fellow?

Aym. A rascal.

Lilad. A most uncivil groom.

Aym. Offer to kick a gentleman in a nobleman's  
chamber! pox o' your manners!

Lilad. Let him alone, let him alone: thou shalt  
lose thy aim, fellow; if we stir against thee, hang us.

Page. 'Sfoot! I think they have the better on him  
though they be kick'd, they talk so.

Lilad. Let's leave the mad ape.

[Going.]

Nov. jun. Gentlemen!

Lilad. Nay, my lord, we will not offer to dis-  
honour you so much as to stay by you, since he's  
alone.

Nov. jun. Hark you!

Aym. We doubt the cause, and will not disparage  
you so much as to take your lordship's quarrel in  
hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our  
bands!

Page. I'll e'en away with them, for this soldier  
beats man, woman, and child.

[Exeunt all but Novall jun. and Romont.]

Nov. jun. What mean you, sir? My people!

Rom. Your boy's gone. [Locks the door.]

And your door's lock'd; yet for no hurt to you,

But privacy. Call up your blood again:—

Be not afraid, I do beseech you, sir\*;

And, therefore, come, without more circumstance,

Tell me how far the passages have gone

'Twixt you and your fair mistress, Beaumelle.

Tell me the truth, and, by my hope of heaven,

It never shall go further.

Nov. jun. Tell you! why, sir,

Are you my confessor?

Rom. I will be your confounder, if you do not.

[Draws a pocket dagger.]

Stir not, nor spend your voice.

Nov. jun. What will you do?

Rom. Nothing, but linc your brain-pan, sir, with  
If you not satisfy me suddenly: [lead,

I am desperate of my life, and command yours.

Nov. jun. Hold! hold! I'll speak. I vow to  
heaven and you,

She's yet untouch'd, more than her face and hands.

I cannot call her innocent; for, I yield,

On my solicitous wooing†, she consented,

\* Be not afraid I do beseech you, sir.] This line is wholly  
omitted in the most correct of all editions.

† Draws a pocket dag.] So the old copy. Coxeter, not  
understanding the word, absurdly corrupted it into dagger!  
which gave an occasion to Mr. M. Mason to evince his sa-  
gacity: "Yet," says he with a triumph over poor Massinger,  
"Romont's very next speech shows that this dagger was a  
pistol." To sophisticate an author's text for the sake of charg-  
ing him with an absurdity, is hard dealing. It is singular  
that neither of these editors of an ancient poet, especially the  
last, who tells us of the necessity of consulting contemporary  
authors, should be apprized of the meaning of this term:  
dag was used by our old writers for a pocket in contradic-  
tion to what we now call a horse-pistol; and is thus found  
in many dramas of the 16th and 17th centuries. Thus, in  
The Spanish Tragedy, which Coxeter, if not Mr. M. Ma-  
son, must have read:

"Serb. Wherefore should he send for me so late?

"Pend. For this, Serberine, and thou shalt have it.

[Shoots the dag.]

"Watch. Hark! gentlemen; this is a pistol-shot."

† On my solicitous wooing.] The quarto erroneously reads  
wrong: amended by Mr. M. Mason.

Where time and place met opportunity,  
To grant me all requests.

Rom. But may I build

On this assurance?

Nov. jun. As upon your faith.

Rom. Write this, sir; nay, you must.

Nov. jun. Pox of this gun!

Rom. Withal, sir, you must swear, and put your  
oath

Under your hand (shake not), ne'er to frequent

This lady's company, nor ever send

Token, or message, or letter, to incline

This, too much prone already, yielding lady.

Nov. jun. 'Tis done, sir.

Rom. Let me see this first is right:

And here you wish a sudden death may light

Upon your body, and hell take your soul,

If ever more you see her, but by chance;

Much less allure her. Now, my lord, your hand.

Nov. jun. My hand to this!

Rom. Your heart else, I assure you.

Nov. jun. Nay, there 'tis.

Rom. So! keep this last article

Of your faith given, and, stead of threatenings, sir,

The service of my sword and life is yours.

But not a word of it:—'tis fairies' treasure,

Which but reveal'd, brings on the blabber's ruin.

Use your youth better, and this excellent form

Heaven hath bestow'd upon you. So good morrow

To your lordship! [Exit.]

Nov. jun. Good devil to your rogueship! No  
man's safe—

I'll have a cannon planted in my chamber,

Against such roaring rogues.

Enter BELLAPERT hastily.

Bell. My lord, away!

The caroch stays: now have your wish, and judge

If I have been forgetful.

Nov. jun. Hah!

Bell. Do you stand

Humming and hahing now?

[Exit.]

Nov. jun. Sweet wench, I come.

Hence, fear!

I swore—that's all one; my next oath I'll keep

That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.

No pain is due to lovers' perjury:

If Jove himself laugh at it, so will I.

[Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A Hall in Aymer's House.

Enter CHARALOIS and BEAUMONT.

Beau. I grieve for the distaste, though I have  
manners

Not to enquire the cause, fallen out between

Your lordship and Romont.

Charal. I love a friend,

So long as he continues in the bounds

Prescribed by friendship; but, when he usurps

Too far on\* what is proper to myself,

And puts the habit of a governor on,

I must and will preserve my liberty.

But speak of something else, this is a theme

I take no pleasure in. What's this Aymer,

Whose voice for song, and excellent knowledge in

\* Too far on what, &c.] The modern editors omit *on*, to the  
manifest injury both of the metre and of the sense; but in-  
deed their omissions in this play are innumerable.

The chiefest parts of music, you bestow  
Such praises on?

*Beau.* He is a gentleman  
(For so his quality\* speaks him) well received  
Among our greatest gallants; but yet holds  
His main dependence from the young lord Novall.  
Some tricks and crotchets he has in his head,  
As all musicians have, and more of him  
I dare not author: but, when you have heard him,  
I may presume your lordship so will like him,  
That you'll hereafter be a friend to music.

*Charal.* I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont,  
Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion  
Of those old captains, that thought nothing musical  
But cries of yielding enemies, neighing of horses,  
Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums and  
trumpets:

Nor, on the other side, in favour of it,  
Affirm the world was made by musical discord;  
Or that the happiness of our life consists  
In a well-varied note upon the lute:  
I love it to the worth of't, and no further.—  
But let us see this wonder.

*Beau.* He prevents  
My calling of him.

*Enter AYMER, speaking to one within.*

*Aym.* Let the coach be brought  
To the back gate, and serve the banquet up.—  
My good lord Charalois! I think my house  
Much honour'd in your presence.

*Charal.* To have means  
To know you better, sir, has brought me hither  
A willing visitant; and you'll crown my welcome  
In making me a witness to your skill,  
Which, crediting from others, I admire.

*Aym.* Had I been one hour sooner made ac-  
quainted  
With your intent, my lord, you should have found  
me

Better provided: now, such as it is,  
Pray your grace with your acceptance.

*Beau.* You are modest.

*Aym.* Begin the last new air.

[*To the Musicians within.*

*Charal.* Shall we not see them?

*Aym.* This little distance from the instruments  
Will to your ears convey the harmony  
With more delight.

*Charal.* I'll not contend†.

*Aym.* You are tedious. [*To the Musicians.*

\* (*For so his quality speaks him.*) His quality, i. e. his profession of a music-master. In the following lines there is an allusion to another profession (of a less honorable nature), which, at that time, was commonly united to the former, that of keeping a bawdyhouse.

† *Charal. I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont, &c.* I suspect that Mr. Steevens, the coryphæus of commentators, was but little acquainted with Maselager; he would not otherwise have failed to contrast this speech with that celebrated one of Shakespeare, *The man that has no music, &c.*, with which he was known to be highly offended. What Steevens neglected the reader has now an opportunity of executing; and, though I will not anticipate his judgment, I must yet be permitted to say that the beauties of this speech are of no ordinary kind.

‡ *Charal. I'll not contend.* The old reading is *I'll not consent*. It appears to me that a wrong name has been prefixed to this short speech, and that it belongs to Beaumelle who speaks within. Aym is evidently solicitous to keep Charalois out of hearing; and the artifice is not to be praised by which his lady is made so clamorous and so incautious. The alteration is by Coxeter.

By this means shall I with one banquet please  
Two companies, those within and these gulls here.

*Music—and a Song.*

*Beaumel.* [*within*] Ha! ha! ha!

*Charal.* How's this! It is my lady's laugh, most certain.

When I first pleased her, in this merry language  
She gave me thanks. [*Aside.*

*Beau.* How like you this?

*Charal.* 'Tis rare—

Yet I may be deceived, and should be sorry,  
Upon uncertain suppositions, rashly

To write myself in the black list of those

I have declaim'd against, and to Romont. [*Aside.*

*Aym.* I would he were well off!—Perhaps  
your lordship

Likes not these sad tunes? I have a new song,

Set to a lighter note, may please you better;

'Tis call'd the *Happy Husband*.

*Charal.* Pray you sing it.

*Song by Aymer.*

*Beaumel.* [*within*] Ha! ha! 'tis such a groom!

*Charal.* Do I hear this,

And yet stand doubtful? [*Rushes out.*

*Aym.* Stay him—I am undone,

And they discover'd.

*Beau.* What's the matter?

*Aym.* Ah!

That women, when they're well pleased, cannot  
hold,

But must laugh out.

*Re-enter CHARALOIS, with his sword drawn, pursuing  
NOVALL junior, BEAUMELLE, and BELLAPERT.*

*Nov. jun.* Help! save me! murder! murder!

*Beaumel.* Undone, undone, for ever!

*Charal.* Oh, my heart!

Hold yet a little—do not hope to 'scape

By flight, it is impossible. Though I might

On all advantage take thy life, and justly;

This sword, my father's sword, that ne'er was drawn

But to a noble purpose, shall not now

Do the office of a hangman. I reserve it

To right mine honour, not for a revenge

So poor, that though with thee it should cut off

Thy family, with all that are allied

To thee in lust or baseness, 'twere still short of

All terms of satisfaction. Draw!

*Nov. jun.* I dare not:

I have already done you too much wrong,

To fight in such a cause.

*Charal.* Why, darest thou neither

Be honest, coward, nor yet valiant, knave!

In such a cause come, do not shame thyself:

Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to them  
selves†

Could never heat, are yet in the defence

Of their whores, daring. Look on her again:

\* *Beaumel. Undone, undone, for ever!* This short speech is taken by the modern editors from Beaumelle, and given to Bellapert! Nothing was ever more injudicious. It is all she says, and all she properly could say.

† *Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to themselves, &c.* I believe this means, those whose bloods general or individual injuries could never heat, &c. If this be not allowed, we must read, and wrong done to themselves, instead of or, the sense will then be sufficiently clear. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason evidently misunderstood the passage, which is misprinted in both.

You thought her worth the hazard of your soul,  
And yet stand doubtful, in her quarrel to  
Venture your body.

*Beau.* No, he fears his clothes,  
More than his flesh.

*Charal.* Keep from me! guard thy life,  
Or, as thou hast lived like a goat, thou shalt  
Die like a sheep.

*Nov. jun.* Since there's no remedy,  
Despair of safety now in me prove courage!

[*They fight, Novall falls.*]

*Charal.* How soon weak wrong's o'erthrown?  
Lend me your hand;  
Bear this to the caroch—come, you have taught me  
To say, you must and shall:

[*Exeunt Beaumont and Bellapert, with the Body  
of Novall; followed by Beaumelle.*]

I wrong you not,  
You are but to keep him company you love.—

*Re-enter BEAUMONT.*

Is't done? 'tis well. Raise officers, and take care  
All you can apprehend within the house  
May be forthcoming. Do I appear much moved?

*Beau.* No, sir.

*Charal.* My griefs are now thus to be borne;  
Hereafter I'll find time and place to mourn.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Street.

*Enter ROMONT and PONTALIER.*

*Pont.* I was bound to seek you, sir.

*Rom.* And, had you found me  
In any place but in the street, I should  
Have done,—not talk'd to you. Are you the  
captain,

The hopeful Pontalier, whom I have seen  
Do in the field such service as then made you  
Their envy that commanded, here at home  
To play the parasite to a gilded knave,  
And, it may be, the pander!

*Pont.* Without this,  
I come to call you to account for what  
Is past already. I, by your example  
Of thankfulness to the dead general,  
By whom you were raised, have practised to be so  
To my good lord Novall, by whom I live;  
Whose least disgrace that is or may be offer'd,  
With all the hazard of my life and fortunes  
I will make good on you, or any man  
That has a hand in't: and, since you allow me  
A gentleman and a soldier, there's no doubt  
You will except against me. You shall meet  
With a fair enemy: you understand  
The right I look for, and must have?

*Rom.* I do,  
And with the next day's sun you shall hear from  
me.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—A Room in CHARALOIS' House.

*Enter CHARALOIS with a casket, BEAUMELLE, and  
BEAUMONT.*

*Charal.* Pray bear this to my father, at his  
leisure  
He may peruse it: but with your best language

Entreat his instant presence. You have sworn  
Not to reveal what I have done.

*Beau.* Nor will I—but—

*Charal.* Doubt me not; by heaven, I will do  
nothing

But what may stand with honour. Pray you, leave  
me

To my own thoughts.—If this be to me, rise;

[*Beaumelle kneels.*]

I am not worth the looking on, but only  
To feed contempt and scorn; and that from you,  
Who, with the loss of your fair name, have caused it,  
Were too much cruelty.

*Beaumel.* I dare not move you  
To hear me speak. I know my fault is far  
Beyond qualification or excuse;  
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you  
To think of mercy; only I presume  
To entreat you would be pleased to look upon  
My sorrow for it, and believe these tears  
Are the true children of my grief, and not  
A woman's cunning.

*Charal.* Can you, Beaumelle,  
Having deceived so great a trust as mine,  
Though I were all credulity, hope again  
To get belief? No, no: if you look on me  
With pity, or dare practise any means  
To make my sufferings less, or give just cause  
To all the world to think what I must do  
Was call'd upon by you, use other ways:  
Deny what I have seen, or justify  
What you have done; and, as you desperately  
Made shipwreck of your faith, to be a whore,  
Use the arms of such a one, and such defence,  
And multiply the sin with impudence.  
Stand boldly up, and tell me to my teeth,  
That you have done but what is warranted  
By great examples, in all places where  
Women inhabit; urge your own deserts,  
Or want of me in merit; tell me how  
Your dower from the low gulf of poverty  
Weighed up my fortunes to what they now are:  
That I was purchased by your choice and practice,  
To shelter you from shame, that you might sin  
As boldly as securely: that poor men  
Are married to those wives that bring them wealth,  
One day their husbands, but observers\* ever.  
That when, by this proud usage, you have blown  
The fire of my just vengeance to the height,  
I then may kill you, and yet say 'twas done  
In heat of blood, and after die myself,  
To witness my repentance.

*Beaumel.* O my fate!  
That never would consent that I should see  
How worthy you were both of love and duty,  
Before I lost you; and my misery made  
The glass in which I now behold your virtue!  
While I was good I was a part of you,  
And of two, by the virtuous harmony  
Of our fair minds, made one; but, since I wander'd  
In the forbidden labyrinth of lust,  
What was inseparable is by me divided.—  
With justice, therefore, you may cut me off,  
And from your memory wash the remembrance  
That e'er I was; like to some vicious purpose,  
Which, in your better judgment, you repent of  
And study to forget.

\* But observers ever.] Observers are servants: the word  
frequently occurs in this sense.

*Charal.* O Beaumelle.  
That you can speak so well, and do so ill!  
But you had been too great a blessing, if  
You had continued chaste: see, how you force me  
To this, because mine honour will not yield  
That I again should love you.

*Beaumel.* In this life  
It is not fit you should: yet you shall find,  
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,  
I dare not yet live one. Let those famed matrons,  
That are canonized worthy of our sex,  
Transcend me in their sanctity of life;  
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,  
Ambitious of no honour after life,  
But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.

*Charal.* How pity steals upon me! should I hear  
her [Knocking within.  
But ten words more, I were lost.—One knocks, go  
in. [Exit Beaumelle.  
That to be merciful should be a sin!

*Enter ROCHFORD.*

O, sir, most welcome! Let me take your cloak,  
I must not be denied.—Here are your robes,  
As you love justice, once more put them on;  
There is a cause to be determined of,  
That does require such an integrity  
As you have ever used.—I'll put you to  
The trial of your constancy and goodness:  
And look that you, that have been eagle-eyed  
In other men's affairs, prove not a mole  
In what concerns yourself. Take you your seat;  
I will be for\* you presently. [Exit.

*Roch.* Angels guard me!  
To what strange tragedy does this induction†  
Serve for a prologue?

*Re-enter CHARALOIS, BEAUMELLE, and BRAUMONT,  
with Servants bearing the Body of NOVALL  
junior.*

*Charal.* So, set it down before  
The judgment-seat,—[*Exeunt Servants.*—and stand  
you at the bar:

For me, I am the accuser.

*Roch.* Novall slain!  
And Beaumelle, my daughter, in the place  
Of one to be arraign'd!

*Charal.* O, are you touch'd!  
I find that I must take another course.  
Fear nothing, I will only blind your eyes;  
[He blinds his eyes.

For justice should do so, when 'tis to meet  
An object that may sway her equal doom  
From what it should be aim'd at.—Good, my lord,  
A day of hearing.

*Roch.* It is granted, speak—  
You shall have justice.

*Charal.* I then here accuse,  
Most equal judge, the prisoner, your fair daughter,  
For whom I owed so much to you: your daughter,  
So worthy in her own parts, and that worth  
Set forth by yours, to whose so rare perfections,

\* I will be for you presently.] So the quarto: the modern editors read, I will before you presently: but whether by mistake, or from an idea of improving the text, I cannot tell.

† To what strange tragedy does this induction serve for a prologue? The old copy reads does this destruction, &c. The amendment, which is a happy one, was suggested by Mr. M. Mason. Thus in *The Guardian*:

"This is but an induction; I'll draw  
The curtains of the tragedy hereafter."

Truth witness with me, in the place of service  
I almost paid idolatrous sacrifice,  
To be a false adulteress.

*Roch.* With whom?

*Charal.* With this Novall here dead.

*Roch.* Be well advised;  
And ere you say *adulteress* again,  
Her fame depending on it, be most sure  
That she is one.

*Charal.* I took them in the act:  
I know no proof beyond it.

*Roch.* O my heart!

*Charal.* A judge should feel no passions.

*Roch.* Yet remember

He is a man, and cannot put off nature.  
What answer makes the prisoner?

*Beaumel.* I confess

The fact I am charged with, and yield myself  
Most miserably guilty.

*Roch.* Heaven take mercy  
Upon your soul then! it must leave your body.—  
Now free mine eyes; I dare unmoved look on her,

[Charalois unbinds his eyes.

And fortify my sentence with strong reasons.  
Since that the politic law provides that servants,  
To whose care we commit our goods, shall die  
If they abuse our trust, what can you look for,  
To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up  
All he received from his brave ancestors,  
Or he could leave to his posterity,  
His honour, wicked woman! in whose safety  
All his life's joys and comforts were lock'd up,  
Which thy . . . lust, a thief, hath now stolen  
from him;

And therefore—

*Charal.* Stay, just judge;—may not what's lost  
By her one fault (for I am charitable,  
And charge her not with many) be forgotten  
In her fair life hereafter?

*Roch.* Never, sir.

The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed  
Repentant tears can never expiate;  
And be assured, to pardon such a sin  
Is an offence as great as to commit it.

*Charal.* I may not then forgive her?

*Roch.* Nor she hope it.

Nor can she wish to live: no sun shall rise,  
But, ere it set, shall show her ugly lust  
In a new shape, and every one more horrid,  
Nay, even those prayers which, with such humble  
fervour,

She seems to send up yonder, are beat back,  
And all suits which her penitence can proffer,  
As soon as made, are with contempt thrown out  
Of all the courts of mercy.

*Charal.* Let her die, then! [He stabs her.

Better prepared, I'm sure, I could not take her,  
Nor she accuse her father as a judge  
Partial against her.

*Beaumel.* I approve his sentence,  
And kiss the executioner. My lust  
Is now run from me in that blood in which  
It was begot and nourish'd. [Dies.

*Roch.* Is she dead, then?

*Charal.* Yes, sir; this is her heart-blood, is it not?  
I think it be.

\* Which thy . . . lust, a thief, &c.] Some epithet to *lust*, has been lost at the press; the reader may supply the break with *hot*, *fiery*, or any other monosyllable of a kindred meaning.

*Roch.* And you have kill'd her?  
*Charal.* True,  
 And did it by your doom.  
*Roch.* But I pronounced it  
 As a judge only, and a friend to justice;  
 And, zealous in defence of your wrong'd honour,  
 Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off  
 The love and soft affection of a father.  
 I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe  
 Of red-died cruelty: but, in return,  
 You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.  
 I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband; but  
 You closed your eyes against me as a father.  
*O Beaumelle!* my daughter!  
*Charal.* This is madness.  
*Roch.* Keep from me!—Could not one good  
 thought rise up,  
 To tell you that she was my age's comfort,  
 Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,  
 And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty?  
 Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth,  
 To urge my many merits, which I may  
 Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful,  
 Flint-hearted Charalois!  
*Charal.* Nature does prevail  
 Above your virtue.

*Roch.* No; it gives me eyes  
 To pierce the heart of your design against me:  
 I find it now, it was my state was aimed at.  
 A nobler match was sought for, and the hours  
 I lived grew tedious to you: my compassion  
 Tow'rd's you hath render'd me most miserable,  
 And foolish charity undone myself.  
 But there's a heaven above, from whose just wreak  
 No mists of policy can hide offenders.  
*Nov. sen. [within]* Force ope the doors!—

*Enter NOVALL senior, with Officers.*

*O monster! cannibal!*  
 Lay hold on him. My son, my son!—*O Rochfort,*  
 'Twas you gave liberty to this bloody wolf,  
 To worry all our comforts:—but this is  
 No time to quarrel; now give your assistance  
 For the revenge—

*Roch.* Call it a fitter name,  
 Justice for innocent blood.

*Charal.* Though all conspire  
 Against that life which I am weary of,  
 A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,  
 To show, in spite of malice and their laws,  
 His plea must speed, that hath an honest cause.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter Tailor and two Bailiffs with LILADAM.*

*Lilad.* Why, 'tis both most unconscionable and  
 untimely,

To arrest a gallant for his clothes, before  
 He has worn them out: besides, you said you  
 ask'd

My name in my lord's bond but for form only,  
 And now you'll lay me up for't! Do not think  
 The taking measure of a customer  
 By a brace of varlets\*, though I rather wait  
 Never so patiently, will prove a fashion  
 Which any courtier or inns-of-court-man  
 Would follow willingly.

*Tail.* There I believe you.  
 But, sir, I must have present monies, or  
 Assurance to secure me when I shall:  
 Or I will see to your coming forth.

*Lilad.* Plague on't!  
 You have provided for my entrance in,  
 That coming forth you talk of concerns me.  
 What shall I do? you have done me a disgrace  
 In the arrest, but more in giving cause  
 To all the street to think I cannot stand  
 Without these two supporters for my arms.  
 Pray you, let them loose me: for their satisfaction,  
 I will not run away.

*Tail.* For theirs you will not;  
 But for your own you would! Look to him, fellows.

*Lilad.* Why do you call them fellows! do not  
 wrong  
 Your reputation so. As you are merely

A tailor, faithful, apt to believe in gallants,  
 You are a companion at a ten-crown supper  
 For cloth of bodkin, and may with one lark  
 Eat up three manchets, and no man observe you,  
 Or call your trade in question for't. But, when  
 You study your debt-book, and hold correspondence  
 With officers of the hanger, and leave swordsmen,  
 The learn'd conclude, the tailor and the serjeant,  
 In the expression of a knave and thief,  
 To be synonyma\*. Look, therefore, to it,  
 And let us part in peace, I would be loth  
 You should undo yourself.

*Enter NOVALL senior, and PONTALIER.*

*Tail.* To let you go  
 Were the next way. But see! here's your old lord;  
 Let him but give his word I shall be paid,  
 And you are free.

*Lilad.* 'Slid! I will put him to't,  
 I can be but denied: or—what say you?  
 His lordship owing me three times your debt,  
 If you arrest him at my suit, and let me  
 Go run before, to see the action enter'd,  
 'Twould be a witty jest!

*Tail.* I must have earnest:  
 I cannot pay my debts so.

*Pont.* Can your lordship  
 Imagine, while I live, and wear a sword,  
 Your son's death shall be unrevenged?

\* To be synonyma.] Here again Mr. M. Mason follows  
 Coxeter in reading synonymous: but the old word was that  
 which I have given. So Jonson:  
 "Where every tinker for his chink may cry,  
 Rogue, bawd, and cheater, call you by the surnames  
 And known synonyma of your profession."—*The New Inn.*  
 See *The Emperor of the East.*

\* By a brace of varlets.] So our old writers call the she-  
 riff's officers.

*Nov. sen.* I know not  
One reason why you should not do like others :  
I am sure, of all the herd that fed upon him,  
I cannot see in any, now he's gone,  
In pity or in thankfulness, one true sign  
Of sorrow for him.

*Pont.* All his bounties yet  
Fell not in such unthankful ground : 'tis true,  
He had weaknesses, but such as few are free from ;  
And, though none soothed them less than I (for now,  
To say that I foresaw the dangers that  
Would rise from cherishing them, were but un-  
timely),

I yet could wish the justice that you seek for  
In the revenge, had been trusted to me,  
And not the uncertain issue of the laws.  
It has robb'd me of a noble testimony  
Of what I durst do for him :—but, however,  
My forfeit life redeem'd by him, though dead,  
Shall do him service.

*Nov. sen.* As far as my grief  
Will give me leave, I thank you.

*Lilad.* O, my lord !  
Oh my good lord ! deliver me from these furies.  
*Pont.* Arrested ! this is one of them, whose base  
And abject flattery help'd to dig his grave :  
He is not worth your pity, nor my anger.  
Go to the basket, and repent\*.

*Nov. sen.* Away !  
I only know thee now to hate thee deadly :  
I will do nothing for thee.

*Lilad.* Nor you, captain ?  
*Pont.* No ; to your trade again ; put off this case :  
It may be, the discovering what you were,  
When your unfortunate master took you up,  
May move compassion in your creditor.  
Confess the truth.

[*Exeunt Novall sen. and Pontalier.*]

*Lilad.* And now I think on't better,  
I willt. Brother, your hand ; your hand, sweet  
brother :

I'm of your sect, and my gallantry but a dream,  
Out of which these two fearful apparitions,  
Against my will, have waked me. This rich sword  
Grew suddenly out of a tailor's bodkin ;  
These bangers from my nails and fees in hell ;  
And where as now this beaver sits, full often  
A thrifty cap, composed of broad-cloth lists,  
Near-kim unto the cushion where I sat  
Cross-legg'd, and yet ungarter'd, hath been seen :  
Our breakfasts, famous for the butter'd loaves,  
I have with joy been oft acquainted with ;  
And therefore use a conscience, though it be  
Forbidden in our hall towards other men,  
To me, that, as I have been, will again  
Be of the brotherhood.

*I Bail.* I know him now ;  
He was a prentice to Le Robe at Orleans.

*Lilad.* And from thence brought by my young  
lord, now dead,  
Unto Dijon, and with him, till this hour,

\* *Go to the basket, and repent.* The allusion is to the sheriff's  
basket, in which broken meat was collected for the use of  
prisoners for debt. See *The City Madam*.

† *Lilad.* And now I think on't better.

‡ *I will, &c.* This is most exquisite mock heroic ; it is,  
perhaps, a little out of place ; but it serves opportunely  
enough to prove how differently the comic part of this drama  
would have appeared, if the whole had fortunately fallen into  
the hands of Massinger.

Have been received here for a complete monsieur,  
Nor wonder at it : for but tithes our gallants,  
Even those of the first rank, and you will find  
In every ten, one, peradventure two,  
That smell rank of the dancing-school or fiddle,  
The pantofle or pressing-iron :—but hereafter  
We'll talk of this. I will surrender up  
My suits again : there cannot be much loss ;  
'Tis but the turning of the lace, with one  
Addition more you know of, and what wants  
I will work out.

*Tail.* Then here our quarrel ends :  
The gallant is turn'd tailor, and all friends.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—The Court of Justice.

*Enter ROMONT and BEAUMONT.*

*Rom.* You have them ready ?

*Beau.* Yes, and they will speak  
Their knowledge in this cause, when you think fit  
To have them call'd upon.

*Rom.* 'Tis well ; and something  
I can add to their evidence, to prove  
This brave revenge, which they would have call'd  
murder,

A noble justice.

*Beau.* In this you express  
(The breach by my lord's want of you new made up\*)  
A faithful friend.

*Rom.* That friendship's raised on sand,  
Which every sudden gust of discontent,  
Or flowing of our passions, can change,  
As if it ne'er had been :—but do you know  
Who are to sit on him ?

*Beau.* Monsieur Du Croy,  
Assisted by Charmi.

*Rom.* The advocate  
That pleaded for the marshal's funeral,  
And was check'd for it by Novall ?

*Beau.* The same.

*Rom.* How fortunes that ?

*Beau.* Why, sir, my lord Novall  
Being the accuser, cannot be the judge ;  
Nor would grieved Rochfort but lord Charalois,  
However he might wrong him by his power,  
Should have an equal hearing.

*Rom.* By my hopes  
Of Charalois' acquittal, I lament  
That reverend old man's fortune.

*Beau.* Had you seen him,  
As, to my grief, I have, now promise patience,  
And, ere it was believed, though spake by him  
That never brake his word†, enraged again  
So far as to make war upon those hairs,  
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume  
To touch, but with a superstitious fear,  
As something sacred ;—and then curse his daughter,  
But with more frequent violence, himself,

\* (The breach by my lord's want of you new made up.)  
For new made up, Mr. M. Mason chooses to read, *now*  
made up, although it be not easy to discover what is gained  
by the alteration. For the rest, this Romont still continues  
a most noble fellow. How Rowe could read his next speech  
and degrade his copy (Horatio) into a sentimental rhapso-  
dist, querulous, captious, and unfeeling, I cannot conjecture,  
unless it were that he determined to create no violent in-  
terest for any of his characters but the hero and the heroine  
of the piece.

† That never brake his word,] So the old copy. Mr. M.  
Mason reads *breaks* his word !

As if he had been guilty of her fault,  
By being incredulous of your report,  
You would not only judge him worthy pity,  
But suffer with him :—but here comes the prisoner ;

*Enter Officers with CHARALOIS.*

I dare not stay to do my duty to him ;  
Yet rest assured, all possible means in me  
To do him service keeps you company. [Exit.

*Rom.* It is not doubted.

*Charal.* Why, yet as I came hither,  
The people, apt to mock calamity,  
And tread on the oppress'd, made no horns at me,  
Though they are too familiar I deserve them.  
And, knowing too what blood my sword hath drunk,  
In wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbear  
To shake their heads, or to revile me for  
A murderer ; they rather all put on,  
As for great losses the old Romans used,  
A general face of sorrow, waited on  
By a sad murmur breaking through their silence.  
And no eye but was readier with a tear  
To witness 'twas shed for me, than I could  
Discern a face made up with scorn against me.  
Why should I, then, though for unusual wrongs  
I chose unusual means to right those wrongs,  
Condemn myself, as over-partial  
In my own cause ?—Romont !

*Rom.* Best friend, well met !

By my heart's love to you, and join to that,  
My thankfulness that still lives to the dead\*,  
I look upon you now with more true joy  
Than when I saw you married.

*Charal.* You have reason  
To give you warrant for't : my falling off  
From such a friendship, with the scorn that answered  
Your too prophetic counsel, may well move you  
To think your meeting me, going to my death,  
A fit encounter for that hate which justly  
I have deserved from you.

*Rom.* Shall I still, then,  
Speak truth, and be ill understood ?

*Charal.* You are not.

I am conscious I have wrong'd you ; and allow me  
Only a moral man,—to look on you,  
Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,  
Must of necessity be more terrible to me,  
Than any death the judges can pronounce  
From the tribunal which I am to plead at.

*Rom.* Passion transports you.

*Charal.* For what I have done  
To my false lady, or Novall, I can  
Give some apparent cause ; but touching you,  
In my defence, child-like, I can say nothing  
But I am sorry for't ; a poor satisfaction !  
And yet, mistake me not ; for it is more  
Than I will speak, to have my pardon sign'd  
For all I stand accused of.

*Rom.* You much weaken  
The strength of your good cause, should you but  
think,

A man for doing well could entertain  
A pardon, were it offer'd : you have given

\* My thankfulness that still lives to the dead,] i. e. to the old marshal, whom Romont never forgets, nor suffers his hearers to forget.

—and allow me

Only a moral man,—] i. e. allow me to be endowed only with the common principles of morality (setting aside those of religion), and to look on you, &c.

To blind and slow-paced justice wings and eyes  
To see and overtake impieties,  
Which, from a cold proceeding, had received  
Indulgence or protection.

*Charal.* Think you so ?

*Rom.* Upon my soul ! nor should the blood you  
challenged,

And took to cure your honour, breed more scruple  
In your soft conscience, than if your sword  
Had been sheath'd in a tiger or she-bear\*,  
That in their bowels would have made your tomb.  
To injure innocence is more than murder :  
But when inhuman lusts transform us, then  
As beasts we are to suffer, not like men  
To be lamented. Nor did Charalois ever  
Perform an act so worthy the applause  
Of a full theatre of perfect men,  
As he hath done in this. The glory got  
By overthrowing outward enemies,  
Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it,  
We cannot, but by pieces, call our own :  
But, when we conquer our intestine foes,  
Our passions bred within us, and of those  
The most rebellious tyrant, powerful Love,  
Our reason suffering us to like no longer  
Than the fair object, being good, deserves it,  
That's a true victory ! which, were great men  
Ambitious to achieve, by your example  
Setting no price upon the breach of faith,  
But loss of life, 'twould fright adultery  
Out of their families, and make lust appear  
As loathsome to us in the first consent,  
As when 'tis waited on by punishment.

*Charal.* You have confirm'd me. Who would  
love a woman,

That might enjoy in such a man a friend ?  
You have made me know the justice of my cause,  
And mark'd me out the way how to defend it.

*Rom.* Continue to that resolution constant,  
And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,  
Come off with honour—here they come.

*Charal.* I am ready.

*Enter DU CROY, CHARMI, ROCHFORD, NOVALL  
senior, PONTALIER, and BEAUMONT.*

*Nou. sen.* See, equal judges, with what confidence  
The cruel murderer stands, as if he would  
Outface the court and justice !

*Roch.* But look on him,  
And you shall find, for still methinks I do,  
Though guilt hath died him black, something good  
in him,

That may perhaps work with a wiser man  
Than I have been, again to set him free,  
And give him all he has.

*Char.* This is not well.  
I would you had lived so, my lord, that I  
Might rather have continued your poor servant,  
Than sit here as your judge.

*Du Croy.* I am sorry for you.

*Roch.* In no act of my life I have deserved  
This injury from the court, that any here  
Should thus uncivilly usurp on what  
Is proper to me only.

\* Had been sheath'd in a tiger or she-bear.] The allusion is to Novall and Beaumelle ; but Mr. M. Mason, who had already forgotten that the former had fallen by the hand of Charalois, alters *tiger* to *tygres*. Such a passion for innovation, with so little discretion to direct it, is surely seldom found in the same person.

*Du Croy.* What distaste  
Receives my lord!

*Roch.* You say you are sorry for him:  
A grief in which I must not have a partner.  
Tis I alone am sorry, that when I raised  
The building of my life, for seventy years  
Upon so sure a ground, that all the vices  
Practised to ruin man, though brought against me,  
Could never undermine, and no way left  
To send these gray hairs to the grave with sorrow,  
Virtue, that was my patroness, betray'd me.  
For, entering, nay, possessing this young man,  
It lent him such a powerful majesty  
To grace what'er he undertook, that freely  
I gave myself up, with my liberty,  
To be at his disposing. Had his person,  
Lovely I must confess, or far-famed valour,  
Or any other seeming good, that yet  
Holds a near neighbourhood with ill, wrought on  
me

I might have borne it better: but, when goodness  
And piety itself in her best figure  
Were bribed to my destruction, can you blame me,  
Though I forget to suffer like a man,  
Or rather act a woman?

*Beau.* Good, my lord!—

*Nov. sen.* You hinder our proceeding.

*Char.* And forget

The parts of an accuser.

*Beau.* Pray you, remember

To use the temper which to me you promised.

*Roch.* Angels themselves must break, Beaumont,  
that promise

Beyond the strength and patience of angels.  
But I have done:—My good lord, pardon me,  
A weak old man, and, pray you, add to that,  
A miserable father; yet be careful  
That your compassion of my age, nor his,  
Move you to any thing that may misbecome\*  
The place on which you sit,

*Char.* Read the indictment.

*Charal.* It shall be needless; I myself, my lords,  
Will be my own accuser, and confess  
All they can charge me with, nor will I spare  
To aggravate that guilt with circumstance  
They seek to load me with; only I pray,  
That, as for them you will vouchsafe me hearing,  
I may not be denied it for myself, when I  
Shall urge by what unanswerable reasons  
I was compell'd to what I did, which yet,  
Till you have taught me better, I repent not.

*Roch.* The motion's honest.

*Char.* And 'tis freely granted.

*Charal.* Then I confess, my lords, that I stood  
bound,

When, with my friends, even hope itself had left me,  
To this man's charity, for my liberty;  
Nor did his bounty end there, but began:  
For, after my enlargement, cherishing  
The good he did, he made me master of  
His only daughter, and his whole estate.  
Great ties of thankfulness, I must acknowledge:  
Could any one see'd by you, press this further!—  
But yet consider, my most honour'd lords,  
If to receive a favour make a servant,

And benefits are bonds to tie the taker  
To the imperious will of him that gives,  
There's none but slaves will receive courtesies,  
Since they must fetter us to our dishonours.  
Can it be call'd magnificence in a prince,  
To pour down riches with a liberal hand  
Upon a poor man's wants, if that must bind him  
To play the soothing parasite to his vices?  
Or any man, because he saved my hand,  
Presume my head and heart are at his service?  
Or, did I stand engaged to buy my freedom  
(When my captivity was honourable)  
By making myself here, and fame hereafter,  
Bondslaves to men's scorn, and calumnious  
tongues?—

Had his fair daughter's mind been like her feature,  
Or, for some little blemish, I had sought  
For my content elsewhere, wasting on others  
My body and her dower; my forehead then  
Deserved the brand of base ingratitude:  
But if obsequious usage, and fair warning  
To keep her worth my love, could not preserve her  
From being a whore, and yet no cunning one,  
So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me,  
What should I do? Let any free-born spirit  
Determine truly, if that thankfulness,  
Choice form, with the whole world given for a  
dowry,

Could strengthen so an honest man with patience,  
As with a willing neck to undergo  
The insupportable yoke of slave, or wittol.

*Char.* What proof have you she did play false,  
besides

Your oath?

*Charal.* Her own confession to her father—  
I ask him for a witness.

*Roch.* 'Tis most true.

I would not willingly blend my last words  
With an untruth.

*Charal.* And then to clear myself,  
That his great wealth was not the mark I shot at,  
But that I held it, when fair Beaumelle  
Fell from her virtue, like the fatal gold  
Which Brennus took from Delphos\*, whose pos-  
session

Brought with it ruin to himself and army:  
Here's one in court, Beaumont, by whom I sent  
All grants and writings back which made it mine,  
Before his daughter died by his own sentence,  
As freely as, unask'd, he gave it to me.

*Beau.* They are here to be seen.

*Char.* Open the casket.

—Peruse that deed of gift.

*Rom.* Half of the danger  
Already is discharged; the other part  
As bravely; and you are not only free,  
But crown'd with praise for ever!

*Du Croy.* 'Tis apparent.

*Char.* Your state, my lord, again is yours.

*Roch.* Not mine;  
I am not of the world. If it can prosper  
(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine  
Why it should be so fatal), do you bestow it  
On pious uses: I'll go seek a grave.  
And yet, for proof I die in peace, your pardon

\* ———— that may misbecome.] The old  
copy reads *dis-become*, an unusual word, but regularly formed.  
I thought it worth noticing, though I have not disturbed  
Coates's fancied improvement.

\* ———— like the fatal gold  
Which Brennus took from Delphos.] This was so de-  
structive to all who shared it, that it grew into a proverb.  
See *Eras. Adag.*

I ask; and, as you grant it me, may heaven,  
Your conscience, and these judges, free you from  
What you are charged with! So, farewell for  
ever! [Exit.]

*Nov. sen.* I'll be mine own guide. Passion nor  
example

Shall be my leaders. I have lost a son,  
A son, grave judges; I require his blood  
From his accursed homicide.

*Char.* What reply you,  
In your defence, for this?

*Charal.* I but attended  
Your lordships' pleasure.—For the fact, as of  
The former, I confess it; but with what  
Base wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,  
To my few words there are some other proofs  
To witness this for truth. When I was married,  
For there I must begin, the slain Novall  
Was to my wife, in way of our French courtship,  
A most devoted servant, but yet aimed at  
Nothing but means to quench his wanton heat,  
His heart being never warm'd by lawful fires,  
As mine was, lords: and though, on these pre-  
sumptions,

Join'd to the hate between his house and mine,  
I might, with opportunity and ease,  
Have found a way for my revenge, I did not;  
But still he had the freedom as before,  
When all was mine: and, told that he abused it  
With some unseemly license, by my friend,  
My approved friend, Romont, I gave no credit  
To the reporter, but reproved him for it,  
As one uncourtly and malicious to him.  
What could I more, my lords? Yet, after this,  
He did continue in his first pursuit,  
Hotter than ever, and at length obtain'd it;  
But, how it came to my most certain knowledge,  
For the dignity of the court, and my own honour,  
I dare not say.

*Nov. sen.* If all may be believed  
A passionate prisoner speaks, who is so foolish  
That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty?  
No, my grave lords; in his impunity  
But give example unto jealous men  
To cut the throats they hate, and they will never  
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends.

*Char.* You must find other proofs to strengthen  
these

But mere presumptions.

*Du Croy.* Or we shall hardly  
Allow your innocence.

*Charal.* All your attempts  
Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour,  
That break themselves; or waves against a rock,  
That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury  
But foam and splinters: my innocence, like these,  
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve  
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest.  
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can,  
Howe'er condemn, affright an honest man.

*Rom.* May it please the court, I may be heard?

*Nov. sen.* You come not  
To rail again? but do—you shall not find  
Another Roebfort.

*Rom.* In Novall I cannot.  
But I come furnished with what will stop  
The mouth of his conspiracy 'gainst the life  
Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this character?

*Nov. sen.* Yes, 'tis my son's.

*Rom.* May it please your lordships, read it:

And you shall find there with what vehemency  
He did solicit Beaumelle; how he got  
A promise from her to enjoy his wishes;  
How after, he abjured her company,  
And yet—but that 'tis fit I spare the dead—  
Like a damn'd villain, as soon as recorded,  
He brake that oath:—to make this manifest,  
Produce his bawds and her's.

*Enter Officers with AYMER, FLORIMEL, and  
BELLAPERT.*

*Char.* Have they taken their oaths?

*Rom.* They have, and, rather than endure the rack,  
Confess the time, the meeting, nay, the act;  
What would you more? only this matron made  
A free discovery to a good end;  
And therefore I sue to the court she may not  
Be placed in the black list of the delinquents.

*Pont.* I see by this, Novall's revenge needs me,  
And I shall do — [Aside.]

*Char.* 'Tis evident.

*Nov. sen.* That I

Till now was never wretched: here's no place  
To curse him or my stars. [Exit.]

*Char.* Lord Charalois,  
The injuries you have sustain'd appear  
So worthy of the mercy of the court,  
That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond  
The letter of the law, they yet acquit you.

*Pont.* But, in Novall, I do condemn him—thus. [Stabs him.]

*Charal.* I am slain.

*Rom.* Can I look on? Oh, murderous wretch!  
Thy challenge now I answer. So! die with him. [Stabs Pontalier.]

*Char.* A guard! disarm him.

*Rom.* I yield up my sword  
Unforced.—Oh, Charalois!

*Charal.* For shame, Romont,  
Mourn not for him that dies as he hath lived;  
Still constant and unmoved; what's fall'n upon me  
Is by heaven's will, because I made myself  
A judge in my own cause, without their warrant;  
But he that lets me know thus much in death,  
With all good men—forgive me! [Dies.]

*Pont.* I receive  
The vengeance which my love, not built on virtue,  
Has made me worthy, worthy of\*. [Dies.]

*Char.* We are taught  
By this sad precedent, how just soever  
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,  
We are yet to leave them to their will and power  
That, to that purpose, have authority.  
For you, Romont, although, in your excuse,  
You may plead what you did was in revenge  
Of the dishonour done unto the court,  
Yet, since from us you had not warrant for it,  
We banish you the state: for these, they shall,  
As they are found guilty or innocent,  
Or be set free, or suffer punishment. [Exeunt.]

\* *Has made me worthy, worthy of* [The old copy repeats *worthy*, which has a good effect; when we add to this, that it also completes the verse, we shall wonder at its omission by the former editors.]

\* Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his life of Rowe, pronounces of *The Fair Penitent*, "that it is one of the most pleasing Tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turns of appearing, and probably will long keep them, for that there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable, and so delightful by the language. The story," he observes, "is domestic, and therefore easily received by the

## A. DIRGE.—See Act II., Sc. 1.

*Fie! cease to wonder,  
Though you hear Orpheus with his ivory lute,  
Move trees and rocks,  
Charm bulls, bears, and men more savage, to be mute;  
Weak, foolish singer, here is one  
Would have transform'd thyself to stone.*

## A SONG BY AYMER.—Act II., Sc. 2.

## A Dialogue between a Man and a Woman.

Man. *Set, Phœbus, set; a fairer sun doth rise  
From the bright radiance of my mistress' eyes  
Than ever thou begat'st: I dare not look;  
Each hair a golden line, each word a hook,  
The more I strive, the more still I am took.*  
Wom. *Fair servant, come; the day these eyes do lend  
To warm thy blood, thou dost so vainly spend,  
Come strangle breath.*  
Man. *What note so sweet as this,  
That calls the spirits to a further bliss?*  
Wom. *Yet this out-savours wine, and this perfume.*  
Man. *Let's die; I languish, I consume.*

## Citizen's Song of the Courtier.—See Act IV., Sc. II.

*Courtier, if thou needs wilt wive,  
From this lesson learn to thrive;  
If thou match a lady, that passes thee in birth and  
state,  
Let her curious garments be  
Twice above thine own degree;  
This will draw great eyes upon her,  
Get her servants, and thee honour.*

## Courtier's Song of the Citizens.

*Poor citizen, if thou wilt be  
A happy husband, learn of me  
To set thy wife first in thy shop;  
A fair wife, a kind wife, a sweet wife, sets a poor  
man up.  
What though thy shelves be ne'er so bare,  
A woman still is current ware;  
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;  
But, whilst thou art at t'other end,  
Whate'er thou seest, or what dost hear,  
Fool, have no eye to, nor an ear;  
And after supper, for her sake,  
When thou hast fed, smelt, though thou wake:  
What though the gullants call thee Mome!  
Yet with thy lantern light her home;  
Then look into the town, and tell  
If no such tradesmen there do well.*

imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious, and soft or sprightly as occasion requires. Few people, I believe, will think this character of *The Fair Penitent* too lavish on the score of commendation; the high degree of public favour in which this Tragedy has long stood, has ever attracted the best audiences to it, and engaged the talents of the best performers in its display. As there is no drama more frequently exhibited, or more generally read, I propose to give it a fair and impartial examination, jointly with the more unknown and less popular Tragedy from which it is derived.

*The Fair Penitent* is in fable and character so closely copied from *The Fatal Dowry*, that it is impossible not to take that Tragedy along with it; and it is matter of some surprise to me that Rowe should have made no acknowledgment of his imitation, either in his dedication or prologue, or any where else that I am apprised of.

This Tragedy of *The Fatal Dowry* was the joint production of Massinger and Nathaniel Field; it takes a wider compass of fable than *The Fair Penitent*, by which means it presents a very affecting scene at the opening, which

discovers young Charalois, attended by his friend Romont, waiting with a petition in his hand to be presented to the judges, when they shall meet, praying the release of his dear father's body, which had been seized by his creditors, and detained in their hands for debts he had incurred in the public service, as field-marshal of the armies of Burgundy. Massinger, to whose share this part of the Tragedy devolved, has managed this pathetic introduction with consummate skill and great expression of nature; a noble youth in the last state of worldly distress, reduced to the humiliating yet pious office of soliciting an unfeeling and unfriendly judge to allow him to pay the solemn rites of burial to the remains of an illustrious father, who had fought his country's battles with glory, and had sacrificed life and fortune in the defence of an ungrateful state, impresses the spectator's mind with pity and respect, which are felt through every passage of the Play: one thing in particular strikes me at the opening of the scene, which is the long silence that the poet has artfully imposed upon his principal character (Charalois) who stands in mute sorrow with his petition in his hand, whilst his friend Romont, and his advocate Charmi, urge him to present himself to the judges, and solicit them in person: the judges now make their entrance, they step upon the stage; they offer him the fairest opportunity for tendering his petition and soliciting his suit: Charalois remains fixed and speechless; Romont, who is all eagerness in his cause, presses him again and again:

"Now, put on your spirits.—  
Now, sir, lose not this offer'd means: their looks  
Fix'd on you with a pitying earnestness,  
Invite you to demand their furtherance  
To your good purpose."

The judges point him out to each other; they lament the misfortunes of his noble house; they observe,

"It is young Charalois  
Son to the marshal, from whom he inherits  
His fame and virtues only."

"Rom. Ha; they name you,

"Du Croy. His father died in prison two days since.

"Roch. Yes, to the shame of this ungrateful state;

That such a master in the art of war,

So noble and so highly meriting

From this forgetful country, should, for want

Of means to satisfy his creditors

The sums he took up for the general good,

Meet with an end so infamous.

Rom. Dare you ever

Hope for like opportunity?"

It is vain; the opportunity passes off, and Charalois opens

not his mouth, nor even silently tenders his petition.

I have, upon a former occasion, both generally and particularly observed upon the effects of dramatic silence: the stage cannot afford a more beautiful and touching instance than this before us: to say it is not inferior to the silence of Hamlet upon his first appearance, would be saying too little in its favour. I have no doubt but Massinger had this very case in his thoughts, and I honour him no less for the imitating, than I should have done for striking out a silence so naturally and so delicately preserved. What could Charalois have uttered to give him that interest in the hearts of his spectators, which their own conclusions during his affecting silence have already impressed? No sooner are the judges gone, than the ardent Romont again breaks forth:—

"This obstinate spleen,

You think, becomes your sorrow, and sorts well

With your black suits."

This is Hamlet himself, his *inky cloak*, and *customary suits of solemn black*. The character of Charalois is thus fixed before he speaks; the poet's art has given the prejudice that is to bear him in our affections through all the succeeding events of the fable; and a striking contrast is established between the undiscerning fiery zeal of Romont, and Charalois' fine sensibility and high-born dignity of soul.

A more methodical and regular dramatist would have stopped here, satisfied that the impression already made was fully sufficient for all the purposes of his plot; but Massinger, according to the busy spirit of the stage for which he wrote, is not alarmed by a throng of incidents, and proceeds to open the court and discuss the pleadings on the stage: the advocate Charmi, in a set harangue, moves the judges for dispensing with the rigour of the law in favour of creditors, and for rescuing the marshal's corpse out of their clutches; he is browbeaten and silenced by the presiding Judge old Novall: the plea is then taken up by the impetuous Romont, and urged with so much personal insolence, that he is arrested on the spot, put in charge of the officers of the court, and taken to prison. This is a very striking mode of introducing the set oration of Charalois; a son recounting the military achievements of a newly deceased father, and im-

ploring mercy from his creditors and the law towards his unburied remains, now claims the attention of the court, who had been hitherto unmoved by the feeble formality of a hired pleader, and the turbulent passion of an enraged soldier. Charalos' argument takes a middle course between both; the pious feelings of a son, tempered by the modest manners of a gentleman; the creditors however are implacable, the Judge is hostile, and the law must take its course:

"Cred. It is the city doctrine;

We stand bound to maintain it.

"Charal. Be constant in it;

And since you are as merciless in your natures,  
As base and mercenary in your means  
By which you get your wealth, I will not urge  
The court to take away one scruple from  
The right of their laws, or (wish) one good thought  
In you to mend your disposition with.  
I know there is no music to your ears  
So pleasing as the groans of men in prison,  
And that the tears of widows, and the cries  
Of famish'd orphans, are the feasts that take you.  
That to be in your danger, with more care  
Should be avoided than infectious air,  
The hateful embraces of diseased women,  
A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour.—  
Yet rather than my father's reverend dust  
Shall want a place in that fair monument,  
In which our noble ancestors lie entomb'd,  
Before the court I offer up myself  
A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons  
That have worn out his life; in my best strength  
I'll run to the encounter of cold, hunger,  
And choose my dwelling where no sun dares enter,  
So he may be released."

There was yet another incident, which the poet's passion for business and spectacle induced him to avail himself of, viz the funeral of the marshal; this he displays on the stage, with a train of captains and soldiers following the body of their general: Charalos and Romont, under custody of their gaolers, appear as chief mourners, and a party of creditors are concerned in the groupe.

After this solemnity is dispatched, the poet proceeds to develop the amiable generosity of old Rochfort, who, being touched with the gallant spirit of Romont, and still more penetrated with the filial piety of young Charalos, delivers them both from imprisonment and distress, by discharging the debts of the marshal, and dismissing the creditors: this also passes before the eyes of the spectators. Before Charalos has given full expression to his gratitude for this extraordinary benefaction, Rochfort follows it with a further act of bounty, which he introduces in the style of a request—

"Call in my daughter. Still I have a suit to you,

Would you requite me.—

This is my only child."

Beauvette, Rochfort's daughter, is presented to Charalos; the scene is hurried on with a precipitation almost without example: Charalos asks the lady,

"Fair Beauvette, can you love me?

"Beauvet. Yes, my lord.

"Charal. You need not question me if I can you:

You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,

And Rochfort is your father."

The match is agreed upon as soon as proposed, and Rochfort hastens away to prepare the celebration.

In this cluster of incidents I must not fail to remark, that the poet introduces young Novall upon the scene, in the very moment when the short dialogue above quoted was passing: this Novall had before been exhibited as a snitor to Beauvette, and his vain frivolous character had been displayed in a very ridiculous and contemptible light; he is now again introduced to be a witness of his own disappointment, and his only observation upon it is—"What's this change?"—Upon the exit of the father, however, he addresses himself to the lady, and her reply gives the alarming hint, that makes discovery of the fatal turn which the plot is now about to take; for when Novall, turning aside to Beauvette, by one word—"Mistress!"—conveys the reproach of inconstancy, she replies,

"Oh, servant!—Virtue strengthen me!

This presence blows round my affection's vane:—

You will undo me, if you speak again."

[Exit.

Young Novall is left on the scene with certain followers and dependants, which hang upon his fortune, one of which (Pontalier by name), a man under deep obligations to him, yet of an honest nature, advises him to an honourable remuneration of all further hopes or attempts to avail himself of the affections of Beauvette—

"—Though you have saved my life,

Rescued me often from my wants, I must not

Wink at your follies, that will ruin you.

You know my blunt way, and my love to truth—

Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,

Now you do see her made another man's."

This honourable advice is rejected with contempt: Novall, in whose mean bosom there does not seem a trace of virtue, avows a determined perseverance; and the poet having in this hasty manner completed these inauspicious nuptials, closes the second act of his Tragedy.

We have now expended two entire acts of *The Fatal Dowry*, in advancing to that period in the fable, at which the Tragedy of *The Fair Penitent* opens. If the author of this Tragedy thought it necessary to contract Massinger's plot, and found one upon it of a more regular construction, I know not how he could do this any otherwise, than by taking up the story at the point where we have now left it, and throwing the antecedent matter into narration; and though these two prefatory acts are full of very affecting incidents, yet the pathos which properly appertains to the plot, and conduces to the catastrophe of the Tragedy, does not in strictness take place before the event of the marriage. No critic will say that the pleadings before the judges, the interference of the creditors, the distresses of Charalos, or the funeral of the marshal, are necessary parts of the drama; at the same time no reader will deny (and neither could Rowe himself overlook) the effect of these incidents: he could not fail to foresee that he was to sacrifice very much of the interest of his fable, when he was to throw that upon narration, which his original had given in spectacle; and the loss was more enhanced by falling upon the hero of the drama; for who that compares Charalos, at the end of the second act of Massinger, with Rowe's Altamont at the opening scene of *The Fair Penitent*, can doubt which character has most interest with the spectators? We have seen the former in all the most amiable offices which filial piety could perform; enduring insults from his inveterate oppressors, and voluntarily surrendering himself to a prison to ransom the dead body of his father from unrelenting creditors. Altamont presents himself before us in his wedding suit, in the splendour of fortune, and at the summit of happiness; he greets us with a burst of exultation—

"Let this auspicious day be ever sacred,

No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;

Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings!

Let happy lovers ever make it holy,

Choose it to bless their hopes and crown their wishes.

This happy day, that gives me my Calista!"

The rest of the scene is employed by him and Horatio alternately in recounting the benefits conferred upon them by the generous Sciolto; and the very same incident of the seizure of his father's corpse by the creditors, and his redemption of it, is recited by Horatio:—

"—When his hard creditors,

Urged and assisted by Lothario's father

(Poe to thy house and rival of thy greatness),

By sentence of the cruel law forbade

His venerable corpse to rest in earth,

Thou gavest thyself a ransom for his bones;

With piety uncommon dust give up

Thy hopeful youth to slaves, who ne'er knew mercy."

It is not however within the reach of this, or any other description, to place Altamont in that interesting and amiable light, as circumstances have already placed Charalos; the happy and exulting bridegroom may be an object of our congratulation, but the virtuous and suffering Charalos engages our pity, love, and admiration. If Rowe would have his audience credit Altamont for that filial piety, which marks the character he copied from, it was a small oversight to put the following expression into his mouth—

"Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than father!"

A closer attention to character would have reminded him that it was possible for Altamont to express his gratitude to Sciolto without setting him above a father, to whose memory he had paid such devotion.

From this contraction of his plot, by the defalcation of so many pathetic incidents, it became impossible for the author of *The Fair Penitent* to make his Altamont the hero of his Tragedy, and the leading part is taken from him by Horatio, and even by Lothario, throughout the drama. There are several reasons, which concur to sink Altamont upon the comparison with Charalos, the chief of which arises from the captivating colour in which Rowe has painted his libertine: on the contrary, Massinger gives a contemptible picture of his young Novall; he makes him not only vicious, but ridiculous; in foppery and impudence he is the counterpart of Shakspeare's Othello, vain-glorious, perverse, proud, and overbearing amongst his dependants; a spiritless poltroon in his interview with Romont. "Lothario," as Johnson observes, "with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which

cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness." His high spirit, brilliant qualities, and fine person are so described, as to put us in danger of false impressions in his favour, and to set the passions in opposition to the moral of the piece: I suspect that the gallantry of Lothario makes more advocates for Calista than she ought to have. There is another consideration, which operates against Altamont, and it is an infelicity in his character, which the poet should have provided against: he marries Calista with the full persuasion of her being averse to the match; in his first meeting with Sciolto he says—

"Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,  
One kind remembrance in Calista's breast—

I found her cold  
As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;  
A rising storm of passion shook her breast,  
Her eyes a piteous shower of tears let fall,  
And then she sighed as if her heart were breaking.  
With all the tenderest eloquence of love  
I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief;  
But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,  
Sadly replied, her sorrows were her own,  
Nor in a father's power to dispose of."

I am aware that Sciolto attempts to parry these facts, by an interpretation too gross and unbecoming for a father's character, and only fit for the lips of a Lothario; but yet it is not in nature to suppose that Altamont could mistake such symptoms, and it fixes a meanness upon him, which prevails against his character throughout the Play. Nothing of this sort could be discovered by Massinger's bridegroom, for the ceremony was agreed upon and performed at the very first interview of the parties; Beaumelle gave a full and unreserved assent, and though her character suffers on the score of hypocrisy on that account, yet Charalois is saved by it: less hypocrisy appears in Calista, but hers is the deeper guilt, because she was already dishonoured by Lothario, and Beaumelle's coquetry with Novall had not yet reached the length of criminality. Add to this, that Altamont appears in the contemptible light of a suitor, whom Calista had apprised of her aversion, and to whom she had done a deliberate act of dishonour, though his person and character must have been long known to her. The case is far otherwise between Charalois and Beaumelle, who never met before, and every care is taken by the poet to save his hero from such a deliberate injury, as might convey contempt; with this view the marriage is precipitated; nothing is allowed to pass, that might open the character of Charalois to Beaumelle: she is hurried into an assignation with Novall immediately upon her marriage; every artifice of seduction is employed by her confidante Bellapert, and Aymet, the parasite of Novall, to make the meeting criminal; she falls the victim of passion, and when detection brings her to a sense of her guilt, she makes this penitent and pathetic appeal to Charalois—

Oh my fate!  
That never would consent that I should see  
How worthy you were both of love and duty,  
Before I lost you; and my misery made  
The glass in which I now behold your virtue!  
With justice therefore you may cut me off,  
And from your memory wash the remembrance  
That e'er I was; like to some vicious purpose,  
Which, in your better judgment, you repent of,  
And study to forget—

Yet you shall find,  
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,  
I dare not yet live one. Let those famed matrons,  
That are canonized worthy of our sex,  
Transcend me in their sanctity of life;  
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,  
Ambitious of no honour after life.

But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me."

Compare this with the conduct of Calista, and then decide which trail fair one has the better title to the appellation of a penitent, and which drama conveys the better moral by its catastrophe.

There is indeed a grossness in the older poet, which his more modern imitator has refined; but he has only sweetened the poison, not removed its venom: nay, by how much more palatable he has made it, so much more pernicious it is become in his tempting, sparkling cup, than in the coarse deterring dose of Massinger.

Rosse has no doubt greatly outstepped his original in the striking character of Lothario, who leaves Novall as far behind him as Charalois does Altamont: it is admitted then that Calista has as good a plea as any wanton could wish, to urge for her criminality with Lothario, and the poet has not spared the ear of modesty in his exaggerated description of the guilty scene; every luxurious image, that his inflamed imagination could crowd into the glowing rhapsody, is there

to be found, and the whole is recited in numbers so flowing and harmonious, that they not only arrest the passions but the memory also, and perhaps have been, and still can be, as generally repeated as any passage in English poetry. Massinger, with less elegance, but not with less regard to decency, suffers the guilty act to pass within the course of his drama; the greater refinement of manners in Rowe's day did not allow of this, and he anticipated the incident; but when he revived the recollection of it by such a studied description, he plainly showed that it was not from moral principle that he omitted it; and if he has presented his heroine to the spectators with more immediate delicacy during the compass of the play, he has at the same time given her greater depravity of mind; her manners may be more refined, but her principle is fouler than Beaumelle's. Calista, who yielded to the gallant, gay Lothario, "hot with the Tuscan grape," might perhaps have disdained a lover who addressed her in the holliday language which Novall uses to Beaumelle:

"Best day to nature's curiosity,  
Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France!  
Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks,  
Whose breath is perfume to our continent!—  
See! Flora trimm'd in her varieties.—  
No autumn nor no age ever approach  
This heavenly piece, which nature having wrought,  
She lost her needle, and did then despair  
Ever to work so lively and so fair!"

The letter of Calista (which brings about the discovery by the poor expedient of Lothario's dropping it and Horatio's finding it) has not even the merit of being characteristically wicked, and is both in its matter and mode below tragedy. It is, *Lothario's cruelty has determined her to yield a perfect obedience to her father, and give her hand to Altamont, in spite of her weakness for the false Lothario.*—If the lady had given her perfect obedience its true denomination, she had called it a most dishonourable compliance; and, if we may take Lothario's word (who seems full correct enough in describing facts and particulars), she had not much cause to complain of his being false; for he tells Rosano:

"I liked her, would have married her,  
But that it pleased her father to refuse me,  
To make this honourable fool her husband."

It appears by this, that Lothario had not been false to her in the article of marriage, though he might have been cruel to her on the score of passion, which indeed is confessed on his part with as much cold indifference, as the most barefaced avowal could express.—But to return to the letter: She proceeds to tell him—that she could almost wish she had that heart, and that honour to bestow with it, which he has robbed her of.—But lest this half wish should startle him, she adds—*But oh! I fear, could I retrieve them, I should again be undone by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lothario.*—This must be owned as full a reason as she could give, why she should only almost wish for her lost honour, when she would make such an use of it, if she had it again at her disposal. And yet the very next paragraph throws every thing into contradiction, for she tells him—*this is the last weakness of her pen, and to-morrow shall be the last in which she will indulge her eyes.* If she could keep to that resolution, I must think the recovery of her innocence would have been worth a whole wish, and many a wish; unless we are to suppose she was so devoted to guilt, that she could take delight in reflecting upon it: this is a state of depravity, which human nature hardly ever attains, and seems peculiar to Calista. She now grows very humble, and concludes in a style well suited to her humility—*Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall meet with from*

The lost CALISTA.

It was very ill done of Horatio's curiosity to read this letter, and I must ever regret that he has so unhandsonly exposed a lady's private correspondence to the world.

Though the part which Horatio takes in the business of the drama is exactly that which falls to the share of Romont in *The Fatal Dowry*, yet their characters are of a very different cast; for, as Rowe had bestowed the fire and impetuosity of Romont upon his Lothario, it was a very judicious opposition to contrast it with the cool deliberate courage of the sententious Horatio, the friend and brother-in-law of Altamont.

When Horatio has read Calista's letter, which Lothario had dropped (an accident which more frequently happens to gentlemen in comedies, than in tragedies), he falls into a very long meditation, and closes it with putting this question to himself:—

"What if I give this paper to her father?  
It follows that his justice dooms her dead.  
And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return

For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!  
Hold, let me take a moment's thought——"

At this moment he is interrupted in his reflections by the presence of Lavinia, whose tender solicitude fills up the remaining part of the dialogue, and concludes the act without any decisive resolution on the part of Horatio; an incident well contrived, and introduced with much dramatic skill and effect; though pressed by his wife to disclose the cause of his uneasiness, he does not impart to her the fatal discovery he has made; this also is well in character. Upon his next entrance he has withdrawn himself from the company, and being alone, resumes his meditation:

"What, if, while all are here intent on revelling,  
I privately went forth and sought Luthario?  
This letter may be forged; perhaps the wantonness  
Of his vain youth to stain a lady's fame;  
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.  
Oh! no, my heart forebodes it must be true.  
Methought e'en now I mark'd the stars of guilt  
That shook her soul, though dam'd dissimulation  
Screen'd her dark thoughts and set to public view  
A specious face of innocence and beauty."

This soliloquy is succeeded by the much-admired and striking scene between him and Luthario; rigid criticism might wish to abridge some of the sententious declamatory speeches of Horatio, and shorten the dialogue to quicken the effect; but the moral sentiment and harmonious versification are much too charming to be treated as intruders, and the author has also struck upon a natural expedient for prolonging the dialogue, without any violence to probability, by the interposition of Rossano, who acts as a mediator between the hostile parties. This interposition is further necessary to prevent a decisive encounter, for which the fable is not ripe; neither would it be proper for Horatio to anticipate the revenge, which is reserved for Altamont: The altercation therefore closes with a challenge from Luthario:

"West of the town a mile, amongst the rocks,  
Two hours ere noon to-morrow I expect thee;  
Thy single hand to mine."

The place of meeting is not well ascertained, and the time is too long deferred for strict probability; there are, however, certain things in all dramas, which must not be too rigidly insisted upon, and provided no extraordinary violence is done to reason and common sense, the candid critic ought to let them pass: this I take to be a case in point; and though Horatio's cool courage and ready presence of mind, are not just the qualities to reconcile us to such an oversight, yet I see no reason to be severe upon the incident, which is followed by his immediate recollection:

"Two hours ere noon to-morrow! Hah! Ere that  
He sees Calista.—Oh! unthinking fool!  
What if I urged her with the crime and danger?  
If any spark from heaven remain unquench'd  
Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it.  
Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt  
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster."

Whether this be a measure altogether in character with a man of Horatio's good sense and discretion, I must own is matter of doubt with me. I think he appears fully satisfied of her actual criminality; and in that case it would be more natural for him to lay his measures for intercepting Luthario, and preventing the assignation, than to try his rhetoric in the present crisis upon the agitated mind of Calista. As it has justly occurred to him, that he has been over-reached by Luthario in the postponement of the duel, the measure I suggest would naturally tend to hasten that encounter. Now, though the business of the drama may require an explanation between Horatio and Calista, whereupon to ground an occasion for his interesting quarrel with Altamont: yet I do not see any necessity to make that a premeditated explanation, nor to sacrifice character, by a measure that is inconsistent with the better judgment of Horatio. The poet, however, has decreed it otherwise, and a deliberate interview with Calista and Horatio accordingly takes place. This, although introduced with a solemn invocation on his part, is very clumsily conducted:

"Teach me, some Power! that happy art of speech  
To dress my purpose up in gracious words,  
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,  
And never waken the tempestuous passions."

Who can expect, after this preparation, to hear Horatio thus break his secret to Calista?

"Luthario and Calista!—Thus they join  
Two names, which heaven decreed should never meet  
Hence have the talkers of this populous city  
A shameful tale to tell for public sport,  
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,  
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,  
When she had given her honour to a wretch."

This I hold to be totally out of nature; first, because it is a

palpable departure from his resolution to use "gracious words;" next, because it has a certain tendency to produce rage and not repentance; and thirdly, because it is founded in exaggeration and falsehood; for how is he warranted to say that the story is the public talk and sport of the city? If it were so, what can his interference avail? why seek this interview?

"Why come to tell her how she might be happy?"

To soothe the secret anguish of her soul!

To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,

And teach her steps to know the paths of peace!"

No judge of nature will think he takes the means to lead her into "the paths of peace," by hurrying her to the very brink of desperation. I need not enlarge upon this observation, and shall therefore only remark, that the scene breaks up, as might be expected, with the following proof of her penitence, and his success to persuasion:

"Henceforth, thou odious fool,

Meddle no more, nor dare, even on thy life,

To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue:

I am myself the guardian of my honour,

And will not bear so insolent a monitor."

Let us now enquire how Romont (the Horatio of Mastingier) conducts this incident, a character from whom less discretion is to be expected than from his philosophical successor. Romont himself discovers Beaumelle and Novall engaged in the most wanton familiarities, and with a warmth suitable to his zeal, breaks up the amorous conference by driving Novall off the scene with incredible contempt; he then applies himself to the lady, and with a very natural and manly spirit says,

"I respect you,

Not for yourself, but in remembrance of

Who is your father, and whose wife you now are."

She replies to him with contempt and ridicule; he resumes the same characteristic strain he sets out with, and proceeds:

"My intents,

Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay

To be the whetstone of your wit: preserve it

To spend on such as know how to admire

Such colour'd stuff. In me, there now speak to you

As true a friend and servant to your honour,

And one that will with as much hazard guard it,

As ever man did goodness: —but then, lady,

You must endeavour, not alone to me,

But to APPAS, worthy such love and service."

We have just now heard Horatio reproach Calista with the reports that were circulated against her reputation; let us compare it with what Romont says upon the same subject:

"But yet be careful:

Detraction's a bold mounter, and fears not

To wound the fame of princes, if it find

But any blemish in their lives to work on.

But I'll be plainer with you: had the people

Been learned to speak but what even now I saw,

Their malice out of that would raise an engine

To overthrow your honour. In my sight,

With yonder painted fool I frighted from you

You used familiarity beyond

A modest entertainment: you embraced him

With too much ardour for a stranger, and

Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely.

But learn you to forget him, as I will

Your bounties to him; you will find it safer

Rather to be uncourtly than immodest."

What avails it to attempt drawing a comparison between this conduct and that of Horatio, where no comparison is to be made? I leave it to the reader, and decline a task at once so unnecessary and ungrateful.

When Romont finds no impression is to be made upon Beaumelle, he meets her father, and immediately falls into the same reflection that Horatio had struck upon:

"Her father?—ha!—

How if I break this to him? sure it cannot

Meet with an ill construction: his wisdom,

Made powerful by the authority of a father,

Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels.

It shall be so—

If this step needs excuse, the reader will consider that it is a step of prevention. The experiment, however, fails, and he is rebuffed with some asperity by Rochfort; this draws on a scene between him and Charalab, which, as it is too long to transcribe, so it is throughout too excellent to extract any part from it. I can only express my surprise, that the author of *The Fair Penitent*, with this scene before him, could conduct his interview between Altamont and Horatio upon a plan so widely different, and so much inferior: I must suppose he thought it a strong incident to make Altamont give a blow to his friend, else he might have seen an interview carried on with infinitely more spirit, both of lan-

age and character, between Charalois and Romont, in circumstances exactly similar, where no such violence was committed, or even meditated. Was it because Pierre had given a blow to Jaffier, that Altamont was to repeat the like indignity to Horatio, for a woman of whose aversion he had proofs not to be mistaken? Charalois is a character at least as high and irritable as Altamont, and Romont is out of all comparison more rough and plain-spoken than Horatio: Charalois might be deceived into an opinion of Beaumelle's affection for him; Altamont could not deceive himself into such a notion, and the lady had testified her dislike of him in the strongest terms, accompanied with symptoms which he himself had described as indicating some rooted and concealed affliction: could any solution be more natural than what Horatio gives? Novall was a rival so contemptible, that Charalois could not, with any degree of probability, consider him as an object of his jealousy; it would have been a degradation of his character, had he yielded to such a suspicion: Lothario, on the contrary, was of all men living the most to be apprehended by a husband, let his confidence or vanity be ever so great. Rowe, in his attempt to *surprise*, has sacrificed nature and the truth of character for stage-effect; Massinger, by preserving both nature and character, has conducted his friends through an angry altercation with infinitely more spirit, more pathos, and more dramatic effect, and yet dismissed them with the following animated and affecting speech from Charalois to his friend:

"Thou art not my friend,  
Or being so, thou art mad: I must not buy  
Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,  
Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury  
Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all  
Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.  
Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.  
Farewell, unskillful man! let's meet no more!  
Here our long web of friendship I untwist.  
Shall I go white, walk pale, and lack my wife,  
For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,  
That open'd mine to me? yes; if I do,  
The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn!  
I am a Frenchman, no Italian born." *[Exit.]*

It is plain that Altamont at least was an exception to this remark upon Italian husbands. I shall pursue this comparison no further, nor offer any other remark upon the incident of the blow given by Altamont, except with regard to Horatio's conduct upon receiving it; he draws his sword, and immediately suspends resentment upon the following motive:

"Yet hold! By heav'n, his father's in his face!  
Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderness,  
And I could rather die myself than hurt him."

We must suppose it was the martial attitude that Altamont had put himself into, which brought the resemblance of his father so strongly to the observation of Horatio, otherwise it was a very unnatural moment to recollect it in, when he had just received the deepest insult one man can give to another: it is however worth a remark that this father of Altamont should act on both sides, and yet miscarry in his meditation; for it is but a few passages before that Altamont says to Horatio:

"Thou wert my father's friend; he lov'd thee well;  
A venerable mark of him  
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance.  
I cannot, dare not, lift my sword against thee."

What this mark was is left to conjecture; but it is plain it was as reasonable for Horatio's rescue at this moment, as it was for Altamont a few moments after, who had certainly overlooked it when he struck the very friend against whom he could not, dared not, lift his sword.

When Lavinia's entrance has parted Altamont and Horatio, her husband complains to her of the ingratitude with which he has been treated, and says:

"He, who was all to me, child, brother, friend,  
With barbarous bloody malice sought my life."  
These are very extraordinary terms for a man like Horatio to use, and seem to convey a charge very unfit for him to make, and of a very different nature from the hasty insult he had received; in fact it appears as if the blow had totally reversed his character, for the resolution he takes in consequence of this personal affront, is just such an one as would be only taken by the man who dared not to resent it:

"From Genoa, from falsehood and inconstancy,  
To some more honest distant clime we'll go;  
Nor will I be beholden to my country  
For aught but thee, the partner of my flight."

That Horatio's heroism did not consist in the ready forgiveness of injuries, is evident from the obstinate sullenness with which he rejects the penitent apologies of Altamont in the further progress of the play; I am at a loss therefore to

known what colour the poet meant to give his character, by disposing him to quit his country with this insult unatoned for, and the additional stigma upon him of running away from his appointment with Lothario for the next morning "amongst the rocks." Had he meant to bring him off upon the repugnance he felt of resenting any injury against the son of a father, whose image was so visible "in his face," that his "heart ran o'er with fondness in spite of his wrongs, and he could rather die than hurt him;" surely that image would have interceded no less powerfully for him, when, penetrated with remorse, he intercedes for pity and forgiveness, and even faints at his feet with agony at his unrelenting obduracy: it would be unfair to suppose he was more like his father when he had dealt him an insulting blow, than when he was atoning for an injury by the most ample satisfaction and submission.

This is the light in which the conduct of Horatio strikes me; if I am wrong, I owe an atonement to the mauses of an elegant poet, which upon conviction of my error, I will study to pay in the fullest manner I am able.

It now remains only to say a few words upon the catastrophe, in which the author varies from his original, by making Calista destroy herself with a dagger, put into her hand for that purpose by her father: If I am to moralize upon this proceeding of Sciolto, I know full well the incident cannot bear up against it; a Roman father would stand the discussion better than a Christian one; and I also know that the most natural expedient is unluckily a most undramatic one; yet the poet did not totally overlook it, for he makes Sciolto's first thought turn upon a convent, if I rightly understand the following passage:

"Hence from my sight! thy father cannot bear thee:  
Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,  
Where, on the confines of eternal night,  
Mourning, misfortunes, cares, and anguish dwell;  
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,  
And death and hell detested rule maintain;  
There howl out the remainder of thy life,  
And wish thy name may be no more remember'd."

Whilst I am transcribing these lines a doubt strikes me that I have misinterpreted them, and yet Calista's answer seems to point to the meaning I had suggested; perhaps however they are mere ravings in fine numbers without any determinate idea: whatever they may be, it is clear they do not go to the length of death: he tells Altamont, as soon as she is departed:

"I wot not kill her;  
Yet by the ruin she has brought upon us,  
The common infamy that brands us both,  
She sha' not 'scape."

He seems in this moment to have formed the resolution, which he afterwards puts upon execution; he prompts her to self-murder, and arms her for the act: this may save the spectators a sight too shocking to behold, but does it convey less horror to the heart, than if he had put her to death with his own hand? a father killing his child for incontinence with the man whom he had not permitted to marry her, when he solicited his consent, is an act too monstrous to reflect upon: is that father less a monster, who, deliberately and after full reflection, puts a dagger into her hand and bids her commit self-murder? I should humbly conceive the latter act a degree in guilt beyond the former; especially when I hear that father coolly demanding of his victim, if she has reflected upon what may happen after death:

"Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?  
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?"

A parent surely would turn that question upon his own heart, before he precipitated his unprepared child to so awful and uncertain an account: rage and instant revenge may find some plea; sudden passion may transport even a father to lift his hand against his own offspring; but this act of Sciolto has no shelter but in heathen authority:

"'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit,  
That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome  
Was mistress of the world."

Did ever poetry beguile a man into such an allusion? and to what does that piece of information tend? that Rome was mistress of the world? If this is human nature, it would almost tempt one to reply in Sciolto's own words:

"I could curse nature."  
But it is no more like nature, than the following sentiments of Calista are like the sentiments of a penitent, or a Christian:

"That I must die it is my only comfort,  
Death is the privilege of human nature,  
And life without it were not worth our taking—"

And again,  
"Yet heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect natures,  
How blind with passions, and how prone to evil."

Makes not too strict enquiry for offences,  
But is atton'd by penitence and prayer;  
Cheap recompense! here 'twould not be revel'd;  
Nothing but blood can make the expiation."

Such is the catastrophe of Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, such is the representation he gives us of human nature, and such the moral of his tragedy.

I shall conclude with an extract or two from the catastrophe of *The Fatal Dowry*; and first for the penitence of Beaumelle, I shall select only the following speech addressed to her husband:

"——— I dare not move you  
To hear me speak. I know my fault is far  
Beyond qualification or excuse;  
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you  
To think of mercy; only I presume  
To entreat you would be pleased to look upon  
My sorrow for it, and believe these tears  
Are the true children of my grief, and not  
A woman's cunning."

I need not point out the contrast between this and the quotations from Calista. It will require a longer extract to bring the conduct of Rochfort into comparison with that of Sciolto: the reader will observe that Novall's dead body is now on the scene: Charalois, Beaumelle, and Rochfort her father, are present. The charge of adultery is urged by Charalois, and appeal is made to the justice of Rochfort in the case:

"Roch. What answer makes the prisoner?  
"Beaumel. I confess  
The fact I am charged with, and yield myself  
Most miserably guilty.  
"Roch. Heaven take mercy  
Upon your soul, then! it must leave your body.—  
—Since that the politic law provides that servants,  
To whose care we commit our goods, shall die  
If they abuse our trust, what can you look for,  
To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up  
All he received from his brave ancestors,  
Or he could leave to his posterity,  
His honour, wicked woman! in whose safety  
All his life's joys and comforts were lock'd up,  
Which thy———lost, a thief, hath now stolen from him;  
And therefore———  
"Charal. Stay, just judge;—may not what's lost  
By her one fault (for I am charitable,  
And charge her not with many) be forgotten  
In her fair life hereafter?  
"Roch. Never, sir.  
The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed  
Repentant tears can never expiate;  
And be assured, to pardon such a sin  
Is an offence as great as to commit it."

In consequence of this the husband strikes her dead before her father's eyes: the act indeed is horrid; even Tragedy shrinks from it; and nature with a father's voice instantly cries out—"Is she dead then?—and you have kill'd her?"—Charalois avows it, and pleads his sentence for the deed; the revolting agonised parent breaks forth into one of the most pathetic, natural, and expressive lamentations, that the English drama can produce:

"——— But I pronounced it  
As a judge only, and a friend to justice;  
And, zealous to defence of your wrong'd honour,  
Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off  
The love and soft affection of a father.  
I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe  
Of red-died cruelty; but, in return,  
You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.  
I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband; but  
You clos'd your eyes against me as a father.  
O Beaumelle! my daughter!  
"Charal. This is madness.  
"Roch. Keep from me!—Could not one good thought  
rise up,  
To tell you that she was my age's comfort,  
Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,  
And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty?  
Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth  
To urge my many merits, which I may  
Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful,  
Flint-hearted Charalois!—  
"Charal. Nature does prevail  
Above your virtue."

What conclusions can I draw from these comparative examples, which every reader would not anticipate? Is there a man, who has any feeling for real nature, dramatic charac-

ter, moral sentiment, tragic pathos, or nervous diction, who can hesitate, even for a moment, where to bestow the palm? CUMBERLAND, *Observer*, Nov. LXXVII. LXXVIII. LXXIX.

This fine Tragedy has obtained more attention than usual from the critics; yet less has been said of its direct, than its relative merits; and *The Fatal Dowry* has been chiefly studied for the sake of a comparison with *The Fair Penitent*. I do not know if some injury has not been done to it by this mode of treatment. Under the influence of a double enquiry, some circumstances have been passed by with little or no notice; and others, perhaps, have been unduly magnified. The question has been, not what was written by Massinger, but what was imitated by Rowe. While both the dramas have been thus considered together, the scope of one of them has not been exactly defined: and what was gained by a complication of design, was lost to simplicity of judgment. Indeed, no great benefit of either kind can be derived from the brief and desultory views of Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Davies: but the reader will receive both pleasure and instruction from the comparison of Mr. Cumberland.

Not to have a strong and intimate feeling of *The Fatal Dowry*, is to be hardened against the most affecting representation of virtue goaded by injuries to an unlawful revenge. The story is strongly and circumstantially unfolded, and fixes our attention to its progress by the impression, which it generally wears, of common life. The language too, is, with some exceptions, which will be presently noticed, the language of nature and of business. The characters are drawn with a profusion of force and variety. Charalois is placed twice before the seat of justice; and Massinger has had the address to preserve an extraordinary interest for him, whether he appears as a suppliant or a criminal. He unites many rare and apparently opposite qualities. His severity and reserve are happily reconciled with the tenderness of his filial piety, his intrepidity with his gentleness of temper, his inflexible firmness with his melting compassion. He is marked with the gracefulness as well as the force of virtue; nor can the rash act of which he is guilty compel the reader to abandon him, though it shocks our feelings. His provocations secure our pity; his dying acknowledgments tend to restore our esteem; and, in his own words, there is  
"no eye, but is ready with a tear  
To witness 'tis shed for him———"

Romont is well contrasted with him; he is marked with all the vehemence of honesty; irritation is the characteristic attendant of his fidelity; he loses his own temper in the noble zeal of preserving the innocence of others; and he draws his sword upon his best friend, that he may compel him to give more attention to his security. Pontalier again is a variety of Romont, though of an inferior cast. He carries his friendship to crime, and murders Charalois to show his gratitude to Novall. There is a secret link which binds these characters together. They wish to be virtuous; but, by too much indulgence of passion concerning it, they fall into imprudence or guilt. On the other hand, the fixed quality of Rochfort is the admiration of virtue. On this is founded the condemnation of Beaumelle, as well as his generosity to Charalois. Indeed at her fall he melts into sudden tenderness towards her; and nothing can be more finely natural than his grief and his reproaches of the man whom he loves. But after this burst of feeling, he returns to his settled principle; and the rash but much injured Charalois is still the object of his regard.

Old Novall might be designed only as an enemy to the cause of Charalois, and as a contrast to Rochfort. But the reprobation of him is so frequently indulged, and with such vehemence and accumulation of circumstances, as to raise a suspicion that a portrait was intended. His hard and insulting disposition, his savage abuse, and his readiness to "cross every deserving soldier and scholar," seem to allude to Sir Edward Coke, and to the base and unfeeling treatment of Sir Walter Raleigh. But it is impossible to notice all the observable parts of this admirable Tragedy. I will proceed to the moral, after the discussion of a point or two with Mr. M. Mason. In a very summary manner he has pronounced that the second, third, and part of the fourth act, were not written by Massinger.

There is an apparent change of writing in the second act; and Charalois himself, though some of his thoughts and expressions are excellent, spurs his grief with too much fondness for antithesis, and metaphors coldly and formally drawn out. He becomes a quibbler too as he proceeds, and does not express, with his usual frankness, either his gratitude or his love. The business is also unduly hurried on (though Massinger himself is strongly marked with this precipitation); and the music which lately played at the funeral of the marshal, is too quickly called upon to celebrate the marriage of Charalois. But in the third act Massinger seems to me to return.

The proof of this shall not rest upon the general style of it, for that would not so effectually determine the question, but upon the similarity of thoughts and expressions scattered throughout his other plays. In the very first scene, Bellapert uses a significant image which Antoninus has employed in *The Virgin Martyr*. Romont afterwards observes, that it is as easy to "prop a falling tower," as to "stay a woman" who has once given herself to viciousness; and this thought, with the very expression of it, has been used by Mathias in *The Picture*. Charalois infers that the lion is not to be insulted because he does not happen to be angry: and Theodosius has lately dwelt with some enlargement on this very instance. Romont hopes that his discovery of Beaumelle's infidelity will not "meet with an ill construction," and uses perhaps the most common phrase of Massinger. He remarks too that women have "no cunning to gull the world"—a method of affirmation frequent with Massinger. Shall I add more proof? Rochfort says to Beaumelle, "I have that confidence in your goodness, I"—a reduplication which cannot be missed by any reader of these plays. Yet the language of Rochfort himself is adduced by Mr. M. Mason, to prove that this act was not written by Massinger. Rochfort utters scarcely more than twenty lines in the whole act; and from that small portion the above is one instance to the contrary of the assertion. It would be superfluous to say more, though similar incidents might also be produced.

I shall only draw the proper conclusion: if this Play was written at the early time supposed by Mr. Malone, Massinger must either have made it a storehouse from which to draw incidents and images for his future plays, a supposition not very probable, or he must have consented to adopt for ever the thoughts of Field in preference to his own: a supposition still less probable. Again,—if it was written in the order in which it is now printed, Field would hardly have been allowed to plander him of his most familiar thoughts by way of assisting him. In either case the third act must be given to Massinger. Field is welcome to the first scene of the fourth act, if that is the part claimed for him by Mr. M. Mason.

I pass, with pleasure, from this uninteresting enquiry to a great moral, which, after all the discussion bestowed upon this Play, is as yet fresh and untouched.

Charalois slew an offending wife, and the partner of her crime, with his own hand, and was himself slain. Vengeance belongs to heaven; and by the divine will, the administration of it for moral purposes is vested in the laws. To avenge our own cause is to despise the seat of justice, and the order of providence; and to involve ourselves in guilt and the punishment of it. Virtue must employ only virtuous means in the coercion of vice itself. Her injuries will therefore wait upon the laws; for in the very forms of justice there is virtue.

DR. IRELAND.

A

# NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.] This "COMEDY" does not appear in Sir Henry Herbert's book; it must, however, have been produced on the stage before 1633\*, in which year it was printed for Henry Seyle. The author of the *Companion to the Playhouse* terms it "one of the best of the old comedies," and, in his opinion, "the very best of Massinger's writing." It is, indeed, a most admirable piece; but while *The City Madam*, and two or three others of this writer's comedies remain, it will not, I think, be universally placed at the head of the list.

This play is preceded by two short commendatory poems, by Sir Thomas Jay, and Sir Henry Moody; the former of which must have been peculiarly gratifying to Massinger, as Sir Thomas was no flatterer.

*The New Way to Pay Old Debts* was extremely well received on its first appearance, and, as the quarto informs us, "often acted at the Phoenix in Drurie Lane." It has been revived at different periods with considerable success, and still holds a distinguished place on the stage.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT EARL OF CARNARVON,

MASTER FALCONER OF ENGLAND.



MY GOOD LORD,

Pardon, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent rank in England, have not disdained to receive and read poems of this nature; nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady†, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be,

Your honour's true servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Lovell.

Sir GILES OVERREACH, a cruel extortioner.

FRANK WELLBORN, a prodigal.

TOM ALLWORTH, a young gentleman, page to Lord Lovell.

GREEDY, a hungry justice of peace.

MARRALL, a term-driver; a creature of Sir Giles Overreach.

WILDO, a parson.

TAPWELL, an ale-house keeper.

ORDER, steward

AMELE, usher

FURNACE, cook

WATCHALL, porter

Creditors, Servants, &c.

Lady ALLWORTH, a rich widow.

MARGARET, Overreach's daughter.

FROTH, Tapwell's wife.

Chambermaid.

Waitingwoman.

} to Lady Allworth.

SCENE, the Country near Nottingham.

\* There are several allusions to a state of war in it; and peace had been made with France and Spain in 1629.

† Anna Sophia, daughter of Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and wife of Robert Dorner Earl of Carnarvon, who was slain at Newbury, fighting for his king, 30th September, 1643. MALONE.

## ACT I

## SCENE. I.—Before Tapwell's House.

Enter WELLBORN in tattered apparel, TAPWELL and FROTH.

Well. No house? nor no tobacco?

Tap. Not a suck, sir;

Nor the remainder of a single can  
Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morn-  
ing's draught, sir:

'Tis verity, I assure you.

Well. Verity, you brache\*!

The devil turn'd precisian! Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Froth, durst I trust you with a looking-  
glass,

To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me  
And take the name yourself.

Well. How, dog!

Tap. Even so, sir.

And I must tell you, if you but advance  
Your Plymouth cloak†, you shall be soon instructed  
There dwells, and within call, if it please your wor-  
ship,

A potent monarch call'd a constable,  
That does command a citadel call'd the stocks;  
Whose guards are certain files of rusty‡ billmen,  
Such as with great dexterity will haul

Your tattered, lousy——

Well. Rascal! Slave!

Froth. No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril: do not put yourself  
In too much heat, there being no water near  
To quench your thirst; and, sure, for other liquor,  
As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,  
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

Well. Why thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou  
talk thus!

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell  
Does keep no other register.

Well. Am not I he

Whose riots fed and clothed thee! wert thou not  
Born on my father's land, and proud to be  
A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;

\* Well. Verity, you brache!

The devil turn'd precisian! Brache is a hunting term for a female hound. A precisian is a puritan; a very general object of dislike in those times.

† And I must tell you, if you but advance

Your Plymouth cloak. Coxeter, ignorant of the meaning of this expression, boldly changed it to *pile-worn cloak*! and so it stands in his and Mr. M. Mason's precious editions; though why Tapwell should be so irritated by the advancing of a *pile-worn cloak*, neither of the gentlemen has thought fit to explain. When Wellborn exclaims, "How, dog!" he raises his cudgel to beat Tapwell, who threatens him, in his turn, with a constable, &c., if he presumes to strike him; this is the purport of the passage. That a staff was anciently called a *Plymouth cloak* may be proved by many instances; but the two following will be sufficient:

"Whose cloak, at Plymouth span, was crab-tree wood."

DAYENANT, Fol. p. 229.

"Do you hear, frailty I shall I walk in a *Plymouth cloak*, that is to say, like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a crab-tree cudgel in my hand!" *The Honest W. here.*

‡ Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have—*lusty billmen*: the old reading is surely more humorous.

What you are, is apparent: now, for a farewell,  
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment  
you,

I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,  
My quondam master, was a man of worship,  
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and quorum,  
And stood fair to be custos rotulorum;  
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,  
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying,  
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,  
Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn——

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly;

You cannot out\* of your way.

Tap. But to my story:

You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,  
And I your under butler; note the change now:  
You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,  
With choice of running horses: mistresses  
Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot,  
As their embraces made your lordships melt;  
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing  
(Resolving not to lose a drop of them),  
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,  
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left  
you.

Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective,  
mongrel,

And you have studied it.

Tap. I have not done yet:

Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token†,  
You grew the common borrower; no man scaped  
Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman  
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches  
In your gallantry.

Well. I shall switch your brains out.

Tap. Where‡ poor Tim Tapwell, with a little  
stock,

Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;  
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,  
Gave entertainment——

Well. Yes, to whores and canters§,  
Clubbers by night.

Tap. True, but they brought in profit,  
And had a gift to pay for what they called for;  
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor  
income

I glean'd from them hath made me in my parish

\* You cannot out of your way. The modern editors misunderstanding this simple phrase, have been pleased to adapt it to their own conceptions; they read,

You cannot be out of your way!

† Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from thenceforward to that of Charles the Second, very little brass or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of the public, therefore, tradesmen were permitted to coin small money, or tokens, as they were called, which were used for change. *Old Plays*, Vol. III. p. 267. These little pieces are mentioned by most of our old writers; their value is not ascertained, but seems to have been about a farthing.

‡ Where poor Tim Tapwell, &c. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, When poor Tim Tapwell, &c. but the quarto is right. Where stands for whereas, as it frequently does in our ancient writers.

§ canters,] i. e. Rogues, sturdy beggars, &c.

Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time  
May rise to be overseer of the poor :  
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,  
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter,  
And you shall thank my worship.

*Well.* Thus, you dog-bolt,

And thus—

[*Beats and kicks him.*]

*Tap.* Cry out for help!

*Well.* Stir, and thou diest :

Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.  
Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound ! did not I  
Make purses for you ? then you lick'd my boots,  
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean  
them.

'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever  
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst  
Live like an emperor ; 'twas I that gave it  
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch !

*Tap.* I must, sir ;

For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,  
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound  
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,  
If they grow poor like you.

*Well.* They are well rewarded

That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds  
rich.

Thou viper, thankless viper ! impudent bawd !—  
But since you are forgetful, I will help  
Your memory, and tread thee into mortar ;  
Not leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him again.*]

*Tap.* Oh !

*Froth.* Ask mercy.

*Enter ALLWORTH.*

*Well.* 'Twill not be granted.

*All.* Hold, for my sake hold.

Deny me, Frank ! they are not worth your anger.

*Well.* For once thou hast redeem'd them from  
this sceptre\* ;

But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,  
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

*Froth.* This comes of your prating, husband ; you  
presumed

On your ambling wit, and must use your glib  
tongue,

Though you are beaten lame for't.

*Tap.* Patience, Froth ;

There's law to cure our bruises.

[*They go off on their hands and knees.*]

*Well.* Sent to your mother ?

*All.* My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all !

She's such a mourner for my father's death,  
And, in her love to him, so favours me,  
That I cannot pay too much observance to her :  
There are few such stepdames.

*Well.* 'Tis a noble widow,  
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear  
From the least taint of infamy ; her life,  
With the splendour of her actions, leaves no tongue  
To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,  
Has she no suitors ?

\* *Well.* For once thou hast redeem'd them from this  
sceptre. The old copy has a marginal explanation here ; it  
says, " his cudgel," i. e. the Plymouth cloak mentioned in a  
former page.

† *Well.* Sent to your mother ? If Coxeter and Mr. M. Ma-  
son had but patience to have read a little further, they would  
have seen that Allworth was dispatched on his present er-  
rand by Lord Lovell ; and might then have suffered the  
text to stand as Massinger left it. They inaccurately read :

*Well.* Sent for to your mother !

*All.* Even the best of the shire, Frank,  
My lord excepted ; such as sue and send,  
And send and sue again, but to no purpose ;  
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence.  
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,  
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her  
A liberal entertainment : I can give you  
A catalogue of her suitors' names.

*Well.* Forbear it,

While I give you good counsel : I am bound to it.  
Thy father was my friend ; and that affection  
I bore to him, in right descends to thee ;  
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,  
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,  
If I with any danger can prevent it.

*All.* I thank your noble care ; but, pray you,  
in what

Do I run the hazard ?

*Well.* Art thou not in love ?

Put it not off with wonder.

*All.* In love, at my years !

*Well.* You think you walk in clouds, but are  
transparent\*.

I have heard all, and the choice that you have made ;  
And, with my finger, can point out the north star  
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided ;  
And, to confirm this true, what think you of  
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir  
Of Cormorant Overreach ? Does it blush and  
start,

To hear her only named ? blush at your want  
Of wit and reason.

*All.* You are too bitter, sir.

*Well.* Wounds of this nature are not to be cured  
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain :  
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge†,  
And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,  
And dar'st thou dream of marriage ? I fear  
'Twill be concluded for impossible.  
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,  
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,  
But either loves a wench, or drabs love him ;  
Court-waiters not exempted.

*All.* This is madness.

Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,  
You know my aims are lawful ; and if ever  
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,  
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,  
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer  
There's such disparity in their conditions,  
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,  
And the base churl her father.

*Well.* Grant this true,

As I believe it, canst thou ever hope  
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father  
Ruin'd thy state ?

*All.* And your's too.

\* You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent. The  
old reading was,

You think you walk in clouds, but are transient,  
Which certainly was an error of the press—COXETER and  
M. MASON.

So say the former editors ; the truth, however, is, that  
the old reading is *transient*, and the omission of *pa* was  
solely occasioned by a break in the line. It is pleasant to see  
Mr. M. Mason vouch for the reading of a copy into which  
he never condescended to look, and of the existence of which  
it is for his credit to suppose him altogether ignorant.

† Does it blush and start. So the quarto ; the modern  
editors poorly read—Does it blush, &c.

‡ Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge. The  
first degree of servitude, as I have already observed.

*Well.* I confess it\*.  
True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,  
That, where impossibilities are apparent,  
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.  
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)  
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great  
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,  
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own  
too,

Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,  
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,  
And prosper in it.

*All.* You have well advised me.  
But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious  
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own:  
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

*Well.* No matter, no matter.

*All.* Yes, 'tis much material:  
You know my fortune, and my means; yet some-  
thing

I can spare from myself to help your wants.

*Well.* How's this?

*All.* Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces,  
To put you in better fashion.

*Well.* Money from thee!  
From a boy! a stipendiary! one that lives  
At the devotion of a stepmother,  
And the uncertain favour of a lord!  
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoever blind Fortune  
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me:  
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,  
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,  
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;  
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer;  
And as I, in my madness, broke my state,  
Without the assistance of another's brain,  
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,  
Die thus, and be forgotten.

*All.* A strange humour!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

*Enter ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCHALL.*

*Ord.* Set all things right, or, as my name is Order,  
And by this staff of office, that commands you,  
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,  
Whoever misses in his function,  
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his break-  
fast

And privilege in the wine-cellar.

*Amb.* You are merry,

Good master steward.

*Furn.* Let him; I'll be angry.

*Amb.* Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock  
yet,

Nor dinner taking up; then 'tis allow'd  
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.

*Furn.* You think you have spoke wisely, good-  
man Ambler,

My lady's go-before!

*Ord.* Nay, nay, no wrangling.

*Furn.* Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!  
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;

And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers  
I will be angry.

*Amb.* There was no hurt meant.

*Furn.* I am friends with thee, and yet I will be  
angry.

*Ord.* With whom?

*Furn.* No matter whom: yet, now I think on it,  
I am angry with my lady.

*Watch.* Heaven forbid, man!

*Ord.* What cause has she given thee?

*Furn.* Cause enough, master steward.

I was entertained by her to please her palate,  
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.  
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,  
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting  
sauces,

And raise fortifications\* in the pastry,  
Such as might serve for models in the Low  
Countries;

Which, if they had been practised at Breda,  
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er  
took it——

*Amb.* But you had wanted matter there to work on.

*Furn.* Matter! with six eggs, and a strike of rye  
meal,

I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.

*Ord.* But what's this to your pet against my lady?

*Furn.* What's this? marry, this; when I am three  
parts roasted,

And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,  
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,  
Or water gruel, my sweat never thought on.

*Ord.* But your art is seen in the dining-room.

*Furn.* By whom?

By such as pretend to love her; but come  
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies  
That do devour her, I am out of charity  
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire  
That's stolen into commission.

*Ord.* Justice Greedy?

*Furn.* The same, the same; meat's cast away upon  
him,

It never thrives; he holds this paradox,  
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well;  
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,  
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.

[*Knocking within.*]

*Watch.* One knocks.

[*Exit.*]

*Ord.* Our late young master!

*Re-enter WATCHALL with ALLWORTH.*

*Amb.* Welcome, sir.

\* And raise fortifications in the pastry.

Which, if they had been practised at Breda,

Spinola, &c.] This was one of the most celebrated sieges  
of the time, and is frequently mentioned by our old dra-  
matists. Spinola sat down before Breda on the 28th of  
August, 1624, and the town did not surrender until the 1st  
of July in the following year. The besieged suffered incre-  
dible hardships: "butter," says the historian, Herman Hugo,  
"was sold for six florins a pound; a calf of 17 days old, for  
forty-eight; a hog, for one hundred and fifteen; and tobacco,  
for one hundred florins the lb.;" this was after they had  
consumed most of the horses. A few days after, the narra-  
tor adds, that "as much tobacco as in other places might  
have been had for ten florins, was sold in Breda for twelve  
hundred!" It appears that this tobacco was used as "phy-  
sic, it being the only remedy they had against the scurvy."

The raising of fortifications in pastry seems to have  
been a fashionable practice, since I scarcely recollect the  
details of any great entertainment in the reigns of Elizabeth  
and James, where the fortifications of the cook or the con-  
fectioner are not duly commemorated.

\* *Well, I confess it.*  
*True; I must, &c.*] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr.  
M. Mason, that they may spoil the metre of two lines, read,  
*Well, I confess it true,*  
*I must, &c.*

*Furn.* Your hand;  
If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.  
*Ord.* His father's picture in little.  
*Furn.* We are all your servants.  
*Amb.* In you he lives.  
*All.* At once, my thanks to all;  
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*

*Ord.* Her presence answers for us.  
*L. All.* Sort those silks well.  
I'll take the air alone.  
[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*]  
*Furn.* You air and air;  
But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?  
To what use serve I?  
*L. All.* Prithce, be not angry;  
I shall ere long; i'the mean time, there is gold  
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.  
*Furn.* I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool\*.  
*L. All.* And as I gave directions, if this morning  
I am visited by any, entertain them  
As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,  
I am indisposed.

*Ord.* I shall, madam.  
*L. All.* Do, and leave me.  
Nay, stay you, Allworth.  
[*Exeunt Order, Ambler, Furnace, and Watchall.*]  
*All.* I shall gladly grow here,  
To wait on your commands.  
*L. All.* So soon turn'd courtier!  
*All.* Style not that courtship, madam, which is duty

Purchased on your part.  
*L. All.* Well, you shall o'ercome;  
I'll not contend in words. How is it with  
Your noble master?  
*All.* Ever like himself;  
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:  
He did command me, pardon my presumption,  
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss  
Your ladyship's fair hands.  
*L. All.* I am honour'd in  
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose  
For the Low Countries?

*All.* Constantly, good madam;  
But he will in person first present his service.  
*L. All.* And how approve you of his course? you  
are yet

Like virgin parchment, capable of any  
Inscription, vicious or honourable.  
I will not force your will, but leave you free  
To your own election.

*All.* Any form, you please,  
I will put on; but, might I make my choice,  
With humble emulation I would follow  
The path my lord marks to me.

*L. All.* 'Tis well answer'd,  
And I commend your spirit: you had a father,  
Bless'd be his memory! that some few hours  
Before the will of heaven took him from me,  
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties  
Of perfect love between us, to my charge;  
And, therefore, what I speak you are bound to hear  
With such respect as if he lived in me.

\* *I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.* Old Copy.  
*Cooke*; amended by *Coxeter*.

He was my husband, and howe'er you are not  
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,  
Provided you deserve it.

*All.* I have found you,  
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;  
And, with my utmost strengths of care and service  
Will labour that you never may repent  
Your bounties shower'd upon me.

*L. All.* I much hope it.  
These were your father's words: *If e'er my son  
Follow the war, tell him it is a school  
Where all the principles tending to honour  
Are taught, if truly follow'd: but for such  
As repair thither, as a place in which  
They do presume they may with licence practise  
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit  
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly  
In a fair cause, and, for their country's safety,  
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;  
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;  
To bear with patience the winter's cold,  
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,  
When plenty of provision fails with hunger;  
Are the essential parts make up a soldier,  
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.*

*All.* There's no syllable  
You speak, but is to me an oracle,  
Which but to doubt were impious.

*L. All.* To conclude:  
Beware ill company, for often men  
Are like to those with whom they do converse;  
And, from one man I warn you, and that's Well  
born:  
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity:  
But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,  
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.  
'Tis true your father loved him, while he was  
Worthy the loving; but if he had lived  
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,  
As you must do.

*All.* I shall obey in all things.  
*L. All.* Follow me to my chamber you shall have  
gold  
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,  
As I hear from you.

*All.* I am still your creature. [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III.—A Hall in the same.

*Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, ORDER, AMBLE,  
FURNACE, WATCHALL, and MARRALL.*

*Greedy.* Not to be seen!

*Over.* Still cloister'd up! Her reason,  
I hope, assures her, though she make herself  
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,  
'Twill not recover him.

*Ord.* Sir, it is her will,  
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,  
And not dispute; howe'er, you are nobly welcome,  
And if you please to stay, that you may think so,  
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe  
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself  
For my lady's honour.

*Greedy.* Is it of the right race?

*Ord.* Yes, master Greedy.

*Amb.* How his mouth runs o'er!

*Furn.* I'll make it run, and run. Save your good  
worship!

*Greedy.* Honest master cook, thy hand; again :  
how I love thee !  
*Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.*  
*Furn.* If you have a mind to feed, there is a  
chine  
Of beef, well seasoned.  
*Greedy.* Good !  
*Furn.* A pheasant, larded.  
*Greedy.* That I might now give thanks for't !  
*Furn.* Other kickshaws.  
Besides, there came last night, from the forest of  
Sherwood,  
The fattest stag I ever cook'd.  
*Greedy.* A stag, man !  
*Furn.* A stag, sir ; part of it prepared for dinner,  
And baked in puff-paste.  
*Greedy.* Puff-paste too ! Sir Giles,  
A ponderous chine of beef ! a pheasant larded !  
And red deer too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-  
paste !  
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.  
*Furn.* How the lean skeleton's rapt !  
*Over.* You know we cannot.  
*Mar.* Your worships are to sit on a commission,  
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.  
*Greedy.* Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for  
such a dinner,  
We may put off a commission : you shall find it  
*Henrici decimo quarto.*  
*Over.* Fie, master Greedy !  
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner ?  
No more, for shame ! we must forget the belly  
When we think of profit.  
*Greedy.* Well, you shall o'er-rule me ;  
I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, master cook,  
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,  
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy  
Send you—a brace of three-pences.  
*Furn.* Will you be so prodigal ?

*Enter WELLBORN.*

*Over.* Remember me to your lady. Who have  
we here ?  
*Well.* You know me\*,  
*Over.* I did once, but now I will not ;  
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar !  
If ever thou presume to own me more,  
I'll have thee caged, and whipt.  
*Greedy.* I'll grant the warrant.  
Think of pie-corner, Furnace !  
[*Exeunt Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.*]  
*Watch.* Will you out, sir ?  
I wonder how you durst creep in.  
*Ord.* This is rudeness,  
And saucy impudence.  
*Amb.* Cannot you stay  
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,  
But you must press into the hall ?  
*Furn.* Prithoe, vanish

\* *Well.* You know me ] For this dignified answer the  
modern editors, with equal elegance and harmony, read—  
*Don't you know me ?*

\* *To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,* ] i. e.  
from the broken bread and meat which, in great houses,  
was distributed to the poor at the porter's lodge, or reserved  
to be carried every night to the prisons for debtors and  
other necessitous persons. Hence, perhaps, the allusion of  
Ambie. Thus Shirley: "I'll have you clapt up again, where  
you shall howl all day at the grate, for a meal at night from  
the basket." *Bird in a Cage.*

Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstie ;  
My scullion shall come to thee.

*Enter ALLWORTH.*

*Well.* This is rare :  
Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom !  
*All.* We must be strangers ;  
Nor would I have you seen here for a million. [*Exit.*]  
*Well.* Better and better. He contemns me too !  
*Enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*  
*Woman.* Foh, what a smell's here ! what thing's  
this ?  
*Cham.* A creature  
Made out of the privy ; let us hence, for love's  
sake,  
Or I shall swoon.  
*Woman.* I begin to faint already.  
[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*]  
*Watch.* Will you know your way ?  
*Amb.* Or shall we teach it you  
By the head and shoulders ?  
*Well.* No ; I will not stir ;  
Do you mark, I will not : let me see the wretch  
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,  
Created only to make legs, and cringe ;  
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher ;  
That have not souls only to hope a blessing  
Beyond blackjacks or flagons ; you, that were born  
Only to consume meat and drink, and batten  
Upon reversions ?—who advances ? who  
Shows me the way ?  
*Ord.* My lady !

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and  
Chambermaid.*

*Cham.* Here's the monster.

*Woman.* Sweet madam, keep your glove to your  
nose.

*Cham.* Or let me  
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant ;  
You wrong yourself else.

*Well.* Madam, my designs  
Bear me to you.

*L. All.* To me !

*Well.* And though I have met with  
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,  
I hope from you to receive that noble usage  
As may become the true friend of your husband,  
And then I shall forget these.

*L. All.* I am amazed

To see, and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,  
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,  
That I, who to the best men of this country  
Denied my presence, since my husband's death,  
Can fall so low, as to change words with thee ?  
Thou son of infamy, forbear my house,  
And know, and keep the distance that's between us ;  
Or, though it be against my gentler temper,  
I shall take order you no more shall be  
An eyesore to me.

*Well.* Scorn me not, good lady ;

But, as in form you are angelical,  
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe  
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant  
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble  
As that which fills your veins ; those costly jewels,  
And those rich clothes you wear, your men's ob-  
servance,  
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues ;  
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.

A A

You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it ;  
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more  
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown  
For your late noble husband.

*Ord.* How she starts !

*Furn.* And barely can keep finger from the eye,  
To hear him named.

*L. All.* Have you aught else to say ?

*Well.* That husband, madam, was once in his  
fortune

Almost as low as I ; want, debts, and quarrels  
Lay heavy on him : let it not be thought  
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.  
'Twas I that gave him fashion ; mine the sword  
That did on all occasions second his ;  
I brought him on and off, with honour, lady ;  
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,  
And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up\*,  
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,  
And set him upright.

*Furn.* Are not we base rogues  
That could forget this ?

*Well.* I confess, you made him  
Master of your estate ; nor could your friends,  
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you  
for it ;

For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind  
Made up of all parts, either great or noble ;

So winning a behaviour, not to be  
Resisted, madam.

*L. All.* 'Tis most true, he had.

*Well.* For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,  
Do not condemn me.

*L. All.* For what's past excuse me,  
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman  
A hundred pounds.

*Well.* No, madam, on no terms :

I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,  
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.

Only one suit I make, which you deny not  
To strangers ; and 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*]

*L. All.* Fie ! nothing else ?

*Well.* Nothing, unless you please to charge your  
servants,

To throw away a little respect upon me.

*L. All.* What you demand is yours. [*Exit.*]

*Well.* I thank you, lady.

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit  
Is yet in supposition : I have said all ;  
When you please, you may retire :—nay, all's for-  
gotten ;

And, for a lucky omen to my project,  
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

*Ord.* Agreed, agreed.

*Furn.* Still merry master Wellborn. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in Overreach's House.

*Enter OVERREACH and MARRALL.*

*Over.* He's gone, I warrant thee ; this commis-  
sion crush'd him.

*Mar.* Your worships† have the way on't, and  
ne'er miss

To squeeze these unthrifths into air : and yet  
The chapfall'n justice did his part, returning,  
For your advantage, the certificate,  
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,  
With your good favour, to the utter ruin  
Of the poor farmer.

*Over.* 'Twas for these good ends  
I made him a justice : he that bribes his belly  
Is certain to command his soul.

*Mar.* I wonder,  
Still with your license, why, your worship having  
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,  
You are not in't yourself ?

*Over.* Thou art a fool ;  
In being out of office I am out of danger ;  
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,  
I might or out of wilfulness, or error,  
Run myself finely into a premunire,  
And so become a prey to the informer.

No, I'll have none of't ; 'tis enough I keep  
Greedy at my devotion : so he serve  
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not ;  
Friendship is but a word.

*Mar.* You are all wisdom.

*Over.* I would be worldly wise ; for the other  
wisdom,

That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,  
And to do right to others, as ourselves,  
I value not an atom.

*Mar.* What course take you,  
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor  
Of your neighbour, master Frugal ? as 'tis said  
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange ;  
And his land lying in the midst of your many  
lordships

Is a foul blemish.

*Over.* I have thought on't, Marrall,  
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,  
And I the only purchaser.

*Mar.* 'Tis most fit, sir.

*Over.* I'll therefore buy some cottage near his  
manor\*,

\* *Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor, &c.* Sir Giles is a bold and daring oppressor, sufficiently original in his general plans, and not scrupulous of the means employed in their execution. Here, however, he is but an imitator ; the methods of wresting a defenceless neighbour's envied property from him have been understood, and practised, by the Overreaches of all ages, from that of Ahab to the present.—*Licet agros agris adjiciat, says Seneca, vicinum vel pretio peliat aris, vel injuria.* And Juvenal, more at large :

*Et mellor vicina agris ; mercaris et hanc, et  
Arbusta, et densa montem qui canit oliva.  
Quorum si pretio dominus non vincitur ullo,*

• ——— not to be buoy'd up,] So  
Dodsley, and perhaps rightly : the quarto reads, *buoy'd up*.  
† *Mar. Your worships have the way on't, and ne'er miss*]  
This I take to be the genuine reading, for the quarto is both  
incorrect and ungrammatical here. The former editors  
read, *Your worship has, &c.*, as if a compliment were in-  
tended to Overreach ; but Overreach was not in the com-  
mission, which is here said to *have the way on't*.

Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences,  
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night  
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs:  
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,  
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.  
When I have harried him thus two or three year,  
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite  
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard: I could adore you.

Over. Then, with the favour of my man of law,  
I will pretend some title: want will force him  
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell  
For half the value, he shall have ready money,  
And I possess his land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder!

Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not  
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.

*Nocte boves macri, lassaque famelica colla  
Jumenta ad virides hujus militentur aristas.  
Divere viz possis, quam multi talia placent,  
Et quot venales injuria fecerit agros.*

Sal. xiv. ver. 142.

Sir Giles has been usually accounted the creature of the poet. Fortunately for mankind, indeed, such monstrous anomalies in the moral world do not often appear; there can, however, be no doubt of their reality, and the age of Massinger was not without a proof of it.

Sir Giles Mompesson was undoubtedly the prototype of Sir Giles Overreach. He and one Michel had obtained of the facile James a patent for the sole manufacturing of gold and silver thread, which they abused to the most detestable purposes. "They found out," says Wilson, "a new alchemical way to make gold and silver lace with copper and other sophistical materials, to cozen and deceive the people. And so poisonous were the drugs that made up this deceitful composition, that they rotted the hands and arms, and brought lameness upon those that wrought it; some losing their eyes, and many their lives, by the venom of the vapours that came from it."

The clamours were so great on this occasion, that the king was obliged to call in the patent, and prosecute the offenders. There is an allusion to these circumstances in *The Bondman*, which was published while the affair was yet recent:

— Here's another,  
Observe but what a cozening look he has—  
Hold up thy head, man; if, for drawing galleys  
Into mortgages for commodities, cheating heirs  
With your new counterfeit gold thread, and guinn'd  
velvets,

He does not transcend all that went before him,  
Call in his patent."

Act II. sc. iii.

But to proceed: "Sir Giles Mompesson had fortune enough in the country to make him happy, if that sphere could have contained him, but the vulgar and universal error of satiety with present enjoyments, made him too big for a rusticall condition, and when he came at court he was too little for that, so that some novelty must be taken up to set him in equilibrio to the place he was in, no matter what it was, let it be never so pestilent and mischievous to others, he cared not, so he found benefit by it. To him Michel is made compaigner; a poor sneaking justice, that lived among the brothels near Clarton-wel, whose clerk and he picked a livelihood out of those corners, giving warrants for what they did, besides anniversary stipends (the frequent revenue of some justices of those times) for conniving. This thing was a peysounous plant in its own nature, and the fitter to be an ingredient to such a composition—whereby he took liberty to be more ravenous upon poor people, to the grating of the bones, and sucking out the very marrow of their substance." Wilson's *Life and Reign of James I.* sub anno 1621. Fol. 135.

From this apposite extract, which I owe to the kindness of my ingenious friend Mr. Gilchrist, it will be sufficiently apparent not only from whence Massinger derived his principal character, but also where he found Marrall and Greedy. The *sneaking justice*, Michel, undoubtedly sat for the latter, and his clerk for the "term-driving" Marrall; whose hopeful education will now enable the reader to account for his knowledge of the "minerals which he incorporated with the ink and wax" of Wellborn's bond.

This varlet, Marrall\*, lives too long to upbraid me  
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold,  
Nor hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.

I have used all means; and the last night I caused  
His host the tapster to turn him out of doors;  
And have been since with all your friends and  
tenants,

And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,  
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him  
from starving,

Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.

Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou  
must go further,  
And suddenly, Marrall.

Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out, and if  
thou canst,

Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg;  
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,  
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.  
Do any thing to work him to despair,  
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my best, sir.

Over. I am now on my main work with the lord  
Lovell,

The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell,  
The minion of the people's love. I hear  
He's come into the country, and my aims are  
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,  
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you:

This points at my young mistress.

Over. She must part with

That humble title, and write honourable,  
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable  
daughter;

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it!  
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies  
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,  
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.  
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,  
To have their issue whom I have undone  
To kneel to mine as bondslaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chamber-  
maid

That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,  
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.  
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been  
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,  
Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN.

Mar. See, who's here, sir.

Over. Hence, monster! prodigy!

Well. Sir, your wife's nephew\*;

She and my father tumbled in one belly.

Over. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious,  
rogue!

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

\* This varlet, Marrall, lives too long.] So the old copy. The modern editors, for no apparent cause, at least none that I can discover, choose to read, *This varlet*, Wellborn, *lives too long*!

Well. Sir, your wife's nephew.] Coxeter thinks something is lost, because, when Overreach exclaims *monster! prodigy!* Wellborn replies, *Sir, your wife's nephew*. But all is as it should be; his answer evidently implies, *Sir, I am neither one nor the other, but, &c.* This is a common form of speech.

Come hither, Marral!—this is the time to work him. [Exit.]

Mar. I warrant you, sir.

Well. By this light, I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself,

You long since had been mad.

Well. You have ta'en a course  
Between you and my venerable uncle,  
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited\* you,  
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply—

Well. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Well. Thy religion!

The devil's creed!—but what would you have done?

Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,  
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,  
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,  
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.

I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,  
And presently, as you love your credit.

Well. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or  
lice devour you?—

Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,  
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,  
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,  
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,  
And so dispatch the business?

Well. Here's variety,  
I must confess; but I'll accept of none  
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,  
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?  
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take some  
course

For your reputation.

Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,  
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.  
I am as far as thou art from despair;  
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,  
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air  
Will not persuade me or to give or lend  
A token to you.

Well. I'll be more kind to thee:  
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you!

Well. Nay more, dine gratis.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose  
cost?

Are they padders, or abram-men†, that are your  
consorts?

\* Mar. *The more pale-spirited you.* Surely this is very good sense; and yet the modern editors choose to read, *The more dull-spirited you.* I am weary of these everlasting sophistications, without judgment, and without necessity. Since this was written, I have found the same expression in *The Parliament of Love*.

† To what purpose,  
Poor and pale-spirited man, should I expect  
From thee the satisfaction," &c. Act II. Sc. 2.  
So that the old reading is established beyond the possibility of a doubt.

‡ *I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself.* And presently,] This line is wholly omitted both by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, though the sense of the next depends upon it. Less care to amend their author, and more to exhibit him faithfully, might be wished in both of them.

§ *Are they padders, or abram-men, that are your consorts?* An *abram-man* was an impudent impostor, who, under the garb and appearance of a lunatic, rambled about

Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine  
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;  
With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?

With the lady of the lake\*, or queen of fairies?  
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

Well. With the lady Allworth, knave.

Mar. Nay, now there's hope

Thy brain is crack'd.

Well. Mark thee with what respect

I am entertain'd.

Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.

Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine  
own eyes.

Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,  
To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a  
blanket,

If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,  
I will endure thy company.

Well. Come along then.

[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE II.—A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, Chambermaid,  
ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCHALL.

Woman. Could you not command your leisure one  
hour longer?

Cham. Or half an hour?

All. I have told you what my haste is:  
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,  
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,  
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,  
I should neglect my lord.

Woman. Pray you do me the favour  
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket,  
They are of mine own preserving.

Cham. And this marmalade;  
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.

Woman. And, at parting,  
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

Cham. You are still before me. I move the same  
suit, sir. [Allworth kisses them severally.]

Fur. How greedy these chamberers are of a  
beardless chin!

I think the tits will ravish him.

All. My service

To both.

Woman. Ours waits\* on you.

Cham. And shall do ever.

Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore  
careful

That you sustain your parts.

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.

[Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.]

Fur. Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cor-  
dial,

And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd

the country, and compelled, as Decker says, the servants of small families "to give him, through fear, whatever he demanded." A *padder* (a term still in use) is a lurker in the highways, a footpad.

\* *With the lady of the lake.* This is a very prominent character in *Morte Arthur*, and in many of our old romances. She seems to be the Circe of the dark ages; and is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists.

† *Woman. Ours waits on you.* i. e. Our service: corrupted by the former editors into—Ours wait on you.

Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence  
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,  
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots, and marrow.  
Coral, and amberggris: were you two years older,  
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,  
I durst trust you with neither: you need not bait  
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's  
long;  
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow  
*All.* Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much  
grieve  
To part from such true friends; and yet find comfort,  
My attendance on my honourable lord,  
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,  
Will speedily bring me back.

[*Knocking within. Exit Watchall.*

*Mar.* [*within.*] Dar'st thou venture further?

*Well.* [*within.*] Yes, yes, and knock again.

*Ord.* 'Tis he; disperse!

*Amb.* Perform it bravely.

*Furn.* I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exeunt all but Allworth.*

*Re-enter WATCHALL, introducing WELLBORN and MARRALL.*

*Watch.* Beast that I was, to make you stay! most  
welcome;

You were long since expected.

*Well.* Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

*Watch.* For your sake, I will, sir,

*Mar.* For his sake!

*Well.* Mum; this is nothing.

*Mar.* More than ever

I would have believed, though I had found it in my  
primer.

*All.* When I have given you reasons for my late  
harabness,

You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,

Though now I part abruptly, in my service  
I will deserve it.

*Mar.* Service! with a vengeance!

*Well.* I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.

*All.* All joy stay with you! [*Exit.*

*Re-enter AMBLE.*

*Amb.* You are happily encounter'd; I yet never  
Presented one so welcome as, I know,

You will be to my lady.

*Mar.* This is some vision;

Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;  
It cannot be a truth.

*Well.* Be still a pagan,

An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,  
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips!

*Re-enter FURNACE.*

*Furn.* I am glad you are come; until I know  
your pleasure,

I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

*Mar.* His pleasure! is it possible?

*Well.* What's thy will?

*Furn.* Marry, sir, I have some grouse, and tur-  
key chicken,

Somerails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask you,  
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,

I hat I may use my utmost skill to please it.

*Mar.* The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his  
palate,

That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelve-  
[month,

Durst wish but cheeseparings and brown bread on  
Sundays!

*Well.* That way I like them best.

*Furn.* It shall be done, sir.

*Well.* What think you of the hedge we shall dine  
under?

Shall we feed gratis?

*Mar.* I know not what to think;

Pray you make me not mad.

*Re-enter ORDER.*

*Ord.* This place becomes you not;

Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.

*Well.* I am well here

Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

*Mar.* Well here, say you?

'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought  
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

*Re-enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*

*Woman.* O! sir, you are wish'd for.

*Cham.* My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

*Woman.* And the first command she gave, after  
she rose,

Was (her devotions done), to give her notice  
When you approach'd here.

*Cham.* Which is done, on my virtue.

*Mar.* I shall be converted; I begin to grow  
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels  
Could have won me to have faith in.

*Wom.* Sir, my lady!

*Enter LADY ALLWORTH.*

*L. All.* I come to meet you, and languish'd till I  
saw you.

This first kiss is for form\*; I allow a second

To such a friend. [*Kisses Wellborn.*

*Mar.* To such a friend! heaven bless me!

*Well.* I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you  
please

To grace this gentleman with a salute ———

*Mar.* Salute me at his bidding!

*Well.* I shall receive it

As a most high favour.

*L. All.* Sir, you may command me.

[*Advances to salute Marrall.*

*Well.* Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!

*Mar.* To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour

I am unworthy of. [*Offers to kiss her foot.*

*L. All.* Nay, pray you rise;

And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:

You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.

*Mar.* Your ladyship's table! I am not good  
enough

To sit at your steward's board.

*L. All.* You are too modest:

I will not be denied.

*Re-enter FURNACE.*

*Furn.* Will you still be babbling  
Till your meat freeze on the table? the old trick still,

My art ne'er thought on!

*L. All.* Your arm, master Wellborn: ———

Nay, keep us company.

*Mar.* I was ne'er so graced.

[*Exeunt Wellborn, Lady Allworth, Ambler, Marrall,*

*Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*

*Ord.* So! we have play'd our parts, and are come  
off well:

\* This first kiss is for form; So the quarto: Coxeter ab-  
surdly reads for me.

But if I know the mystery why my lady  
Consented to it, or why master Wellborn  
Desired it, may I perish!

*Furn.* Would I had  
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,  
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!  
By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,  
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants  
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met  
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.

*Watch.* What will you take  
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

*Furn.* Just as much  
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't  
To have a usurer that starves himself,  
And wears a cloak of one-and-twenty years  
On\* a suit of fourteen groats bought of the hang-  
man;

To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:  
But this sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,  
Who must at his command do any outrage;  
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;  
Yet he to admiration still increases  
In wealth and lordships.

*Ord.* He frights men out of their estates,  
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill  
men,

As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.  
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never  
Lodged so unluckily†.

*Re-enter AMBLE.*

*Amb.* Ah! ha! I shall burst.

*Ord.* Contain thyself, man.

*Furn.* Or make us partakers  
Of your sudden mirth.

*Amb.* Ha! ha! my lady has got  
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marrall,  
This snip of an attorney—

*Furn.* What of him, man?

*Amb.* The knave thinks still he's at the cook's  
shop in Ram Alley‡.

Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose;  
And feeds so slovenly!

*Furn.* Is this all?

*Amb.* My lady  
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please master  
Wellborn;

As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish  
In which there was some remnants of a boil'd  
capon,

And pledges her in white broth!

*Furn.* Nay, 'tis like  
The rest of his tribe.

*Amb.* And when I brought him wine,  
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,  
Most humbly thanks my worship.

*Ord.* Risen already!

*Amb.* I shall be chid.

\* On a suit, &c.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, Or a suit, which totally destroys the author's meaning. But in their editions every page, and almost every speech, of this fine Comedy, is replete with similar blunders.

† The character of Sir Giles is unfolded by these men with great spirit and precision.

‡ *Ram Alley* is one of the avenues into the Temple from Fleet Street: the number of its cooks' shops is alluded to in Barry's comedy:

"And though Ram Alley stinks with cooks and ale,  
Yet say, there's many a worthy lawyer's chamber . . .  
That butts upon it." *Ram Alley*, Act I.

*Re-enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, and MARRALL.*

*Furn.* My lady frowns.

*L. All.* You wait well.

[*To Amble.*  
Let me have no more of this; I observed your  
jeering:

Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy  
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,  
When I am present, is not your companion.

*Ord.* Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

*Furn.* This refreshing  
Follows your flux of laughter.

*L. All.* [*To Wellborn.*] You are master  
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,  
As not to enquire your purposes; in a word  
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house  
That is your own.

*Well.* Mark that.

*Mar.* With reverence, sir,  
An it like your worship\*.

*Well.* Trouble yourself no further;  
Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service,  
However in my language I am sparing.

Come, master Marrall.

*Mar.* I attend your worship.

[*Exeunt Wellborn and Marrall.*

*L. All.* I see in your looks you are sorry, and you  
know me

An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.  
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must give you  
Further directions.

*Ord.* What you please.

*Furn.* We are ready.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—The Country near Lady Allworth's House.

*Enter WELLBORN and MARRALL.*

*Well.* I think I am in a good way.

*Mar.* Good! sir; the best way,  
The certain best way.

*Well.* There are casualties  
That men are subject to.

*Mar.* You are above them;  
And as you are already worshipful,  
I hope ere long you will increase in worship.  
And be right worshipful.

*Well.* Prithee do not flout me:  
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease  
You keep your hat off?

*Mar.* Ease, an it like your worship!  
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,  
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,  
Though it hail hazel nuts, as to be cover'd  
When your worship's present.

*Well.* Is not this a true rogue,  
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,  
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already. [*Aside.*

*Mar.* I know your worship's wise, and needs no  
counsel:

Yet if, in my desire to do you service,  
I humbly offer my advice (but still

\* *Mar.* With reverence, sir,  
An it like your worship.] This change of language in Mar-  
rall is worth notice: it is truly characteristic.

Under correction), I hope I shall not  
Incur your high displeasure.

*Well.* No; speak freely.

*Mar.* Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple  
judgment

(Still with your worship's favour), I could wish you  
A better habit, for this cannot be  
But much distasteful to the noble lady  
(I say no more) that loves you: for, this morning,  
To me, and I am but a swine to her,  
Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,  
You savour'd not of amber.

*Well.* I do now then!

*Mar.* This your batoon hath got a touch of it.—

*[Kisses the end of his cudgel.]*

Yet if you please, for change, I have twenty pounds  
here,

Which, out of my true love, I'll presently  
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to  
buy you

A riding suit.

*Well.* But where's the horse?

*Mar.* My gelding

Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,  
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble  
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord  
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,  
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd Knave's-  
acre,

A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

*Well.* I thank thy love, but must make no use  
of it;

What's twenty pounds?

*Mar.* 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

*Well.* Dost thou think, though I want clothes I  
could not have them,

For one word to my lady?

*Mar.* As I know not that!

*Well.* Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave  
thee.

I'll not give her the advantage, though she be  
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married  
(There being no woman, but is sometimes froward),  
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced  
To buy my wedding-clothes and took me on  
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.  
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,  
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-  
acre,

When it is mine, 'tis thine.

*[Exit.]*

*Mar.* I thank your worship.

How was I cozen'd in the calculation  
Of this man's fortune! my master cozen'd too,  
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;  
For that is our profession! Well, well, master  
Wellborn,  
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be  
cheated:

Which, if the Fates please, when you are possess'd  
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.  
I'll presently think of the means.

*[Walks by, musing.]*

Enter OVERRERACH, speaking to a Servant within.

*Over.* Sirrah, take my horse.

I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile,  
And exercise will keep me from being pursesey.  
Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? perhaps  
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do  
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels  
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,  
So it be done. Marrall!

*Mar.* Sir.

*Over.* How succeed we  
In our plot on Wellborn?

*Mar.* Never better, sir.

*Over.* Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

*Mar.* No, sir, he lives;  
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,  
A greater prey than ever.

*Over.* Art thou in thy wits?

If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

*Mar.* A lady, sir, has fall'n in love with him.

*Over.* With him! what lady?

*Mar.* The rich lady Allworth.

*Over.* Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?

*Mar.* I speak truth,

And I do so but once a year, unless

It be to you, sir; we dined with her ladyship,  
I thank his worship.

*Over.* His worship!

*Mar.* As I live, sir,  
I dined with him, at the great lady's table,  
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd  
him,

And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too;  
But I was not so audacious, as some youths are\*,  
That dare do any thing, be it ne'er so absurd,  
And sad after performance.

*Over.* Why, thou rascal!

To tell me these impossibilities.

Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee! —

Impudent varlet, have not I myself,

To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew  
open,

Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,

In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor?

And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Well-  
born,

Were brought into her presence, feasted with  
her! —

But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,

This most incredible lie would call up one

On thy buttermilk cheeks.

*Mar.* Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,

Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

*Over.* You shall feel me, if you give not over,  
sirrah:

Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd  
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids  
Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond  
these

Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you

From my employments.

\* But I was not so audacious, and some youths are,] Mr  
Dodsley has,

"But I was not so audacious as some youths are,  
And dare do any thing, &c.

I think the old reading right. COXETER.

Mr. M. Mason follows Dodsley. If *and* be the genuine  
word, it is used for the old subjunctive particle *as* (if); but  
whatever be its nature, it was corrected at the press in some  
of the copies as it now stands. In the next verse, for *And*,  
which was probably taken, by a common error, from the  
word immediately under it, I have ventured to substitute  
*That*.

\* As I know not that? This, like too many others, is  
printed by the modern editors as an imperfect sentence: the  
expression is, however, complete, and means, in colloquial  
language, As if I do, or did, not know that you might!

Mar. Will you credit this yet?  
On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Well-born—  
I would give a crown now I durst say his worship— [Aside.  
My nag, and twenty pounds.  
Over. Did you so, idiot! [Strikes him down.  
Was this the way to work him to despair,  
Or rather to cross me?  
Mar. Will your worship kill me?  
Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.  
Mar. He's gone.

Over. I have done then : now, forgetting  
Your late imaginary feast and lady,  
Know, my lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow.  
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him ;  
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,  
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll  
thank them :  
There's a piece for my late blows.  
Mar. I must yet suffer :  
But there may be a time— [Aside.  
Over. Do you grumble?  
Mar. No, sir. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—The Country near Overreach's House.

Enter Lord Lovell, Allworth, and Servants.

Lov. Walk the horses down the hill : something in private

I must impart to Allworth. [Exeunt Servants\*.

All. O, my lord,  
What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,  
Although I could put off the use of sleep,  
And ever wait on your commands to serve them ;  
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,  
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,  
Can I, and with a thankful willingness suffer ;  
But still the retribution will fall short  
Of your bounties shower'd upon me !

Lov. Loving youth ;  
Till what I purpose be put into act,  
Do not o'erprize it ; since you have trusted me  
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,  
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet lock'd  
Treachery shall never open. I have found you  
(For so much to your face I must profess,  
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush  
for't)

More zealous in your love and service to me,  
Than I have been in my rewards.

All. Still great ones,  
Above my merit.

Lov. Such your gratitude calls them :  
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper  
As some great men are tax'd with, who imagine  
They part from the respect due to their honours,  
If they use not all such as follow them,  
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.  
I am not so condition'd : I can make  
A fitting difference between my footboy,  
And a gentleman by want compell'd to serve me.

All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged ; you have  
been

More like a father to me than a master :  
Pray you pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it ;  
And to give you assurance I am pleas'd in't,

My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,  
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me  
I can command my passions.

All. 'Tis a conquest  
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted.—Oh!

Lov. Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful of  
me?

By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,  
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,  
I will not be more true to mine own honour,  
Than to my Allworth !

All. As you are the brave lord Lovell,  
Your bare word only given is an assurance  
Of more validity and weight to me,  
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,  
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers  
practise :

Yet being a man (for, sure, to style you more  
Would relish of gross flattery), I am forced  
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,  
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

Lov. So young, and jealous !

All. Were you to encounter with a single foe,  
The victory were certain ; but to stand  
The charge of two such potent enemies,  
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,  
And those too seconded with power, is odds  
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,  
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language,  
That I may understand them.

All. What's your will,  
Though I lend arms against myself (provided  
They may advantage you), must be obey'd.  
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,  
The cannon of her more than earthly form,  
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,  
And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,  
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses  
Could batter none, but that which guards your  
sight.

But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue  
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds  
Assault your hearing (such as Ulysses, if [he]  
Now lived again\*, howe'er he stood the syrens,

\* Exeunt Servants.] Exeunt Servi, says the quarto; this Coxeter translates Exeunt Scruant, and is faithfully followed by Mr. M. Mason in his correctest of all editions !

\* ————— such as Ulysses, [if [he]  
Now lived again, &c.] As this passage stands in the

Could not resist), the combat must grow doubtful  
Between your reason and rebellious passions.  
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and  
breath

Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er  
Arabia, creating gums and spices;  
And in the van, the nectar of her lips,  
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,  
Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse  
And knowing manners, to give entertainment;—  
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,  
To follow such a Venus.

*Lov.* Love hath made you  
Poetical, Allworth.

*All.* Grant all these beat off,  
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,  
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in  
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,  
To make her more remarkable, as would tire  
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.  
O my good lord! these powerful aids, which would  
Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful  
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,  
That in herself is all perfection), must  
Prevail for her: I here release your trust;  
'Tis happiness, enough, for me to serve you,  
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.

*Lov.* Why, shall I swear?  
*All.* O, by no means, my lord;  
And wrong not so your judgment to the world,  
As from your fond indulgence to a boy.  
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing  
Divers great men are rivals for.

*Lov.* Suspend  
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it  
To Overreach' house?

*All.* At the most some half hour's riding;  
You'll soon be there.

*Lov.* And you the sooner freed  
From your jealous fears.

*All.* O that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—A Room in Overreach's House.

*Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, and MARSHALL.*

*Over.* Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack  
with the weight  
Of curious viands.

*Greedy.* Store indeed's no sore, sir.

*Over.* That proverb fits your stomach, master  
Greedy.

And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,  
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter  
That it is made of; let my choicest linen  
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,  
With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,  
That he may\* with envy wish to bathe so ever.

former editions it is scarcely reconcilable either to grammar or sense. I have hazarded the transposition of one word (if) and the addition of another (he). For the former, I make no apology, as the incorrect state of the old copies frequently renders it necessary; for the latter, I solicit the reader's indulgence.

—let my choicest linen,

Perfume the room, and when we wash, the water,

With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,

That he may, &c.] Such is the reading of the quarto. Coxeter, who probably misunderstood it, adapted it to his

*Mar.* 'Twill be very chargeable.

*Over.* A vaunt, you drudge!

Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,  
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter,  
And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,  
And plenty of them—

*Greedy.* As I do, indeed, sir,  
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.

*Over.* I do confer that providence\*, with my  
power

Of absolute command to have abundance,  
To your best care.

*Greedy.* I'll punctually discharge it,  
And give the best directions. Now am I  
In mine own conceit a monarch, at the least  
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the baked.  
For which I will eat often; and give thanks  
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and that's  
pure justice. [*Exit.*]

*Over.* It must be so: should the foolish girl  
prove modest,

She may spoil all; she had it not from me,  
But from her mother; I was ever forward,  
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

*Enter MARGARET.*

Alone, and let your women wait without.

*Marg.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Over.* Ha! this is a neat dressing!  
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed too!  
The gown affects me not, it should have been  
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold:  
But these rich jewels, and quaint fashion help it.  
And how below! since oft the wanton eye,  
The face observed, descends unto the foot,  
Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,  
Invites as much as perfect white and red,  
Though without art. How like you your new  
woman,

The lady Downfallen?

*Marg.* Well, for a companion;

Not as a servant.

*Over.* Is she humble, Meg,  
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

*Marg.* I pity her fortune.

*Over.* Pity her! trample on her.  
I took her up in an old tamin gown†,

own ideas in this perverse and vapid manner, and was, of course, followed by Mr. M. Mason:

—Lay my choicest linen,

Perfume the room, and when we wash, the water

With precious powders mix'd, to please my lord,

That he may, &c.

\* I do confer that providence.] All the modern editors read, that province: and thus they keep up an eternal war against their author's fancied peculiarities!—but indeed the word is used by other writers, and precisely in the sense here required. Thus Shirley, in a very pretty passage:

"Lady, you are welcome to the spring; the park

Looks fresher to salute you: how the birds

On every tree sing with more cheerfulness

At your access, as if they prophesied

Nature would die, and resign her providence

To you, fit to succeed her!" *Hyde Park.*

† I took her up in an old tamin gown.] Dodsley and Coxeter (Mr. M. Mason only "follows as a bound that fills up the cry") not knowing what to make of this word, changed it without ceremony into tattered, nay, without condescending to notice the variation! But tamin is undoubtedly right; it is a coarse livery-walrusy stuff, still worn by the poor of this country under the name of taming or rather tannin; a corruption, I suppose, of tanning, &c., which has the same meaning. The annals of literature do not afford an instance of another writer so unworthily treated as Maseinger.

(Even starved for want of twopenny chops), to serve thee,  
And if I understand she but repines  
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,  
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him,

Into the Counter, and there let them howl together.  
*Marg.* You know your own ways, but for me, I blush

When I command her, that was once attended  
With persons not inferior to myself  
In birth.

*Over.* In birth! why, art thou not my daughter,  
The blest child of my industry and wealth?  
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,  
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways  
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not!  
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself  
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;  
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,  
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,  
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.

*Marg.* I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

*Re-enter GREEDY.*

*Over.* How! interrupted!

*Greedy.* 'Tis matter of importance.

The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn  
From my experience; there's a fawn brought in, sir;  
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it  
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;  
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling  
'Tis not worth three-pence.

*Over.* Would it were whole in thy belly,  
To stuff it out! cook it any way; prithee leave me.

*Greedy.* Without order for the dumpling?

*Over.* Let it be dumpled

Which way thou wilt! or tell him, I will scald him  
In his own caldron.

*Greedy.* I had lost my stomach  
Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll give thanks  
for't. *[Exit.]*

*Over.* But to our business, Meg; you have heard  
who dines here?

*Marg.* I have, sir.

*Over.* 'Tis an honourable man;  
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment  
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,  
A bold and understanding one: and to be  
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,  
Is granted unto few but such as rise up  
The kingdom's glory.

*Re-enter GREEDY.*

*Greedy.* I'll resign my office,  
If I be not better obey'd.

*Over.* 'Slight, art thou frantic?

*Greedy.* Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and  
stark mad,

Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,  
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.  
There are a dozen of woodcocks—

*Over.* Make thyself

Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

*Greedy.* I am contented,  
So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has found  
out

A new device for sauce, and will not dish them  
With toasts and butter; my father was a tailor,

And my name, though a justice, Greedy Woodcock;  
And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,  
I'll give up my commission.

*Over.* Cook!—Rogue, obey him!  
I have given the word; pray you now remove your-  
self

To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

*Greedy.* I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner. *[Exit.]*

*Over.* And, as I said, Meg, when this gull dis-  
turb'd us,

This honourable lord, this colonel,  
I would have thy husband.

*Marg.* There's too much disparity  
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.

*Over.* I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it.  
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth  
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.  
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me;  
Remember he's a courtier, and a seldier,  
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when  
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:  
This mincing modesty has spoil'd many a match  
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.

*Marg.* You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance  
that

Confines a virgin?

*Over.* Virgin me no virgins!

I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.

I will have you private—start not—I say private:

If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,  
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he  
came

Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too;

And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.

*Marg.* I have heard this is the strumpets' fashion,  
sir,

Which I must never learn.

*Over.* Learn any thing,

And from any creature, that may make thee great;  
From the devil himself.

*Marg.* This is but devilish doctrine!

*Over.* Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer  
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,  
But meet his ardour; if a couch be near,  
Sit down on't, and invite him.

*Marg.* In your house,

Your own house, sir! for heaven's sake, what are you  
then?

Or what shall I be, sir?

*Over.* Stand not on form;

Words are no substances.

*Marg.* Though you could dispense  
With your own honour, cast aside religion,  
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell; excuse me,

In worldly policy this is not the way  
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it may do.

My maiden honour so soon yielded up,  
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him

I, that am light to him, will not hold weight,  
Whene'er\* tempted by others: so, in judgment,

When to his lust I have given up my honour,  
He must and will forsake me.

*Over.* How! forsake thee!

\* *Whene'er tempted by others:* The quarto reads, *When he is tempted, &c.* This is evidently wrong, but I am not sure that I have struck out the genuine reading. Dodsley, whom the others follow, omits *he is*, which leaves a very inharmonious line.

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm  
Shrunk up, or wither'd? does there live a man  
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,  
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground  
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?  
Forsake thee when the thing is done! he dares not.  
Give me but proof he has enjoy'd thy person,  
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,  
Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,  
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,  
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,  
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render  
A bloody and a strict accompt, and force him,  
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour!  
I have said it.

*Enter MARRALL.*

*Mar.* Sir, the man of honour's come,  
Newly alighted.

*Over.* In, without reply;  
And do as I command, or thou art lost.

[*Exit Margaret.*]

Is the loud music I gave order for  
Ready to receive him?

*Mar.* 'Tis, sir.

*Over.* Let them sound  
A princely welcome. Roughness awhile leave me;  
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,  
Must make way for me.

*Loud music.* *Enter Lord Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, and MARRALL.*

*Lov.* Sir, you meet your trouble.

*Over.* What you are pleased to style so, is an  
honour

Above my worth and fortunes.

*All.* Strange! so humble.

*Over.* A justice of peace, my lord.

[*Presents Greedy to him.*]

*Lov.* Your hand, good sir.

*Greedy.* This is a lord, and some think this a  
favour;

But I had rather have my hand in my dumping.  
*Over.* Room for my lord.

*Lov.* I miss, sir, your fair daughter  
To crown my welcome.

*Over.* May it please my lord  
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly  
She shall attend my lord.

*Lov.* You'll be obey'd, sir.

[*Exeunt all but Overreach.*]

*Over.* 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask for  
her!

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!—

*Re-enter MARGARET.*

How! tears in your eyes!

Hah! dry them quickly, or I'll dig them out.  
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness  
That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis  
For me to say, My honourable daughter;  
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on\*;  
Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more,  
But be instructed, or expect—he comes!

*Re-enter Lord Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, and  
MARRALL.*

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.

[*Lord Lovell salutes Margaret.*]

\* ————— Put on; i. e. be covered.

*Lov.* As I live, a rare one.

*All.* He's ta'en already: I am lost.

*Over.* That kiss

Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room.

[*Exeunt all but Over, Lov, and Marg.*]

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,  
I hope, will teach her boldness.

*Lov.* I am happy in such a scholar: but—

*Over.* I am past learning,  
And therefore leave you to yourselves: remember.

[*Exit.*]

*Lov.* You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous  
To have you change the barren name of virgin  
Into a hopeful wife.

*Marg.* His haste, my lord,  
Holds no power o'er my will.

*Lov.* But o'er your duty.

*Marg.* Which, forced too much, may break.

*Lov.* Bend rather, sweetest:  
Think of your years.

*Marg.* Too few to match with yours;  
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and  
wither.

*Lov.* Do you think I am old?

*Marg.* I am sure I am too young.

*Lov.* I can advance you.

*Marg.* To a hill of sorrow;  
Where every hour I may expect to fall,  
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,  
I of a low descent, however rich;  
And tissues match'd with scarlet suit but ill.  
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that  
I dare not trust these walls.

*Lov.* Pray you, trust my ear then.

*Re-enter OVERREACH behind, listening.*

*Over.* Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!  
And by their postures, a consent on both parts.

*Re-enter GREEDY behind.*

*Greedy.* Sir Giles, sir Giles!

*Over.* The great fiend stop that clapper!

*Greedy.* It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings  
noon.

The baked meats are run out, the roast turn'd  
powder.

*Over.* I shall powder you.

*Greedy.* Beat me to dust, I care not;  
In such a cause as this I'll die a martyr.

*Over.* Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the  
shambles\*! [Strikes him,

*Greedy.* How! strike a justice of peace! 'tis petty  
treason

*Edwardi quinto:* but that you are my friend,  
I could commit you without bail or mainprize.

*Over.* Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit  
you

Where you shall not dine to-day; disturb my lord  
When he is in discourse!

\* *Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the shambles!* Literally from Horace:

*Pernicies et tempestas, barathrumque macelli!*  
*Barathrum* is frequently used by our old poets in the classical sense of an abyss, or devouring gulf: Thus Shirley,  
"You come to scour your maw with the good cheer  
Which will be damn'd in your lean *barathrum*,  
You kitchen-stuff devourer!" *The Wedding.*

Massinger has taken a few traits of the character of his justice from Psallipho, in the old comedy of *The Supplices*.

*Greedy.* Is't a time to talk,  
When we should be munching?

*Lov.* Hah! I heard some noise.

*Over.* Mum, villain; vanish! shall we break a bargain

Almost made up? [*Thrusts Greedy off.*]

*Lov.* Lady, I understand you,  
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it;  
I'll be a careful pilot to direct  
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

*Marg.* So shall your honour save two lives, and  
bind us

Your slaves for ever.

*Lov.* I am in the act rewarded,  
Since it is good; howe'er, you must put on  
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude  
Your subtle father.

*Marg.* I am prone to that.

*Lov.* Now break we off our conference.—Sir  
Giles!

Where is Sir Giles? [*Overreach comes forward.*]

*Re-enter ALLWORTH, MARRALL, and GREEDY.*

*Over.* My noble lord; and how  
Does your lordship find her?

*Lov.* Apt, sir Giles, and coming;  
And I like her the better.

*Over.* So do I too.

*Lov.* Yet should we take forts at the first assault,  
'Twere poor in the defendant; I must confirm her  
With a love letter or two, which I must have  
Delivered by my page, and you give way to't.

*Over.* With all my soul:—a towardly gentleman!  
Your hand, good master Allworth; know my house  
Is ever open to you.

*All.* 'Twas shut till now.

[*Aside.*]

*Over.* Well done, well done, my honourable  
daughter!

Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,  
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

*Marg.* I shall, with my best care.

[*Noise within, as of a coach.*]

*Over.* A coach!

*Greedy.* More stops  
Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.*

*L. All.* If I find welcome,  
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,  
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for all  
Can be objected.

*Lov.* How! the lady Allworth!

*Over.* And thus attended!

[*Lovell salutes Lady Allworth, Lady Allworth  
salutes Margaret.*]

*Mar.* No, I am a dolt,  
The spirit of lies hath enter'd me.

*Over.* Peace, Patch\*;

'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment  
That does possess me wholly!

*Lov.* Noble lady,

This is a favour, to prevent my visit,  
The service of my life can never equal.

\* *Over.* Peace, Patch;] *Patch* was the name of a fool kept by Cardinal Wolsey, and who has deservedly had the honour of transmitting his appellation to a very numerous body of descendants; he being, as Wilson observes, in his *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553, "a notable fool in his time."

† ———— to prevent my visit,] i. e. to anticipate it.

*L. All.* My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped

You would have made my poor house your first inn:  
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,  
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,  
In this unequall'd beauty, for your stay;  
And fearing to trust any but myself  
With the relation of my service to you,  
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,  
And took the air in person to invite you.

*Lov.* Your bounties are so great, they rob me,  
madam,  
Of words to give you thanks.

*L. All.* Good sir Giles Overreach. [*Salutes him.*]  
—How dost thou Marrall? liked you my meat  
so ill,

You'll dine no more with me?

*Greedy.* I will, when you please,  
An it like your ladyship.

*L. All.* When you please, master Greedy;  
If meat can do it you shall be satisfied.  
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge  
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,

[*Presents Wellborn.*]

His inward linings are as fine and fair  
As any man's; wonder not I speak at large:  
And howsoe'er his humour carries him  
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever  
For his wild life hath stuck upon his fame,  
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself  
With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles

Overreach,  
If I am welcome, bid him so.

*Over.* My nephew!  
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have,  
Pray let it be mended.

[*Lovell conferring aside with Wellborn.*]

*Mar.* Why, sir, what do you mean?  
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,  
That should hang or drown himself; no man of  
worship.

Much less your nephew.

*Over.* Well, sirrah, we shall reckon  
For this hereafter.

*Mar.* I'll not lose my jeer,  
Though I be beaten dead for't.

*Well.* Let my silence plead  
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure  
Offer itself to hear a full relation  
Of my poor fortunes.

*Lov.* I would hear, and help them.

*Over.* Your dinner waits you.

*Lov.* Pray you lend, we follow.

*L. All.* Nay, you are my guest; come, dear mas-  
ter Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but Greedy.*]

*Greedy.* Dear master Wellborn! So she said;  
heaven! heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate  
All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants  
To have him committed, from all prisons in the  
shire,

To Nottingham gaol; and now, Dear master  
Wellborn!

And, My good nephew!—but I play the fool  
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

*Re-enter MARRALL.*

Are they set, Marrall?

*Mar.* Long since; pray you a word, sir.

*Greedy.* No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must; my master  
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with  
you,

And does entreat you, more guests being come in  
Than he expected, especially his nephew,  
The table being full too, you would excuse him,  
And sup with him on the cold meat.

Greedy. How! no dinner,  
After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a penance for  
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.

Greedy. That was  
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commission  
Give place to a tatterdemalion!

Mar. No bug\* words, sir;  
Should his worship hear you—

Greedy. Lost my dumpling too,  
And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks!

Mar. Come, have patience.  
If you will dispense a little with your worship,  
And sit with the waiting women, you'll have  
dumpling,

Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me:  
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Room in Overreach's House.

Enter OVERREACH, as from dinner.

Over. She's caught! O women!—she neglects my  
lord,

And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!  
The garments of her widowhood laid by,  
She now appears as glorious as the spring.  
Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she drinks,  
He being her pledge, she sends him burning  
kisses,

And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.

She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks;  
And if in our discourse he be but named,  
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I  
At this? it makes for me; if she prove his,  
All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your  
rising.

Over. No matter, I'll excuse it: prithee Marrall,  
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew  
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who! the rogue  
The lady scorn'd to look on?

Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be with-  
out him.

L. All. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous  
dinner,  
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two  
In your rare garden.

Over. There's an arbour too,

If your ladyship please to use it.

L. All. Come, master Wellborn.

[Exeunt Lady Allworth and Wellborn.]

\* Mar. No bug words, sir; i. e. no frightful, terrific  
words: the word occurs in this sense in all our old poets.

Over. Grosser and grosser! now I believe the poet  
Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote  
Pasiphaë was enamour'd of a bull:

This lady's lust's more monstrous. My good lord,

Enter Lord LOVELL, MARGARET, and the rest.

Excuse my manners.

Lov. There needs none, sir Giles,  
I may ere long say Father, when it pleases  
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make  
me happy.

Re-enter WELLBORN and Lady ALLWORTH.

Marg. My lady is return'd.

L. All. Provide my coach,  
I'll instantly away; my thanks, sir Giles,  
For my entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your nobleness  
To think it such.

L. All. I must do you a further wrong,  
In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good sir  
Giles.

L. All. Good mistress Margaret; nay come,  
master Wellborn,

I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must  
not.

Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once;  
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my  
coach,

And, after some small conference between us,  
Soon overtake your ladyship.

L. All. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. This parting kiss: [Kisses Margaret.] you  
shall every day hear from me

By my faithful page.

All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.

[Exeunt Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth,  
and Marrall.]

Over. Daughter, to your chamber.—[Exit Mar-  
garet.]—You may wonder, nephew,

After so long an enmity between us,

I should desire your friendship.

Well. So I do, sir;

'Tis strange to me.

Over. But I'll make it no wonder;  
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.

We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen,  
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand

To lift them up, but rather set our feet  
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;

As, I must yield, with you I practised it:

But, now I see you in a way to rise,  
I can and will assist you; this rich lady  
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you;

'Tis too apparent, nephew.

Well. No such thing:

Compassion rather, sir.

Over. Well, in a word,

Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen  
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,  
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my  
labour. [Aside.]

Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far  
hence,

In pawn; I will redeem them; and that no clamour  
May taint your credit for your petty debts,

You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off,  
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.

*Well.* This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—

*Over.* As it is, nephew.

*Well.* Binds me still your servant.

*Over.* No compliments, you are staid for: ere you have supp'd [my nephew!  
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for To-morrow I will visit you.

*Well.* Here's an uncle  
In a man's extremes! how much they do belie you,

That say you are hard hearted!

*Over.* My deeds, nephew,  
Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh not.

[*Exeunt.*]

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

*Enter Lord Lovell and Allworth.*

*Lov.* 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now discharge you

From further service: mind your own affairs, I hope they will prove successful.

*All.* What is blest

With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper. Let aftertimes report, and to your honour, How much I stand engaged, for I want language To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply My tongue's defects, I could—

*Lov.* Nay, do not melt:

This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.

*Over.* [within.] Is my lord stirring?

*Lov.* 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let him in.

*Enter Overreach, Greedy, and Marfall.*

*Over.* A good day to my lord!

*Lov.* You are an early riser,  
Sir Giles.

*Over.* And reason, to attend your lordship.

*Lov.* And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon!

*Greedy.* In troth, my lord, after the sun is up I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,

I have a serious question to demand Of my worthy friend sir Giles.

*Lov.* Pray you use your pleasure.

*Greedy.* How far, sir Giles, and pray you answer me Upon your credit, hold you it to be From your manor-house, to this of my lady Allworth's?

*Over.* Why, some four mile.

*Greedy.* How! four mile, good sir Giles— Upon your reputation, think better;

For if you do abate but one half quarter Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong That can be in the world; for four miles riding Could not have raised so huge an appetite As I feel gnawing on me.

*Mar.* Whether you ride,  
Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,  
An it please your worship.

*Over.* How now, sirrah! prating Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew; See all his debts discharged, and help his worship To fit on his rich suit.

*Mar.* I may fit you too.

Toss'd like a dog still.

[*Exit.*]

*Lov.* I have writ this morning

A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

*Over.* 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already:—

Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you

To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead

For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.

That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a licea

Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,

And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,

My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

*Greedy.* Take my advice, young gentleman, get your breakfast;

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with you, And eat to purpose.

*Over.* Some fury's in that gut:

Hungry again! did you not devour this morning A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?

*Greedy.* Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,

A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,

I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,

Alone, while I am here.

*Lov.* Haste your return.

*All.* I will not fail, my lord.

*Greedy.* Nor I to line

My Christmas coffer.

[*Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.*]

*Over.* To my wish; we are private.

I come not to make offer with my daughter

A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:

In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,

In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,

With her my lord comes to you; nor shall you have One motive to induce you to believe

I live too long, since every year I'll add

Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

*Lov.* You are a right kind father.

*Over.* You shall have reason

To think me such. How do you like this seat?

It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres

Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change

To entertain your friends in a summer progress?

What thinks my noble lord?

*Lov.* 'Tis a wholesome air,

And well built pile; and she that's mistress of it Worthy the large revenue.

*Over.* She the mistress!

It may be so for a time: but let my lord

Say only that he likes it, and would have it,  
I say, ere long 'tis his.

*Lov.* Impossible.

*Over.* You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,  
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone  
The lady Allworth's lands, for those once Well-  
born's

(As by her dotage on him I know they will be),  
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's  
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient  
And useful for your lordship, and once more  
I say aloud, they are your's.

*Lov.* I dare not own  
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;  
My fame and credit are more dear to me,  
Than so to expose them to be censured by  
The public voice.

*Over.* You run, my lord, no hazard.  
Your reputation shall stand as fair  
In all good men's opinions as now;  
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,  
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.  
For, though I do condemn report myself,  
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender  
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,  
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,  
Nor your unquestioned integrity,  
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot  
That may take from your innocence and candour.  
All my ambition is to have my daughter  
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:  
And might I live to dance upon my knee  
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,  
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.  
As for possessions, and annual rents,  
Equivalent to maintain you in the port  
Your noble birth and present state requires,  
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,  
And take it on mine own: for though I ruin  
The country to supply your riotous waste,  
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find  
you.

*Lov.* Are you not frighted with the imprecations  
And curses of whole families, made wretched  
By your sinister practices?

*Over.* Yes, as rocks are,  
When foamy billows split themselves against  
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,  
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her  
brightness.

I am of a solid temper, and, like these,  
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,  
If call'd into the field, I can make that right  
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.  
Now for these other piddling complaints  
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me  
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder  
On my poor neighbours' right, or grand incloser  
Of what was common, to my private use:  
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widow's cries,  
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,  
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter  
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm  
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,  
Or the least sting of conscience.

*Lov.* I admire  
The toughness of your nature.

*Over.* 'Tis for you,  
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;  
Nay more, if you will have my character

In little, I enjoy more true delight  
In my arrival to my wealth these dark  
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take  
pleasure  
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.  
My haste commands me hence: in one word,  
therefore,  
Is it a match?

*Lov.* I hope, that is past doubt now.

*Over.* Then rest secure; not the hate of all  
mankind here\*,  
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,  
Shall make me study aught but your advancement  
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.  
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;  
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,  
You may make choice of what belief you please,  
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow.

[*Exit.*]

*Lov.* He's gone—I wonder how the earth can  
bear

Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,  
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,  
To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all over  
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he  
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)  
Is no more shaken than Olympus is  
When angry Boreas loads his double head†  
With sudden drifts of snow.

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and  
AMBLE.*

*L. All.* Save you, my lord!  
Disturb I not your privacy?

*Lov.* No, good madam;  
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner:  
Since this bold bad man, sir Giles Overreach,  
Made such a plain discovery of himself,  
And read this morning such a devilish matins,  
That I should think it a sin next to his  
But to repeat it.

*L. All.* I ne'er press'd, my lord,  
On others' privacies; yet, against my will,  
Walking, for health sake, in the gallery  
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made  
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker  
Of his tempting offers.

*Lov.* Please you to command  
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear  
Your wiser counsel.

*L. All.* 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,  
But true and hearty;—wait in the next room,  
But be within call; yet not so near to force me  
To whisper my intents.

*Amb.* We are taught better  
By you, good madam.

*Woman.* And well know our distance.

*L. All.* Do so, and talk not; 'twill become your  
breeding. [Exeunt *Amb* and *Woman*.]

Now, my good lord: if I may use my freedom,  
As to an honour'd friend—

\* ————— not the hate of all mankind here,] I know not why the modern editors omit *here*; not only the rhythm but the sense is improved by its restoration.

† ————— than Olympus is  
When angry Boreas loads his double head  
With sudden drifts of snow.] Either Massinger, or his transcriber, has mistaken Olympus for Parnassus: it may be the former, for, in trusting to their memory, such slips are not unusual in our old writers, who were indeed little solicitous of accuracy in these trivial matters.

*Lov.* You lessen else  
Your favour to me.

*L. All.* I dare then say this :  
As you are noble (howe'er common men  
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end  
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree  
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged  
More to prefer their honours, than to increase  
The state left to them by their ancestors,  
To study large additions to their fortunes,  
And quite neglect their births :—though I must  
grant,  
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,  
But a bad master.

*Lov.* Madam, 'tis confess'd ;  
But what infer you from it ?

*L. All.* This, my lord ;  
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,  
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,  
And cannot bide the trial ; so all wealth,  
I mean if ill acquired, cemented to honour  
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,  
Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river  
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank),  
Rendering the water, that was pure before,  
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow  
The heir of sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,  
A maid well qualified, and the richest match  
Our north part can make boast of ; yet she cannot,  
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths,  
That never will forget who was her father ;  
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's  
(How wrung from both needs now no repetition),  
Were real motives that more work'd your lordship  
To join your families, than her form and virtues :  
You may conceive the rest.

*Lov.* I do, sweet madam,  
And long since have considered it. I know  
The sum of all that makes a just man happy  
Consists in the well choosing of his wife :  
And there, well to discharge it, does require  
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune ;  
For beauty being poor, and not cried up  
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.  
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,  
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy :—  
But I come nearer.

*L. All.* Pray you do, my lord.

*Lov.* Were Overreach\* states thrice centupled,  
his daughter  
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,  
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,  
I would not so adulterate my blood  
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue  
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet  
And the other London blue. In my own tomb  
I will inter my name first.

*L. All.* I am glad to hear this.— [Aside.  
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her ?  
Dissimulation but ties false knots  
On that straight line by which you hitherto  
Have measured all your actions.

*Lov.* I make answer,  
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,  
That, since your husband's death, have lived a  
strict  
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given your-  
self  
To visits and entertainments ? think you, madam,  
'Tis not grown public conference ? or the favours

Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,  
Being too\* reserved before, incur not censure ?

*L. All.* I am innocent here, and, on my life I  
swear

My ends are good.

*Lov.* On my soul, so are mine  
To Margaret ; but leave both to the event :  
And since this friendly privacy does serve  
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves  
To search each other further, you having shown  
Your care of me, I, my respect to you ;  
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,  
An afternoon's discourse.

*L. All.* So I shall hear you.

[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE II.—Before Tapwell's House.

Enter TAPWELL and FROTH.

*Tap.* Undone, undone ! this was your counsel,  
Froth.

*Froth.* Mine ! I defy thee : did not master  
Marrall

(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command us,  
On pain of sir Giles Overreach' displeasure,  
To turn the gentleman out of doors ?

*Tap.* 'Tis true ;

But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got  
Master justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,  
At his commandment, to do any thing ;  
Woe, woe to us !

*Froth.* He may prove merciful.

*Tap.* Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.  
Though he knew all the passages of our house,  
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,  
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would be-  
lieve him,

And then his information could not hurt us ;  
But now he is right worshipful again,  
Who dares but doubt his testimony ? methinks  
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart  
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out  
With dirt and rotten eggs ; and my hand hissing,  
If I scape the halter, with the letter R  
Printed upon it.

*Froth.* Would that were the worst !

That were but nine days' wonder : as for credit  
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money  
He owes us, and his custom : there's the bell on't.

*Tap.* He has summon'd all his creditors by the  
drum,

And they swarm about him like so many soldiers  
On the pay day ; and has found out such a NEW

WAY

TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely  
He shall be chronicled for it !

*Froth.* He deserves it

More than ten pageants† But are you sure his  
worship

Comes this way to my lady's ?

[A cry within : Brave master Wellborn !

\* Being too reserved before.] This is the reading of the quarto, and evidently genuine : it does not however satisfy Mr. M. Mason ; who gives us, on his own authority, *Being so reserved before!*

† 'Tis very likely

He shall be chronicled for it !

Froth. He deserves it

More than ten pageants.] This is a pleasant allusion to the minute industry with which Holingshead, Stowe, Baker, and the other chroniclers of those times, collected every un-

*Tap.* Yes :—I hear him.

*Froth.* Be ready with your petition, and present it  
To his good grace.

*Enter WELLBORN in a rich habit, followed by MARR-  
ALL, GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, and Creditors ;  
TAPWELL kneeling, delivers his petition.*

*Well.* How's this ! petition'd too ?—  
But note what miracles the payment of  
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,  
Can work upon these rascals ! I shall be,  
I think, prince Wellborn.

*Mar.* When your worship's married  
You may be :—I know what I hope to see you.

*Well.* Then look thou for advancement.

*Mar.* To be known

Your worship's bailiff is the mark I shoot at.

*Well.* And thou shalt hit it.

*Mar.* Pray you, sir, dispatch  
These needy followers, and for my admittance,  
Provided you'll defend me from sir Giles,  
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something  
You shall give thanks for.

*Well.* Fear me not sir Giles\*.

*Greedy.* Who, Tapwell ? I remember thy wife  
brought me,

Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

*Tap.* And shall do every Christmas, let your  
worship

But stand my friend now.

*Greedy.* How ! with master Wellborn ?

I can do any thing with him on such terms.—  
See you this honest couple, they are good souls  
As ever drew out fosset ; have they not  
A pair of honest faces ?

*Well.* I o'erheard you.

And the bribe he promis'd. You are cozen'd in  
them ;

For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,  
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,  
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserv'd  
met,

And therefore speak not for them : by your place  
You are rather to do me justice ; lend me your ear :  
—Forget his turkies, and call in his license,  
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen  
Worth all his poultry.

*Greedy.* I am changed on the sudden

In my opinion ! come near ; nearer, rascal.

And, now I view him better, did you e'er see

important event and individual history, to swell their useful  
but desultory pages :

" I more voluminous should grow  
Chiefly if I, like them, should tell  
All kind of weather that befel,  
Than Holingshed or Stowe."

*Cowley.*

The reply of Froth is sarcastically aimed at the perverse  
pains bestowed by the former of these writers on the ridi-  
culous mummery, under the name of *pageants*, which the  
city was in the habit of exhibiting on every public occasion.

\* *You shall give thanks for.*

*Well.* *Fear me not sir Giles.* So the quarto. The  
modern editors read :

*You shall give me thanks for.*

*Well.* *Fear not, sir Giles.*

Which is not metre : but they probably did not understand  
the phraseology of the last hemistich, which is a Gallicism to  
be found in every writer of Massinger's time. For their  
insertion of *me* in the former I cannot pretend to account.

† ————*have worst deserved me.* Here again,  
from ignorance of the language, the last word is thrown out.  
Such editors !

One look so like an archknave ? his very counte-  
nance,

Should an understanding judge but look upon him,  
Would hang him though he were innocent.

*Tap.* *Froth.* Worshipful sir.

*Greedy.* No, though the great Turk came, instead  
of turkies,

To beg my favour, I am inexorable.

Thou hast an ill name : besides thy musty ale,  
That hath destroy'd many of the king's liege people,  
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's  
stomachs,

A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,

Or any esculent, as the learned call it,

For their emolument, but sheer drink only.

For which gross fault I here do damn thy licence,

Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw ;

For, instantly, I will in mine own person

Command the constables to pull down thy sign,

And do it before I eat.

*Froth.* No mercy !

*Greedy.* Vanish.

If I show any, may my promised oxen gore me !

*Tap.* Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, and Froth.*

*Well.* Speak ; what are you ?

1 *Cred.* A decay'd vintner, sir,

That might have thrived, but that your worship  
broke me

With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,  
And five-pound suppers, with your after drinkings,  
When you lodged upon the Bankside.

*Well.* I remember.

1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to  
arrest you ;

And therefore, sir—

*Well.* Thou art an honest fellow,

I'll set thee up again ; see his bill paid.

What are you ?

2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.

I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,  
Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment,  
I was removed from the shop-board, and confined  
Under a stall.

*Well.* See him paid ; and botch no more.

2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.

*Well.* Such tailors need not ;

If their bills are paid in one and twenty year

They are seldom losers. O, I know thy face,

Thou wert my surgeon : you must tell no tales ;

Those days are done. I will pay you in private.

*Ord.* A royal gentleman !

*Furn.* Royal as an emperor !

He'll prove a brave master ; my good lady knew  
To choose a man.

*Well.* See all men else discharg'd ;

And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,

A little bounty will not misbecome me :

There's something, honest cook, for thy good break-  
fasts,

And this for your respect ; take't, 'tis good gold,  
And I able to spare it.

*Ord.* You are too munificent.

*Furn.* He was ever so.

*Well.* Pray you, on before.

3 *Cred.* Heaven bless you !

*Mar.* At four o'clock the rest know where to  
meet me.

[*Exeunt Order, Furnace, and Creditors.*

*Well.* Now, master Marrall what's the weighty secret

You promised to impart?

*Mar.* Sir, time nor place

Allow me to relate each circumstance,

This only in a word; I know Sir Giles

Will come upon you for security

For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.

As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,  
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt  
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;  
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame),  
When you were defeated of it.

*Well.* That's forgiven.

*Mar.* I shall deserve it: then urge him to produce

The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,  
Which I know he'll have about him to deliver  
To the lord Lovell, with many other writings,  
And present monies: I'll instruct you further,  
As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize\*  
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,

Hang up Jack Marrall.

*Well.* I rely upon thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Room in Overreach's House.

*Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.*

*All.* Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's  
Unequal'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,  
That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on  
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,  
I yet rest doubtful.

*Marg.* Give it to lord Lovell;  
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.  
I make but payment of a debt to which  
My vows, in that high office register'd,  
Are faithful witnesses.

*All.* 'Tis true, my dearest;  
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones  
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths  
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness;  
And you rise up no less than a glorious star†  
To the amazement of the world, that hold out  
Against the stern authority of a father,  
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you;  
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,  
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right  
You yet are pleased to do me.

*Marg.* Yet, and ever.

To me what's title, when content is wanting?  
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,  
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines,  
In being dispossest of what it longs for  
Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow  
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will,  
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted  
By my obedience, and he see me great,  
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power  
To make her own election?

\* ——— if I play not my prize] This expression is frequently found in our old writers, yet the modern editors wantonly corrupt it here and elsewhere into—(if I play not my part.

† And you rise up no less than a glorious star.] No, which is not found in the quarto, was judiciously inserted by Dodsley.

*All.* But the dangers

That follow the repulse—

*Marg.* To me they are nothing:

Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.

Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me;

A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse,

In sorrow for my fate, will call back life

So far as but to say, that I die yours;

I then shall rest in peace: or should he prove

So cruel, as one death would not suffice

His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments,

In mind and body, I must waste to air,

In poverty join'd with banishment; so you share

In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,

So high I prize you, I could undergo them

With such a patience as should look down

With scorn on his worst malice.

*All.* Heaven avert

Such trials of your true affection to me!

Nor will it unto you that are all mercy,

Show so much rigour: but since we must run

Such desperate hazards, let us do our best

To steer between them.

*Marg.* Your lord's ours, and sure;

And though but a young actor, second me

In doing to the life what he has plotted,

*Enter OVERREACH behind.*

The end may yet prove happy: now, my Allworth.

*All.* To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

*Marg.* I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;

And when with terms, not taking from his honour,

He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.

But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,

T' appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,

A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone

Till death unloose it, is a confidence

In his lordship will deceive him.

*All.* I hope better,

Good lady.

*Marg.* Hope, sir, what you please: for me

I must take a safe and secure course; I have

A father, and without his full consent,

Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,

I can grant nothing.

*Over.* I like this obedience: [*Comes forward.*]

But whatsoever my lord writes, must and shall be

Accepted and embraced. Sweet master Allworth,

You show yourself a true and faithful servant

To your good lord; he has a jewel of you.

How! frowning, Meg? are these looks to receive

A messenger from my lord? what's this? give me it.

*Marg.* A piece of arrogant paper, like the inscriptions.

*Over.* [*Reads.*] Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys

That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys;

Therefore this instant, and in private, meet

A husband, that will gladly at your feet

Lay down his honours, tendering them to you

With all content, the church being paid her due.

—Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!

Will you still be one? in the name of madness

what

Could his good honour write more to content you?

Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two,

That are already offer'd; marriage first,

And lawful pleasure after: what would you more?

*Marg.* Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter;

Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,  
Without all ceremony; no friends invited  
To honour the solemnity.

*All.* An't please your honour,  
For so before to-morrow I must style you,  
My lord desires this privacy in respect  
His honourable kinsmen are far off,  
And his desires to have it done brook not  
So long delay as to expect their coming;  
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,  
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,  
To have his marriage at court celebrated  
When he has brought your honour up to London.

*Over.* He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge:

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness\*,  
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night,  
In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.  
Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad  
Shall prick you to him.

*Murg.* I could be contented,  
Were you but by, to do a father's part,  
And give me in the church.

*Over.* So my lord have you,  
What do I care who gives you? since my lord  
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.  
I know not, master Allworth, how my lord  
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse  
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense; to-mor-

row  
I'll furnish him with any sums: in the mean time,  
Use my ring to my chaplain: he is beneficed  
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd parson Willdo:  
'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him out in't.

*Marg.* With your favour, sir, what warrant is  
your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,  
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused,  
Were such a stain upon me!—if you pleased, sir,  
Your presence would do better.

*Over.* Still perverse!  
I say again, I will not cross my lord;  
Yet I'll prevent you too\*.—Paper and ink, there!

*All.* I can furnish you.

*Over.* I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes.*]

*All.* You may, if you please, put out the name of  
my lord,

In respect he comes disguised, and only write,  
Marry her to this gentleman.

*Over.* Well advised.

'Tis done; away!—[*Margaret kneels.*] My blessing,  
girl? thou hast it.

Nay, no reply, begone:—good master Allworth,  
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

*All.* I hope so, sir.

[*Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.*]

*Over.* Farewell!—Now all's cocksure:  
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies  
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with  
Your honourable daughter? has her honour  
Slept well to-night? or, Will her honour please  
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroqueto  
(This is state in ladies), or my eldest son  
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?  
My ends, my ends are compassed!—then for Well-

born  
And the lands; were he once married to the wi-

dow—  
I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,  
I am so full of joy, nay joy all over.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, and Amble.

*L. All.* By this you know how strong the motives  
were

That did, my lord, induce me to dispense  
A little with my gravity, to advance,  
In personating some few favours to him,  
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.  
Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer  
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;  
For he that ventured all for my dear husband,  
Might justly claim an obligation from me,  
To pay him such a courtesy, which had I  
Coily, or over-curiously denied,  
It might have argued me of little love  
To the deceased.

*Lov.* What you intended, madam,  
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;

For, as I understand, his debts are paid,  
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment:  
But all the arts that I have used to raise  
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,  
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well.  
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant  
Than their years can promise: and for their desires,  
On my knowledge, they are equal.

*L. All.* As my wishes  
Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear  
The building, though well grounded: to deceive  
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox  
In his proceedings, were a work beyond  
The strongest undertakers; not the trial  
Of two weak innocents.

*Lov.* Despair not, madam:

\* *Yet I'll prevent you too.* From the Latin, as I have  
already observed. I'll anticipate all your objections.

+ *All. I hope so, sir.* I cannot much approve of the  
conduct of this young couple; it is too full of artifice and  
deceit. Undoubtedly, the insupportable pride and tyranny  
of Overreach, make him a proper subject to be practised  
on; but not by his daughter, whose character has been hi-  
therto so conducted as to gain the esteem of every reader.

† *As my wishes, &c.* *As* is changed in both the modern  
editions into *Though*, for no better reason, I believe, than  
that the editors did not discover the sense of a plain pas-  
sage.

\* *Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,* i. e. you,  
his daughter, to whom he gives the title. I have sometimes  
thought that this mode of expression, which is more com-  
mon than cursory readers, perhaps, imagine, is not suffi-  
ciently attended to by the commentators. Many difficulties  
would vanish if these appellations were duly noticed and  
applied.

Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means ;  
And judgment, being a gift derived from heaven,  
Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men,

That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,  
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it,  
Which is the reason, that the politic  
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms  
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,  
Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd\*.

*L. All.* May he be so! yet, in his name to express it  
Is a good omen.

*Lov.* May it to myself  
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you!  
What think you of the motion?

*L. All.* Troth, my lord,  
My own unworthiness may answer for me;  
For had you, when that I was in my prime,  
My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented me  
With this great favour; looking on my lowness  
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,  
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing  
Far, far beyond my merit.

*Lov.* You are too modest,  
And undervalue that which is above  
My title, or whatever I call mine.  
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry  
A widow might disparage me; but being  
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find  
How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,  
That which you think a blemish, is to me  
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,  
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish  
A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,  
That, if I am not wanting in my care  
To do you service, you'll be still the same  
That you were to your Allworth: in a word,  
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,  
You being descended nobly, and allied so;  
If then you may be won to make me happy,  
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be  
A solemn contract.

*L. All.* I were blind to my own good,  
Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me  
As such a one, the study of whose whole life  
Shall know no other object but to please you.

*Lov.* If I return not, with all tenderness,  
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

*L. All.* There needs no protestation, my lord,  
To her that cannot doubt.

*Enter WELLBORN.*

You are welcome, sir.

Now you look like yourself.

*Well.* And will continue  
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am  
Your creature, madam, and will never hold  
My life mine own, when you please to command it.

*Lov.* It is a thankfulness that well becomes  
you;

You could not make choice of a better shape  
To dress your mind in.

*L. All.* For me, I am happy  
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late  
Sir Giles, your uncle?

\* *Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.* The quarto reads, and perhaps by design, *overreach*. For the rest, the observation is a most admirable one, and worthy of all praise. It may serve to explain many fancied inconsistencies in the conduct of the Overreaches in all ages.

*Well.* I heard of him, madam,  
By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into strange  
passions

About his daughter: this last night he look'd for  
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,  
And she not yet appearing, his wise head  
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

*Lov.* It may be,  
Sweetheart, my project took.

*L. All.* I strongly hope.

*Over.* [*within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge  
lump of nothing,  
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

*Well.* May it please your lordship,  
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw  
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,  
You may, perhaps, have sport.

*Lov.* You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*]

*Enter OVERREACH, with distracted looks, driving in  
MARRALL before him, with a box.*

*Over.* I shall sol fa you, rogue!

*Mar.* Sir, for what cause  
Do you use me thus?

*Over.* Cause, slave! why, I am angry,  
And thou a subject only fit for beating,  
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;  
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,  
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,  
I'll rack thy soul for't.

*Mar.* I may yet cry quittance,  
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*]

*Over.* Lady, by your leave, did you see my  
daughter, lady?

And the lord her husband? are they in your house?  
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;  
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,  
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make  
courtesies\*

When she nods on you; which you must receive  
As a special favour.

*L. All.* When I know, sir Giles,  
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it!  
But, in the mean time, as I am myself,  
I give you to understand, I neither know  
Nor care where her honour is.

*Over.* When you once see her  
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,  
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

*Well.* Sir.

*Over.* No more!

*Well.* 'Tis all I owe you.

*Over.* Have your redeem'd rags  
Made you thus insolent?

*Well.* Insolent to you!

Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,  
At the best, more than myself?

*Over.* His fortune swells him:  
'Tis rank, he's married.

*L. All.* This is excellent!

*Over.* Sir, in calm language, though I seldom  
use it,

I am familiar with the cause that makes you  
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain bus  
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen mar-  
riage,

\* ——— and make courtesies  
*When she nods on you;* So the old copy. Coxeter and  
Mr. M. Mason strangely read—and make court!

In which 'tis said there's somebody hath been cozen'd;

I name no parties.

*Well.* Well, sir, and what follows?

*Over.* Marry, this; since you are peremptory: remember,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you A thousand pounds: put me in good security, And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute, Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you Dragg'd in your lavender robes\* to the gaol: you know me,

And therefore do not trifle.

*Well.* Can you be So cruel to your nephew, now he's in The way to rise? was this the courtesy You did me in pure love, and no ends else?

*Over.* End me no ends! engage the whole estate, And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger And revel in bawdy taverns.

*Well.* And beg after;

Mean you not so?

*Over.* My thoughts are mine, and free.

Shall I have security?

*Well.* No, indeed you shall not, Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment; Your great looks fright not me.

*Over.* But my deeds shall.

Outbraved!

[Both draw.

*L. All.* Help, murder! murder!

*Enter Servants.*

*Well.* Let him come on, With all his wrongs and injuries about him, Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him; The right that I bring with me will defend me, And punish his extortion.

*Over.* That I had thee But single in the field!

*L. All.* You may; but make not My house your quarrelling scene.

*Over.* Were't in a church, By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

*Mar.* Now put him to The showing of the deed.

*Well.* This rage is vain, sir; For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full Upon the least incitement; and whereas You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds, If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience), Either restore my land, or I'll recover A debt, that's truly due to me from you, In value ten times more than what you challenge.

*Over.* I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase

The land left by thy father, that rich land, That had continued in Wellborn's name Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool, Thou didst make sale of? Is not here inclosed The deed that does confirm it mine?

\* *Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol:*]—i.e. your clothes which have been just redeemed out of pawn. (See Act III, S. 3) To lay a thing in *lavender* was a cant phrase for *pawning* it. Thus, in Green's *Quippe for an Upstart Courtier*, C. 3,—“There is he ready to lend the looser money upon rings and chains, apparel, or any good *parsons*, but the poorer gentleman pines so deare for the *lavender* it is laid up in, that if it lie long at the broker's house, he seems to buy his apparel twice.” The expression is also used by Jonson, and indeed by most of our old poets.

*Mar.* Now, now!

*Well.* I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd over Any such land; I grant, for a year or two You had it in trust; which if you do discharge, Surrendering the possession, you shall ease Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law, Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it, Must of necessity follow.

*L. All.* In my judgment He does advise you well.

*Over.* Good! good! conspire With your new husband, lady; second him In his dishonest practices; but when This manor is extended to my use\*, You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

*L. All.* Never: do not hope it.

*Well.* Let despair first seize me.

*Over.* Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give

Thyself the lie, and loud lie, I draw out The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of

[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*

Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make My interest clear—ha!

*L. All.* A fair skin of parchment.

*Well.* Indented, I confess, and labels too; But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck? Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle. Is this your precious evidence, this that makes Your interest clear?

*Over.* I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder! What prodigy is this? what subtle devil Hath razed out the inscription? the wax Turn'd into dust!—the rest of my deeds whole, As when they were deliver'd, and this only Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal? There is a statute for you, which will bringt Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is; And now 'tis better thought for't, cheater, know This juggling shall not save you.

*Well.* To save thee Would beggar the stock of mercy.

*Over.* Marrall!

*Mar.* Sir.

*Over.* Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony

Help with an oath or two: and for thy master, Thy liberal master, my good honest servant, I know thou wilt swear any thing to dash This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art A public notary, and such stand in law For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd When thou wert present, will make good my title. Wilt thou not swear this?

*Mar.* I! no, I assure you:

\* —but when

*This manor is extended to my use.*] i. e. *seised*. It is a legal phrase, and occurs continually.

† *There is a statute for you, &c.*] This statute, which unfortunately brought many a neck into a *hempen circle*, was made in the first year of James. It decreed the punishment of death for a variety of impossible crimes; which yet were fully proved upon a number of poor ignorant superannuated wretches, who were cajoled or terrified into a full confession of them. This diabolical law was repealed about the middle of the last century.

‡ *And now 'tis better thought for.*] This is right, and perfectly agreeable to the practice of Massinger's times, indeed, of all times; yet Mr. M. Mason is not content, but arbitrarily reads, *And now 'tis better thought of!*

I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours ;  
I know no deeds.

Over. Wilt thou betray me ?

Mar. Keep him

From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue  
To his no little torment.

Over. Mine own varlet  
Rebel against me !

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.

The idiot, the Patch, the slave, the booby\*,  
The property fit only to be beaten  
For your morning exercise, your football, or  
The unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge ;  
Can now anatomize you, and lay open  
All your black plots, and level with the earth  
Your hill of pride : and, with these gabions  
guarded,

Unload my great artillery, and shake,  
Nay, pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage !

Well. To him again.

Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would  
tear thee

Joint after joint !

Mar. I know you are a tearer.

But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then  
Come nearer to you ; when I have discover'd,  
And made it good before the judge, what ways,  
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with  
An army of whole families, who yet alive,  
And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able  
To take in Dunkirk†.

Well. All will come out.

L. All. The better.

Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture  
thee,  
And make thee wish, and kneel, in vain, to die,  
These swords that keep thee from me, should fix  
here,

Although they made my body but one wound,  
But I would reach thee.

Lov. Heaven's hand is in this ;

One bandog worry the other ! [Aside.]

Over. I play the fool,

And make my anger but ridiculous :  
There will be a time and place, there will be,  
cowards,

When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so :

You dare do any ill, yet want true valour  
To be honest, and repent.

Over. They are words I know not,  
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY and PARSON WILLDO\*.

Shall find no harbour here :—after these storms  
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most wel-  
come !

There's comfort in thy looks ; is the deed done ?  
Is my daughter married ? say but so, my chaplain,  
And I am tame.

Willdo. Married ! yes, I assure you.

Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts ! there's more  
gold for thee.

My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd  
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting ; at least for a  
month

I am provided ; empty guts, croak no more,  
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,  
But bearing disbest†.

Over. Instantly be here ?

[Whispering to Willdo.]

To my wish ! to my wish ! Now you that plot  
against me†,

And hoped to trip my heels up, that condemn'd me,  
Think on't and tremble :—[Loud music].—they come !

I hear the music.

A lane there for my lord !

Well. This sudden heat

May yet be cool'd, sir.

Over. Make way there for my lord !

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing,  
with

Your full allowance of the choice I have made.

As ever you could make use of your reason. [Kneeling.]

Grow not in passion ; since you may as well  
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot

Which is too strongly fasten'd : not to dwell

Too long on words, this is my husband.

Over. How !

All. So I assure you ; all the rites of marriage  
With every circumstance, are past. Alas ! sir,  
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,  
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it ;  
And for right honourable son-in-law, you may say  
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil ! are they married ?

Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give  
them joy !

\* The idiot, the Patch, the slave, &c.] The vengeance of a little mind, confident of its cunning, is happily portrayed in the recapitulation of those abusive terms which had been, at various times, lavished upon Marrall, and which, though he submitted to them in silence, he had carefully treasured up till the occasion should offer of retorting them with sarcastic triumph and exultation.

† An army of whole families who yet live,

And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able

To take in Dunkirk.] This speech is very erroneously given by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason. For *live* I have ventured to substitute *alive* ; as I believe that the author had in view a passage in the *Virgin Martyr* :

"Were the Christians,

Whose names stand here, *alive* and arm'd, not Rome  
Could move upon her hinges."

To take *in*, means to subdue, to seize. The modern editors, ignorant of this (and, I may venture to add, after the numerous instances which we have already had of this familiar expression, inexcusably ignorant), strike out *in*, and reduce the line to mere prose !

\* Enter GREEDY and PARSON WILLDO.] So the parson is called in the list of dramatic persons, and in every part of the play : Yet I know not for what reason the modern editors continually call him *Will-do* ! They must have as little notion of humour, as of the true character of Overreach, if they imagine this to be the better name.

† But bearing dishes.] i. e. solid, substantial dishes ; or what the steward in *The Unnatural Combat*, calls portly vlands. I mention this because the word is frequently mistaken :

"Clondesle with a bearing arrowe

Clave the wand in two."

Old Ballad.

"A bearing arrow," says Strutt, "is an arrow shot compass, i. e. so as the arrow in its flight formed a segment of a circle." And so we get the praise of accuracy ! A bearing arrow is, in three words, a strong and weighty arrow.

‡ To my wish ! to my wish ! Now you that plot against me, &c.] How much better does this express the eager triumph of Overreach, than the tame and unmetrical reading of Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason ! they omit, *to my wish* : which, as they probably counted the syllables upon their fingers, appeared to them a grievous redundancy.

*Over.* Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,

Or thou art dead.

*Willdo.* They are married.

*Over.* Thou hadst better

Have made a contract with the king of fiends,

Than these:—my brain turns!

*Willdo.* Why this rage to me?

Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?

*Marry her to this gentleman?*

*Over.* It cannot:

Nor will I e'er believe it, 'adeath! I will not;

That I, that, in all passages I touch'd

At worldly profit, have not left a print

Where I have trod for the most curious search

To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children,

Buffed and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours

Defeated and made void.

*Well.* As it appears,

You are so, my grave uncle.

*Over.* Village nurses

Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste

A syllable, but thus I take the life

Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[Attempts to kill Margaret.

*Loc.* [coming forward.] Hold, for your own sake!  
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,

Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,

Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?

Consider; at the best you are but a man,

And cannot so create your aims, but that

They may be cross'd.

*Over.* Lord! thus I spit at thee,

And at thy counsel; and again desire thee\*,

And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour

Dares show itself, where multitude and example

Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change

Six words in private.

*Loc.* I am ready.]

*L. All.* Stay, sir,

Contest with one distracted!

*Well.* You'll grow like him,

Should you answer his vain challenge.

*Over.* Are you pale?

Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,

I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—

Since, like a Lybian lion in the toil,

My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,

And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:

Alone I can do nothing, but I have servants

And friends to second me; and if I make not

This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,

What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave

One throat uncut,—if it be possible,

Hell, add to my afflictions!

[Exit.

*Mar.* Is't not brave sport?

*Greedy.* Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away  
my stomach;

I do not like the sauce.

*All.* Nay, weep not, dearest,

Though it express your pity; what's decreed

Above we cannot alter.

\* ———— and again desire thee.  
And as thou art a soldier, ———— let's quit the house, &c.]  
I should not have thought this called for an explanation,  
had not Mr. M. Mason chosen to misunderstand it, and  
alter the text: he reads  
——— and again defy thee.

*L. All.* His threats move me

No scruple, madam.

*Mar.* Was it not a rare trick,

And it please your worship, to make the deed no-  
thing?

I can do twenty neater, if you please

To purchase and grow rich; for I will be

Such a solicitor and steward for you,

As never worshipful bad.

*Well.* I do believe thee;

But first discover the quaint means you used

To raze out the conveyance?

*Mar.* They are mysteries

Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals

Incorporated in the ink and wax.

Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me

With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement

To this conundrum. If it please your worship

To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me

To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;

I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

*Well.* You are a rascal! he that dares be false

To a master though unjust, will ne'er be true

To any other. Look not for reward

Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight

As I would do a basilisk's: thank my pity,

If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order

Your practice shall be silenced.

*Greedy.* I'll commit him,

If you will have me, sir.

*Well.* That were to little purpose;

His conscience be his prison. Not a word,

But instantly be gone.

*Ord.* Take this kick with you.

*Amb.* And this.

*Furn.* If that I had my cleaver here,

I would divide your knave's head.

*Mar.* This is the haven

False servants still arrive at.

[Exit.

Re-enter OVERREACH.

*L. All.* Come again!

*Loc.* Fear not, I am your guard.

*Well.* His looks are ghastly.

*Willdo.* Some little time I have spent, under your  
favours,

In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,

He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,

And look to yourselves.

*Over.* Why, is not the whole world

Included in myself? to what use then

Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron

Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am

mounted

Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?

No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,

[Flourishing his sword sheathed.

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:

Some undone widow sits upon my arm,

And takes away the use of't; and my sword,

Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,

Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure,

hangmen,

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me

Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,

And do appear like furies, with steel whips

To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall

Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of fate

I will be forced to hell like to myself.

Though you were legions of accursed spirits,  
Thus would I fly among you. [Rushes forward.]

Well. There's no help;  
Disarm him first, then bind him.

Greedy. Take a mittimus,  
And carry him to Bedlam.

Lov. How he foams!

Well. And bites the earth!

Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,  
There try what art can do for his recovery.

Marg. O my dear father!

[They force Overreach off\*.]

All. You must be patient, mistress.

Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,  
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,  
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take  
comfort,

I will endeavour you shall be his guardians  
In his distractions: and for your land, master  
Wellborn.

Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire  
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir  
Of sir Giles Overreach; for me, here's the anchor  
That I must fix on.

All. What you shall determine,  
My lord, I will allow of.

Well. 'Tis the language  
That I speak too; but there is something else  
Beside the repossession of my land,  
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.  
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost  
In my loose course; and until I redeem it  
Some noble way, I am but half made up.  
It is a time of action; if your lordship  
Will please to confer a company upon me  
In your command, I doubt not, in my service  
To my king, and country, but I shall do something  
That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,  
And you loved for the motion.

Well. Nothing wants then  
But your allowance— [To the Spectators.]

#### EPILOGUE.

BUT your allowance—and in that our all  
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,  
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free  
Without your munimission; which if you  
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due

\* As this is the last appearance of Sir Giles, it may not be amiss to advert to the catastrophe of his real history. "Sir Giles Mompesson was summoned to appear before the House of Commons to the charges made against him; by the House he was committed to the custody of the serjeant at arms, from whose charge, by stratagem, or connivance, he escaped. On the 3d of March, 1620, a proclamation was issued for his apprehension (Rymer's *Fœdera*, Tom. xvii., 284). He effected his flight over sea, and this proclamation was followed by another on the 30th of the same month, expelling and banishing him the king's dominions, he being degraded of the order of knighthood (*Fœdera*, Tom. xvii., 289)."

GILCHRIST.

With respect to his associate and abettor, Sir Francis Michel (Justice Greedy), he also was degraded, then fined a thousand pound, carried on horseback through the principal streets, with his face to the tail, and imprisoned for life.

To the poet's, and our labours, (as you may),  
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play:  
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might  
To teach us action, and him how to write\*.

\* We find that the players in Massinger's age did "not despair" of the success of this Comedy: and the continuance of the public favour has justified their confidence in its merit. Indeed it possesses many qualifications for the stage. The principal event, though subject to an objection which will be presently noticed, is conceived with much novelty and humour. During its progress many entertaining incidents arise, and a strong and lively picture is presented of domestic manners. Its useful tendency is also as prominent as the amusement which it confessedly brings. No Play of Massinger is marked with more variety of seriousness of moral; from Wellborn we learn, that he who squanders his substance on the unworthy, shall be rewarded with ingratitude and insult; and that the return of wealth brings but little satisfaction unless it be accompanied with a returning sense of honour:—from the associates of Overreach, that vicious friendships are but treacheries, false in their principle, even while they last, and spurned alike by virtue, both while they last, and when they fail:—and from Overreach himself, that there is a secret hand which counteracts injustice, infatuates subtlety, and turns the arts of selfishness into folly and ruin. His madness is judicial: and Massinger holds him out to the world,

"——— a precedent to teach wicked men

That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,  
Their own abilities leave them.

This character is drawn with great force; and as the story proceeds, Overreach takes place of Wellborn in the attention of the reader. He is divided between avarice and vanity; avarice which grows from his nature as its proper fruit; and vanity which is grafted upon the success of his avarice. In this part we meet with strong marks of a disposition basely aspiring. He betrays his vulgar joy on account of the expected alliance, to those from whom prudence and delicacy would equally conceal it: and he glories in the prospect even of his own humiliation in the presence of his daughter, and looks with satisfaction to the moment when his very prerogatives as a father shall be kept in awe by her superior rank.

The other characters extend their influence beyond themselves. The mild dignity of lord Lovell and lady Allworth agreeably relieves the harshness of Overreach; and a similar effect is produced by the attractive innocence and simplicity of Margaret and her lover. But here an observation must be made, of a less favourable nature; by a practice too common with Massinger, the better characters forget their delicacy, and are degraded. Lovell might secretly promote the views of Allworth: but while he does this, he ought not to treat with Overreach on his own account. Lady Allworth is equally faulty, and her unexpected and whimsical adoption of Wellborn ill agrees either with her retirement, her principles, or her express reprobation of his character. The two lovers also lose their simplicity; and when the father is to be deceived, they suddenly become crafty beyond their years, their nature, and knowledge of the world. But all this was well known to Massinger; and he has provided certain acknowledgments for it. Lovell and the lady call each other to account for the apparent strangeness of their proceedings, and are mutually excused by the motives on which they act; and the spleen of Massinger seems to have been so strong against Overreach, that he thought a departure from character not unpardonable, provided he could have the satisfaction of showing him outwitted by "two weak innocents," and "gulled by children." The editor has produced sufficient proof that a real person was aimed at in Overreach. The circumstance just mentioned is one of the many internal marks of such a design. The reprehension is vehement and incessant; and consistency is disregarded, while ignominy or ridicule is heaped upon the obnoxious person. This secret purpose seems to have been the real occasion of the severity which marks some of the scenes: they are more passionate than playful; and have rather the properties of direct and urgent satire, than the sportiveness and versatility of comic wit. DR. IRELAND.

# THE CITY MADAM.

THE CITY MADAM.] This "Comedy," of which it is not easy to speak in appropriate terms of praise was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, May 25th, 1632, and acted by the king's company.

"The plot, the business, the conduct, and the language of the piece," as the *Companion to the Playhouse* justly observes, "are all admirable;" yet I do not know that it was ever revived till the year 1771, when the late Mr. Love made some changes in it, and procured it to be acted at Richmond.

Mr. Waldron, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, is in possession of a very old alteration of this Play, in which, as usual, not only the titles, but the names of the dramatis personæ are changed. I have looked through it, but can find nothing to commend: it is called *The Cure of Pride*. This gentleman informs me that Mr. Love, who was the manager of the Richmond Theatre, played the part of Luke with great success, and that he afterwards prevailed on Mr. Garrick to bring the play forward at Drury Lane.

A short time since it was reproduced with considerable alterations by Sir J. B. Burges, under the name of *The Wife and Brother*, and acted for a few nights at the Lyceum. But the drift of the original was totally mis-aken, and the failure was, of course, complete.

*The City Madam* was received, as the quarto says, with great applause; it was, however, kept in the players' hands till 1659\*, when it was given to the press by Andrew Pennycuicke, one of the actors.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS

## LADY ANN COUNTESS OF OXFORD†.

HONOURED LADY,

IN that age when wit and learning were not conquered by injury and violence, this poem was the object of love and commendations, it being composed by an infallible pen, and censured by an unerring auditory. In this epistle I shall not need to make an apology for plays in general, by exhibiting their antiquity and utility: in a word, they are mirrors or glasses which none but deformed faces and fouler consciences fear to look into. The encouragement I had to prefer this dedication to your powerful protection proceeds from the universal fame of the deceased author, who (although he composed many) wrote none amiss, and this may justly be ranked among his best. I have redeemed it from the teeth of Time, by committing of it to the press, but more in imploring your patronage. I will not slander it with my praises; it is commendation enough to call it MASSINGER's; if it may gain your allowance and pardon, I am highly gratified, and desire only to wear the happy title of,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

ANDREW PENNYCUICKE.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD LACY.

SIR JOHN FRUGAL‡, a merchant.

SIR MAURICE LACY‡, son to lord Lacy.

MR. PLENTY, a country gentleman.

LUKE FRUGAL, brother to sir John.

GOLDWIRE senior, } two gentlemen.

TRADEWELL senior, }

GOLDWIRE junior, } their sons, apprentices to sir

TRADEWELL junior, } John Frugal.

STAROAZE, an astrologer.

HOYST, a decayed gentleman.

FORTUNE, } decayed merchants.

PENURY, }

HOLDFAST, steward to sir John Frugal.

RANBLE, } two hectors.

SCUFFLE, }

DING'EM, a pimp.

GETTALL§, a box-keeper.

Page, Sheriff, Marshal, Serjeants.

LADY FRUGAL.

ANNE, } her daughters.

MARY, }

MILLISCENT, her woman.

SHAVE'EM, a courtesan.

SECRET, a bawd.

Orpheus, Charon, Cerberus, Chorus, Musicians, Porters, Servants.

SCENE, London.

\* This is the date of all the copies which I have seen, with the exception of one, that lately fell into my hands: this has the year 1658 on the title-page. It was probably thrown off in 1658-9.

† Daughter of Paul Viscount Dinnyng, and wife of Aubrey de Vere Earl of Oxford.

‡ In the old list of dramatis personæ these two characters are named Sir John Rich and Sir John Lacy, notwithstanding the former is called Sir John Frugal in every part of the play, and the latter Sir Maurice Lacy, in the only two places in which his christian name is mentioned.

§ Gettall, a box-keeper.] Or, as we say now, groom-porter to a gambling house. This important character I am told never plays, but is seated in a box or elevated chair, "whence he declares the state of the game, the odds, and the success of the parties."

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir John Frugal's House.*

*Enter GOLDWIRE junior, and TRADEWELL junior.*

*Gold.* The ship is safe in the Pool then?

*Trade.* And makes good,

In her rich freight, the name she bears, *The Speed-well*:

My master will find it; for, on my certain knowledge,

For every hundred that he ventured in her She hath returned him five.

*Gold.* And it comes timely;

For, besides a payment on the nail for a manor Late purchased by my master, his young daughters Are ripe for marriage.

*Trade.* Who? Nan and Mall?

*Gold.* Mistress Anne and Mary, and with some addition,

Or 'tis more punishable in our house Than *scandalum magnatum*.

*Trade.* 'Tis great pity

Such a gentleman as my master (for that title His being a citizen cannot take from him)

Hath no male heir to inherit his estate, And keep his name alive.

*Gold.* The want of one,

Swells my young mistresses, and their madam-mother,

With hopes above their birth, and scale: their dreams are

Of being made countesses, and they take state As they were such already. When you went To the Indies, there was some shape and proportion

Of a merchant's house in our family: but since My master, to gain precedence for my mistress

Above some elder merchants' wives, was knighted, 'Tis grown a little court in bravery,

Variety of fashions, and those rich ones:

There are few great ladies going to a mask That do outshine ours in their every-day habits.

*Trade.* 'Tis strange, my master in his wisdom can Give the reins to such exorbitance.

*Gold.* He must,

Or there's no peace nor rest for him at home: I grant his state will bear it; yet he's censured

For his indulgence, and, for Sir John Frugal By some styled Sir John Prodigal.

*Trade.* Is his brother, Master Luke Frugal, living?

*Gold.* Yes; the more

His misery, poor man!

*Trade.* Still in the Counter?

*Gold.* In a worse place. He was redeem'd from the hole,

To live, in our house, in hell\*; since his base usage

\* ———— *He was redeem'd from the hole, To live, in our house, in hell;]* This passage alludes to a pastime called Barley-brake. M. MASON.

Never did so strange a conceit enter mortal head. What is there in the miserable situation of Luke that could possibly put Goldwire, or rather Mr. M. Mason, in mind of a pastime? The *hole* was one of the wretched departments of a gaol, in which prisoners, who could not afford to pay for better accommodations, were obliged to take up their residence. It is frequently mentioned by our old writers. Thus Wilkins: Can it "accord with the state of gentry to submit myself from the feather-bed in the master's side, or

Consider'd, 'tis no better. My proud lady Admits him to her table, marry, ever Beneath the salt\*, and there he sits the subject Of her contempt and scorn; and, dinner ended, His courteous nieces find employment for him Fitting an under-prentice, or a footman, And not an uncle.

*Trade.* I wonder, being a scholar Well read and travell'd, the world yielding means For men of such desert, he should endure it.

*Gold.* He does, with a strange patience; and to us, The servants, so familiar nay humble!

*Enter STARGAZE, Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, and MILLISCENT, in several postures with looking glasses at their girdles.*

I'll tell you—but I am cut off. Look these Like a citizen's wife and daughters?

*Trade.* In their habits They appear other things: but what are the motives Of this strange preparation?

*Gold.* The young wagtails Expect their suitors: the first, the son and heir Of the Lord Lacy, who needs my master's money, As his daughter does his honour; the second, Mr. Plenty,

A rough-hewn gentleman, and newly come To a great estate; and so all aids of art In them's excusable.

*L. Frug.* You have done your parts here: To your study, and be curious in the search Of the nativities. [*Exit Stargaze.*]

*Trade.* Methinks the mother,

the flock-bed in the knight's ward, to the straw-bed in the hole?" *Miseries of Inforced Marriage.*

*Hell* was a spot yet more wretched than the *hole*:

"For in the lowest deep, a lower deep

Still threaten'd to devour." It was a cant name for the darkest part of the *hole*, or for an obscure dungeon in some of our prisons, for which the former appellation appeared too favourable a term. Thus in *The Counter-rat*, 1658:

"In Wood-street's *hole*, or Poultry's *hall*." And to this sense of the word Goldwire alludes. The Counter, from the *hole* of which Luke was redeemed, stood in Wood-street.

——— *marry, ever* Beneath the salt,] Thus Cartwright:

"Where you are best esteem'd,

You only pass under the favourable name

Of humble cousins that sit beneath the salt."

*Love's Concert.*

Maslinger generally opens his plots with great ingenuity: but here he is particularly happy. We are at once admitted into the interior of the merchant's family, and prepared for the conduct of the different branches of it, before they appear, by a dialogue as natural as it is easy and unforced.

+ ———— *with looking-glasses at their girdles.*] It appears from innumerable passages in our old writers, that it was customary, not only for ladies, but for gentlemen, to carry mirrors about them. The former, we see, wore them at their girdles. Thus Jonson:

"I confess all, I replied,

And the glass hangs by her side,

And the girdle 'bout her waist,

All is Venus, save unchaste." *Underwoods.*

The latter, I hope, like the fine gentlemen of the present day, kept them in their pockets:—and yet there are instances of their displaying them as ostentatiously as the vainest of the fair sex. Thus Jonson again:

"Where is your page? call for your casting bottle and place your mirror in your hat, as I told you." *Cynthia's Revels.*

As if she could renew her youth, in care,  
Nay curiosity\*, to appear lovely,  
Comes not behind her daughters.

*Gold.* Keeps the first place;  
And though the church-book speak her fifty, they  
That say she can write thirty, more offend her  
Than if they tax'd her honesty: to other day  
A tenant of hers, instructed in her humour,  
But one she never saw, being brought before her,  
For saying only, *Good young mistress, help me*  
*To the speech of your lady-mother*, so far pleased her,  
That he got his lease renew'd for't.

*Trade.* How she bristles!

*Prithoe*, observe her.

*Mill.* As I hope to see  
A country knight's son and heir walk bare before you  
When you are a countess, as you may be one  
When my master dies, or leaves trading; and I,  
continuing

Your principal woman, take the upper hand  
Of a squire's wife, though a justice, as I must  
By the place you give me; you look now as young  
As when you were married.

*L. Frug.* I think I bear my years well.

*Mill.* Why should you talk of years? Time hath  
not plough'd

One furrow in your face; and were you not known  
The mother of my young ladies, you might pass  
For a virgin of fifteen.

*Trade.* Here's no gross flattery!

Will she swallow this?

*Gold.* You see she does, and glibly.

*Mill.* You never can be old; wear but a mask  
Forty years hence, and you will still seem young  
In your other parts. What a waist is here? O  
Venus!

That I had been born a king! and here a hand  
To be kiss'd ever;—pardon my boldness, madam.  
Then, for a leg and foot you will be courted  
When a great grandmother.

*L. Frug.* These, indeed, wench, are not  
So subject to decayings as the face;  
Their comeliness lasts longer.

*Mill.* Ever, ever!

Such a rare-featured and proportion'd madam  
London could never boast of.

*L. Frug.* Where are my shoes?

*Mill.* Those that your ladyship gave order  
Should be made of the Spanish perfumed skins?

*L. Frug.* The same.

*Mill.* I sent the prison-bird this morning for them,  
But he neglects his duty.

*Anne.* He is grown

Exceeding careless.

*Mary.* And begins to murmur  
At our commands, and sometimes grumbles to us,  
He is, forsooth, our uncle!

\* *Nay curiosity, to appear lovely.* Curiosity here, as in many other passages of these plays, signifies scrupulous attention, anxiety, &c.

† *The mother of my young ladies.* So the old copy; the modern editors, in compassion to the author's irregularities, have reformed his text, and printed, *The mother of these ladies*: in the preceding line too, they have interposed their aid, and removed the copulative! Seriously, these impertinent deviations cannot be too strongly reprobated. Massinger's ear was so exquisitely touched, that I could almost venture to affirm he never made use of his ten fingers in the construction of a single verse; and his bungling editors, therefore, who try his poetry by such coarse mechanism, will more frequently injure his sense, than improve his metre.

*L. Frug.* He is your slave,  
And as such use him.

*Anne.* Willingly; but he is grown  
Rebellious, madam.

*Gold.* Nay, like hen, like chicken.

*L. Frug.* I'll humble him.

*Enter LUKE, with shoes, garters, fans, and roses.*

*Gold.* Here he comes, sweating all over:  
He shows like a walking frippery\*.

*L. Frug.* Very good, sir:

Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no  
sooner

With humble diligence, to do what my daughters  
And woman did command you?

*Luke.* Drunk! an't please you?

*L. Frug.* Drunk, I said, sirrah! dar'st thou in a look  
Repine or grumble? thou unthankful wretch,  
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison  
(Thy patrimony spent), ragged and lousy,  
When the sheriff's basket, and his broken meat  
Were your festival-exceedings! and is this  
So soon forgotten?

*Luke.* I confess I am

Your creature, madam.

*L. Frug.* And good reason why  
You should continue so.

*Anne.* Who did new clothe you?

*Mary.* Admitted you to the dining-room?

*Mill.* Allow'd you

A fresh bed in the garret?

*L. Frug.* Or from whom

Received you spending money?

*Luke.* I owe all this

To your goodness, madam; for it you have my prayers,  
The beggar's satisfaction: all my studies  
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty  
Remembering what I am) are how to please you.  
And if in my long stay I have offended,  
I ask your pardon; though you may consider,  
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,  
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,  
I could not come much sooner.

*Gold.* Here was a walk

To breathe a footman!

*Anne.* 'Tis a curious fan.

*Mary.* These roses will show rare: would 'twere  
in fashion

That the garters might be seen too!

*Mill.* Many ladies [you;

That know they have good legs, wish the same with  
Men that way have the advantage.

\* *He shows, like a walking frippery.* A frippery is an old-clothes shop; the word is pure French, but occurs in most of our ancient dramatists:

"If I carry—any lady of the laundry,  
Chambering or wantonness behind my gelding,  
With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses, gewgaws,  
As if I were a running frippery,  
I'll give them leave," &c. *Wit without Money.*

The roses mentioned among the articles brought by Luke, were not the flowers of that name, but knots of ribands to be fixed on the shoes: it appears from old paintings, and, indeed, from the description of them in various authors, that they were of a preposterous size. Thus Jonson:

"Service! 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,  
Till I had view'd his shoes well, for these roses  
Were big enough to hide a cloven foot." *Devil's an Ass.*  
† *When the sheriff's basket, &c.* "The poorer sort of prisoners," says Stowe, "as well in this Countess, as in that in Wood-street, receive daily relief from the sheriff's table of all the broken bread and meat." B. III. p. 51.

For festival-exceedings, see *The Picture*. Act. V. Sc. 1.

*Luke.* I was with  
The lady, and delivered her the satin  
For her gown, and velvet for her petticoat;  
This night she vows she'll pay you.

[*Aside to Goldwire.*

*Gold.* How I am bound  
To your favour, master Luke!  
*Mill.* As I live, you will  
Perfume all rooms you walk in.

*L. Frug.* Get your fur\*,  
You shall pull them on within.

[*Exit Luke.*

*Gold.* That servile office  
Her pride imposes on him.

*Sir John [within].* Goldwire! Tradewell!

*Trade.* My master calls. We come, sir.

[*Exeunt Goldwire and Tradewell.*

*Enter HOLDFAST, with Porters.*

*L. Frug.* What have you brought there?

*Hold.* The cream o' the market;  
Provision enough to serve a garrison.

I weep to think on't: when my master got  
His wealth, his family fed on roots and livers,  
And necks of beef on Sundays.—  
But now I fear it will be spent in poultry;  
Butcher's-meat will not go down.

*L. Frug.* Why, you rascal, is it  
At your expense? what cooks have you provided?

*Hold.* The best of the city: they've wrought at  
my lord mayor's.

*Anne.* Fie on them! they smell of Fleet-lane, and  
Pie-corner, -

*Mary.* And think the happiness of man's life  
consists

In a mighty shoulder of mutton.

*L. Frug.* I'll have none

Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling cur,  
But Frenchmen and Italians; they wear satin,  
And dish no meat but in silver.

*Hold.* You may want, though,  
A dish or two when the service ends.

*L. Frug.* Leave prating;  
I'll have my will: do you as I command you.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The Street before Frugal's House.*

*Enter Sir MAURICE LACY and Page.*

*Sir Maur.* You were with Plenty?

*Page.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Maur.* And what answer  
Return'd the clown?

*Page.* Clown, sir! he is transform'd,  
And grown a gallant of the last edition†;  
More rich than gaudy in his habit; yet  
The freedom and the bluntness of his language  
Continues with him. When I told him that  
You gave him caution, as he loved the peace  
And safety of his life, he should forbear  
To pass the merchant's threshold, until you,  
Of his two daughters had made choice of her  
Whom you design'd to honour as your wife,  
He smiled in scorn.

*Sir Maur.* In scorn!

\* *L. Frug. Get your fur.*] To put under her feet while he tried on her shoes. M. MASON.

† *And grown a gallant of the last edition;*] i. e. of the newest fashion. It was the application of this common phrase to Edwards (who misunderstood it) which provoked that gentleman so highly against Warburton.

*Page.* His words confirm'd it;  
They were few, but to this purpose: *Tell your master,*

*Though his lordship in reversion were now his,  
It cannot awe me. I was born a freeman,  
And will not yield, in the way of affection,  
Precedence to him: I will visit them,  
Though he ute porter to deny my entrance:  
When I meet him next, I'll say more to his face.*

*Deliver thou this:* then gave me a piece,  
To help my memory, and so we parted.

*Sir Maur.* Where got he this spirit?

*Page.* At the academy of valour,  
Newly erected for the institution  
Of elder brothers: where they are taught the ways,  
Though they refuse to seal for a duellist,  
How to decline a challenge. He himself  
Can best resolve you.

*Enter PLENTY and three Servants.*

*Sir Maur.* You, sir!

*Plenty.* What with me, sir?

How big you look! I will not loose a hat  
To a hair's breadth: move your beaver, I'll move  
mine;

Or if you desire to prove your sword, mine hangs  
As near my right hand, and will as soon out, though  
I keep not

A fence to breathe me. Walk into Moorfields—  
I dare look on your Toledo. Do not show

A foolish valour in the streets, to make  
Work for shopkeepers and their clubs,\* 'tis scurvy.  
And the women will laugh at us.

*Sir Maur.* You presume

On the protection of your hinds.

*Plenty.* I scorn it:

Though I keep men, I fight not with their fingers,  
Nor make it my religion to follow  
The gallant's fashion, to have my family  
Consisting in a footman and a page,  
And those two sometimes hungry. I can feed these,  
And clothe them too, my gay sir.

*Sir Maur.* What a fine man

Hath your tailor made you!

*Plenty.* 'Tis quite contrary,

I have made my tailor, for my clothes are paid for  
As soon as put on; a sin your man of title  
Is seldom guilty of; but Heaven forgive it!

I have other faults, too, very incident

To a plain gentleman: I eat my venison  
With my neighbours in the country, and present not  
My pheasants, partridges, and grouse to the usurer;  
Nor ever yet paid brokerage to his scrivener.

I flatter not my mercer's wife nor feast her  
With the first cherries, or peascods, to prepare me  
Credit with her husband, when I come to London.  
The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen  
In Smithfield, give me money for my expenses.

I can make my wife a jointure of such lands too  
As are not encumber'd; no annuity  
Or statute lying on them. This I can do,  
As it please your future honour, and why, there-  
fore,

You should forbid my being suitor with you,  
My dullness apprehends not.

*Page.* This is bitter.

\* *Work for shopkeepers and their clubs.*] See *The Renegado*, Act I. Sc. III.

*Sir Maur.* I have heard you, sir, and in my patience shown

Too much of the stoic. But to parley further,  
Or answer your gross jeers, would write me coward.  
This only,—thy great grandfather was a butcher\*,  
And his son a grazier; thy sire, constable  
Of the hundred, and thou the first of your dunghill  
Created gentleman. Now you may come on, sir,  
You and your thrashers.

*Plenty.* Stir not, on your lives.

This for the grazier,—this for the butcher. [*They fight.*]

*Sir Maur.* So, sir!

*Page.* I'll not stand idle. Draw! My little rapier  
Against your bumb blades! I'll one by one dis-  
patch you,

Then house this instrument of death and horror.

*Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, LUKE, GOLDWIRE junior,  
and TRADEWELL junior.*

*Sir John.* Beat down their weapons. My gate  
ruffians' hall!

What insolence is this?

*Luke.* Noble Sir Maurice,

Worshipful master Plenty—

*Sir John.* I blush for you.

Men of your quality expose your fame

To every vulgar censure; this at midnight,

After a drunken supper in a tavern

(No civil man abroad to censure it)\*,

Had shown poor in you; but in the day, and view  
Of all that pass by, monstrous!

*Plenty.* Very well, sir;

You look'd for this defence.

*Sir Maur.* 'Tis thy protection;

But it will deceive thee.

*Sir John.* Hold, if you proceed thus,

I must make use of the next justice' power,

And leave persuasion: and in plain terms tell you,

*Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, and MIL-  
LISCENT.*

Neither your birth, Sir Maurice, nor your wealth,  
Shall privilege this riot. See whom you have drawn  
To be spectators of it! can you imagine  
It can stand with the credit of my daughters,  
To be the argument of your swords? i' the street  
too?

Nay, ere you do salute, or I give way  
To any private conference, shake hands  
In sign of peace: he that draws back, parts with  
My good opinion. [*They shake hands.*] 'This is as it  
should be.

Make your approaches, and if their affection  
Can sympathize with yours, they shall not come,  
On my credit, beggars to you. I will hear  
What you reply within.

*Sir Maur.* May I have the honour

To support you, lady?

[*To Anne.*]

*Plenty.* I know not what's supporting,

But by this fair hand, glove and all, I love you.

[*To Mary.*]

[*Exeunt all but Luke.*]

\* This only,—thy great grandfather was a butcher, &c.]  
Massinger did not intend Lacy for a fool, and yet his reply  
to the high-spirited and characteristic speech of his com-  
petitor savours strongly of fatuity. It must be confessed  
that the young gentleman is warm, yet he should not, for  
that, have adopted the language and sentiments of a fish-  
woman.

† No civil man abroad.] No citizen, or perhaps, no man  
invested with civil authority.

*Enter HOYST, PENURY, and FORTUNE.*

*Luke.* You are come with all advantage. I will  
help you

To the speech of my brother.

*For.* Have you moved him for us?

*Luke.* With the best of my endeavours, and I  
hope

You'll find him tractable.

*Pen.* Heaven grant he prove so!

*Hoyst.* Howe'er, I'll speak my mind.

*Enter Lord LACY.*

*Luke.* Do so, master Hoyst.

Go in: I'll pay my duty to this lord,  
And then I am wholly yours.

[*Exeunt Hoyst, Penury, and Fortune.*]

Heaven bless your honour!

*L. Lacy.* Your hand, master Luke: the world's  
much changed with you  
Within these few months; then you were the  
gallant:

No meeting at the horse-race, cocking, hunting,  
Shooting, or bowling, at which master Luke  
Was not a principal gamester, and companion  
For the nobility.

*Luke.* I have paid dear

For those follies, my good lord: and 'tis but justice  
That such as soar above their pitch, and will not  
Be warn'd by my example, should, like me,  
Share in the miseries that wait upon it.  
Your honour, in your charity, may do well  
Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses  
Too late repented.

*L. Lacy.* I nor do, nor will;

And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand  
To raise your fortunes; how deals your brother  
with you?

*Luke.* Beyond my merit, I thank his goodness  
for't.

I am a freeman, all my debts discharged,  
Nor does one creditor, undone by me,  
Curse my loose riots. I have meat and clothes,  
Time to ask Heaven remission for what's past;  
Cares of the world by me are laid aside,  
My present poverty's a blessing to me;  
And though I have been long, I dare not say  
I ever lived till now.

*L. Lacy.* You bear it well;

Yet as you wish I should receive for truth  
What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me  
With your brother's inclination. I have heard,  
In the acquisition of his wealth, he weighs not  
Whose ruins he builds upon.

*Luke.* In that, report  
Wrongs him, my lord. He is a citizen,  
And would increase his heap, and will not lose  
What the law gives him: such as are worldly wise  
Pursue that track, or they will ne'er wear scarlet\*.  
But if your honour please to know his temper,  
You are come opportunely. I can bring you  
Where you, unseen, shall see and hear his carriage  
Towards some poor men, whose making, or un-  
doing,

Depends upon his pleasure†.

\* ——— or they will ne'er wear scarlet.] i. e.  
never rise to city honours. Our old writers have innumera-  
ble allusions to the scarlet gowns of the mayors and alder-  
men of London.

† The old copy has a marginal direction here, to set out a  
table, count book, standish, chair and stool. Nothing can  
more fully demonstrate the poverty of our ancient theatres,

*L. Lacy.* To my wish :  
I know no object that could more content me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Counting-room in Frugal's House.*

*Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, HOYST, FORTUNE, PENURY, and GOLDWIRE junior.*

*Sir John.* What would you have me do ? reach me a chair.

When I lent my monies I appear'd an angel ;  
But now I would call in mine own, a devil.

*Hoyst.* Were you the devil's dam, you must stay till I have it,  
*For as I am a gentleman—*

*Re-enter LUKE, behind, with Lord LACY.*

*Luke.* There you may hear all.

*Hoyst.* I pawn'd you my land for the tenth part of the value :

Now, 'cause I am a gamester, and keep ordinaries,  
And a livery punk or so, and trade not with  
The money-mongers' wives, not one will be bound for me :

'Tis a hard case ; you must give me longer day,  
Or I shall grow very angry.

*Sir John.* Fret, and spare not.  
I know no obligation lies upon me  
With my money to feed drones. But to the purpose,  
How much owes Penury ?

*Gold.* Two hundred pounds :

His bond three times since forfeited.

*Sir John.* Is it sued ?

*Gold.* Yes, sir, and execution out against him.

*Sir John.* For body and goods ?

*Gold.* For both, sir.

*Sir John.* See it served.

*Pen.* I am undone ; my wife and family  
Must starve for want of bread.

*Sir John.* More infidel thou,  
In not providing better to support them.  
What's Fortune's debt ?

*Gold.* A thousand, sir.

*Sir John.* An estate  
For a good man ! You were the glorious trader,  
Embraced all bargains ; the main venturer  
In every ship that launch'd forth ; kept your wife  
As a lady ; she had her caroch, her choice  
Of summer-houses, built with other men's monies  
Ta'en up at interest ; the certain road  
To Ludgate in a citizen\*. Pray you acquaint me,  
How were my thousand pounds employ'd ?

*For.* Insult not

On my calamity ; though, being a debtor,  
And a slave to him that lends, I must endure it.  
Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence ;  
Losses at sea, and those, sir, great and many,  
By storms and tempests, not domestical riots

than these hints to the property-man. Of what we now call *acemery*, there is not the slightest indication in any of these dramas ; what was the street before the merchant's house, is converted, by simply thrusting forward a table, into a counting-room : Luke and Lord Lacy go out, the others take their places, and then the former two re-enter behind them.

\* *the certain road*

To Ludgate in a citizen.] This prison was anciently appropriated to the freemen of the city, and to clergymen : it is, says *The Companion for Debtors* (a book of Massinger's age), the best prison about London, both in regard to its endowment and government.

In soothing my wife's humour, or mine own,  
Have brought me to this low ebb.

*Sir John.* Suppose this true,  
What is't to me ? I must and will have my money,  
Or I'll protest you first, and, that done, have  
The statute made for bankrupts served upon you.

*For.* 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to shun it.

*Luke.* [*comes forward.*] Not as a brother, sir, but with such duty,

As I should use unto my father, since  
Your charity is my parent, give me leave  
To speak my thoughts.

*Sir John.* What would you say ?

*Luke.* No word, sir,

I hope, shall give offence ; nor let it relish  
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,  
I glory in the bravery of your mind,  
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches  
Is or should be contemn'd, it being a blessing  
Derived from heaven, and by your industry  
Pull'd down upon you ; but in this, dear sir,  
You have many equals : such a man's possessions  
Extend as far as yours : a second bath  
His bags as full ; a third in credit flies  
As high in the popular voice : but the distinction  
And noble difference by which you are  
Divided from them, is, that you are styl'd  
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty ;  
And that you feel compassion in your bowels  
Of others' miseries, (I have found it, sir,  
Heaven keep me thankful for't!) while they are curs'd

As rigid and inexorable.

*Sir John.* I delight not

To hear this spoke to my face.

*Luke.* That shall not grieve you.

Your affability, and mildness, clothed  
In the garments of your [thankful] debtors' breath\*,

Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,  
Be seen and wonder'd at, and in the act  
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such  
As are born only for themselves, and live so,  
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,  
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds  
Of strength, usurp, and tyrannize o'er others  
Brought under their subjection.

*L. Lacy.* A rare fellow !

I am strangely taken with him.

*Luke.* Can you think, sir,

In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,  
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry†,  
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forced  
To beg their bread, this gentleman's estate,  
By wrong extorted, can advantage you ?

\* *In the garments of your [thankful] debtor's breath*] A foot is wanting in the former editions. I do not flatter myself that the genuine word was that which is here enclosed between brackets, though it was not improbably somewhat similar to it.

† *The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry.*] i. e. at a public auction. So Jonson :

" Their houses and fine gardens given away,  
And all their goods, under the spear, at outcry."

*Cataline*

Again,

" Ay, that was when the nursery's self was noble,  
And only virtue made it, not the market,  
That titles were not vented at the drum,  
Or common outcry."

*The New Inn.*

*Hoy.* If it thrive with him, hang me, as it will damn him,  
If he be not converted.

*Luke.* You are too violent.—  
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,  
For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd,  
Will raise your reputation with good men?  
But you may urge (pray you pardon me, my zeal  
Makes me thus bold and vehement), in this  
You satisfy your anger, and revenge  
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not  
Repair your loss, and there was never yet  
But shame and scandal in a victory  
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.  
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever  
Contemn'd, though offer'd; entertain'd by none  
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers  
To moral honesty, and never yet  
Acquainted with religion.

*L. Lacy.* Our divines  
Cannot speak more effectually.

*Sir John.* Shall I be  
Talk'd out of my money?

*Luke.* No, sir, but entreated  
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve  
What you possess entire.

*Sir John.* How, my good brother?

*Luke.* By making these your beadsmen\*.  
When they eat,  
Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your  
mercy;  
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell  
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them  
from

Tempests and pirates; keep your warehouses  
From fire, or quench them with their tears—

*Sir John.* No more.

*Luke.* Write you a good man in the people's hearts;  
Follow you everywhere.

*Sir John.* If this could be—

*Luke.* It must, or our devotions are but words.  
I see a gentle promise in your eye,  
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich,  
In being the instrument.

*Sir John.* You shall prevail;  
Give them longer day: but do you hear, no talk of't,  
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,  
I shall be laugh'd at for my foolish pity,  
Which money-men hate deadly. Take your own time  
But see you break not. Carry them to the cellar;  
Drink a health, and thank your orator.

*Pen.* On our knees, sir.

*For.* Honest master Luke!

*Hoy.* I bless the Counter, where  
You learn'd this rhetoric.

*Luke.* No more of that, friends.

[*Exeunt Luke, Hoy, Fortune, and Penury.*

*Lord Lacy comes forward.*

*Sir John.* My honourable lord,

*L. Lacy.* I have seen and heard all.  
Excuse my manners, and wish heartily  
You were all of a piece. Your charity to your  
debtors

I do commend; but where you should express  
Your piety to the height, I must boldly tell you  
You show yourself an atheist.

*Sir John.* Make me know  
My error, and for what I am thus censured,  
And I will purge myself, or else confess  
A guilty cause.

*L. Lacy.* It is your harsh demeanour  
To your poor brother.

*Sir John.* Is that all?

*L. Lacy.* 'Tis more  
Than can admit defence. You keep him as  
A parasite to your table, subject to  
The scorn of your proud wife; an underling  
To his own nieces: and can I with mine honour  
Mix my blood with his, that is not sensible  
Of his brother's miseries?

*Sir John.* Pray you, take me with you;  
And let me yield my reasons why I am  
No opener-handed to him. I was born  
His elder brother, yet my father's fondness  
To him, the younger, robb'd me of my birthright:  
He had a fair estate, which his loose riots  
Soon brought to nothing; wants grew heavy on  
him,

And when laid up for debt, of all forsaken,  
And in his own hopes lost, I did redeem him.

*L. Lacy.* You could not do less.

*Sir John.* Was I bound to it, my lord?

What I possess I may with justice call  
The harvest of my industry. Would you have me,  
Neglecting mine own family, to give up  
My estate to his disposure?

*L. Lacy.* I would have you,  
What's pass'd forgot, to use him as a brother;  
A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul,  
Religious, good, and honest.

*Sir John.* Outward gloss  
Often deceives, may it not prove so in him!  
And yet my long acquaintance with his nature  
Renders me doubtful; but that shall not make  
A breach between us: let us in to dinner,  
And what trust, or employment you think fit,  
Shall be conferr'd upon him: if he prove  
True gold in the touch, I'll be no mourner for it.

*L. Lacy.* If counterfeit, I'll never trust my  
judgment. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Frugal's House.

*Enter LUKE, HOLDFAST, GOLDWIRE junior, and  
TRADEWELL junior.*

*Hold.* The like was never seen.

*Luke.* Why in this rage, man?

\* *Luke.* By making these your beadsmen.] *Beadsmen* is  
pure Saxon, and means prayermen; i. e. such as are  
engaged, in consequence of past or present favours,

*Hold.* Men may talk of country-christmasses  
and court-gluttony,  
Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of  
carps'-tongues,  
Their pheasants drench'd with ambergris, the car-  
cases

to pray for their benefactors. The name was formerly  
given with great propriety to the inhabitants of alms-houses,  
in general, to the objects of our public charities.

Of three fat wethers broiled for gravy, to  
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts  
Were fasts, compared with the city's.

*Trade.* What dear dainty

Was it thou murmur'st at?

*Hold.* Did you not observe it?

There were three sucking pigs served up in a dish,  
Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrowed,  
A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine,  
That stood my master in twenty marks spiece,  
Besides the puddings in their bellies, made  
Of I know not what.—I dare swear the cook that  
dress'd it

Was the devil, disguised like a Dutchman.

*Gold.* Yet all this

Will not make you fat, fellow Holdfast.

*Hold.* I am rather

Starved to look on't. But here's the mischief—  
though

The dishes were raised one upon another,  
As woodmongers do billets, for the first,  
The second, and third course, and most of the shops  
Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd  
To furnish out a banquet\*; yet my lady  
Call'd me penurious rascal, and cried out,  
There was nothing worth the eating.

*Gold.* You must have patience,

This is not done often.

*Hold.* 'Tis not fit it should;

Three such dinners more would break an alderman,  
And make him give up his cloak: I am resolved  
To have no hand in't. I'll make up my accounts,  
And since my master longs to be undone,  
The great fiend be his steward; I will pray,  
And bless myself from him! [Exit.]

*Gold.* The wretch shows in this  
An honest care.

*Luke.* Out on him! with the fortune  
Of a slave he has the mind of one. However  
She bears me hard, I like my lady's humour,  
And my brother's suffrage to it. They are now  
Busy on all hands; one side eager for  
Large portions, the other arguing strictly  
For jointures and security; but this  
Being above our scale, no way concerns us.  
How dull you look! in the mean time, how intend  
you

To spend the hours?

*Gold.* We well know how we would,  
But dare not serve our wills.

*Trade.* Being prentices,  
We are bound to attendance.

\* ———— most of the shops  
Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd  
To furnish out a banquet;] A banquet was what we now  
call a *dessert*; it was composed of fruit, sweetmeats, &c.:

" ———— your citizen  
Is a most fierce devourer, sir, of plums;  
Six will destroy as many as might make  
A banquet for an army." *The Wits.*

The banquet was usually placed in a separate room, to  
which the guests removed as soon as they had dined: thus,  
in *The Unnatural Combat*, Beaufort says:

" We'll dine in the great room, but let the music  
And banquet be prepared here."

† The common place of banqueting, or of eating the dessert,  
among our ancestors, was the garden house, or arbour, with  
which almost every dwelling was once furnished: to this  
Shallow alludes in a simple passage, which has had a great  
deal of impertinent matter written to confound it:

*Shall.* " Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an  
arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting,  
with a dish of carraways," (a small kind of comfit) " and so  
forth." *Henry IV. Part II.*

*Luke.* Have you almost served out  
The term of your indentures, yet make conscience  
By starts to use your liberty? Hast thou traded

[*To Trade*

In the other world\*, exposed unto all dangers,  
'To make thy master rich, yet dar'st not take  
Some portion of the profit for thy pleasure?  
Or wilt thou [*To Goldw.*], being keeper of the c  
Like an ass that carries dainties, feed on thistles  
Are you gentlemen born, yet have no gal  
tincture

Of gentry in you? you are no mechanics,  
Nor serve some needy shopkeeper, who surveys  
His every-day takings: you have in your keeping  
A mass of wealth, from which you may take bold  
And no way be discover'd. He's no rich man  
That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing  
For his servants to make prey of. I blush for y  
Blush at your poverty of spirit; you,  
The brave sparks of the city!

*Gold.* Master Luke,

I wonder you should urge this, having felt  
What misery follows riot.

*Trade.* And the penance  
You endur'd for't in the Counter.

*Luke.* You are fools,

The case is not the same; I spent mine own mor  
And my stock being small, no marvel 'twas s  
wasted;

But you, without the least doubt or suspicion,  
If cautelous, may make bold with your master's.  
As, for example, when his ships come home,  
And you take your receipts, as 'tis the fashion,  
For fifty bales of silk you may write forty;  
Or for so many pieces of cloth of bodkin,  
Tissue, gold, silver, velvets, satins, taffetas,  
A piece of each deducted from the gross,  
Will ne'er be miss'd, a dash of a pen will do it.

*Trade.* Ay, but our father's bonds, that lie  
pawn

For our honesties, must pay for't.

*Luke.* A mere bugbear,

Invented to fright children! As I live,  
Were I the master of my brother's fortunes,  
I should glory in such servants. Didst thou k  
What ravishing lechery it is to enter  
An ordinary, cap-à-pié, trimm'd like a gallant,  
For which in trunks conceal'd be ever furnish'd  
The reverence, respect, the crouches, cringes,  
The musical chime of gold in your cramm'd pocket  
Commands from the attendants, and poor porter  
*Trade.* O rare!

*Luke.* Then sitting at the table with  
The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear  
Occurs from all corners of the world,  
The plots, the counsels, the designs of princes,  
And freely censure them; the city wits  
Cried up, or decried, as their passions lead them  
Judgment having nought to do there.

*Trade.* Admirable!

*Luke.* My lord no sooner shall rise out of  
chair,

The gaming lord I mean, but you may boldly,  
By the privilege of a gamester, fill his room,  
For in play you are all fellows; have your knife  
As soon in the peasant; drink your health as fre

\* In the other world.] i. e. the East Indies, from wh  
as the first scene informs us, Tradewell was just return

And striking in a lucky hand or two,  
Buy out your time.

*Trade.* This may be; but suppose  
We should be known?

*Luke.* Have money and good clothes,  
And you may pass invisible. Or, if  
You love a madam-punk, and your wide nostril  
Be taken with the scent of cambric smocks,  
Wrought and perfumed

*Gold.* There, there, master Luke,  
There lies my road of happiness!

*Luke.* Enjoy it.  
And pleasures stolen being sweetest, apprehend  
The raptures of being hurried in a coach  
To Brentford, Staines, or Barnet.

*Gold.* 'Tis enchanting;  
I have proved it.

*Luke.* Hast thou?  
*Gold.* Yes, in all these places

I have had my several pagans billeted  
For my own tooth, and after ten-pound suppers,  
The curtains drawn, my fiddlers playing all night  
The shaking of the sheets, which I have danced  
Again and again with my cockatrice:—master

*Luke.*  
You shall be of my counsel, and we two sworn  
brothers;  
And therefore I'll be open. I am out now  
Six hundred in the cash: yet, if on a sudden  
I should be call'd to account, have a trick  
How to evade it, and make up the sum.

*Trade.* Is't possible?  
*Luke.* You can instruct your tutor.

How, how, good Tom?  
*Gold.* Why, look you. We cash-keepers  
Hold correspondence, supply one another  
On all occasions: I can borrow for a week  
Two hundred pounds of one, as much of a second,  
A third lays down the rest; and, when they want,  
As my master's monies come in I do repay it:  
*Ka me, ha thee!*\*

*Luke.* An excellent knot! 'tis pity  
It e'er should be unloosed; for me it shall not.  
You are shown the way, friend Tradewell, you may  
make use on't,

Or freeze in the warehouse and keep company  
With the cater†, Holdfast.

*Trade.* No, I am converted.  
A Barbican broker will furnish me with outside,  
And then, a crash at the ordinary!

\* *Ka me, ha thee!* This I believe, is a Scottish proverb,  
and means, indulge, or serve me, and I'll serve thee in my  
turn. It is not uncommon in our old dramas. Thus in *Ram  
Alley*

"*Ka me, ha thee, one thing must rub another.*"

Again, in *Eastward Hoe*:

"Thou art pander to me, for my wench: and I to thee for  
thy cozenage. *Ka me, ha thee, raus through court and  
country.*"

† *With the cater, Holdfast.* i. e. the purveyor. This  
word was in very general use in Massinger's time: though  
the editors of some of our old dramatists do not seem to be  
aware of it. Thus Jonson:

"He is my wardrobe-man, my cater cook,  
Butler, and steward." *Devil's an Ass.*

Here Mr. Whalley reads, with sufficient harshness,  
"He is my wardrobe-man, m'cater cook," &c.

And Fletcher:

"See, sweet, I'm cook myself, and mine own cater."

*Women pleased.*  
Here the editors propose to read *caterer*, which they say is  
the more probable word! I suppose—because it spoils the  
metre.

*Gold.* I am for  
The lady you saw this morning, who, indeed, is  
My proper recreation.

*Luke.* Go to, Tom  
What did you make me?

*Gold.* I'll do as much for you,  
Employ me when you please.

*Luke.* If you are enquired for,  
I will excuse you both.

*Trade.* Kind master Luke!

*Gold.* We'll break my master, to make you. You  
know—

*Luke.* I cannot love money. Go, boys! when  
time serves,

It shall appear I have another end in't. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, Lord LACY, Sir MAURICE  
LACY, Plenty, Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, and  
MILLISCENT.

*Sir John.* Ten thousand pounds a piece I'll make  
their portions,  
And after my decease it shall be double,  
Provided you assure them for their jointures  
Eight hundred pounds per annum, and entail  
A thousand more upon the heirs\* male  
Begotten on their bodies.

*L. Lacy.* Sir, you bind us  
To very strict conditions.

*Plenty.* You, my lord,  
May do as you please: but to me it seems strange  
We should conclude of portions, and of jointures,  
Before our hearts are settled.

*L. Frug.* You say right:  
There are counsels of more moment and importance  
On the making up of marriages, to be  
Consider'd duly, than the portion or the jointure,  
In which a mother's care must be exacted;  
And I by special privilege may challenge  
A casting voice.

*L. Lacy.* How's this?

*L. Frug.* Even so, my lord;  
In these affairs I govern.

*L. Lacy.* Give you way to't?

*Sir John.* I must, my lord.

*L. Frug.* 'Tis fit he should, and shall:

You may consult of something else, this province  
Is wholly mine.

*Sir Maur.* By the city custom, madam?

*L. Frug.* Yes, my young sir; and both must  
look my daughters

Will hold it by my copy.

*Plenty.* Brave, i'faith!

*Sir John.* Give her leave to talk, we have the  
power to do;

And now touching the business we last talk'd of,  
In private, if you please.

*L. Lacy.* 'Tis well remember'd:

You shall take your own way, madam.

[Exeunt Lord Lacy and Sir John Frugal.]

*Sir Maur.* What strange lecture  
Will she read unto us?

\* *A thousand more upon the heirs male.* *Heirs* must be  
pronounced (as they say) as a disyllable, though I do not  
profess to know how it can be done.

*L. Frug.* Such as wisdom warrants  
From the superior bodies. Is Stargaze ready  
With his several schemes?

*Mill.* Yes, madam, and attends  
Your pleasure.

*Sir Maur.* Stargaze! lady: what is he?

*L. Frug.* Call him in.—[*Exit Milliscent*].—You  
shall first know him, then admire him  
For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones.  
He's every thing, indeed; parcel physician,  
And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels  
My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poet,  
And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly;  
My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher,  
And as the stars move, with that due proportion  
He walks before me: but an absolute master  
In the calculation of nativities;  
Guided by that ne'er erring science, call'd  
Judicial astrology.

*Plenty.* Stargaze! sure  
I have a penny almanack about me  
Inscribed to you, as to his patroness,  
In his name publish'd.

*L. Frug.* Keep it as a jewel.  
Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly  
Govern'd by his predictions; for they serve  
For any latitude in Christendom,  
As well as our own climate.

*Re-enter MILLISCENT, followed by STARGAZE, with two  
schemes.*

*Sir Maur.* I believe so.

*Plenty.* Must we couple by the almanack?

*L. Frug.* Be silent;  
And ere we do articulate, much more  
Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us  
Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise  
Happy success in marriage.

*Star.* In omni  
*Parte, et toto.*

*Plenty.* Good learn'd sir, in English;  
And since it is resolved we must be coxcombs,  
Make us so in our own language.

*Star.* You are pleasant:  
Thus in our vulgar tongue then:—  
*L. Frug.* Pray you observe him.

*Star.* Venus, in the west angle, the house of marriage  
the seventh house, in trine of Mars, in conjunction  
of Luna; and Mars almuthen, or lord of the  
horoscope.

*Plenty.* Hey-day!

*L. Frug.* The angels' language! I am ravish'd:  
forward.

*Star.* Mars, as I said, lord of the horoscope, or  
geniture, in mutual reception of each other; she in  
her exaltation, and he in his triplicate trine, and  
face, assure a fortunate combination to Hymen, excellent,  
prosperous, and happy.

*L. Frug.* Kneel, and give thanks.

[*The Women kneel.*]

*Sir Maur.* For what we understand not?

*Plenty.* And have as little faith in?

*L. Frug.* Be incredulous\*;  
To me 'tis oracle.

*Star.* Now for the sovereignty of my future ladies,  
your daughters, after they are married.

\* *L. Frug.* *Be incredulous*;] This is the reading of Mr. M. MASON. The old copy has *Be credulous*, meaning, perhaps, follow my example, and believe; and so may be right; though *incredulous* is better adapted to the measure.

*Plenty.* Wearing the breeches, you mean?

*L. Frug.* Touch that point home:

It is a principal one, and, with London ladies,  
Of main consideration.

*Star.* This is infallible: Saturn out of all dignities  
in his detriment and fall, combust; and Venus in  
the south angle elevated above him, lady of both  
their nativities, in her essential and accidental dignities;  
occidental from the sun, oriental from the angle  
of the east, in exaltation of the sun, in her joy, and free  
from the malevolent beams of infortunes; in a sign  
commanding, and Mars in a constellation obeying;  
she fortunate, and he dejected: the disposers of  
marriage in the radix of the native in feminine  
figures, argue, foretel, and declare rule, pre-eminence,  
and absolute sovereignty in women\*.

*L. Frug.* Is't possible!

*Star.* 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the aphorisms  
of the old Chaldeans, Zoroastes the first and  
greatest magician, Mercurius, Trismegistus, the  
later Ptolemy, and the everlasting prognosticator,  
old Erre Patet.

*L. Frug.* Are you yet satisfied?

*Plenty.* In what?

*L. Frug.* That you

Are bound to obey your wives: it being so  
Determined by the stars, against whose influence  
There is no opposition.

*Plenty.* Since I must

Be married by the almanack, as I may be,  
'Twere requisite the services and duties  
Which, as you say, I must pay to my wife,  
Were set down in the calendar.

*Sir Maur.* With the date  
Of my apprenticeship.

*L. Frug.* Make your demands;  
I'll sit as moderatrix, if they press you  
With over-hard conditions.

*Sir Maur.* Mine hath the van:  
I stand your charge, sweet.

*Star.* Silence.

*Anne.* I require, first,  
And that since 'tis in fashion with kind husbands,  
In civil manners you must grant, my will  
In all things whatsoever, and that will  
To be obey'd, not argued.

*L. Frug.* And good reason.

*Plenty.* A gentle *imprimis*!

*Sir Maur.* This in gross contains all:  
But your special items, lady.

*Anne.* When I am one,  
And you are honour'd to be styled my husband,  
To urge my having my page, my gentleman-usher,  
My woman sworn to my secrets, my caroch  
Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman,  
grooms,  
Postillion, and footman.

*Sir Maur.* Is there aught else  
To be demanded?

*Anne.* Yes, sir, mine own doctor,  
French and Italian cooks, musicians, songsters,  
And a chaplain that must preach to please my fancy:  
A friend at court to place me at a mask;  
The private box ta'en up at a new play,

\* I have contented myself with correcting the errors of the former editors in printing the obsolete jargon of this ignorant impostor, without attempting to explain any part of it. If the reader will follow my example, and not waste thought on it, he will lose nothing by his negligence.

For me and my retinue; a fresh habit,  
Of a fashion never seen before, to draw  
The gallants' eyes, that sit on the stage, upon me;  
Some decayed lady for my parasite,  
To flatter me, and rail at other madams;  
And there ends my ambition.

*Sir Maur.* Your desires  
Are modest, I confess!

*Anna.* These toys subscrib'd to,  
And you continuing an obedient husband,  
Upon all fit occasions you shall find me  
A most indulgent wife.

*L. Frug.* You have said; give place,  
And hear your younger sister.

*Plenty.* If she speak  
Her language, may the great fiend\*, booted and  
spurr'd,

With a scythe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says,  
Ride headlong down her throat!

*Sir Maur.* Curse not the judge  
Before you hear the sentence.

*Mary.* In some part  
My sister hath spoke well for the city pleasures,  
But I am for the country's; and must say,  
Under correction, in her demands  
She was too modest.

*Sir Maur.* How like you this exordium?

*Plenty.* Too modest, with a mischief!

*Mary.* Yes, too modest:  
I know my value, and prize it to the worth,  
My youth, my beauty—

*Plenty.* How your glass deceives you!

*Mary.* The greatness of the portion I bring with  
me,

And the sea of happiness that from me flows to you.

*Sir Maur.* She bears up close.

*Mary.* And can you, in your wisdom,  
Or rustical simplicity, imagine  
You have met some innocent country girl, that  
never

Look'd further than her father's farm, nor knew  
more

Than the price of corn in the market; or at what  
rate

Beef went a stone? that would survey your dairy,  
And bring in mutton out of cheese and butter?  
That could give directions at what time of the moon  
To cut her cocks for capons against Christmas,  
Or when to raise up goslings?

*Plenty.* These are arts  
Would not misbecome you, though you should put  
in

Obedience and duty.

*Mary.* Yes, and patience,  
To sit like a fool at home, and eye your thrashers;  
Then make provision for your slaving hounds,  
When you come drunk from an alehouse, after  
hunting

With your clowns and comrades, as if all were  
yours,

You the lord paramount, and I the drudge!

The case, sir, must be otherwise.

*Plenty.* How, I beseech you?

*Mary.* Murry, thus: I will not, like my sister,  
challenge

What's useful or superfluous from my husband,  
That's base all o'er; mine shall receive from me  
What I think fit; I'll have the state convey'd  
Into my hands, and he put to his pension,  
Which the wise viragos of our climate practise;—  
I will receive your rents;—

*Plenty.* You shall be hang'd first.

*Mary.* Make sale or purchase: nay I'll have my  
neighbours

Instructed, when a passenger shall ask,  
Whose house is this? (though you stand by) to  
answer,

The lady Plenty's. Or who owns this manor?

The lady Plenty. Whose sheep are these, whose  
oxen?

The lady Plenty's.

*Plenty.* A plentiful pox upon you!

*Mary.* And, when I have children, if it be en-  
quired

By a stranger, whose they are?—they shall still  
echo,

My lady Plenty's, the husband never thought on

*Plenty.* In their begetting: I think so.

*Mary.* Since you'll marry

In the city for our wealth, in justice, we

Must have the country's sovereignty.

*Plenty.* And we nothing.

*Mary.* A nag of forty shillings, a couple of spaniels,  
With a sparhawk, is sufficient, and these, too,  
As you shall behave yourself, during my pleasure,  
I will not greatly stand on. I have said, sir,  
Now if you like me, so\*.

\* ——— I have said, sir,

*Now (if you like me, so.)* Before we accuse the poet of  
abusing the license of comedy in these preposterous stipu-  
lations, it may not be improper to look back for a moment on  
the period in which he wrote, and enquire if no examples  
of a similar nature were then to be found in real life. It  
was an age of profusion and vanity; and the means of en-  
joying them both, as they persuaded to condescension on  
the one side, so they engendered rapacity on the other: it  
is not, therefore, a very improbable conjecture, that Mas-  
singer has but slightly taxed our credulity, and but little over-  
charged his glaring description of female extravagance and  
folly! The reader who is still inclined to hesitate may per-  
use the extract here subjoined. A short time before this  
play was written, Elizabeth Spencer, daughter and heir  
of Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London (whom I once  
considered as the prototype of Sir Giles Overreach), was  
married to William Lord Compton. With less integrity  
and candour than the daughters of Sir John Frugal, she  
made few previous stipulations, but not long after the con-  
clusion of the nuptial ceremony, sent her husband a modest  
and consolatory letter, which is yet extant; and from which  
the following *items*, among many others, are verbally taken:

"Alsoe, I will have 3 horses for my owne saddle, that  
none shall dare to lend or borrowe; none lend but I, none  
borrowe but you. Alsoe, I would have two gentlewomen,  
leaste one should be sicke, or have some other lett. Alsoe  
believe yt, it is an unbecoming thinge for a gentlewoman to  
stand mumplinge alone, when God hath blessed their lord and  
lady with a greate estate. Alsoe, when I ride a huntinge  
or a kawkinge, or travayle from one howse to another, I  
will have them attendinge; soe for either of those said wo-  
men, I must and will have for either of them a horse.  
Alsoe, I will have 6 or 8 gentlemen: and I will have my  
twice coaches, one lyned with velvet to myself, with 4 very  
fayre horses, and a coache for my women, lyned with  
sweete cloth, one faced with gold, the other with scarlett, and  
faced with watchd lace and silver, with 4 good horses.  
Alsoe, I will have two coachmen, one for my owne coache,  
the other for my women. Alsoe, att any tyme when I  
travayle, I will be allowed not only carroches, and spare  
horses for me and my women, but I will have such car-  
ryadges, as shal be fittinge for all orderly; not peestringe  
my things with my womens, nor theirs with either chamber-  
mayds, or theirs with wase maids. Alsoe, for landresses,  
when I travayle I will have them sent away before with the  
carryadges to see all safe, and the chambermayds I will have

c c 2

\* ——— may the great fiend, &c.] This is one of  
Ray's Proverbs. It is found in *The Tamer Tamed*: "A  
Sedgley curse light on him! which is, Pedro, The fiend ride  
through him booted and spurr'd, with a sithe at his back."  
And also in *The Goblins*, by Sir John Suckling.

*L. Frug.* At my entreaty,  
The articles shall be easier.

*Plenty.* Shall they, i'faith?  
Like bitch, like whelps.

*Sir Maur.* Use fair words.

*Plenty.* I cannot;

I have read of a house of pride, and now I have  
found one:

A whirlwind overturn it!

*Sir Maur.* On these terms,  
Will your minxship be a lady?

*Plenty.* A lady in a morris:  
I'll wed a pedlar's punk first,—

*Sir Maur.* Tinker's trull,

A beggar without a smock.

*Plenty.* Let monsieur almanack,  
Since he is so cunning with his Jacob's staff,  
Find you out a husband in a bowling-alley.

*Sir Maur.* The general pimp to a brothel.

*Plenty.* Though that now  
All the loose desires of man were raked up in me,  
And no means but thy maidenhead left to quench  
them,

I would turn cinders, or the next sow-gelder,  
On my life, should lib me, rather than embrace thee.

*Anne.* Wooing do you call this!

*Mary.* A bear-baiting rather.

*Plenty.* Were you worried, you deserve it, and I  
hope

I shall live to see it.

*Sir Maur.* I'll not rail, nor curse you:  
Only this, you are pretty peats, and your great  
portions

Add much unto your handsomeness; but as  
You would command your husbands, you are  
beggars,

Deform'd and ugly.

*L. Frug.* Hear me.

*Plenty.* Not a word more.

[*Exeunt Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty.*]

*Anne.* I ever thought it would come to this.

*Mary.* We may  
Lead apes in hell for husbands, if you bind us  
T' articulate thus with our suitors.

[*Both speak weeping.*]

*Star.* Now the cloud breaks,  
And the storm will fall on me.

*L. Frug.* You rascal, juggler!

[*She breaks Star's gaze's head and beats him.*]

*Star.* Dear madam.

*L. Frug.* Hold you intelligence with the stars,  
And thus deceive me!

*Star.* My art cannot err;  
If it does, I'll burn my astrolabe. In mine own  
star

I did foresee this broken head, and beating;  
And now your ladyship sees, as I do feel it,  
It could not be avoided.

goe before with the groomes, that a chamber may be ready,  
sweete and cleane. Alsoe, for that yt is undecient to crowd  
upp myself with my gentl. usher in my coache, I will have  
him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city  
or country. And I must have 2 footemen. And my desire  
is, that you defray all the charges for me."—*Ex. Antoy in  
Bibb. Harl.*

It may not be impertinent to add, that Lord Compton, as  
might reasonably be conjectured, after such a letter as this,  
reaped little comfort from his wife, and less from her im-  
mense fortune. This scene (as much of it at least as relates  
to the two young ladies and their lovers) is imitated with  
infinite pleasantry by Glapthorne, in that admirable comedy,  
*Wit in a Constable*.

*L. Frug.* Did you?

*Star.* Madam,

Have patience but a week, and if you find not  
All my predictions true, touching your daughters,  
And a change of fortune to yourself, a rare one,  
Turn me out of doors. These are not the men the  
planets

Appointed for their husbands; there will come  
Gallants of another metal.

*Mit.* Once more trust him.

*Anne.* Mary. Do, lady-mother.

*L. Frug.* I am vex'd, look to it;

Turn o'er your books; if once again you fool me,  
You shall graze elsewhere; come, girls.

*Star.* I am glad I 'scaped thus.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

*Enter Lord Lacy and Sir John Frugal.*

*L. Lacy.* The plot shows very likely\*.

*Sir John.* I repose

My principal trust in your lordship; 'twill prepare  
The physic I intend to minister  
To my wife and daughters.

*L. Lacy.* I will do my parts  
To set it off to the life.

*Enter Sir Maurice Lacy, and Plenty.*

*Sir John.* It may produce

A scene of no vulgar mirth. Here come the suitors;  
When we understand how they relish my wife's  
humours,

The rest is feasible.

*L. Lacy.* Their looks are cloudy.

*Sir John.* How sits the wind? are you ready to  
launch forth

Into this sea of marriage?

*Plenty.* Call it rather

A whirlpool of afflictions.

*Sir Maur.* If you please

To enjoin me to it, I will undertake

To find the north passage to the Indies sooner\*

Than plough with your proud heifer.

*Plenty.* I will make

A voyage to hell first,—

*Sir John.* How air!

*Plenty.* And court Proserpine

In the sight of Pluto, his three-headed porter,

Cerberus, standing by, and all the furies

With their whips to scourge me for't, than say, I,  
Jeffrey,

Take you, Mary, for my wife.

*L. Lacy.* Why what's the matter?

*Sir Maur.* The matter is, the mother (with your  
pardon,

I cannot but speak so much) is a most insufferable,  
Proud, insolent lady.

*Plenty.* And the daughters worse.

The dam in years had the advantage to be wicked,  
But they were so in her belly.

\* *L. Lacy. The plot shows very likely.* It appears from  
this that Sir John had instilled his suspicions of his brother  
into Lord Lacy. It is finely contrived, to confirm them in  
the execution of their design by a new instance of unfeeling  
pride in his family.

† *To find the north passage to the Indies sooner.* This  
was the grand object of our maritime expeditions in those  
days, and was prosecuted with a boldness, dexterity, and  
perseverance which, though since equalled, perhaps, in the  
same fruitless pursuit, have not yet been surpassed.

*Sir Maur.* I must tell you,  
With reverence to your wealth, I do begin  
To think you of the same leaven.

*Plenty.* Take my counsel;  
'Tis safer for your credit to profess  
Yourself a cuckold, and upon record,  
Than say they are your daughters.

*Sir John.* You go too far, sir.

*Sir Maur.* They have so articulated with us!

*Plenty.* And will not take us  
For their husbands, but their slaves; and so afore-  
hand

They do profess they'll use us.

*Sir John.* Leave this heat:

Though they are mine, I must tell you, the per-  
verseness

Of their manners (which they did not take from me,  
But from their mother) qualified, they deserve  
Your equals.

*Sir Maur.* True; but what's bred in the bone  
Admits no hope of cure,

*Plenty.* Though saints and angels

Were their physicians.

*Sir John.* You conclude too fast.

*Plenty.* God be wi' you\*! I'll travel three years,  
but I'll bury

This shame that lives upon me.

*Sir Maur.* With your license,  
I'll keep him company.

*L. Lacy.* Who shall furnish you  
For your expenses?

*Plenty.* He shall not need your help,  
My purse is his; we were rivals, but now friends,  
And we live and die so.

*Sir Maur.* Ere we go, I'll pay  
My duty as a son.

*Plenty.* And till then leave you.

[*Exeunt Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty.*]

*L. Lacy.* They are strangely moved.

*Sir John.* What's wealth, accompanied  
With disobedience in a wife and children?  
My heart will break.

*L. Lacy.* Be comforted, and hope better:  
We'll ride abroad; the fresh air and discourse  
May yield us new inventions.

*Sir John.* You are noble,  
And shall in all things, as you please, command me.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Secret's House.

*Enter SHAVE'EM and SECRET.*

*Secret.* Dead doings, daughter.

*Shave.* Doings! sufferings, mother:  
[For poor] men have forgot\* what doing is;  
And such as have to pay for what they do,  
Are impotent, or eunuchs.

*Secret.* You have a friend yet,  
And a striker too, I take it.

*Shave.* Goldwire is so, and comes  
To me by stealth, and, as he can steal, maintains me  
In clothes, I grant; but alas! dame, what's one  
friend?

I would have a hundred;—for every hour and use,  
And change of humour I am in, a fresh one.

'Tis a flock of sheep that makes a lean wolf fat,  
And not a single lambkin. I am starved,  
Starved in my pleasures; I know not what a coach  
is,

To hurry me to the Burs\*, or Old Exchange:  
The neat-house for musk-melons, and the gardens  
Where we traffic for asparagus, are, to me,  
In the other world.

*Secret.* There are other places, lady,  
Where you might find customers.

*Shave.* You would have me foot it

To the dancing of the ropes, sit a whole afternoon  
there

In expectation of nuts and pippins;  
Gape round about me, and yet not find a chapman  
That in courtesy will bid a chop of mutton,  
Or a pint of drum-wine for me†.

*Secret.* You are so impatient!  
But I can tell you news will comfort you,  
And the whole sisterhood.

*Shave.* What's that?

*Secret.* I am told

Two ambassadors are come over: a French mon-  
sieur,

And a Venetian, one of the clarissimi,  
A hot-rein'd marmoset‡. Their followers,  
For their countries' honour, after a long vacation,  
Will make a full term with us.

*Shave.* They indeed are

Our certain and best customers:—[*knocking within.*]

—Who knocks there?

*Ramb.* [*within.*] Open the door.

*Secret.* What are you?

\* *Plenty. God be wi' you!* [For this valedictory phrase, so common in our old writers, the modern editors with equal elegance and judgment have substituted, *Good-by to you!*]

† *Or a pint of drum-wine for me.* So the old copy; meaning perhaps sutler's wine, or such sophisticated stuff as is disposed of at the drum-head. Thus Shirley:

"What we have more than to supply our wants,  
Consumes on the drum-head."

Or it may signify such wine as is to be found at common auctions, or *outries*, to which the people were, at this time, usually summoned by beat of drum. Coxeter and M. Mason read *strum-wine*; Dodsley, *stum-wine*.

‡ *A hot rein'd marmoset.* I. e. a monkey, a libidinous animal.

\* [For poor] men have forgot, &c.] A foot is lost in the original: I have substituted the words between brackets in the hope of restoring the sense of the passage.

† *To hurry me to the Burs\*.* To the New Exchange, which was then full of shops, where all kinds of finery for the ladies, trinkets, ornaments, &c., were sold. It was as much frequented by the fashionable world in James's days, as Exeter Change in those of Charles II.

*Ramb.* [within.] Ramble.

*Scuff.* [within.] Scuffle.

*Ramb.* [within.] Your constant visitants.

*Shave.* Let them not in ;

I know them, swaggering, suburban roasters,  
Sixpenny truckers.

*Ramb.* [within.] Down go all your windows,  
And your neighbours' too shall suffer.

*Scuff.* [within.] Force the doors !

*Secret.* They are outlaws, mistress Shave'em, and  
there is

No remedy against them. What should you fear ?  
They are but men ; lying at your close ward,  
You have foil'd their betters.

*Shave.* Out, you bawd ! you care not  
Upon what desperate service you employ me,  
Nor with whom, so you have your fee.

*Secret.* Sweet lady-bird,  
Sing in a milder key.

*Exit, and Re-enters with RAMBLE and SCUFFLE.*

*Scuff.* Are you grown proud ?

*Ramb.* I knew you a waistcoateer in the garden  
alleys\*,

And would come to a sailor's whistle.

*Secret.* Good sir Ramble,  
Use her not roughly ; she is very tender.

*Ramb.* Rank and rotten, is she not ?

[*Shave'em draws her knife.*

*Shave.* Your spittle rogueships †

[*Ramble draws his sword.*

Shall not make me so.

*Secret.* As you are a man, squire Scuffle,  
Step in between them : a weapon of that length  
Was never drawn in my house.

*Shave.* Let him come on :

I'll scour it in your guts, you dog !

*Ramb.* You brachet !

\* *Ramb. I knew you a waistcoateer, &c.* It appears from innumerable passages in our old plays, that *waistcoateer* was a cant term for a strumpet of the lowest kind ; probably given to them from their usually appearing, either through choice or necessity, in a succinct habit. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher :

" — Do you think you are here, sir,  
Amongst your *waistcoateers*, your base wenches,  
That scratch on such occasions ? " — *Wit without Money.*

Again :  
" This is the time of night, and this the haunt,  
In which I use to catch my *waistcoateers* :  
I hope they have not left their walk."

*The Noble Gentleman.*  
† *Your spittle rogueships, &c.* Mr. M. Mason, following his usual practice of altering what he dislikes or misunderstands, changed *spittle* into *spital*, which he, probably, conceived to be an abridgment of hospital. But our old writers carefully distinguished between these two words ; with them an hospital or spital always signified a charitable institution for the advantage of poor, infirm, and aged persons, an alms-house, in short ; while *spittles* were mere lazarettos, receptacles for wretches in the leprosy, and other loathsome diseases, the consequence of debauchery and vice. " Dishonest women," says Barnaby Rudge, in his *English Hue and Cry*, " thrive so ill, that if they do not turn bawd, when they be some foure or five and thirty yeeres of age, they must either be turned into some hospital, or end the rest of their days in a *spittle*."

‡ *Ramb. You brachet !*  
*Are you turn'd mankind ?* i. e. are you become masculine ? Is your nature changed into that of a man ? This is the common acceptation of the word, though, as Upton observes, it sometimes bears a stronger sense, and signifies violent, ferocious, wicked. It is singular, however, that not one of Upton's examples justifies his position, or means more than masculine, or mannish ; he is, notwithstanding, correct in his assertion. Thus Chapman :

Are you turn'd mankind ? you forgot I gave you,  
When we last join'd issue, twenty pound—

*Shave.* O'er night,  
And kick'd it out of me in the morning. I was then  
A novice, but I know to make my game now.  
Fetch the constable.

*Enter GOLDWIRE junior, disguised like a Justice of Peace, DING'EM like a Constable, and Musicians like Watchmen.*

*Secret.* Ah me ! here's one unsent for,  
And a justice of peace too.

*Shave.* I'll hang you both, you rascals !  
I can but ride :\*—you for the purse you cut  
In Paul's at a sermon ; I have smok'd you, ha !  
And you for the bacon you took on the highway,  
From the poor marketwoman, as she rode  
From Rumford.

*Ramb.* Mistress Shave'em.

*Scuff.* Mistress Secret,  
On our knees we beg your pardon.

*Ramb.* Set a ransom on us.

*Secret.* We cannot stand trifling : if you mean to  
save them,

Shut them out at the back door.

*Shave.* First, for punishment,  
They shall leave their cloaks behind them ; and in  
sign

I am their sovereign, and they my vassals,  
For homage kiss my shoe-sole, rogues, and vanish !

[*Exit Ramb. and Scuff.*

*Gold.* My brave virago ! The coast's clear ;  
strike up.

[*Goldwire and the rest discover themselves.*

*Shave.* My Goldwire made a justice !

*Secret.* And your scout

Turn'd constable, and the musicians watchmen !

*Gold.* We come not to fright you, but to make  
you merry :

A light lavolta.†

[*They dance.*

*Shave.* I am tired ; no more.

This was your device ?

*Ding.* Wholly his own ! he is

No pig-sconce, mistress.

*Secret.* He has an excellent headpiece.

*Gold.* Fie ! no, not I ; your jeering gallants say  
We citizens have no wit.

*Ding.* He dies that says so :

This was a masterpiece.

*Gold.* A trifling stratagem,

Not worth the talking of.

*Shave.* I must kiss thee for it

Again, and again.

*Ding.* Make much of her. Did you know

What suitors she had since she saw you—

*Gold.* I the way of marriage ?

*Ding.* Yes, sir ; for marriage, and the other thing  
two,

*Cor.* I will hear thee no more, I will take no compassion  
on thee.

" *Page.* Good signior Cornelio, be not too mankind  
against your wife." — *All Fools.*

And Hall :  
" I ask't phisitions what their counsell was  
For a mad dogge, or for a *mankind* asse."

*Brache* has been already explained.  
\* *I can but ride.* i. e. I know the worst of my punishment ; I can but be carted for a strumpet.

† *A light lavolta.* See Great Duke of Florence,  
Act IV. sc. 2.

The commodity is the same. An Irish lord offer'd her

Five pound a week.

*Secret.* And a cashier'd captain, half Of his entertainment.

*Ding.* And a new-made courtier, The next suit he could beg\*.

*Gold.* And did my sweet one Refuse all this for me?

*Shave.* Weep not for joy; 'Tis true. Let others talk of lords and commanders, And country heirs for their servants; but give me My gallant prentice: he parts with his money So civilly, and demurely, keeps no account Of his expenses, and comes ever furnish'd.— I know thou hast brought money to make up My gown and petticoat, with the appurtenances.

*Gold.* I have it here, duck; thou shalt want for nothing.

*Shave.* Let the chamber be perfumed; and get you, sirrah,

His cap and pantofles ready.

*Gold.* There's for thee, And thee: that for a banquet.

*Secret.* And a caudle Again you rise.

*Gold.* There.

*Shave.* Usher us up in state.

*Gold.* You will be constant?

*Shave.* Thou art the whole world to me.

[*Exeunt Gold. and Shave. embracing, music playing before them.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Sir John Frugal's House.

Enter LUKE.

*Anne.* [within.] Where is this uncle?

*L. Frug.* [within.] Call this beadsman-brother\*;

He hath forgot attendance.

*Mary.* [within.] Seek him out;

Idleness spoils him.

*Luke.* I deserve much more Than their scorn can load me with, and 'tis but justice

That I should live the family's drudge, design'd

To all the sordid offices their pride

Imposes on me; since, if now I sat

A judge in mine own cause, I should conclude

I am not worth their pity. Such as want

Discourse, and judgment, and through weakness fall,

May merit man's compassion; but I,

That knew profuseness of expense the parent

Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughter,

To riot out mine own, to live upon

The alms of others, steering on a rock

I might have shunn'd! Oh Heaven! it is not fit

I should look upward, much less hope for mercy.†

\* The next suit he could beg.] *Omnis cum pretio!* Justice was extremely venal in this age:—but the allusion, perhaps, is to the crying grievance of the times, monopolies. A favourite, who could obtain a grant of these from the easy monarch, considered his fortune as established by the vast sums at which he disposed of them to rapacious adventurers, who oppressed the people without shame, and without pity.

† *L. Frug.* [within.] Call this beadsman-brother:] i. e. this poor dependent on our charity.

‡ This penitential speech of Luke is introduced with admirable artifice, at the period of his breaking forth in his

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, SUARGAZE, and MILLISCENT.

*L. Frug.* What are you devising, sir?

*Anne.* My uncle is much given To his devotion.

*Mary.* And takes time to mumble A paternoster to himself.

*L. Frug.* Know you where Your brother is? it better would become you (Your means of life depending wholly on him) To give your attendance.

*Luke.* In my will I do: But since he rode forth yesterday with lord Lacy, I have not seen him.

*L. Frug.* And why went not you By his stirrup? How! do you look! Were his eyes closed,

You'd be glad of such employment.

*Luke.* 'Twas his pleasure I should wait your commands, and those I am ever Most ready to receive.

*L. Frug.* I know you can speak well; But say and do.

Enter Lord Lacy.

*Luke.* Here comes my lord.

*L. Frug.* Further off: You are no companion for him, and his business Aims not at you, as I take it.

*Luke.* Can I live In this base condition?

*L. Frug.* I hoped, my lord, You had brought master Frugal with you; for I must ask

An account of him from you.

*L. Lacy.* I can give it, lady; But with the best discretion of a woman, And a strong fortified patience, I desire you To give it hearing.

*Luke.* My heart beats.

*L. Frug.* My lord, you much amaze me. [chant,

*L. Lacy.* I shall astonish you. The noble merchant, who, living, was, for his integrity And upright dealing (a rare miracle In a rich citizen), London's best honour; Is—I am loth to speak it.

*Luke.* Wonderous strange!

*L. Frug.* I do suppose the worst; not dead, I hope?

*L. Lacy.* Your supposition's true, your hopes are false; He's dead.

*L. Frug.* Ah me!

*Anne.* My father!

*Mary.* My kind father!

*Luke.* Now they insult not.

*L. Lacy.* Pray hear me out. He's dead; dead to the world and you, and now Lives only to himself.

*Luke.* What riddle's this?

*L. Frug.* Act not the torturer in\* my afflictions; But make me understand the sum of all That I must undergo.

*L. Lacy.* In few words take it:

true character; nor is the insolence of lady Frugal and her daughters less judiciously timed.

\* *L. Frug.* Act not the torturer in my afflictions;] Mr. M. Mason reads, it is impossible to say why, Act not the torturer of my afflictions.

He is retired into a monastery,  
Where he resolves to end his days.

*Luke.* More strange.

*L. Lacy.* I saw him take post for Dover, and the wind

Sitting so fair, by this he's safe at Calais,  
And ere long will be at Lovain.

*L. Frug.* Could I guess  
What were the motives that induced him to it,  
'Twere some allay to my sorrows.

*L. Lacy.* I'll instruct you,  
And chide you into that knowledge; 'twas your pride

Above your rank, and stubborn disobedience  
Of these your daughters, in their milk sucked from you:

At home the harshness of his entertainment,  
You wilfully forgetting that your all  
Was borrow'd from him; and to bear abroad  
The imputations dispersed upon you,  
And justly too, I fear, that drew him to  
This strict retirement: and thus much said for him,  
I am myself to accuse you.

*L. Frug.* I confess  
A guilty cause to him, but in a thought,  
My lord, I ne'er wrong'd you.

*L. Lacy.* In fact you have.  
The insolent disgrace you put upon  
My only son, and Plenty, men that loved  
Your daughters in a noble way, to wash off  
The scandal, put a resolution in them  
For three years' travel.

*L. Frug.* I am much grieved for it.

*L. Lacy.* One thing I had forgot; your rigour to  
His decay'd brother, in which your flatteries,  
Or sorceries, made him a co-agent with you,  
Wrought not the least impression.

*Luke.* Hum! this sounds well.

*L. Frug.* 'Tis now past help: after these storms,  
my lord,

A little calm, if you please.

*L. Lacy.* If what I have told you  
Show'd like a storm, what now I must deliver  
Will prove a raging tempest. His whole estate,  
In lands and leases, debts and present monies,  
With all the moveables he stood possess'd of,  
With the best advice which he could get for gold  
From his learned counsel, by this formal will  
Is pass'd o'er to his brother.—[*Giving the will to Luke*].—With it take

The key of his counting-house. Not a groat left you,

Which you can call your own.

*L. Frug.* Undone for ever!

*Anne. Mary.* What will become of us?

*Luke.* Hum!

*L. Lacy.* The scene is changed,  
And he that was your slave, by fate appointed  
[*Lady Frugal, Mary, and Anne kneel.*]

Your governor: you kneel to me in vain,  
I cannot help you; I discharge the trust  
Imposed upon me. This humility  
From him may gain remission, and perhaps  
Forgetfulness of your barbarous usage to him.

*L. Frug.* Am I come to this!

*L. Lacy.* Enjoy your own, good sir,  
But use it with due reverence. I once heard you  
Speak most divinely in the opposition  
Of a revengeful humour; to these show it,  
And such who then depended on the mercy

Of your brother, wholly now at your devotion,  
And make good the opinion I held of you,  
Of which I am most confident.

*Luke.* Pray you rise.

[*Rings them.*]

And rise with this assurance, I am still  
As I was of late, your creature; and if raised  
In any thing, 'tis in my power to serve you;  
My will is still the same. O my good lord!  
This heap of wealth which you possess me of,  
Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,  
And to the messenger might with justice challenge  
A kind of adoration, is to me  
A curse I cannot thank you for; and much less  
Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind  
My brother's vows must purchase. I have made  
A dear exchange with him: he now enjoys  
My peace and poverty, the trouble of  
His wealth conferr'd on me, and that a burthen  
Too heavy for my weak shoulders.

*L. Lacy.* Honest soul,  
With what feeling he receives it!

*L. Frug.* You shall have  
My best assistance, if you please to use it,  
To help you to support it.

*Luke.* By no means:

The weight shall rather sink me, than you part  
With one short minute from those lawful pleasures  
Which you were born to, in your care to aid me:  
You shall have all abundance. In my nature  
I was ever liberal; my lord, you know it;  
Kind, affable.—And now methinks I see  
Before my face the jubilee of joy,  
When 'tis assured my brother lives in me,  
His debtors, in full cups crown'd to my health,  
With pæans to my praise, will celebrate!  
For they well know 'tis far from me to take  
The forfeiture of a bond: nay, I shall blush,  
The interest never paid after three years,  
When I demand my principal: and his servants,  
Who from a slavish fear paid their obedience,  
By him exacted, now, when they are mine,  
Will grow familiar friends, and as such use me;  
Being certain of the mildness of my temper,  
Which my change of fortune, frequent in most men,  
Hath not the power to alter.

*L. Lacy.* Yet take heed, sir,  
You ruin not, with too much lenity,  
What his fit severity raised.

*L. Frug.* And we fall from  
That height we have maintain'd.

*Luke.* I'll build it higher,  
To admiration higher. With disdain  
I look upon these habits, no way suiting  
The wife and daughters of a knighted citizen  
Bless'd with abundance.

*L. Lacy.* There, sir, I join with you;  
A fit decorum must be kept, the court  
Distinguish'd from the city.

*Luke.* With your favour,  
I know what you would say; but give me leave  
In this to be your advocate. You are wide,  
Wide the whole region\*, in what I purpose.

\* *You are wide, Wide the whole region, in what I purpose.* This is a most admirable stroke, and shows with what exquisite judgment Massinger discriminates his character. Lord Lacy had touched a discordant string, and the vanity of Luke, already raised to an inordinate pitch by his recent glimpse of wealth, is irritated and alarmed. The expression, *You are wide, wide the whole region*, is a Latinism, *toto cælo, tota regione oberrat*.

Since all the titles, honours, long descents,  
Borrow their gloss from wealth, the rich with reason  
May challenge their prerogatives : and it shall be  
My glory, nay a triumph, to revive,  
In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory  
Of the Roman matrons, who kept captive queens  
To be their handmaids. And when you appear  
Like Juno in full majesty, and my nieces  
Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else  
Old poets fancy (your cramm'd wardrobes richer  
Than various nature's), and draw down the envy  
Of our western world upon you ; only hold me  
Your vigilant Hermes with aerial wings  
(My caduceus, my strong zeal to serve you),  
Præst\* to fetch in all rarities may delight you,  
And I am made immortal.

*L. Lacy.* A strange frenzy !

*Luke.* Off with these rags, and then to bed ; there  
dream

Of future greatness, which, when you awake,  
I'll make a certain truth : but I must be  
A doer, not a promiser. The performance  
Requiring haste, I kiss your hands, and leave you.

[Exit.

*L. Lacy.* Are we all turn'd statues ? have his  
strange words charm'd us ?

What muse you on, lady ?

*L. Frug.* Do not trouble me.

*L. Lacy.* Sleep you too, young ones ?

*Anne.* Swift-wing'd time, till now,  
Was never tedious to me. Would 'twere night !

*Mary.* Nay, morning rather.

*L. Lacy.* Can you ground your faith  
On such impossibilities ? have you so soon  
Forgot your good husband ?

*L. Frug.* He was a vanity  
I must no more remember.

*L. Lacy.* Excellent !  
You, your kind father ?

*Anne.* Such an uncle never  
Was read of in story !

*L. Lacy.* Not one word in answer  
Of my demands ?

*Mary.* You are but a lord ; and know,  
My thoughts soar higher.

*L. Lacy.* Admirable ! I'll leave you  
To your castles in the air. — When I relate this  
It will exceed belief, but he must know it. [Exit.

*Star.* Now I may boldly speak. May it please  
you, madam,  
To look upon your vassal ; I foresaw this,  
The stars assured it.

*L. Frug.* I begin to feel  
Myself another woman.

*Star.* Now you shall find  
All my predictions true, and nobler matches  
Prepared for my young ladies.

*Mill.* Pricely husbands.

*Anne.* I'll go no less.

*Mary.* Not a word more ;  
Provide my night-rail.

*Mill.* What shall we be to-morrow ! [Exeunt.

\* *Præst to fetch in, &c.* i.e. ready, prepared, to fetch in.  
The word occurs so frequently in this sense, that it is unnecessary to produce any example of it.

† *Anne. I'll go no less.* This is a gaming phrase, and means, I will not play for a smaller stake.

‡ *Provide my night-rail.* Enter Crowstitch with a night-rail. Crow. Pray madam does this belong to you or miss ? O ! Mr. Sembrist here ! (folds up the night-shift hastily). Love for Money.

## SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter LUKE.

*Luke.* 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,  
A real truth ; nor dream : I did not slumber,  
And could wake ever with a brooding eye  
To gaze upon't ! it did endure the touch,  
I saw and felt it ! Yet what I beheld  
And handled oft, did so transcend belief  
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er),  
I faintly could give credit to my senses.  
Thou dumb magician,—[Taking out a key].—that  
without a charm

Didst make my entrance easy, to possess  
What wise men wish, and toil for ! Hermes' moly,  
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,  
Imagined only\* by the alchymist,  
Compared with these are shadows—thou the substance,

And guardian of felicity ! No marvel,  
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,  
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress  
To be hugg'd ever ! In by-corners of  
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up  
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,  
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold  
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.  
There needs no artificial light ; the splendour  
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness  
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd !  
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made  
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,  
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth  
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof  
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place  
Heaven's abstract, or epitome !—rubies, sapphires,  
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not  
But look on with contempt. And yet I found  
What weak credulity could have no faith in,  
A treasure far exceeding these : here lay  
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,  
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting ;  
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,  
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in  
The unthrift's power : there being scarce one shire  
In Wales or England, where my monies are not  
Lent out at usury, the certain hook

\* *Imagined only by the alchymist.* i.e. which only exists in the imagination of the alchymist.

† — and made the place

Heaven's abstract, or epitome. Rubies, sapphires,  
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not  
But look on with contempt. For these most beautiful  
lines, which I have faithfully taken from the old copies, the  
modern editors give us,

— and made the place  
Heaven's abstract, or epitome. Rubies, sapphires,  
And ropes of oriental pearl ; these seen, I could not  
But look on gold with contempt !

These vile and senseless interpolations utterly subvert not only the metre, but the meaning of the passage : indeed it is evident that neither Coxeter nor Mr. M. Mason (I am loth to speak of Dodsley), understood a syllable of what they were mangling under the idea of reforming. The sense now is clear enough : the diamonds, which are described by one of the most magnificent figures to be found in all poetry, so ravished his sight, that he looked upon the other precious stones, rubies, sapphires, and pearls (not the gold, which he had already dismissed from his thoughts), with contempt. Errors of this nature are the more to be regretted, as they have induced many critics (and among them Dr. Ferriar\*) to complain of a want of harmony in a speech rhythmical and melodious almost beyond example.

\* See *The Essay on Macfingler*.

To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth  
Supports me not; I walk on air!—Who's there?

*Enter Lord Lacy, with Sir JOHN FRUGAL, Sir  
MAURICE LACY, and PLENTY, disguised as Indians.*

Thieves! raise the street! thieves!  
*L. Lacy.* What strange passion's this!  
Have you your eyes? do you know me?

*Luke.* You, my lord!  
I do: but this retinue, in these shapes too,  
May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure

That I should wait upon you, give me leave  
To do it at your own house, for I must tell you,  
Things as they now are with me well consider'd,  
I do not like such visitants.

*L. Lacy.* Yesterday,  
When you had nothing, praise your poverty for't,  
You could have sung secure before a thief;  
But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspicions,

And needless fears, possess you. Thank a good  
brother;  
But let not this exalt you.

*Luke.* A good brother\*!  
Good in his conscience, I confess, and wise,  
In giving o'er the world. But his estate,  
Which your lordship may conceive great, no way  
answers

The general opinion: alas!  
With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him.

*L. Lacy.* A poor man, say you?

*Luke.* Poor, compared with that  
'Tis thought I do possess. Some little land,  
Fair household furniture, a few good debts,  
But empty bags, I find: yet I will be  
A faithful steward to his wife and daughters;  
And, to the utmost of my power, obey  
His will in all things.

*L. Lacy.* I'll not argue with you  
Of his estate, but bind you to performance  
Of his last request, which is, for testimony  
Of his religious charity, that you would  
Receive these Indians, lately sent him from  
Virginia, into your house; and labour  
At any rate, with the best of your endeavours,  
Assisted by the aids of our divines,  
To make them Christians.

*Luke.* Call you this, my lord,  
Religious charity; to send infidels,  
Like hungry locusts, to devour the bread  
Should feed his family? I neither can  
Nor will consent to't.

*L. Lacy.* Do not alight it; 'tis  
With him a business of such consequence,  
That should he only hear 'tis not embraced,

\* *Luke.* A good brother!

Good in his conscience, I confess, &c.) Luke alludes here  
to the mercantile sense of the word good, i. e. rich. In  
Lord Lacy's speech, there is an allusion to the well known  
verse:

*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*

And cheerfully, in this his conscience aiming  
At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o'er  
To see it himself accomplish'd.

*Luke.* Heaven forbid  
I should divert him from his holy purpose  
To worldly cares again! I rather will  
Sustain the burthen, and with the converted  
Feast the converters, who, I know, will prove  
The greater feeders.

*Sir John.* Oh, ha, enawah Chrish bully leiha.  
*Plenty.* Enaulo.

*Sir Maur.* Harrico botikia bonnery.  
*Luke.* Ha! in this heathen language,  
How is it possible our doctors should  
Hold conference with them, or I use the means  
For their conversion?

*L. Lacy.* That shall be no hindrance  
To your good purposes\*: they have lived long  
In the English colony, and speak our language  
As their own dialect; the business does concern  
you:

Mine own designs command me hence. Continue,  
As in your poverty you were, a pious  
And honest man. [Exit.]

*Luke.* That is, interpreted,  
A slave and beggar.

*Sir John.* You conceive it right;  
There being no religion, nor virtue,  
But in abundance, and no vice but want.  
All deities serve Plutus.

*Luke.* Oracle!

*Sir John.* Temples raised to ourselves in the  
increase

Of wealth and reputation, speak a wise man;  
But sacrifice to an imagined Power,  
Of which we have no sense but in belief,  
A superstitious fool.

*Luke.* True worldly wisdom!

*Sir John.* All knowledge else is folly.

*Sir Maur.* Now we are yours,  
Be confident your better angel is  
Enter'd your house.

*Plenty.* There being nothing in  
The compass of your wishes, but shall end  
In their fruition to the full.

*Sir John.* As yet,  
You do not know us; but when you understand  
The wonders we can do, and what the ends were  
That brought us hither, you will entertain us  
With more respect.

*Luke.* There's something whispers to me  
These are no common men;—my house is yours,  
Enjoy it freely: only grant me this,  
Not to be seen abroad till I have heard  
More of your sacred principles. Pray enter.  
You are learned Europeans, and we worse  
Than ignorant Americans.

*Sir John.* You shall find it.

[Exeunt.]

\* *To your good purposes:*] Mr. M. Mason omits good;  
and, what is of more importance, the exit at the conclusion  
of the speech.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Frugal's House.

Enter DING'EM, GETTALL, and HOLDFAST.

Ding. Not speak with him! with fear survey me better,

Thou figure of famine!

Gett. Coming, as we do,  
From his quondam patrons, his dear ingles now\*,  
The brave spark Tradewell,—

Ding. And the man of men  
In the service of a woman, gallant Goldwire!

Enter LUKE.

Hold. I know them for his prentices, without  
These flourishes.—Here are rude fellows, sir.

Ding. Not yours, you rascal!

Hold. No, don't pimp; you may seek them  
In Bridewell, or the hole; here are none of your  
comrogues†.

Luke. One of them looks as he would cut my  
throat:

Your business, friends?

Hold. I'll fetch a constable;

Let him answer him in the stocks.

Ding. Stir an thou dar'at:

Fright me with Bridewell and the stocks! they are  
seabittings

I am familiar with.

[Draws.

Luke. Pray you put up;

And, sirrah, hold your peace.

Ding. Thy word's a law,

And I obey. Live, scrape-shoe, and be thankful.

Thou man of muck and money, for as such  
I now salute thee, the suburban gamesters  
Have heard thy fortunes, and I am in person  
Sent to congratulate.

Gett. The news hath reach'd  
The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are  
Ambitious to shake the golden gollas‡  
Of worshipful master Luke. I come from Trade-  
well,

Your fine facetious factor.

Ding. I from Goldwire;

He and his Helen have prepared a banquet,  
With the appurtenances, to entertain thee;  
For I must whisper in thine ear, thou art  
To be her Paris: but bring money with thee  
To quit old scores.

Gett. Blind chance hath frown'd upon  
Brave Tradewell: he's blown up, but not without  
Hope of recovery, so you supply him

\* his dear ingles now,] i. e. his bosom friends, his associates; *ingles*, which the commentators sometimes confound with this word, differs from it altogether, both in its derivation and its meaning.

† Here are none of your comrogues:] This is absurdly changed in the modern editions into *comrades*, a very superfluous word after *fellows*.

‡ the golden golla, &c.] *Golla* is a cant word for hands, or rather fists: it occurs continually in our old poets. Thus Decker: "Hold up thy hands; I have seen the day when thou didst not scorn to hold up thy golla."

Satiricmaster.

"Bid her tie up her head, and wish her  
To wash her hands in bran or flower,  
And do you in like manner scour  
Your dirty golla." Cotton's *Virgil*, B. IV.

With a good round sum. In my house, I can assure  
you,

There's half a million stirring.

Luke. What hath he lost?

Gett. Three hundred.

Luke. A trifle.

Gett. Make it up a thousand,  
And I will fit him with such tools as shall  
Bring in a myriad

Luke. They know me well,  
Nor need you use such circumstances for them:  
What's mine is theirs. They are my friends, not  
servants,

But in their care to enrich me; and these courses  
The speeding means. Your name, I pray you?

Gett. Gettall.

I have been many years an ordinary-keeper,

My box my poor revenue.

Luke. Your name suits well

With your profession. Bid him bear up, he shall not

Sit long on Penniless-Bench.

Gett. There spake an angel.

Luke. You know mistress Shave'em?

Gett. The pontifical punk?

Luke. The same. Let him meet me there some  
two hours hence:

And Tell Tom Goldwire I will then be with him  
Furnish'd beyond his hopes; and let your mistress

Appear in her best trim.

Ding. She will make thee young,  
Old Aeson: she is ever furnish'd with  
Medæa's drugs, restoratives. I fly  
To keep them sober till thy worship come;  
They will be drunk with joy else.

Gett. I'll run with you.

[Exit Ding'em and Gettall.

Hold. You will not do as you say, I hope?

Luke. Enquire not;

I shall do what becomes me.—[Knocking within.]—

To the door.

[Exit Holdfast.

New visitants!

Re-enter HOLDFAST.

What are they?

Hold. A whole batch, sir,  
Almost of the same leaven: your needy debtors,  
Penury, Fortune, Hoyst.

Luke. They come to congratulate  
The fortune fallen upon me.

Hold. Rather, sir,  
Like the others, to prey on you.

Luke. I am simple; they  
Know my good nature: but let them in, however.

Hold. All will come to ruin! I see beggary  
Already knocking at the door.—You may enter—

[Speaking to those without.

But use a conscience, and do not work upon  
A tender-hearted gentleman too much;  
'Twill show like charity in you.

Enter FORTUNE, PENURY, and HOYST.

Luke. Welcome, friends:

I know your hearts, and wishes; you are glad  
You have changed your creditor.

*Pen.* I weep for joy  
To look upon his worship's face.

*For.* His worship's!  
I see lord mayor written on his forehead;  
The cap of maintenance, and city sword,  
Borne up in state before him.

*Hoyst.* Hospitals,  
And a third Burse, erected by his honour.

*Pen.* The city poet on the pageant day  
Preferring him before Gresham.

*Hoyst.* All the conduits  
Spouting canary sack.

*For.* Not a prisoner left,  
Under ten pounds.

*Pen.* We, his poor beadsmen, feasting  
Our neighbours on his bounty.

*Luke.* May I make good  
Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'll endeavour  
To the utmost of my power!

*Hold.* Yes, for one year,  
And break the next.

*Luke.* You are ever prating, sirrah.  
Your present business, friends?

*For.* Were your brother present,  
Mine had been of some consequence; but now  
The power lies in your worship's hand, 'tis little,  
And will, I know, as soon as ask'd, be granted.

*Luke.* 'Tis very probable.

*For.* The kind forbearance  
Of my great debt, by your means, Heaven be  
prais'd for't!

Hath rais'd my sunk estate. I have two ships,  
Which I long since gave for lost, above my hopes  
Return'd from Barbary, and richly freighted.

*Luke.* Where are they?

*For.* Near Gravesend.

*Luke.* I am truly glad of it.

*For.* I find your worship's charity, and dare  
swear so.

Now may I have your license, as I know  
With willingness I shall, to make the best  
Of the commodities, though you have execution,  
And after judgment, against all that's mine,  
As my poor body, I shall be enabled  
To make payment of my debts to all the world,  
And leave myself a competence.

*Luke.* You much wrong me,  
If you only doubt it. Yours, Mr. Hoyst?

*Hoyst.* 'Tis the surrendering back the mortgage  
of

My lands, and on good terms, but three days  
patience;

By an uncle's death I have means left to redeem it,  
And cancel all the forfeited bonds I seal'd to,

In my riots, to the merchant; for I am  
Resolved to leave off play, and turn good husband.

*Luke.* A good intent, and to be cherish'd in you.  
Yours, Penury?

*Pen.* My state stands as it did, sir:  
What I owed I owe, but can pay nothing to you.  
Yet, if you please to trust me with ten pounds  
more,

I can buy a commodity of a sailor  
Will make me a freeman. There, sir, is his name;  
And the parcels I am to deal for.

[Gives him a paper.]

*Luke.* You are all so reasonable  
In your demands, that I must freely grant them.  
Some three hours hence meet me on the Exchange,  
You shall be amply satisfied.

*Pen.* Heaven preserve you!

*For.* Happy were London, if within her walls  
She had many such rich men!

*Luke.* No more; now leave me;  
I am full of various thoughts.—[*Exeunt Fortune,*

*Hoyst, and Penury.*—Be careful, Holdfast:  
I have much to do.

*Hold.* And I something to say  
Would you give me hearing.

*Luke.* At my better leisure.  
Till my return look well unto the Indians;  
In the mean time do you as this directs you.

[Gives him a paper. *Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—A Room in Shave'em's House.

*Enter* GOLDWIRE junior, TRADEWELL junior, SHAVE'EM,  
SECRET, GETTALL, and DING'EM.

*Gold.* All that is mine is theirs. Those were his  
words?

*Ding.* I am authentic.

*Trade.* And that I should not

*Sit long on Penniless-Bench?*

*Gett.* But suddenly start up

A gamester at the height, and cry, *At all!*

*Shave.* And did he seem to have an inclination  
To toy with me?

*Ding.* He wish'd you would put on  
Your best habiliments, for he resolved  
To make a jovial day on't.

*Gold.* Hug him close, wench,  
And thou may'st eat gold and amber. I well know  
him

For a most insatiate drabber; he hath given,  
Before he spent his own estate, which was  
Nothing to the huge mass he's now possess'd of,  
A hundred pound a leap.

*Shave.* Hell take my doctor!

He should have brought me some fresh oil of talc;  
These ceruses are common\*.

*Secret.* 'Troth, sweet lady,  
The colours are well laid on.

*Gold.* And thick enough,  
I find that on my lips.

*Shave.* Do you so, Jack Sauce!  
I'll keep them further off.

*Gold.* But be assured first

Of a new maintainer ere you cashier the old one.  
But bind him fast by thy sorceries, and thou shalt

Be my revenue; the whole college study

The reparation of thy ruin'd face;

Thou shalt have thy proper and bald-headed coach-  
man;

Thy tailor and embroiderer shall kneel

To thee, their idol: Cheapside and the Exchange  
Shall court thy custom, and thou shalt forget

\* He should have brought me some fresh oil of talc;  
These ceruses are common.] Talc is a fossil easily divi-  
sible into thin laminae. From its smoothness, unctuousity,  
and brightness, it has been greatly celebrated as a cosmetic,  
and the chymists have submitted it to a variety of op-  
erations for procuring from it oils, salts, tinctures, ma-  
gisteries, &c., for that purpose: but all their labours have  
been in vain, and all the preparations sold under the name  
of oil of talc, &c., have either contained nothing of that  
mineral, or only a fine powder of it. To this information,  
which I owe to the Encyclopædia Britannica, I have only  
to add, that a deleterious composition, under this name, was  
sold by the quacks of Massinger's time, as a wash for the  
complexion, and is mentioned by all his contemporaries.  
Ceruse, I fear, is yet in use.

There e'er was a St. Martin's\*: thy procurer  
Shall be sheath'd in velvet, and a reverend veil  
Pass her for a grave matron. Have an eye to the  
door,

And let loud music, when this monarch enters,  
Proclaim his entertainment.

Ding. That's my office.

[Flourish of cornets within.]

The consort's ready.

Enter LUKE.

Trade. And the god of pleasure,  
Master Luke, our Comus, enters.

Gold. Set your face in order,  
I will prepare him.—Live I to see this day,

And to acknowledge you my royal master!

Trade. Let the iron chests fly open, and the gold,  
Rusty for want of use, appear again!

Gett. Make my ordinary flourish!

Shave. Welcome, sir,

To your own palace!

[The music plays.]

Gold. Kiss your Cleopatra,  
And show yourself, in your magnificent bounties,  
A second Antony!

Ding. All the nine worthies!

Secret. Variety of pleasures wait upon you,  
And a strong back!

Luke. Give me leave to breathe, I pray you.

I am astonished! all this preparation  
For me? and this choice modest beauty wrought  
To feed my appetite?

All. We are all your creatures.

Luke. A house well furnish'd!

Gold. At your own cost, sir,  
Glad I the instrument. I prophesied  
You should possess what now you do, and therefore  
Prepared it for your pleasure. There's no rag  
This Venus wears, but, on my knowledge, was  
Derived from your brother's cash; the lease of the  
house,

And furniture, cost near a thousand, sir.

Shave. But now you are master both of it and  
me,

I hope you'll build elsewhere.

Luke. And see you placed,  
Fair one, to your desert. As I live, friend Trade-  
well,

I hardly knew you, your clothes so well become  
you.

What is your loss? speak truth.

Trade. Three hundred, sir.

Gett. But on a new supply he shall recover  
The sum told twenty times o'er.

Shave. There's a banquet,  
And after that a soft couch, that attends you.

Luke. I couple not in the daylight. Expectation  
Heightens the pleasure of the night, my sweet one!  
Your music's harsh, discharge it; I have provided  
A better consort, and you shall frolic it  
In another place.

[The music ceases.]

Gold. But have you brought gold, and store, sir?

Trade. I long to wear the caster†.

\* — Thou shalt forget

There e'er was a St. Martin's: The parish of St. Martin  
appears from the old histories of London, to have been dis-  
tinguished, successively, for a sanctuary, a bridewell, a spit-  
tle, and an alms-house. Which of them was to be driven  
from the mind of mistress Shave'em, by the full tide of  
prosperity which is here anticipated, must be left to the  
sagacity of the reader.

† Gold. But have you brought gold, and store, sir?]  
This, as I have already observed, is a line of an old ballad.

‡ Trade. I long to wear the caster.] Tradewell is anxious

Gold. I to appear  
In a fresh habit.

Shave. My mercer and my silkman  
Waited me two hours since.

Luke. I am no porter

To carry so much gold as will supply  
Your vast desires, but I have in order for you:

Enter Sheriff, Marshal, and Officers.

You shall have what is fitting, and they come here  
Will see it perform'd.—Do your offices: you have  
My lord chief-justice's warrant for't.

Sher. Seize them all.

Shave. The city marshal!

Gold. And the sheriff! I know him.

Secret. We are betrayed.

Ding. Undone.

Gett. Dear master Luke.

Gold. You cannot be so cruel; your persuasion  
Cbid us into these courses, oft repeating,

Show yourselves city-sparks, and hang up money!

Luke. True; when it was my brother's, I con-  
temn'd it;

But now it is mine own, the case is altered.

Trade. Will you prove yourself a devil? tempt  
us to mischief,

And then discover it!

Luke. Argue that hereafter;

In the meantime, Master Goldwire, you that made  
Your ten-pound suppers; kept your punks at livery  
In Brentford, Staines, and Barnet, and this, in Lon-  
don;

Held correspondence with your fellow-cashiers,  
Ka me, ka thee! and knew in your accompts

To cheat my brother, if you can, evade me.

If there be law in London, your father's bonds  
Shall answer for what you are out.

for a supply of money, to return to the ordinary or gam-  
bling-house. For caster Mr. M. Mason chooses to read  
caster: he then observes on his own sophistication, "allu-  
ding to the throwers of dice at hazard, and to the cloth  
made of the beaver's hair." The last supposition is unlikely,  
the former is probably right. The difficulty, however, is not  
in the word caster, but wear. Whether wear the caster,  
signified in the language of gaming, to tire the caster, or had  
any other meaning more appropriate to the profession, I  
know not; but am willing to suppose so, in preference to  
tampering with the text. 1805.

I have suffered this note, which I trust is sufficiently  
modest, to remain as a memento to those who, like myself,  
may have to treat of technical terms, in an art to which  
they are strangers. While I was gravely labouring to rea-  
son on a printer's blunder, and to explain a text which, if  
correct, I should not have understood, a reference to the  
Monthly Mirror set all right in an instant.

"Wear the caster!" (for so it should be and not wear).  
"When the setter supposes himself to possess more money  
than the caster, it is usual for him, on putting his stake into  
the ring, to cry *Wear caster!* the caster then declares *at all*  
under such a sum, ten, twenty, or fifty pounds, for instance;  
or else to place against the stakes of certain setters, the cor-  
responding sums, and cry, *Wear cover'd only!*" This ex-  
planation undoubtedly adds greatly to the force and humour  
of this character. "The ambitious Tradewell expects by  
the assistance of Luke, to be lord-paramount of the gaming-  
table: as caster to be *at all!* and as setter, to *wear the cas-  
ter!*"

Mr. M. Mason's observation on caster, led me to observe  
that this was also a cant term for a *Plymouth cloak*, i. e.  
a staff, which I mention, because it gives me an opportunity  
of adding the following lively and pleasing passage, from  
Shirley, which the reader may, if he pleases, add to what  
has been already advanced on this term,

" — a reed

But waved discreetly, has so many pores,

It sucks up all the rain that falls about one.

With this defence, when other men have been

Wet to the skin through all their cloaks, I have

Defied a tempest, and walked by the taverns

Dry as a bone."—*Lady of Pleasure*. Act. IV.

*Gold.* You often told us  
It was a bugbear.

*Luke.* Such a one as shall fright them  
Out of their estates, to make me satisfaction  
To the utmost scruple. And for you, madam,  
My Cleopatra, by your own confession,  
Your house, and all your moveables, are mine;  
Nor shall you nor your matron need to trouble  
Your mercer, or your silkman; a blue gown,  
And a whip to boot, as I will handle it,  
Will serve the turn in Bridewell; and these soft  
hands,  
When they are inured to beating hemp, be scour'd  
In your penitent tears, and quite forget their  
powders

And bitter almonds.

*Shave. Secret. Ding.* Will you show no mercy?

*Luke.* I am inexorable.

*Gett.* I'll make bold

To take my leave; the gamesters stay my coming.

*Luke.* We must not part so, gentle master Gett-  
all.

Your box, your certain income, must pay back  
Three hundred, as I take it, or you lie by it.  
There's half a million stirring in your house,  
This a poor trifle.—Master Shrieve and master  
Marshal,

On your perils do your offices.

*Gold.* Dost thou cry now [To Tradewell.

Like a maudlin gamester after loss? I'll suffer  
Like a boman, and now in my misery,  
In scorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tell thee  
Thou wert my pander.

*Luke.* Shall I hear this from

My prentice?

*Mar.* Stop his mouth.

*Sher.* Away with them.

[Exeunt Sheriff, Marshal, and Officers, with  
*Gold. Trade. Shave. Secret. Gett. and Ding.*

*Luke.* A prosperous omen in my entrance to  
My alter'd nature; these house-thieves remov'd,  
And what was lost, beyond my hopes recover'd,  
Will add unto my heap: increase of wealth  
Is the rich man's ambition, and mine  
Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon  
Having in his conceit subdued one world,  
Lamented that there were no more to conquer:  
In my way, he shall be my great example.  
And when my private house, in cramm'd abund-  
ance,

Shall prove the chamber of the city poor,  
And Genoa's bankers shall look pale with envy  
When I am mentioned, I shall grieve there is  
No more to be exhausted in one kingdom.  
Religion, conscience, charity, farewell!  
To me you are words only, and no more;  
All human happiness consists in store. [Exit.

\* I'll suffer

Like a boman.] "A boman, in the language of Alsatia"  
(White Friars, of fraudulent debtors, gamblers, thieves),  
"means a gallant fellow." M. Mason.—It does so; but I  
doubt whether this was the author's word. Goldwire is not a  
gambler, nor does he affect the cant of one. Boman, in the  
quarto, is given with the capital letter, and is not improbably a  
misprint for Roman. To die or to suffer like a Roman, occurs  
perpetually in our old plays, and, generally, in a kind of  
mock-heroic. Thus Lazarillo, in *The Woman-Hater*, "I  
will die bravely, and like a Roman!"

### SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter Serjeants with FORTUNE, HOYST, and PENURY.

*For.* At master Luke's suit\*! the action twenty  
thousand!

1 *Serj.* With two or three executions, which shall  
grind you

To powder when we have you in the counter.

*For.* Thou dost belie him, varlet! he, good gentle-  
man,

Will weep when he hears how we are used.

1 *Serj.* Yes, millstones.

*Pen.* He promised to lend me ten pound for a  
bargain,

He will not do it this way.

2 *Serj.* I have warrant

For what I have done. You are a poor fellow,

And there being little to be got by you,

In charity, as I am an officer,

I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion,

And for mine own security.

3 *Serj.* You are a gallant,  
And I'll do you a courtesy, provided

That you have money: for a piece an hour,

I'll keep you in the house till you send for bail.

2 *Serj.* In the mean time, yeoman, run to the other  
country,

And search if there be aught else out against him.

3 *Serj.* That done, haste to his creditors: he's a  
prize,

And as we are city pirates by our oaths,

We must make the best on't.

*Hoyst.* Do your worst, I care not.

I'll be removed to the Fleet, and drink and drab  
there

In spite of your teeth. I now repent I ever

Intended to be honest.

Enter LUKE.

3. *Serj.* Here he comes  
You had best tell so.

*For.* Worshipful sir,

You come in time to free us from these bandogs.

I know you gave no way to't.

*Pen.* Or if you did,

'Twas but to try our patience.

*Hoyst.* I must tell you

I do not like such trials.

*Luke.* Are you serjeants

Acquainted with the danger of a rescue.

Yet stand here prating in the street? the counter

Is a safer place to parley in.

*For.* Are you in earnest?

\* At master Luke's suit! The action twenty thousand.  
The old copy reads, At M. Luke's suit! &c., which I only  
notice for the sake of observing that our old writers assumed  
to themselves the privilege of abridging the word master,  
and pronouncing only the initial letter of it (em), as in the  
line before us. Of this there are too many instances in this  
single play to admit a doubt; since without some license of  
this sort, many lines could not be spoken as verse.

2 *Serj.* In the mean time, yeoman, run to the other  
country, &c.] Fielding has closely followed Massinger in  
his *Amelia*; indeed, he has done little more than copied  
him, or rather perhaps nature, which each of them had in  
view. The dialogue before us might have been written yester-  
day.

3 *Serj.* Here he comes

You had best tell so.] Mr. M. Mason reads,

Here he comes;

You had best him tell so.

His false pointing made his barbarous interpolation neces-  
sary: the old copy is evidently right.

*Luke.* Yes, faith ; I will be satisfied to a token\*,  
Or, build upon't, you rot there.

*For.* Can a gentleman  
Of your soft and silken temper speak such lan-  
guage ?

*Pen.* So honest, so religious ?

*Hoy.* That preached

So much of charity for us to your brother ?

*Luke.* Yes, when I was in poverty it showed  
well ;

But I inherit with his state, his mind,  
And rougher nature. I grant then I talked,  
For some ends to myself concealed, of pity,  
The poor man's orisons, and such like nothings :  
But what I thought you shall all feel, and with  
rigour ;

Kind master Luke says it. Who pays for your  
attendance ?

Do you wait gratis ?

*For.* Hear us speak.

*Luke.* While I,

Like the adder, stop mine ears : or did I listen,  
Though you spake with the tongues of angels to  
me,

I am not to be altered.

*For.* Let me make the best

Of my ships, and their freight.

*Pen.* Lend me the ten pounds you promised.

*Hoy.* A day or two's patience to redeem my  
mortgage,

And you shall be satisfied.

*For.* To the utmost farthing.

*Luke.* I'll show some mercy ; which is, that I  
will not

Torture you with false hopes, but make you know  
What you shall trust to. Your ships to my use  
Are seized on. I have got into my hands  
Your bargain from the sailor, 'twas a good one  
For such a petty sum. I will likewise take  
The extremity of your mortgage, and the forfeit  
Of your several bonds ; the use and principal  
Shall not serve. Think of the basket, wretches,  
And a coal-sack for a winding-sheet.

*For.* Broker !

*Hoy.* Jew !

*For.* Impostor !

*Hoy.* Cut-throat !

*For.* Hypocrite !

*Luke.* Do, rail on ;  
Move mountains with your breath, it shakes not  
me.

*Pen.* On my knees I beg compassion. My wife  
and children

Shall hourly pray for your worship.

*For.* Mine betake thee

To the devil, thy tutor\*.

*Pen.* Look upon my tears.

*Hoy.* My rage.

*For.* My wrongs.

*Luke.* They are all alike to me ;

\* *Luke.* Yes, faith, I will be satisfied to a token,] i. e.  
to a farthing.

† *For.* Mine betake thee

*To the devil, thy tutor.]* That is, says Mr. Davies,  
" may the earth open to swallow thee up, or mayst thou be  
undermined ! " Why, this " is the best fooling of all." To  
betake is to recommend, to consign, to give over : My wife  
and children, says Penury, shall pray for you. Mine (i. e.  
my wife and children), adds Fortane, shall consign you to  
the devil, your tutor.

Entreaties, curses, prayers, or imprecations.

Do your duties, serjeants, I am elsewhere look'd  
for. [Exit.

3 *Serj.* This your kind creditor !

2 *Serj.* A vast villain, rather.

*Pen.* See, see, the serjeants pity us ! yet he's  
marble.

*Hoy.* Buried alive !

*For.* There's no means to avoid it. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in Sir John Frugal's House.

Enter HOLDFAST, STARGAZE, and MILLISCENT.

*Star.* Not wait upon my lady ?

*Hold.* Nor come at her ;

You find it not in your almanack.

*Mill.* Nor I have license

To bring her breakfast ?

*Hold.* My new master hath

Decreed this for a fasting-day. She hath feasted  
long,

And after a carnival Lent ever follows.

*Mill.* Give me the key of her wardrobe. You'll  
repent this ;

I must know what gown she'll wear.

*Hold.* You are mistaken,

Dame president of the sweetmeats ; she and her  
daughters

Are turn'd philosophers, and must carry all

Their wealth about them : they have clothes laid in  
their chamber,

If they please to put them on, and without help too,  
Or they may walk naked. You look, master Star-  
gaze,

As you had seen a strange comet, and had now  
foretold

The end of the world, and on what day : and you,

As the wasps had broke into the gallipots,

And eaten up your apricots.

*L. Frug.* [within.] Stargaze ! Milliscent !

*Mill.* My lady's voice.

*Hold.* Stir not, you are confined here.

Your ladyship may approach them if you please,

But they are bound in this circle.

*L. Frug.* [within.] Mine own bees

Rebel against me\* ! When my kind brother knows  
this,

I will be so revenged !

*Hold.* The world's well alter'd.

He's your kind brother now ; but yesterday

Your slave and jesting-stock.

Enter LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY, in coarse  
habits, weeping.

*Mill.* What witch hath transform'd you ?

*Star.* Is this the glorious shape your cheating  
brother

Promised you should appear in ?

*Mill.* My young ladies

In buffin gowns, and green aprons ! tear them off ;  
Rather show all than be seen thus.

*Hold.* 'Tis more comely,

I wis, than their other whim-whams.

\* *L. Frug.* Mine own bees

*Rebel against me,]* This is a strange expression ; but it  
is probably right : the lady seems still to consider herself as  
the queen of the hive.

*Mill.* A French hood too,  
Now 'tis out of fashion! a fool's cap would show  
better.

*L. Frug.* We are fool'd indeed: by whose com-  
mand are we used this?

*Enter LUKE.*

*Hold.* Here he comes that can best resolve you.

*L. Frug.* O, good brother!

Do you thus preserve your protestation to me?  
Can queens envy this habit? or did Juno  
E'er feast in such a shape?

*Anne.* You talk'd of Hebe.

Of Iris, and I know not what; but were they  
Dress'd as we are? they were sure some chandlers'  
daughters

Blanching linen in Moorfields.

*Mary.* Or exchange wenchies,  
Coming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday  
At Pimlico, or Islington.

*Luke.* Save you, sister!

I now dare style you so: you were before  
Too glorious to be look'd on, now you appear  
Like a city matron, and my pretty nieces  
Such things as were born and bred there. Why  
should you ape

The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles,  
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant  
For their superfluous bravery? 'twas monstrous:  
'Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

*L. Frug.* Is this spoken

In scorn?

*Luke.* Fie! no; with judgment. I make good  
My promise, and now show you like yourselves,  
In your own natural shapes, and stand resolved  
You shall continue so.

*L. Frug.* It is confess'd, sir.\*

*Luke.* Sir! sirrah: use your old phrase, I can  
bear it.

*L. Frug.* That, if you please, forgotten, we ac-  
knowledge

We have deserved ill from you, yet despair not,  
Though we are at your disposal, you'll maintain  
us

Like your brother's wife and daughters.

*Luke.* 'Tis my purpose.

*L. Frug.* And not make us ridiculous.

*Luke.* Admired rather,

As fair examples for our proud city dames,  
And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown;  
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have  
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,  
And rise up a new satirist: but bear gently,  
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend  
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up  
This decency and neatness, with the advantage  
You shall receive by't.

*L. Frug.* We are bound to hear you.

*Luke.* With a soul inclined to learn. Your  
father was

An honest country farmer, Goodman Humble,  
By his neighbours ne'er call'd Master. Did your  
pride

Descend from him? but let that pass: your fortune,  
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you

\* *L. Frug. It is confess'd, sir.* A speech of Luke's ap-  
pears to be lost here, for in that to which this forms the reply,  
no accusation of Lady Prugal is brought forward; nor does  
it at all appear, what she so meekly admits.

To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a  
knight,

And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you were  
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,  
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes  
A dainty miniver cap\*, a silver pin  
Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus  
far

You were privileged, and no man envied it;  
It being for the city's honour that  
There should be a distinction between  
The wife of a patrician, and plebeian.

*Mill.* Pray you, leave preaching, or choose some  
other text;

Your rhetoric is too moving, for it makes  
Your auditory weep.

*Luke.* Peace, chattering magpie!

I'll treat of you anon; but when the height  
And dignity of London's blessings grew  
Contemptible, and the name lady mayoreess  
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the meane  
By which you were raised, my brother's fond indul-  
gence

Giving the reins to it; and no object pleased you  
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court;  
What a strange, nay monstrous, metamorphosis fol-  
low'd!

No English workman then could please your fancy,  
The French and Tuscan dress your whole dis-  
course;

This haw'd to prodigality, entertain'd  
To buzz into your ears what shape this countess  
Appear'd in the last mask, and how it drew  
The young lords' eyes upon her; and this usher  
Succeeded in the eldest practice' place  
To walk before you—

*L. Frug.* Pray you end.

*Hold.* Proceed, sir;

I could fast almost a prenticeship to hear you,  
You touch them so to the quick.

*Luke.* Then, as I said,

The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,  
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art  
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,  
And the richest orient pearl; your carcanets  
That did adorn your neck, of equal value\*:  
Your Hungerford bands, and Spanish quollio ruffs;  
Groat lords and ladies feasted to survey  
Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feign'd  
That your night-rails of forty pounds a piece  
Might be seen with envy of the visitants;  
Rich pantofles in ostentation shown,

\* *A dainty miniver cap.* *Miniver*, as I learn from Cot-  
grave, is the fur of the ermine mixed with that of the small  
weasel (*meus vair*), called gris or gray. In the days of  
our author, and indeed, long before, the use of furs was  
almost universal. The nobility had them of ermine and  
sable, the wealthy merchants, of vair and gray (*the dainty*  
*miniver* of Luke), and the lower order of people of such  
home materials as were easiest supplied, squirrel, lamb, and  
above all, rabbit's skins. For this last article the demand  
was anciently so great, that innumerable rabbit warrens  
were established in the vicinity of the metropolis.

† *your carcanets.*  
*That did adorn your necks, of equal value.*—with  
what he had mentioned before. I should not have noticed  
this, had not Mr. M. Mason, to spoil the sense of a plain  
passage, read, *with equal value*. *Quollio* (a corruption of  
*cuello*); *ruffs*, are ruffs for the neck. Luke furnishes the  
most complete picture of the dress, manners, &c., of the  
different classes of citizens' wives, at that time, that is to be  
found on the ancient stage.

And roses worth a family\*; you were served in plate,  
Stirr'd not a foot without your coach, and going  
To church, not for devotion, but to show  
Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars  
cried,

Heaven save your honour! this idolatry  
Paid to a painted room.

*Hold.* Nay, you have reason  
To blubber, all of you.

*Luke.* And when you lay  
In childbed, at the christening of this minx,  
I well remember it, as you had been  
An absolute princess, since they have no more,  
Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,  
And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,  
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet  
Of the rich Tyrian dye; a canopy  
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state  
Like Pompey's Julia.

*L. Frug.* No more, I pray you.

*Luke.* Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off  
Whatever is exorbitant in you,  
Or in [your] daughters, and reduce you to  
Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge  
Of your base usage of me, but to fright  
Others by your example: 'tis decreed  
You shall serve one another, for I will  
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors  
With these useless drones!

*Hold.* Will you pack?

*Mill.* Not till I have  
My trunks along with me.

*Luke.* Not a rag; you came  
Hither without a box.

*Star.* You'll show to me  
I hope, sir, more compassion.

*Hold.* Troth I'll be  
Thus far a suitor for him: he hath printed  
An almanack for this year at his own charge;  
Let him have the impression with him, to set up  
with.

*Luke.* For once I'll be entreated; let it be  
Thrown to him out of the window.

*Star.* O cursed stars  
That reigned at my nativity! how have you cheated  
Your poor observer!

*Anne.* Must we part in tears?

*Mary.* Farewell, good Milliscent!

*L. Frug.* I am sick, and meet with  
A rough physician. O my pride and scorn!  
How justly am I punish'd!

*Mary.* Now we suffer  
For our stubbornness and disobedience  
To our good father.

*Anne.* And the base conditions  
We imposed upon our suitors.

*Luke.* Get you in,  
And catterwaul in a corner.

*L. Frug.* There's no contending.

[*L. Frugal, Anne, and Mary, go off at one door,  
Stargaze and Milliscent at the other.*]

*Luke.* How

Lik'st thou my carriage, Holdfast?

*Hold.* Well in some part,  
But it relishes, I know not how, a little  
Of too much tyranny.

*Luke.* Thou art a fool:  
He's cruel to himself, that dares not be  
Severe to those that used him cruelly. [Exit

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Sir John Frugal's House.

Enter LUKE, SIR JOHN FRUGAL, SIR MAURICE LACY,  
and PLENTY.

*Luke.* You care not then, as it seems, to be con-  
verted

To our religion?

*Sir John.* We know no such word,  
Nor power but the devil, and him we serve for  
fear,  
Not love.

*Luke.* I am glad that charge is saved.

*Sir John.* We put  
That trick upon your brother, to have means

\* And roses worth a family:] I have already said that these roses (knots of ribands) were enormously large; and it appears from Stow (who, as Mr. Gilchrist justly observes, is frequently the best commentator on Massinger) that they were extremely dear. "Concerning shoe-roses either of silke or what stuffe soever, they were not then (in the reign of queen Elisabeth) used nor known; nor was there any garters above the price of five shillings a payre, altho at this day (James I.) men of meane rank weare garters and shoe-roses of more than five pounds price." P. 1636 fol. 1631.

To come to the city. Now to you we'll discover  
The close design that brought us, with assurance,  
If you lend your aids to furnish us with that  
Which in the colony was not to be purchased,  
No merchant ever made such a return  
For his most precious venture, as you shall  
Receive from us; far, far above your hopes,  
Or fancy, to imagine.

*Luke.* It must be  
Some strange commodity, and of a dear value,  
(Such an opinion is planted in me  
You will deal fairly), that I would not hazard.  
Give me the name of it.

*Sir Maur.* I fear you will make  
Some scruple in your conscience to grant it.

*Luke.* Conscience! no, no; so it may be done  
with safety,  
And without danger of the law.

*Plenty.* For that  
You shall sleep securely: nor shall it diminish,  
But add unto your heap such an increase,  
As what you now possess shall appear an atom,  
To the mountain it brings with it.

*Luke.* Do not rack me  
With expectation.

*Sir John.* Thus then in a word:  
The devil—why start you at his name? if you  
Desire to wallow in wealth and worldly honours,  
You must make haste to be familiar with him,—  
This devil, whose priest I am, and by him made  
A deep magician (for I can do wonders),  
Appear'd to me in Virginia, and commanded,  
With many stripes, for that's his cruel custom,  
I should provide, on pain of his fierce wrath,  
Against the next great sacrifice, at which  
We, grovelling on our faces, fall before him,  
Two Christian virgins, that with their pure blood  
Might dye his horrid altars; and a third,  
In his hate to such embraces as are lawful,  
Married, and with your ceremonious rites,  
As an oblation unto Hecaté,  
And wanton Lust, her favourite.

*Luke.* A devilish custom!  
And yet why should it startle me!—There are  
Enough of the sex fit for this\* use; but virgins,  
And such a matron as you speak of, hardly  
To be wrought to it.

*Plenty.* A mine of gold, for a fee,  
Waits him that undertakes it and performs it.

*Sir Maur.* Know you no distressed widow, or  
poor maids,  
Whose want of dower, though well born, makes  
them weary

Of their own country?

*Sir John.* Such as had rather be  
Miserable in another world, than where  
They have surfeited in felicity?

*Luke.* Give me leave—  
I would not lose this purchase. A grave matron!

[*Aside.*  
And two pure virgins! Umph! I think my sister,  
Though proud, was ever honest; and my nieces  
Untainted yet. Why should not they be shipp'd  
For this employment? they are burthensome to me,  
And eat too much; and if they stay in London,  
They will find friends that to my loss will force me  
To composition: 'twere a masterpiece,  
If this could be effected. They were ever  
Ambitious of title: should I urge,  
Matching with these they shall live Indian queens,  
It may do much: but what shall I feel here,  
Knowing to what they are design'd? They absent,  
The thought of them will leave me. It shall be  
so.—

I'll furnish you, and, to endear the service,

In mine own family, and my blood too.

*Sir John.* Make this good, and your house shall  
not contain

The gold we'll send you.

*Luke.* You have seen my sister,  
And my two nieces?

\* *Enough of the sex fit for this use*! So the old copy,  
and rightly. The modern editors read, *fit for his use*.

\* *Sir Maur. Know you no distressed widow, or poor maids,  
Whose want of dower, though well born, makes them weary  
Of their own country?* I have silently reformed the me-  
tre of this (and indeed of every other) Play, in innume-  
rable places: the reader, however, may not be unmused  
with a specimen, now and then, of the manner in which this  
most harmonious poet has been hitherto printed. The lines  
above are thus divided by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason:

*Know you no distressed widow, or poor  
Maids, whose want of dower, though well born,  
Makes 'em weary of their own country?*

*Sir John.* Yes, sir.

*Luke.* These persuaded  
How happily they shall live, and in what pomp,  
When they are in your kingdoms, for you must  
Work them a belief that you are kings—

*Plenty.* We are so.

*Luke.* I'll put it in practice instantly\*. Study you  
For moving language. Sister! Nieces!

*Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY.*

*How!*

Still mourning! dry your eyes, and clear them  
clouds

That do obscure your beauties. Did you believe  
My personated reprehension, though  
It show'd like a rough anger, could be serious?  
Forget the fright I put you in: my end,  
In humbling you, was to set off the height  
Of honour, principal honour, which my studies,  
When you least expect it, shall confer upon you!  
Still you seem doubtful: be not wanting to  
Yourself, nor let the strangeness of the means,  
With the shadow of some danger, render you  
Incredulous.

*L. Frug.* Our usage hath been such,  
As we can faintly hope that your intents  
And language are the same.

*Luke.* I'll change those hopes  
To certainties.

*Sir John.* With what art he winds about them!

*Luke.* What will you say, or what thanks shall I  
look for,

\* *Luke. I'll put it in practice instantly.* [Hitherto  
the character of Luke has been supported with matchless  
judgment and dexterity; the present design, however, of  
sacrificing his brother's wife and daughters to Lust and  
Hecaté has always struck the critics as unnatural and im-  
probable in the highest degree. "Bloody, indeed, it is,"  
but is it out of character? Luke is the creature of no or-  
dinary hand, and he who conducted him thus far with such  
unexampled skill, was little likely to desert him at the  
end. It appears that Massinger was desirous of showing,  
in the person of Luke, the hideous portraiture of avarice  
personified. The love of money is the ruling passion of  
his soul; it gathers strength with indulgence; and the pro-  
spect of such unbounded wealth as is here held out to him,  
is properly calculated to overcome the fear of law, and the  
remonstrances of the few scruples of conscience which yet  
torment him.

History furnishes examples of men who have sacrificed  
friends, kindred, all, to the distant view of wealth; and  
we might have known, without the instance of Luke, that  
avarice, while it depraves the feelings, enfeebles the judg-  
ment, and renders its votaries at once credulous and un-  
natural.

With respect to another objection which has been raised,  
that "Luke is too much of a man of the world to be so  
grossly imposed upon," it is more easily obviated. Instead  
of going back to the age of the poet, we inconsiderately  
bring him forward to our own, and invest him with all our  
knowledge. This is an evil as common as it is grievous.  
That the Indians do not worship the devil, we know; but  
did Massinger know it? Our old writers partook of the  
general credulity, and believed the wonders they told; they  
would not else have told them so well. All the Brit dis-  
coverers of America were themselves fully persuaded, and  
earnestly laboured to persuade others, that the natives wor-  
shipped the devil. Every shapeless block, every rude stone  
painfully battered by the poor savages into a distant resem-  
blance of animated nature, and therefore prized by them,  
was, by their more savage visitors, taken for a represen-  
tation of some misshapen fiend to whom they offered hu-  
man sacrifices: nay, so rooted was this opinion, that the au-  
thor of the *New English Canaan* (printed not many years  
before this play), a man well disposed towards the Indians,  
says, "some correspondency they have with the devil, out  
of all doubt" (p. 34.) and, indeed, I scarcely know a  
writer of Massinger's time, who was not of the same belief.

If now I raise you to such eminence, as  
The wife and daughters of a citizen  
Never arrived at! many, for their wealth, I grant,  
Have written ladies of honour, and some few  
Have higher titles, and that's the furthest rise  
You can in England hope for. What think you  
If I should mark you out a way to live  
Queens in another climate?

Anne. We desire  
A competence.

Mary. And prefer our country's smoke  
Before outlandish fire.

L. Frug. But should we listen  
To such impossibilities, 'tis not in  
The power of man to make it good.

Luke. I'll do it:  
Nor is this seat of majesty far removed;  
It is but to Virginia.

L. Frug. How! Virginia!  
High heaven forbid! Remember, sir, I beseech you,  
What creatures are shipp'd thither.

Anne. Condemned wretches,  
Forfeited to the law.

Mary. Strumpets and bawds,  
For the abomination of their life,  
Spew'd out of their own country.

Luke. Your false fears  
Abuse my noble purposes. Such indeed  
Are sent as slaves to labour there, but you  
To absolute sovereignty. Observe these men,  
With reverence observe them; they are kings of  
Such spacious territories and dominions,  
As our Great Britain measured will appear  
A garden to it.

Sir Maur. You shall be adored there  
As goddesses.

Sir John. Your litters made of gold,  
Supported by your vassals, proud to bear  
The burthen on their shoulders.

Plenty. Pomp and ease,  
With delicacies that Europe never knew,  
Like pages shall wait on you.

Luke. If you have minds  
To entertain the greatness offer'd to you,  
With outstretched arms, and willing hands embrace  
it.

But this refused, imagine what can make you  
Most miserable here, and rest assured,  
In storms it falls upon you: take them in,  
And use your best persuasion. If that fail,  
I'll send them aboard in a dry fat.

[Exeunt all but Sir John Frugal and Luke.]

Sir John. Be not moved, sir;  
We'll work them to your will. Yet, ere we part,  
Your worldly cares deferr'd, a little mirth  
Would not misbecome us.

Luke. You say well: and now  
It comes into my memory, 'tis my birthday,  
Which with solemnity I would observe,  
But that it would ask cost.

Sir John. That shall not grieve you.  
By my art I will prepare you such a feast,  
As Persia, in her height of pomp and riot,  
Did never equal; and such ravishing music  
As the Italian princes seldom heard  
At their greatest entertainments. Name your guests.

Luke. I must have none.

Sir John. Not the city senate?

Luke. No;

Nor yet poor neighbours: the first would argue me  
Of foolish ostentation, and the latter  
Of too much hospitality; a virtue  
Grown obsolete, and useless. I will sit  
Alone, and surfeit in my store, while others  
With envy pine at it; my genius pamper'd  
With the thought of what I am, and what they  
suffer

I have mark'd out to misery.

Sir John. You shall:  
And something I will add you yet conceive not,  
Nor will I be slow-paced.

Luke. I have one business,  
And that dispatch'd I am free.

Sir John. About it, sir,  
Leave the rest to me.

Luke. Till now I ne'er loved magic. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Lord LACY, GOLDWIRE senior, and TRADEWELL  
senior.

L. Lacy. Believe me, gentlemen, I never was  
So cozen'd in a fellow. He disguised  
Hypocrisy in such a cunning shape  
Of real goodness, that I would have sworn  
This devil a saint. \*M. Goldwire, and M. Trade-  
well,

What do you mean to do? Put on.

Gold. With your lordship's favour.

L. Lacy. I'll have it so.

Trade. Your will, my lord, excuses  
The rudeness of our manners.

L. Lacy. You have received  
Penitent letters from your sons, I doubt not?

Trade. They are our only sons.

Gold. And as we are fathers,  
Remembering the errors of our youth,  
We would pardon slips in them.

Trade. And pay for them  
In a moderate way.

Gold. In which we hope your lordship  
Will be our mediator.

L. Lacy. All my power

Enter LUKE.

You freely shall command; 'tis he! You are well  
met,

And to my wish,—and wondrous brave! your  
habit

Speaks you a merchant royal.

Luke. What I wear,  
I take not upon trust.

L. Lacy. Your betters may,  
And blush not for't.

Luke. If you have nought else with me  
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.

L. Lacy. You are very peremptory; pray you  
stay:

I once held you an upright honest man.

Luke. I am honestest now  
By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my stars  
for't,  
Upon the Exchange; and if your late opinion

\* —M. Goldwire, and M. Tradewell,] See  
Act IV., sc. iii.  
† —Put on.] i. e. be covered: an expres-  
sion that frequently occurs.

Be alter'd, who can help it? Good my lord,  
To the point; I have other business than to talk  
Of honesty, and opinions.

*L. Lacy.* Yet you may  
Do well, if you please, to show the one, and merit  
The other from good men, in a case that now  
Is offer'd to you.

*Luke.* What is it? I am troubled.

*L. Lacy.* Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of  
Your brother's prentices.

*Luke.* Mine, my lord, I take it.

*L. Lacy.* Goldwire, and Tradewell.

*Luke.* They are welcome, if  
They come prepared to satisfy the damage  
I have sustain'd by their sons.

*Gold.* We are, so you please  
To use a conscience.

*Trade.* Which we hope you will do,  
For your own worship's sake.

*Luke.* Conscience, my friends,  
And wealth, are not always neighbours. Should I  
part

With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly  
In my reputation; for it would convince me  
Of indiscretion: nor will you, I hope, move me  
To do myself such prejudice.

*L. Lacy.* No moderation?

*Luke.* They cannot look for't, and preserve in me  
A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie  
For your sons' truth, and they shall answer all  
They have run out: the masters never prosper'd  
Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices: when we  
look

To have our business done at home, they are  
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge-alley,  
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,  
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds:  
look to't.

A thousand pounds apiece, and that will hardly  
Repair my losses.

*L. Lacy.* Thou dar'st not show thyself  
Such a devil!

*Luke.* Good words.

*L. Lacy.* Such a cut-throat! I have heard of  
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;  
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your  
monies

Cannot justify your villainies.

*Luke.* I endure this.

And, good my lord, now you talk in time of monies,  
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to  
wonder

Your wisdom should have leisure to consider  
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage  
To my sister, or my nieces, being yourself  
So much in my danger\*.

*L. Lacy.* In thy danger?

*Luke.* Mine.

I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd,  
Pawn'd, my good lord; Lacy manor, and that  
manor

From which you have the title of a lord,  
An it please your good lordship! You are a noble-  
man;

Pray you pay in my monies: the interest  
Will eat faster in't, than aquafortis in iron.  
Now though you bear me hard, I love your lordship.

\* So much in my danger.] i. e. in my debt. See *Fatal Doory*, Act. I. sc. ii.

I grant your person to be privileged  
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature  
Call'd an under-sheriff, who, being well-paid, will  
serve

An extent\* on lords or lowns' land. Pay it in;  
I would be loth your name should sink, or that  
Your hopeful son, when he returns from travel,  
Should find you my lord-without-land. You are  
angry

For my good counsel: look you to your bonds; had  
I known

Of your coming, believe't, I would have had ser-  
jeants ready.

Lord, how you fret! but that a tavern's near  
You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house,  
To wash down sorrow; but there it will do better:  
I know you'll drink a health to me. [Exit.]

*L. Lacy.* To thy damnation.  
Was there ever such a villain! heaven forgive me  
For speaking so unchristianly, though he deserves it.

*Gold.* We are undone.

*Trade.* Our families quite ruin'd.

*L. Lacy.* Take courage, gentlemen; comfort may  
appear,  
And punishment overtake him, when he least ex-  
pects it. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL and HOLDFAST.

*Sir John.* Be silent on your life.

*Hold.* I am o'erjoyed.

*Sir John.* Are the pictures placed as I directed?

*Hold.* Yes, sir.

*Sir John.* And the musicians ready?

*Hold.* All is done

As you commanded.

*Sir John.* [at the door.] Make haste; and be  
careful;

You know your cue, and postures?

*Plenty.* [within.] We are perfect.

*Sir John.* 'Tis well: the rest are come too?

*Hold.* And disposed of

To your own wish.

*Sir John.* Set forth the table: So!

Enter Servants with a rich banquet.

A perfect banquet. At the upper end,

His chair in state; he shall feast like a prince.

*Hold.* And rise like a Dutch hangman.

Enter LUKE.

*Sir John.* Not a word more.—

How like you the preparation? Fill your room,  
And taste the cates; then in your thought consider  
A rich man, that lives wisely to himself,  
In his full height of glory.

*Luke.* I can brook

No rival in this happiness. How sweetly  
These dainties, when unpaid for, please my palate!  
Some wine. Jove's nectar! brightness to the star  
That governed at my birth! shoot down thy in-  
fluence,

And with a perpetuity of being

Continue this felicity, not gained

By vows to saints above, and much less purchased

\* An extent on lords or lowns' land.] To extend, as has  
been already observed, is a legal term for "laying an ex-  
tension on." Thus Shadwell, in *The Virtuoso*:

"Niece, my land in the country is extended, and all my  
goods seized on."

By thriving industry; nor fallen upon me  
As a reward to piety, and religion,  
Or service to my country: I owe all  
This to dissimulation, and the shape  
I wore of goodness. Let my brother number  
His beads devoutly, and believe his alms  
To beggars, his compassion to his debtors,  
Will wing his better part, disrobed of flesh,  
To soar above the firmament. I am well;  
And so I surfeit here in all abundance,  
Though styled a cormorant, a cut-throat, Jew,  
And prosecuted with the fatal curses  
Of widows, undone orphans, and what else  
Such as malign my state can load me with,  
I will not envy it. You promised music.

*Sir John.* And you shall hear the strength and power of it,

The spirit of Orpheus raised to make it good,  
And in those ravishing strains with which he moved  
Charon and Cerberus to give him way  
To fetch from hell his lost Eurydice.  
Appear! swifter than thought!

*Music.* Enter at one door, Cerberus, at the other,  
Charon, Orpheus, and Chorus.

*Luke.* 'Tis wonderous strange!

*Sir John.* Does not the object and the accent take you?

*Luke.* A pretty fable\*.

[*Exeunt Orpheus and the rest.*

But that music should  
Alter in fiends their nature, is to me  
Impossible; since in myself I find,  
What I have once decreed shall know no change.

*Sir John.* You are constant to your purposes; yet I think

That I could stagger you.

*Luke.* How?

*Sir John.* Should I present  
Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer  
By your fit severity, I presume the sight  
Would move you to compassion.

*Luke.* Not a mote.

The music that your Orpheus made was harsh,  
To the delight I should receive in hearing  
Their cries and groans: if it be in your power,  
I would now see them.

*Sir John.* Spirits, in their shapes,  
Shall show them as they are: but if it should move you!

*Luke.* If it do, may I ne'er find pity!

*Sir John.* Be your own judge.

Appear! as I commanded.

*Sad Music.* Enter GOLDWIRE junior, and TRADEWELL junior, as from prison; FORTUNE, HOYER, and PENURY; Serjeants with TRADEWELL senior, and GOLDWIRE senior;—these followed by SHAVE'EM, in a blue gown, SECRET and DINO'EM; they all kneel to LUKE, lifting up their hands. STAROAZE is seen with a pack of almanacks, and MILLISCENT.

\* From this it appears that the fable of Orpheus and Eurydice was acted in dumb show. Few of Massinger's plays are without an interlude of some kind or other.

† SHAVE'EM is a blue gown, i. e. in the livery of *Bride-soil*. It appears from many passages in our old plays, particularly from the second part of Decker's *Honest Whore*, that this was the dress in which prostitutes were compelled to do penance there.

*Luke.*—Ha, ha, ha!

This move me to compassion, or raise  
One sign of seeming pity in my face!  
You are deceived: it rather renders me  
More flinty and obdurate. A south wind  
Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain,  
That slides down gently from his flaggy wings  
O'erflow the Alps, than knees, or tears, or groans  
Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory  
That they are wretched, and by me made so:  
It sets my happiness off: I could not triumph  
If these were not my captives.—Ha! my tarriers,  
As it appears, have seized on these old foxes,  
As I gave order; new addition to  
My scene of mirth: ha, ha!—they now grow  
tedious,

Let them be removed.

[*Exeunt Gold. and the rest.*

Some other object, if

Your art can show it.

*Sir John.* You shall perceive 'tis boundless.

Yet one thing real, if you please?

*Luke.*—What is it?

*Sir John.* Your nieces, ere they put to sea, crave humbly,  
Though absent in their bodies, they may take leave  
Of their late suitors' statues.

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY.

*Luke.* There they hang;  
In things indifferent I am tractable.

*Sir John.* There pay your vows, you have liberty.

*Anne.* O sweet figure  
Of my abused Lacy! when removed  
Into another world, I'll daily pay  
A sacrifice of sighs to thy remembrance;  
And with a shower of tears strive to wash off  
The stain of that contempt my foolish pride  
And insolence threw upon thee.

*Mary.* I had been  
Too happy, if I had enjoyed the substance;  
But far unworthy of it, now I fall  
Thus prostrate to thy statue.

*L. Frug.* My kind husband  
(Bless'd in my misery), from the monastery  
To which my disobedience confined thee,  
With thy soul's eye, which distance cannot hinder,  
Look on my penitence. O, that I could  
Call back time past! thy holy vow dispensed,  
With what humility would I observe  
My long-neglected duty!

*Sir John.* Does not this move you?

*Luke.* Yes, as they do the statues, and her sorrow

My absent brother. If, by your magic art,  
You can give life to these, or bring him hither

\* *Anne. O sweet figure Of my beloved Lacy!* There is some difficulty in understanding the mechanism of this scene. Massinger, like his contemporaries, confounds statue with picture, and this creates confusion:—it seems as if Lacy and Plenty, by some contrivance behind, stood within the frames, and in the exact dress and attitudes of their respective portraits, which Sir John appears to have procured, and hung up in the back part of the room; from whence, at a preconcerted signal, they descend, and come forward. The direction, in the quarto, is, *Plenty and Lacy ready behind*. The attempt to mark the stage arrangements of this interesting scene will, I hope, be received with that indulgence to which, from the wretched assistance afforded by the old copies, it is, in some measure, entitled.

To witness her repentance, I may have,  
Perchance, some feeling of it.

*Sir John.* For your sport  
You shall see a master-piece. Here's nothing but  
A superficies; colours, and no substance.  
Sit still, and to your wonder and amazement,  
I'll give these organs. This the sacrifice  
To make the great work perfect.

[*Makes mystical gesticulations. Sir Maurice  
Lacy and Plenty give signs of animation.*]

*Luke.* Prodigious!

*Sir John.* Nay, they have life, and motion. De-  
scend!

[*Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty descend and come  
forward.*]

And for your absent brother,—this wash'd off,  
Against your will you shall know him.

*Enter Lord Lacy, with Goldwire senior and junior,  
Tradevell senior and junior, the Debtors, &c. &c.*

*Luke.* I am lost.

Guilt strikes me dumb.

*Sir John.* You have seen, my lord, the pageant?

*L. Lacy.* I have, and am ravish'd with it.

*Sir John.* What think you now

Of this clear soul? this honest pious man?  
Have I stripp'd him bare, or will your lordship have  
A further trial of him? 'Tis not in  
A wolf to change his nature.

*L. Lacy.* I long since  
Confess'd my error.

*Sir John.* Look up; I forgive you,  
And seal your pardons thus.

[*Embraces Lady Frugal, Anne, and Mary.*]

*L. Frug.* I am too full  
Of joy to speak it.

*Anne.* I am another creature;  
Not what I was.

*Mary.* I vow to show myself,  
When I am married, an humble wife,  
Not a commanding mistress.

*Plenty.* On those terms,  
I gladly thus embrace you.

*Sir Maur.* Welcome to  
My bosom: as the one half of myself,  
I'll love and cherish you.

*Gold. jun.* Mercy!

*Trade. jun. and the rest.* Good sir, mercy!

*Sir John.* This day is sacred to it. All shall find  
me,

As far as lawful pity can give way to't,  
Indulgent to your wishes, though with loss  
Unto myself. My kind and honest brother,  
Looking into yourself, have you seen the Gorgon?  
What a golden dream you have had in the possession  
Of my estate!—but here's a revocation  
'That wakes you out of it. Monster in nature!  
Revengeful, avaricious atheist,  
Transcending all example!—but I shall be  
A sharer in thy crimes, should I repeat them—  
What wilt thou do? turn hypocrite again,  
With hope dissimulation can aid thee?  
Or that one eye will shed a tear in sign  
Of sorrow for thee? I have warrant to  
Make bold with mine own, pray you uncase: this  
key too  
I must make bold with. Hide thyself in some de-  
sert,

Where good men ne'er may find thee; or in justice  
Pack to Virginia, and repent; not for  
Those horrid ends to which thou didst design  
these.

*Luke.* I care not where I go: what's done, with  
words  
Cannot be undone.

[*Exit.*]

*L. Frug.* Yet, sir, show some mercy;  
Because his cruelty to me and mine  
Did good upon us.

*Sir John.* Of that at better leisure,  
As his penitency shall work me. Make you  
good

Your promised reformation, and instruct  
Our city dames, whom wealth makes proud, to  
move

In their own spheres; and willingly to confess,  
In their habits, manners, and their highest port,  
A distance 'twixt the city and the court.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* Every friend to the reputation of Massinger must  
cherish the remembrance of this Play. It exhibits equal  
power of thought and copiousness of matter. The circum-  
stantial detail of the manners of the age (though some part  
of it is to be regretted), the impression with which the  
moral lessons are conveyed, and the strong incidents with  
which the scenes abound, fill the mind with variety of  
excellence. It is a powerful and a pregnant composition,  
and has the effect of history, satire, and comedy united.

The object of the Play is formally stated at the conclusion:  
but it is observable, that the person who incidentally par-  
takes in the promotion of it, becomes the most marked  
character, and obscures those who are originally concerned.  
The effect is stronger through its own surpris-e; and the  
address of Massinger is proved in proportion as he pro-  
duces so important an agency from so indirect a promise.  
There is another mark of his address. The real character  
of Luke is unusually suspended; and even when suspicion  
begins, it is balanced by a new contrivance of regard. The  
final disclosure of the villain becomes, in this instance too,  
more striking, through the previous concealment, and we  
hate him the more on account of the good opinion we have  
wasted upon him. The character of Luke is so predominant  
that it well deserves the particular attention of the reader.

He is originally self-indulgent, idle, riotous, prodigal,  
and vicious; supported by his brother, he appears penitent,  
pious, unusually humble, compassionate, charitable, and  
draws much of our pity and esteem. When he hears of his  
supposed fortune, he assumes the most imposing hypocrisy,  
offers protection that he may betray, talks of kindness, that  
he may be finally severe, and masks a decided cruelty with  
the most deceitful promises of liberality. Every restraint  
being at length removed, the appearance of his soft feeling  
is changed into a savage and ferocious avarice; his glossy  
deceit becomes avowed and daring villainy: he is insolent,  
oppressive, insatiable, odorous, inexorable, and impious.  
The character is true, though some of its parts are opposite.  
The sufferings from his former profuseness, and perhaps the  
exhaustion of its pleasures, might well prepare him for  
future avarice: nor are such changes unfrequent in common  
life. His intermediate show of goodness is easily reconciled  
with the unextinguished viciousness of his mind. His  
penitence is deceit, his piety is hypocrisy, his strange  
humility an inbred baseness, and his talk of liberality a  
genuine disregard of money that is not his own.—In short,  
the character is at once bold and natural, and is described  
with uncommon art and effect.

The other characters lose part of their importance through  
the ascendancy of Luke. Yet the women are well repre-  
sented; and their ignorance and vulgarity, their admira-  
tion of the unintelligible jargon of Stargaze, and their con-  
tented forgetfulness of Frugal amidst the new promises of  
Luke, are very amusing. Nor is the outrageous treatment  
of the suitors unnatural, though the desire of getting them  
as husbands might have been expected to teach some caution.  
It appears that the predictions of Stargaze had convinced  
them of the certain submission of Lacy, &c., and therefore  
caution was unnecessary. The unexamined impudence of  
the demands is only explained by the blind credulity of the  
mother. Stargaze himself is humorously treated. In *The  
Picture*, Sophia speaks with all the seriousness of religion

against the practice of magic. Ridicule alone is bestowed on judicial astrology. After various failures and renewals of credit, the wretched professor is driven off the stage, disgraced, poor, beaten, and, worse than all, compelled to acknowledge the futility of his art. In the midst of this excellence, there is an inadvertence not wholly unimportant. The moral purpose of the play is accomplished, even upon moral principles, by its most flagitious character. Luke is a declared villain, and a reformer too! He allows revenge to be the motive of his cruelty, yet he rises up a "new satirist" against the vices of the city!—It is obvious that Massinger has forgot himself. He has confounded in the same person his own general and patriotic views with the

private malice of Luke: and in this mixture of design, Luke talks alternatively for himself and for the poet!

An instructive moral yet remains to be drawn from the apparent humility of Luke. It is the excess of this quality which gives the reader the first suspicion of hypocrisy.

We must not administer to the follies or vices of others by a base subserviency; nor must we console the disgrace of present submission with the prospect of future revenge. Humility, well understood, has true parity and true elevation. It raises us above all moral meanness; and, while it prescribes an unaffected lowliness of service, it dignifies the obscurest actions through the principle from which they flow. DR. ISLELAND.

## THE GUARDIAN.

THE GUARDIAN.] This "Comical History" was licensed by the Master of the Revels, October 31st, 1633; but not printed till 1655, when it was put to the press, together with *The Bashful Lover*, and *The Very Woman*, by Humphrey Moseley, the general publisher of that age.

Its plot is singularly wild and romantic; the most interesting and probable part of it is, perhaps, the poet's own; the incident of Iolante and Calipso is borrowed. The original tale is in *The Heptapades*; whence it was transferred to the *Fables* of Pilpay; it was translated into Greek about the end of the eleventh century, by Simeon Seth, a learned Orientalist; and thus found its way into Latin, and made a part of those quaint collections of ribald morality, which, in Massinger's time, were in every one's hands. A sneer at miracles was not likely to escape the wits of Italy; it was therefore inserted by Boccaccio in his *Decameron*, where it is but poorly told. Beaumont and Fletcher have introduced it with some degree of dexterity into the plot of *Women Pleased*; and it has been versified (from a translation of the Sanscrit) with exquisite humour, by my ingenious friend Mr. Hoppner.

It would be a miserable waste of time to examine from what specific work Massinger derived an adventure which probably existed in a hundred different publications, and which was scarcely worth the picking up any where: those, however, who wish for more on the subject, may consult the late Mr. Hole's *Remarks on the Arabian Nights Entertainments*.

This popular Drama was produced at the "Private-house in Black-fryers." From a memorandum in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, we learn, that, shortly after its appearance, it was acted before the king. "*The Guardian*, a play of Mr. Massinger's, was performed at court on Sunday the 12 January, 1633, by the king's players, and well likt." Malone's *Historical Account of the English Stage*.

### PROLOGUE.

AFTER twice putting forth to sea\*, his fame  
Shipwrecked in either; and his once-known name  
In two years' silence buried, perhaps lost  
In the general opinion; at our cost  
(A zealous sacrifice to Neptune made  
For good success in his uncertain trade)

\* After twice putting forth, &c.] I scarcely know whether I understand this rightly or not, but it seems to me that the players allude to two pieces of Massinger, which were condemned on the first representation. This ill fortune appears to have induced the modest poet to give up all further thoughts of writing for the stage; the players, however, who knew his worth, prevailed on him to try his fate once more; and to obviate his objections to the uncertainty of popular favour, purchased the piece outright: this, indeed, was no uncommon circumstance. The event proved that they had made no wrong estimate of his talents, for *The Guardian* is said to "have been often acted with great applause."

A difficulty yet remains. The prologue speaks of *two years' silence*, yet *The City Madam* was licensed on the 25th of May, 1632, and the present *Comical History*, on the last day of October in the following year, an interval of only seventeen months: but, perhaps, accuracy of computation is not to be looked for in these occasional productions.

his fame  
Shipwreck'd in either.] Mr. M. Mason chooses to read, in neither! but, according to his usual custom, assigns no read son for the variation, though it be important enough to require out, as it makes the passage arrant nonsense.

Our author weighs up anchors, and once more  
Forsaking the security of the shore,  
Resolves to prove his fortune: what 'twill be,  
Is not in him, or us, to prophesie;  
You only can assure us: yet he prayed  
This little in his absence might be said,  
Designing me his orator. He submits  
To the grave censure of those abler wits  
His weakness; nor dares he profess that when  
The critics laugh, he'll laugh at them agen.  
(Strange self-love in a writer!) He would know  
His errors as you find them, and bestow  
His future studies to reform from this,  
What in another might be judged amiss.  
And yet despair not, gentlemen; though he fear  
His strengths to please, we hope that you shall hear  
Some things so writ, as you may truly say  
He hath not quite forgot to make a play.  
As 'tis with malice rumoured; his intents  
Are fair; and though he want the compliments  
Of wide-mouth'd promisers, who still engage,  
Before their works are brought upon the stage,  
Their parasites to proclaim them: this last birth,  
Deliver'd without noise, may yield such mirth,  
As, balanced equally, will cry down the boast  
Of arrogance, and regain his credit lost.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALPHONSO, *king of Naples.*  
 DUKE MONTPENSIER, *general of Milan.*  
 SEVERINO, *a banished nobleman.*  
 MONTECLARO, *his brother-in-law (supposed dead), disguised under the name of Laval.*  
 DURAZZO, *The Guardian.*  
 CALDORO, *his nephew and ward, in love with Calista.*  
 ADORIO, *a young libertine.*  
 CAMILLO, } *Neapolitan gentlemen.*  
 LENTULO, }  
 DONATO, }  
 CARIO, *cook to Adorio.*

CLAUDIO, *a confidential servant to Severino.*  
 Captain.  
 Banditti.  
 Servants.

IOLANTE, *wife to Severino.*  
 CALISTA, *her daughter, in love with Adorio.*  
 MIRTILLA, *Calista's maid.*  
 CALIPSO, *the confidant of Iolante.*

Singers, Countrymen.

SCENE—Partly at Naples, and partly in the adjacent country.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Naples. *A Grove.*

Enter DURAZZO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, and two Servants.

Dur. Tell me of his expenses! Which of you  
 Stands bound for a gazet? he spends his own;  
 And you impertinent fools or knaves (make  
 choice  
 Of either title, which your signiorships please),  
 To meddle in't.

Camil. Your age gives privilege  
 To this harsh language.

Dur. My age! do not use  
 That word again; if you do, I shall grow young,  
 And swinge you soundly: I would have you know  
 Though I write fifty odd, I do not carry  
 An almanack in my bones to pre-declare  
 What weather we shall have; nor do I kneel  
 In adoration, at the spring and full,  
 Before my doctor, for a dose or two  
 Of his rectoratives, which are things, I take it,  
 You are familiar with.

Camil. This is from the purpose.

Dur. I cannot cut a caper, or groan like you  
 When I have done, nor run away so nimbly  
 Out of the field: but bring me to a fence-school,  
 And crack a blade or two for exercise,  
 Ride a barb'd horse, or take a leap after me,  
 Following my hounds or hawks (and, by your leave,  
 At a gamesome mistress), and you shall confess  
 I am in the May of my abilities,  
 And you in your December.

Lent. We are glad you bear  
 Your years so well.

Dur. My years! no more of years;  
 If you do, at your peril.

Camil. We desire not  
 To prove your valour.

Dur. 'Tis your safest course.

Camil. But as friends to your fame and reputation,

Come to instruct you: your too much indulgence  
 To the exorbitant waste of young Caldoro.

Your nephew and your ward, hath rendered you  
 But a bad report among wise men in Naples.

Dur. Wise men!—in your opinion; but to me  
 That understand myself and them, they are  
 Hide-bounded money-mongers: they would have  
 me

Train up my ward a hopeful youth, to keep  
 A merchant's book; or at the plough, and clothe  
 him

In canvass or coarse cotton; while I fell  
 His woods\*, grant leases, which he must make good  
 When he comes to age, or be compell'd to marry  
 With a cast whore and three bastards; let him  
 know

No more than how to cipher well, or do  
 His tricks by the square root; grant him no pleasure

But quoits and nine-pins; suffer him to converse  
 With none but clowns and cobblers: as the Turk  
 says.

Poverty, old age, and aches of all seasons,  
 Light on such heathenish guardians!

Don. You do worse  
 To the ruin of his state, under your favour,  
 In feeding his loose riots.

Dur. Riots! what riots?  
 He wears rich clothes, I do so;—keeps horses,  
 games, and wenches;

\* *while I fell*  
 His woods, *grant leases, &c.*] This is by no means an exaggerated description of the tyranny which was sometimes exercised by a *guardian* over the ward whom law had put into his power. Thus Falconbridge threatens young Scarbrow, who had fallen in love without his consent:

"My steward too;—Post you to Yorkshire,  
 Where lies my youngster's land: and, sirrah,  
 Fell me his wood, make havock, spoil and waste:  
 Sir, you shall know that you are ward to me,  
 I'll make you poor enough:—then mend yourself."

*Miseries of Inforced Marriage.*  
*Wardship*, which was a part of the royal prerogative under the feudal system, and another name for the most oppressive slavery, was happily abolished under Charles II. Before that time *wardships* were sold, with all their advantages (which are detailed in Blackstone, Vol. II.), and sometimes bagged by the favourite courtier of the day. Our old poets are full of allusions to these iniquitous transactions.

"Tis not amiss, so it be done with decorum :  
In an heir 'tis ten times more excusable  
Than to be over-thrifty. Is there aught else  
That you can charge him with ?

*Camil.* With what we grieve for,  
And you will not approve.

*Dur.* Out with it, man.

*Camil.* His rash endeavour, without your consent,  
To match himself into a family  
Not gracious with the times.

*Dur.* 'Tis still the better ;  
By this means he shall scape court-visitants,  
And not be eaten out of house and home  
In a summer progress \* ; but does he mean to marry ?

*Camil.* Yea, sir, to marry.

*Dur.* In a beardless chin  
'Tis ten times worse then wenching. Family !  
whose family ?

*Camil.* Signior Severino's.

*Dur.* How ! not he that kill'd  
The brother of his wife, as it is rumour'd,  
Then fled upon it ; since proscribed, and chosen  
Captain of the banditti ; the king's pardon  
On no suit to be granted ?

*Lent.* The same, sir.

*Dur.* This touches near : how is his love return'd  
By the saint he worships ?

*Dom.* She affects him not,  
But dotes upon another.

*Dur.* Worse and worse.

*Camil.* You know him, young Adorio.  
*Dur.* A brave gentleman !

What proof of this ?

*Lent.* I dogg'd him to the church ;  
Where he, not for devotion, as I guess,  
But to make his approaches to his mistress,  
Is offer seen.

*Camil.* And would you stand conceal'd  
Among these trees, for he must pass this green,  
The matins ended, as she returns home,  
You may observe the passages.

*Dur.* I thank you ;  
This torrent must be stop't.

*Dom.* They come.

*Camil.* Stand close. [They retire.  
Enter ADORIO, CALISTA, MIRTILLA, and CALDORO,  
muffled.

*Calis.* I know I wrong my modesty.

*Ador.* And wrong me,  
In being so importunate for that  
I neither can nor must grant.

*Calis.* A hard sentence !

\* By this means he shall scape court-visitants,  
And not be eaten out of house and home  
In a summer progress. This stroke of satire must have  
been peculiarly well received ; as many of the gentry had  
found those summer progresses of the court almost too ex-  
pensive for them to bear.

Puttenham, who was well acquainted with these matters,  
tells us, that Henry VII. was offended with his host if he  
undertook to defray "the charge of his dyet if he passed  
more meales than one." P. 247. And of Elizabeth he says,  
that "her majesty hath been knowne often times to mis-  
like the superfluous expense of her subjects bestowed upon  
her in times of her progresses."

James was not so delicate: it appears from many scat-  
tered passages in the publications of those times, that he  
shared this part of the royal prerogative to a great degree,  
and lay heavy upon his subjects. Charles, who was now  
on the throne, was less barthesome; and in the succeeding  
reigns, these predatory excursions, together with other op-  
pressive claims of barbarous times, were entirely done  
away.

And to increase my misery, by you,  
Whom fond affection hath made my judge,  
Pronounced without compassion. Alas, sir,  
Did I approach you with unchaste desires,  
A sullied reputation ; were deform'd,  
As it may be I am, though many affirm  
I am something more than handsome —

*Dur.* I dare swear it.

*Calis.* Or if I were no gentlewoman, but bred  
coarsely,

You might, with some pretence of reason, elight  
What you should sue for.

*Dur.* Were he not an eunuch,  
He would, and sue again : I am sure I should.  
Pray look in my collar, a flea troubles me :  
Hey day ! there are a legion of young Cupids  
At barley-break in my breeches.

*Calis.* Hear me, sir ;

Though you continue, nay increase your scorn,  
Only vouchsafe to let me understand  
What my defects are ; of which once convinced,  
I will hereafter silence my harsh plea,  
And spare your further trouble.

*Ador.* I will tell you,  
And bluntly, as my usual manner is.  
Though I were a woman-hater, which I am not,  
But love the sex ; for my ends, take me with you ;  
If in my thought I found one taint or blemish  
In the whole fabric of your outward features,  
I would give myself the lie. You are a virgin  
Possess'd of all your mother could wish in you ;  
Your father Severino's dire disaster  
In killing of your uncle, which I grieve for,  
In no part taking from you. I repeat it,  
A noble virgin, for whose grace and favours  
The Italian princes might contend as rivals :  
Yet unto me, a thing far, far beneath you  
(A noted libertine I profess myself),  
In your mind there does appear one fault so gross,  
Nay, I might say unpardonable at your years,  
If justly you consider it, that I cannot  
As you desire, affect you.

*Calis.* Make me know it,  
I'll soon reform it.

*Ador.* Would you'd keep your word !

*Calis.* Put me to the test.

*Ador.* I will. You are too honest,  
And, like your mother, too strict and religious,  
And talk too soon of marriage ; I shall break,  
If at that rate I purchase you. Can I part with  
My incurb'd liberty, and on my neck  
Wear such a heavy yoke ? hazard my fortunes,  
With all the expected joys my life can yield me,  
For one commodity, before I prove it ?  
Venus forbid on both sides ! let crook'd hams,  
Bald heads, declining shoulders, furrow'd cheeks,  
Be awed by ceremonies : if you love me  
In the way young people should, I'll fly to meet it :  
And we'll meet merrily.

*Calis.* 'Tis strange such a man  
Can use such language.

*Ador.* In my tongue my heart  
Speaks freely, fair one. Think on't, a close friend,  
Or private mistress, is court rhetoric ;  
A wife, mere rustic solecism : so good morrow !

[Adorio offers to go, Caldoro comes forward and  
stops him.

*Camil.* How like you this ?

*Dur.* A well-bred gentleman !

I am thinking now if ever in the dark,  
Or drunk, I met his mother: he must have  
Some drops of my blood in him, for at his years  
I was much of his religion.

*Camil.* Out upon you!

*Dou.* The colt's tooth still in your mouth!

*Dur.* What means this whispering?

*Ador.* You may perceive I seek not to displant you,  
Where you desire to grow; for further thanks,  
'Tis needless compliment.

*Cald.* There are some natures  
Which blush to owe a benefit, if not  
Received in corners; holding it an impairing  
To their own worth, should they acknowledge it.  
I am made of other clay, and therefore must  
Trench so far on your leisure, as to win you  
To lend a patient ear, while I profess  
Before my glory, though your scorn, Calista,  
How much I am your servant.

*Ador.* My designs  
Are not so urgent, but they can dispense  
With so much time.

*Camil.* Pray you now observe your nephew.

*Dur.* How he looks! like a school-boy that had  
play'd the truant,  
And went to be breech'd.

*Cald.* Madam!

*Calis.* A new affliction:  
Your suit offends as much as his repulse,  
It being not to be granted.

*Mirt.* Hear him, madam;  
His sorrow is not personated; he deserves  
Your pity, not contempt.

*Dur.* He has made the maid his;  
And, as the master of *The Art of Love*  
Wisely affirms\*, it is a kind of passage  
To the mistress' favour.

*Cald.* I come not to urge  
My merit to deserve you, since you are,  
Weigh'd truly to your worth, above all value:  
Much less to argue you of want of judgment  
For following one that with wing'd feet flies from you.  
While I, at all parts, without boast, his equal,  
In vain pursue you: bringing those flames with me,  
Those lawful flames (for, madam, know with other  
I never shall approach you), which Adorio,  
In scorn of Hymen and religious rites,  
With atheistical impudence contemns;  
And in his loose attempt to undermine  
The fortress of your honour, seeks to ruin  
All holy altars by clear minds erected  
To virgin honour.

*Dur.* My nephew is an ass;  
What a devil hath he to do with virgin honour.  
Altars, or lawful flames, when he should tell her  
They are superstitious nothings; and speak to the  
purpose,

Of the delight to meet in the old dance,  
Between a pair of sheets; my grandam call'd it  
The Peopling of the World.

*Calis.* How, gentle sir!  
To vindicate my honour? that is needless;  
I dare not fear the worst aspersion malice  
Can throw upon it.

\* And as the master of the Art of Love  
Wisely affirms, &c.

*Sed prius animum captanda nosse puellæ*

*Ura sit: accessus molliat illa tuos.*

*Hanc tu pollicitis, hanc tu corrumpere rogando:*

*Quod petis, è facili, si volet illa, feres.* Lib. i. 351

*Cald.* Your sweet patience, lady,  
And more than dove-like innocence, render you  
Insensible of an injury, for which  
I deeply suffer. Can you undergo  
The scorn of being refused! I must confess  
It makes for my ends; for had he embraced  
Your gracious offers tender'd him, I had been  
In my own hopes forsaken; and if yet  
There can breathe any air of comfort in me,  
To his contempt I owe it: but his ill  
No more shall make way for my good intents,  
Than virtue, powerful in herself can need  
The aids of vice.

*Ador.* You take that license, sir,  
Which yet I never granted.

*Cald.* I'll force more;  
Nor will I for my own ends undertake it,  
As I will make apparent, but to do  
A justice to your sex, with mine own wrong  
And irrecoverable loss\*. To thee I turn,  
Thou goatish ribald, in whom lust is grown  
Defensible, the last descent to hell,  
Which gapes wide for thee: look upon this lady,  
And on her fame (if it were possible,  
Fairer than she is), and if base desires  
And beastly appetite will give thee leave,  
Consider how she sought thee: how this lady,  
In a noble way, desired thee. Was she fashion'd  
In an inimitable mould (which Nature broke,  
The great work perfect'd†), to be made a slave  
To thy libidinous twines, and when commanded,  
To be used as physic after drunken surfeits!  
Mankind should rise against thee: what even now  
I heard with horror, showed like blasphemy.  
And as such I will punish it.

[Strikes Adorio; the rest rush forward; they  
all draw.

*Calis.* Murder!

*Mirt.* Help!

*Dur.* After a whining prologue, who would have  
look'd for  
Such a rough catastrophe! Nay, come on, fear  
nothing:

Never till now my nephew! and do you hear, sir  
(And yet I love thee too)! if you take the wench  
now,

I'll have it posted first, then chronicled,  
Thou wert beaten to it.

*Ador.* You think you have shewn  
A memorable masterpiece of valour  
In doing this in public, and it may  
Perhaps deserve her shoe-string for a favour:  
Wear it without my envy; but expect  
For this affront, when time serves, I shall call you  
To a strict account. [Exit.

*Dur.* Hook on, follow him, harpies!

\* And irrecoverable loss.] So the old copy. Mr. M.  
Mason discards it from the text, for an improvement of  
his own; he reads, *irrevocable*!

—in whom lust is grown  
Defensible,] i. e. as Mr. M. Mason observes, an object  
of his justification, rather than of his shame.

—which Nature broke,  
The great work perfect'd,] We have had this thought in  
several of the preceding plays: indeed, I know no idea so  
common: scarce a sonnetteer or playwright from Surrey to  
Shadwell being without it. It must have had considerable  
charms to the eyes of our forefathers, since neither its trifleness  
nor its folly could prevent its eternal repetition. *Twines*,  
which occurs in the next line, is constantly used by the  
writers of Massinger's time for embraces, in a bad sense.

You may feed upon this business for a month,  
If you manage it handsomely :

[*Exeunt Camillo, Lentulo, and Donato.*]

When two heirs quarrel\*,

The swordmen of the city shortly after  
Appear in plush, for their grave consultations  
In taking up the difference : some, I know,  
Make a set living on't. Nay let him go,  
Thou art master of the field : enjoy thy fortune  
With moderation : for a flying foe,  
Discreet and provident conquerors build up  
A bridge of gold. To thy mistress, boy ! if I were  
In thy shirt, how I could nick it !

*Cald.* You stand, madam,  
As you were rooted, and I more than fear  
My passion hath offended : I perceive  
The roses frighted from your cheeks, and paleness  
To usurp their room ; yet you may please to ascribe it  
To my excess of love, and boundless ardour  
To do you right ; for myself I have done nothing.  
I will not curse my stars, howe'er assured  
To me you are lost for ever : for suppose  
Adorio slain, and by my hand, my life  
Is forfeited to the law, which I condemn,  
So with a tear or two you would remember  
I was your martyr, and died in your service.

*Calis.* Alas, you weep ! and in my just compassion  
Of what you suffer, I were more than marble  
Should I not keep you company : you have sought  
My favours nobly, and I am justly punish'd  
In wild Adorio's contempt and scorn,  
For my ingratitude, it is no better,  
To your deservings : yet such is my fate,  
Though I would, I cannot help it. O Caldoro !  
In our misplaced affection I prove  
Too soon, and with dear-bought experience, Cupid  
Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows†.  
If it be possible, learn to forget  
(And yet that punishment is too light), to hate,  
A thankless virgin : practise it : and may  
Your due consideration that I am so,  
In your imagination disperse  
Loathsome deformity upon this face  
That hath bewitch'd you ! more I cannot say,  
But that I truly pity you, and wish you  
A better choice, which, in my prayers, Caldoro,  
I ever will remember.

[*Exeunt Calista, and Mirtilla.*]

*Dur.* 'Tis a sweet rogue.  
Why, how now ! thunderstruck ?

*Cald.* I am not so happy.  
Oh that I were but master of myself,  
You soon should see me nothing.

*Dur.* What would you do ?  
*Cald.* With one stab give a fatal period  
To my woes and life together.

*Dur.* For a woman !  
Better the kind were lost, and generation  
Maintain'd a new way.

*Cald.* Pray you, sir, forbear  
This profane language.

*Dur.* Pray you, be you a man,  
And whimper not like a girl : all shall be well,  
As I live it shall ; this is no hectic fever,

But a lovesick ague, easy to be cured,  
And I'll be your physician, so you subscribe  
To my directions. First, you must change  
This city whorish air, for 'tis infected,  
And my potions will not work here ; I must have  
you

To my country villa : rise before the sun,  
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,  
Serv'd up by nature on some grassy hill ;  
You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial  
Than cullises, cock-broth, or your distillations  
Of a hundred crowns a quart.

*Cald.* You talk of nothing.

*Dur.* This 't'ens as a preparative to strengthen  
Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle ;  
With all this flesh I can do it without a stirrup —  
My hounds uncoupled, and my huntsmen ready,  
You shall hear such music from their tunable  
mouths,

That you shall say the viol, harp, theorbo,  
Ne'er made such ravishing harmony ; from the  
groves

And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations,  
Enamour'd of the cry, a thousand echoes  
Repeating it.

*Cald.* What's this to me ?

*Dur.* It shall be,

And you give thanks for't. In the afternoon,  
For we will have variety of delights,  
We'll to the field again ; no game shall rise,  
But we'll be ready for't ; if a hare, my greyhounds  
Shall make a course ; for the pie or jay, a spar-hawk  
Flies from the flat ; the crow so near pursued,  
Shall be compell'd to seek protection under  
Our horses' bellies ; a hern put from her siege,  
And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount  
So high, that, to your view, she'll seem to soar  
Above the middle region of the air :  
A cast of haggard falcons, by me mann'd,  
Eying the prey at first, appear as if  
They did turn tail ; but with their labouring wings  
Getting above her, with a thought their pinions  
Cleaving the purer element, make in,  
And by turns bind with her ; the frightened fowl,  
Lying at her defence upon her back,  
With her dreadful beak awhile defers her death,  
But, by degrees forced down, we part the prey,  
And feast upon her.

*Cald.* This cannot be, I grant,  
But pretty pastime.

*Dur.* Pretty pastime, nephew !  
'Tis royal sport. Then, for an evening flight,  
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,  
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,

\* And by turns bind with her ; This exquisite description of rural amusements is from the head of a great master. I lament that it is so technical ; but, in Massinger's time this language was perfectly familiar to the audience who heard it, in a greater or less degree, in every play that came before them. To bind with, as I learn from that authentic treatise, *the Gentlemen's Recreation*, "is the same as to tire or seize. A hawk is said to bind when she seizes her prey."

There is a striking similarity between this description and a passage in Spenser :

"As when a cast of Faucons make their flight  
At an henshaw, that lies sloot on wing.  
The whiles they strike at him with heedless might,  
The warie fowle his bill doth backward wing,  
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,  
Herselfe quite through the body doth engore  
And falleth downe to ground like senseless thing."

Petrie's *Queen*, B. VI., c. 7.

\* When two heirs quarrel, &c.] See *Maid of Honour*, Act I. sc. 1.

† Cupid is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows.] See *Virgin Martyr*, Act I. sc. 1.

In such a place flies\*, as he seems to say.  
See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,  
He makes his stoop; but wanting breath, is forced  
To cancelier†; then, with such speed as if  
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes  
The trembling bird, who even in death appears  
Proud to be made his quarry.

*Cald.* Yet all this  
Is nothing to Calista.

*Dur.* Thou shalt find  
Twenty Calistas there, for every night  
A fresh and lusty one; I'll give thee a ticket,  
In which my name, Durazzo's name, subscribed,  
My tenants' nut-brown daughters, wholesome girls,  
At midnight shall contend to do thee service.  
I have bred them up to't; should their fathers mur-

mur,  
Their leases are void, for that is a main point  
In my indentures; and when we make our progress,  
There is no entertainment perfect, if  
This last dish be not offer'd.

*Cald.* You make me smile.

*Dur.* I'll make thee laugh outright.—My horses,  
knaves!

'Tis but six short hours' riding: yet ere night  
Thou shalt be an altered man.

*Cald.* I wish I may, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Severino's House.

*Enter IOLANTE, CALISTA, CALIPSO, and MIRTILLA.*

*Iol.* I had spies upon you, minion; the relation  
Of your behaviour was at home before you:  
My daughter to hold parley, from the church too,  
With noted libertines! her fame and favours  
The quarrel of their swords!

*Calis.* 'Twas not in me  
To help it, madam.

*Iol.* No! how have I lived?  
My neighbour knows my manners have been such,  
That I presume I may affirm, and boldly,  
In no particular action of my life  
I can be justly censured.

*Calip.* Censured, madam!

\* *In such a place flies.*] So the old copy, and so, indeed, Coxeter. Mr. M. Mason, who, without ceremony, alters every thing that he does not comprehend (which, by the bye, is no small matter,) corrupts it into *pace*: a most injudicious attempt at improvement; for who ever heard of the *pace* of a bird, except, perhaps, of an ostrich! But *place* is the genuine word; and means, in falconry, the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains in its flight. "Eagles," says Col. Thornton (who, probably, had no intention of becoming a commentator on Massinger), "can have no speed except when at their *place*; then, to be sure, their weight increases their velocity, and they aim with an incredible swiftness, seldom missing their quarry." *Sporting Tour*. And Lord Cecil, in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, "and so I end, with a release to you for field hawke, if you can help me to a river hawke" (this is the hawk of which Durazzo speaks), "that will fly in a *high place*, stick not to give gold so she fly high, but not else."

*Lodge's Illustrations*, Vol. III. 187. This too is the meaning of the expression in Macbeth, which has escaped the commentators. "A falcon, tow'ring in his pride of *place*." "Finely expressed," says Warburton, "for *confidence* in its quality." "In a place of which she" (i. e. he), "seemed proud"—adds Mr. Malone. It is, as the reader now sees, a technical phrase for the "highest pitch."

† *To cancelier.*] "Cancellor is when the high-flown hawk, in her stooping, turneth two or three times on the wing, to recover herself before she seizeth her prey." *Gent. Recreation*.

What lord or lady lives, worthy to sit  
A competent judge on you?

*Calis.* Yet black detraction  
Will find faults where they are not.

*Calip.* Her foul mouth  
Is stopp'd, you being the object: give me leave  
To speak my thoughts, yet still under correction:  
And if my young lady and her woman hear  
With reverence, they may be edified.  
You are my gracious patroness and supportress,  
And I your poor observer, nay, your creature,  
Fed by your bounties; and but that I know  
Your honour detests flattery, I might say,  
And with an emphasis, you are the lady  
Admired and envied at, far, far above  
All imitation of the best of women  
That are or ever shall be. This is truth:  
I dare not be obsequious; and 'twould ill  
Become my gravity, and wisdom glean'd  
From your oraculous ladyship, to act  
The part of a she-parasite.

*Iol.* If you do,  
I never shall acknowledge you.

*Calis.* Admirable!

This is no flattery!

*Mirt.* Do not interrupt her;  
'Tis such a pleasing itch to your lady-mother,  
That she may peradventure forget us,  
To feed on her own praises.

*Iol.* I am not  
So far in debt to age, but if I would  
Listen to men's bewitching sorceries,  
I could be courted.

*Calip.* Rest secure of that.  
All the braveries of the city run mad for you,  
And yet your virtue's such, not one attempts you.

*Iol.* I keep no mankind servant in my house,  
In fear my chastity may be suspected:  
How is that voiced in Naples?

*Calip.* With loud applause,  
I assure your honour.

*Iol.* It confirms I can  
Command my sensual appetites.

*Calip.* As vassals to  
Your more than masculine reason, that commands  
them:

Your palace styled a nunnery of pureness,  
In which not one lascivious thought dares enter,  
Your clear soul standing sentinel.

*Mirt.* Well said, Echo!

*Iol.* Yet I have tasted those delights which  
women

So greedily long for, know their titillations;  
And when, with danger of his head, thy father  
Comes to give comfort to my widow'd sheets,  
As soon as his desires are satisfied,  
I can with ease forget them.

*Calip.* Observe that,  
It being indeed remarkable: 'tis nothing  
For a simple maid, that never had her hand  
In the honey-pot of pleasure, to forbear it;  
But such as have lick'd there, and lick'd there  
often,

And felt the sweetness oft——

*Mirt.* How her mouth runs o'er  
With rank imagination!

*Calip.* If such can,  
As urged before, the kickshaw being offer'd,  
Refuse to take it, like my matchless madam  
They may be sainted.

*Is.* I'll lose no more breath  
In fruitless reprehension; look to it:  
I'll have thee wear this habit of my mind,  
As of my body.

*Calip.* Seek no other precedent:  
In all the books of *Amadis de Gaul*,  
The *Palmerius*, and that true Spanish story,  
The *Mirror of Knighthood*, which I have read often,  
Read feelingly, nay more, I do believe in't,  
My lady has no parallel\*.

*Is.* Do not provoke me:  
If from this minute, thou e'er stir abroad,  
Write letter, or receive one; or presume  
To look upon a man, though from a window,  
I'll chain thee like a slave in some dark corner;  
Prescribe thy daily labour, which omitted,  
Expect the usage of a fury from me,  
Not an indulgent mother. Come, Calipso.

*Calip.* Your ladyship's injunctions are so easy,  
That I dare pawn my credit my young lady  
And her woman shall obey them.

[*Exeunt Isolante and Calipso.*]

*Mirt.* You shall fry first  
For a rotten piece of touchwood, and give fire  
To the great fiend's nostrils, when he smokes tobacco!

Note the injustice, madam; they would have us,  
Being young and hungry, keep perpetual Lent,  
And the whole year to them a carnival.  
Easy injunctions, with a mischief to you!  
Suffer this and suffer all.

*Calis.* Not stir abroad!  
The use and pleasure of our eyes denied us!

*Mirt.* Insufferable.  
*Calis.* Nor write, nor yet receive  
An amorous letter!

*Mirt.* Not to be endured.  
*Calis.* Nor look upon a man out of a window!  
*Mirt.* Flat tyranny. insupportable tyranny  
To a lady of your blood.

*Calis.* She is my mother,  
And how should I decline it?

*Mirt.* Run away from't!

Take any course.  
*Calis.* But without means, Mirtilla,  
How shall we live?

\* Calipso might pass for a pattern of perseverance even in these novel-reading days. Most of those old romances would outweigh a score of the flimsy productions of modern times: and that true Spanish story, *The Mirror of Knighthood*, which she had read often, consists of three ponderous tomes in quarto!

† *She is my mother, &c.* The language of this play is surprisingly beautiful, even for Massinger: it is every where modulated with the nicest attention to rhythm, and laboured into an exactness of which I know not where to find another example: yet it is in this very play that the modern editors have chosen to evince their sovereign contempt of their author's characteristic excellencies, and to turn his sweetest metre into weak and hobbling prose. The reader, who compares this with the former editions, will see that I have reformed what has already past of this act in lumberless instances. A short quotation will give those who wish to decline that ungrateful trouble, a sufficient specimen of the disgraceful negligence to which I allude.

*Calis.* *She is my mother, and how should I decline it?*

*Mirt.* *Run away from't, take any course.*

*Calis.* *But without means, Mirtilla, how shall we live?*

*Mirt.* What a question's that! as if  
A buxom lady could want maintenance  
In any place in the world, where there are men,  
Wine, meat, or money stirring.

*Calis.* Be you more modest,  
Or seek some other mistress: rather than  
In a thought or dream I will consent to aught  
That may take from my honour, I'll endure  
More than my mother can impose upon me.

*Mirt.* I grant your honour is a specious dressing,  
But without conversation of men,  
A kind of nothing. I will not persuade you  
To disobedience: yet my confessor told me  
(And he, you know, is held a learned clerk),  
When parents do enjoin unnatural things,  
Wise children may evade them. She may as well  
Command when you are hungry, not eat,  
Or drink, or sleep: and yet all these are easy,  
Compared with the not seeing of a man,  
As I persuade no further; but to you  
There is no such necessity, you have means  
To shun your mother's rigour.

*Calis.* Lawful means!

*Mirt.* Lawful, and pleasing too; I will not  
urge

Caldoro's loyal love, you being averse to't;  
Make trial of Adorio.

*Calis.* And give up  
My honour to his lust!

*Mirt.* There's no such thing  
Intended, madam; in few words, write to him  
What slavish hours you spend under your mother;  
That you desire not present marriage from him,  
But as a noble gentleman to redeem you  
From the tyranny you suffer. With your letter  
Present him some rich jewel; you have one,  
In which the rape of Proserpine, in little  
Is to the life express'd: I'll be the messenger  
With any hazard, and at my return,  
Yield you a good account of't.

*Calis.* 'Tis a business  
To be consider'd of.

*Mirt.* Consideration,  
When the converse of your lover is in question,  
Is of no moment: if she would allow you  
A dancer in the morning to well breathe her,  
A songster in the afternoon, a servant  
To air you in the evening\*; give you leave  
To see the theatre twice a week, to mark  
How the old actors decay, the young sprout up  
(A fitting observation), you might bear it;  
But not to see, or talk, or touch a man,  
Abominable!

*Calis.* Do not my blushes speak  
How willingly I would assent!

*Mirt.* Sweet lady,  
Do something to deserve them, and blush after.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* —a servant

To air you in the evening; &c.] It has been already observed that *servant* is the authorized term for a lover. From a subsequent passage it appears that this forward young lady was barely sixteen. Juliet, however, still more forward, is still younger.

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street near Severino's House.*

*Enter IOLANTE and CALIPSO.*

*Iol.* And are these Frenchmen, as you say, such gallants?

*Calip.* Gallant and active; their free breeding knows not

The Spanish and Italian preciseness  
Practised among us; what we call immodest,  
With them is styled bold courtship: they dare fight  
Under a velvet ensign at fourteen.

*Iol.* A petticoat, you mean?

*Calip.* You are in the right;  
Let a mistress wear it under an armour of proof,  
They are not to be beaten off.

*Iol.* You are merry, neighbour.

*Calip.* I fool to make you so; pray you observe them,

They are the forward'st monsieurs: born physicians  
For the malady of young wenches, and ne'er miss:  
I own my life to one of them, when I was  
A raw young thing, not worth the ground I trod on,

And long'd to dip my bread in tar, my lips  
As blue as salt-water, he came up roundly to me,  
And cured me in an instant, Venus be praised for't!

*Enter ALPHONSO, MONTFENSIER, LAVAL, Captain, Attendants.*

*Iol.* They come, leave prating.

*Calip.* I am dumb, an't like your honour.

*Alph.* We will not break the league confirm'd between us

And your great master: the passage of his army  
Through all our territories lies open to him;  
Only we grieve that your design for Rome  
Commands such haste, as it denies us means  
To entertain you as your worth deserves,  
And we would gladly tender.

*Mont.* Royal Alphonso,  
The king my master, your confederate,  
Will pay the debt he owes, in fact which I  
Want words t'express. I must remove to night;  
And yet, that your intended favours may not  
Be lost, I leave this gentleman behind me,  
To whom you may vouchsafe them, I dare say,  
Without repentance. I forbear to give  
Your majesty his character; in France  
He was a precedent for arts and arms,  
Without a rival, and may prove in Naples  
Worthy the imitation.

*[Introduces Laval to the king.]*

*Calip.* Is he not, madam,  
A monsieur in print? what a garb was there! O rare!

Then, how he wears his clothes! and the fashion of them!

A main assurance that he is within  
All excellent: by this, wise ladies ever  
Make their conjectures.

*Iol.* Peace, I have observed him  
From head to foot.

*Calip.* Eye him again, all over.

*Lav.* It cannot, royal sir, but argue me  
Of much presumption, if not impudence,

To be a suitor to your majesty,  
Before I have deserved a gracious grant,  
By some employment prosperously achieved.  
But pardon, gracious sir: when I left France  
I made a vow to a bosom friend of mine  
(Which my lord general, if he please, can witness),  
With such humility as well becomes  
A poor petitioner, to desire a boon  
From your magnificence. *[He delivers a petition.]*

*Calip.* With what punctual form  
He does deliver it!

*Iol.* I have eyes: no more.

*Alph.* For Severino's pardon!—you must excuse me,

I dare not pardon murder.

*Lav.* His fact, sir,

Ever submitting to your abler judgment,  
Merits a fairer name: he was provoked,  
As by unanswerable proofs it is confirm'd,  
By Montecarlo's rashness; who repining  
That Severino, without his consent,  
Had married Iolante, his sole sister  
(It being conceal'd almost for thirteen years),  
Though the gentleman, at all parts, was his equal,  
First challeng'd him, and, that declined, he gave him

A blow in public.

*Mont.* Not to be endured,

But by a slave.

*Lav.* This, great sir, justly weigh'd,  
You may a little, if you please, take from  
The rigour of your justice, and express  
An act of mercy.

*Iol.* I can hear no more,

This opens an old wound, and makes a new one.  
Would it were cicatrized! wait me.

*Calip.* As your shadow.

*[Exeunt Iolante and Calipso.]*

*Alph.* We grant you these are glorious pretences,  
Revenge appearing in the shape of valour,  
Which wise kings must distinguish: the defence  
Of reputation, now made a bawd  
To murder; every trifle falsely styled  
An injury, and not to be determined  
But by a bloody duel: though this vice  
Hath taken root and growth beyond the mountains  
(As France, and, in strange fashions, her ape,  
England, can dearly witness with the loss  
Of more brave spirits than would have stood the  
shock

Of the Turk's army), while Alphonso lives  
It shall not here be planted. Move me no further  
In this; in what else suiting you to ask,  
And me to give, expect a gracious answer:  
However, welcome to our court. Lord General,  
I'll bring you out of the ports, and then betake you  
To your good fortune.

*Mont.* Your grace overwhelms me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Severino's House.*

*Enter CALIPSO and IOLANTE.*

*Calip.* You are bound to favour him: mark you  
how he pleaded  
For my lord's pardon.

*Iol.* That's indeed a tie;  
But I have a stronger on me.  
*Calip.* Say you love  
His person, be not ashamed oft; he's a man,  
For whose embraces, though Endymion  
Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb,  
And exchange kisses with him.  
*Iol.* Do not fan  
A fire that burns already too hot in me;  
I am in my honour sick, sick to the death,  
Never to be recovered.  
*Calip.* What a coil's here  
For loving a man! It is no Afric wonder!  
If, like Pasiphaë, you doted on a bull,  
Indeed 'twere monstrous; but in this you have  
A thousand thousand precedents to excuse you.  
A seaman's wife may ask relief of her neighbour,  
When her husband's bound to the Indies, and not  
blam'd for't;  
And many more besides of higher calling,  
Though I forbear to name them. You have a husband;  
But, as the case stands with my lord, he is  
A kind of no husband; and your ladyship  
As free as a widow can be. I confess,  
If ladies should seek change, that have their husbands  
At board and bed, to pay their marriage duties,  
(The surest bond of concord), 'twere a fault,  
Indeed it were: but for your honour, that  
Do lie alone so often—body of me!  
I am zealous in your cause—let me take breath.  
*Iol.* I apprehend what thou wouldst say, I want  
all  
As means to quench the spurious fire that burns  
here.  
*Calip.* Want means, while I, your creature, live!  
I dare not  
Be so unthankful.  
*Iol.* Wilt thou undertake it,  
And, as an earnest of much more to come,  
Receive this jewel, and purse cramm'd full of  
crowns?  
How dearly I am forced to buy dishonour!  
*Calip.* I would do it gratis, but 'twould ill become  
My breeding to refuse your honour's bounty;  
Nay, say no more, all rhetoric in this  
Is comprehended; let me alone to work him.  
He shall be yours\*; that's poor, he is already  
At your devotion. I will not boast  
My faculties this way, but suppose he were  
Coy as Adonis, or Hippolytus,  
And your desires more hot than Cytherea's,  
Or wanton Phædra's, I will bring him chain'd  
To your embraces, glorying in his fetters:  
I have said it.  
*Iol.* Go, and prosper; and imagine  
A salary beyond thy hopes.  
*Calip.* Sleep you

\* He shall be yours; that's poor, he is already  
At your devotion.] This is parodied with some humour from  
a spirited passage in *Hercules Furens*:

—Ni nosi Herculem,

*Lycus Creonti debitas pœnas dabit:*

*Lentum est, dabit; dat: hoc quoque lentum est; dedit.*

Ver. 614.

which Jonson has thus closely imitated in his *Catiline*:

—He shall die;

Shall, was too slowly said: he's dying; that

Is yet too slow: he's dead

Secure on either ear\*; the barthen's yours  
To entertain him, mine to bring him hither. [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III.—A Room in ADONIO'S House.

*Enter ADONIO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, and DONATO.*

*Don.* Your wrong's beyond a challenge, and you  
deal  
Too fairly with him, if you take that way  
To right yourself.

*Lent.* The least that you can do,  
In the terms of honour, is, when next you meet him,  
To give him the bastinado.

*Cem.* And that done,  
Draw out his sword to cut your own throat! No,  
Be ruled by me, show yourself an Italian,  
And having received one injury, do not put off  
Your hat for a second; there are fellows that  
For a few crowns will make him sure, and so,  
With your revenge, you prevent future mischief.

*Ador.* I thank you, gentlemen, for your studied  
care

In what concerns my honour; but in that  
I'll steer my own course. Yet, that you may know  
You are still my cabinet counsellors, my bosom  
Lies open to you; I begin to feel  
A weariness, nay, satiety of looseness,  
And something tells me here, I should repent  
My harshness to Calista.

*Enter CARIO in haste.*

*Camil.* When you please,  
You may remove that scruple.

*Ador.* I shall think on't.

*Car.* Sir, sir, are you ready?

*Ador.* To do what?

I am sure 'tis not yet dinner-time.

*Car.* True; but I usher

Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast,  
As yet I never cook'd: 'tis not botargo,  
Fried frogs, potatoes marrow'd, cavear,  
Carps' tongues, the pith of an English chine of beef,  
Nor our Italian delicate oil'd mushrooms,

\* *Calip.* Sleep you

Secure on either ear; Calipso seems to have joined the  
classics to *Amadis de Gaul*, *Palmerin*, and *The Mirror*  
of *Knighthood*. To sleep on either ear, is from *The Heu-*  
*ront*, of Terence,—*in aurem utramvis dormire*,—and means,  
to sleep soundly, free from care, &c. It is used by Jonson,  
in his beautiful *Masque of Oberon*:

—Sirs, you keep

Proper watch, that thus do lie

Drown'd in sloth!

*Sat.* 1. They have no eye

To wake withal.

*Sat.* 2. Nor sense, I fear,

For they sleep on either ear."

In Acerbi's *Travels to the North of Europe*, there is an  
extract from the bishop of Drontheim's *Account of the*  
*Laplanders*,—"in utramvis dormiunt aurem, nec plumbis  
indormire mollioribus magni æstimant." This Acerbi, or  
rather the English manufacturer of his work, translates,  
"they sleep equally on both sides!" He then remarks, with  
an appearance of great sagacity, "Some physicians recom-  
mend sleeping on the right side, or right ear, the good  
bishop seems, however, to think that to sleep casually on  
either ear is the most conducive to health." The "good  
bishop" knew what he was saying very well, though his  
flippant translator did not:—but thus it is that we are dis-  
graced in the eyes of Europe by needy adventurers, who  
set up for critics in literature with no other qualifications  
than ignorance and impudence!

And yet a drawer-on, too; and if you show not  
An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say  
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,  
For it will not stay a preface, I am shamed,  
And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at.

*Ador.* Art thou in thy wits? what new-found  
rarity

Hast thou discover'd?

*Car.* No such matter, sir;  
It grows in our own country.

*Don.* Serve it up,  
I feel a kind of stomach.

*Camil.* I could feed too.

*Car.* Not a bit upon a march; there's other  
lettuce

For your coarse lips; this is peculiar, only  
For my master's palate; I would give my whole  
year's wages,

With all my vails, and fees due to the kitchen,  
But to be his carver.

*Ador.* Leave your fooling, sirrah,  
And bring in your dainty.

*Car.* 'Twill bring in itself,  
It has life and spirit in it; and for proof,  
Behold! Now fall to boldly, my life on't  
It comes to be tasted.

*Enter MIRTILLA.*

*Camil.* Ha! Calista's woman.

*Lent.* A handsome one, by Venus.

*Ador.* Pray you forbear:  
You are welcome, fair one.

*Don.* How that blush becomes her!

*Ador.* Aim your designs at me?

*Mirt.* I am trusted, sir,  
With a business of near consequence, which I would  
To your private ear deliver.

*Car.* I told you so.  
Give her audience on your couch; it is fit state  
To a she-ambassador.

*Ador.* Pray you, gentlemen,  
For awhile dispose of yourselves, I'll straight attend  
you.

[*Exeunt Camillo, Lentulo, and Donato.*  
*Car.* Dispatch her first for your honour, the  
quickly doing —

You know what follows.

*Ador.* Will you please to vanish? [*Exit Cario.*  
Now, pretty one, your pleasure; you shall find me  
Ready to serve you; if you'll put me to  
My oath, I'll take it on this book.

*Mirt.* O, sir,  
The favour is too great, and far above  
My poor ambition, I must kiss your hand  
In sign of humble thankfulness.

*Ador.* So modest!

*Mirt.* It well becomes a maid, sir. Spare those  
blessings

For my noble mistress, upon whom with justice,  
And, with your good allowance, I might add  
With a due gratitude, you may confer them;  
But this will better speak her chaste desires,

[*Delivers a letter.*  
Than I can fancy what they are, much less  
With moving language, to their fair deserts,  
Aptly express them. Pray you read, but with  
Compassion, I beseech you: if you find

The paper blurr'd with tears fallen from her eyes,  
While she endeavour'd to set down that truth  
Her soul did dictate to her, it must challenge  
A gracious answer.

*Ador.* O the powerful charms  
By that fair hand writ down here! not like those  
Which dreadfully pronounced by Circe, changed  
Ulysses' followers into beasts; these have  
An opposite working: I already feel,  
But reading them, their saving operations,  
And all those sensual, loose, and base desires,  
Which have too long usurp'd, and tyrannized  
Over my reason, of themselves fall off.  
Most happy metamorphosis! in which  
The film of error that did blind my judgment  
And seduced understanding, is removed.  
What sacrifice of thanks can I return  
Her pious charity, that not alone  
Redeems me from the worst of slavery,  
The tyranny of my beastly appetites,  
To which I long obsequiously have bow'd;  
But adds a matchless favour to receive  
A benefit from me, nay, puts her goodness  
In my protection?

*Mirt.* Transform'd! it is [*Aside.*  
A blessed metamorphosis, and works  
I know not how on me.

*Ador.* My joys are boundless,  
Curb'd with no limits; for her sake, Mirtilla,  
Instruct me how I presently may seal  
To those strong bonds of loyal love, and service  
Which never shall be cancell'd.

*Mirt.* She'll become  
Your debtor, sir, if you vouchsafe to answer  
Her pure affection.

*Ador.* Answer it, Mirtilla!  
With more than adoration I kneel to it  
Tell her, I'll rather die a thousand deaths  
Than fail, with punctuality, to perform  
All her commands.

*Mirt.* I am lost on this assurance. [*Aside.*  
Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith in't,  
As in an oracle: ah me! She presents you  
This jewel, her dead grandsire's gift, in which,  
As by a true Egyptian hieroglyphic  
(For so I think she call'd it), you may be  
Instructed what her suit is you should do,  
And she with joy will suffer.

*Ador.* Heaven be pleased  
To qualify this excess of happiness  
With some disaster, or I shall expire  
With a surfeit of felicity. With what art  
The cunning\* lapidary hath here express'd  
The rape of Proserpine! I apprehend  
Her purpose, and obey it; yet not as  
A helping friend, but a husband: I will meet  
Her chaste desires with lawful heat, and warm  
Our Hymeneal sheets with such delights  
As leave no sting behind them.

*Mirt.* I despair then. [*Aside.*  
*Ador.* At the time appointed say, wench, I'll at-  
tend her,

And guard her from the fury of her mother,  
And all that dare disturb her.

*Mirt.* You speak well,  
And I believe you.

\* And yet a drawer-on too; i. e. an incitement to appetite: the phrase is yet in use.

\* With what art  
The cunning lapidary, &c.] Cunning is the Scriptural term  
for ingenuity in the arts.

*Ador.* Would you sought else?

*Mirt.* I would carry

Some love-sign to her; and now I think on it,  
The kind salute you offer'd at my entrance,  
Hold it not impudence that I desire it,  
I'll faithfully deliver it.

*Ador.* O, a kiss!

You must excuse me; I was then mine own,  
Now wholly hers: the touch of other lips  
I do abjure for ever: but there's gold  
To bind thee still my advocate.

[Exit.

*Mirt.* Not a kiss!

I was coy when it was offered, and now justly  
When I beg one am denied. What scorching fires  
My loose hopes kindle in me! shall I be  
False to my lady's trust, and from a servant  
Rise up her rival? His words have bewitch'd me,  
And something I must do, but what?—'tis yet  
An embryo, and how to give it form,  
Alas, I know not. Pardon me, Calista,  
I am nearest to myself, and time will teach me  
To perfect that which yet is undetermined.

[Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—*The Country. A Forest.*

*Enter CLAUDIO and SEVERINO.*

*Claud.* You are master of yourself; yet, if I may  
As a tried friend in my love and affection,  
And a servant in my duty, speak my thoughts,  
Without offence, i'the way of counsel to you;  
I could allege, and truly, that your purpose  
For Naples, cover'd with a thin disguise,  
Is full of danger.

*Sev.* Danger, Claudio!

'Tis here, and every where, our forced companion;  
The rising and the setting sun beholds us  
Environ'd with it; our whole life a journey  
Ending in certain ruin.

*Claud.* Yet we should not,  
Howe'er besieged, deliver up our fort  
Of life, till it be forced.

*Sev.* 'Tis so indeed  
By wisest men concluded, which we should  
Obey as Christians; but when I consider  
How different the progress of our actions  
Is from religion, nay, morality,  
I cannot find in reason, why we should  
Be scrupulous that way only; or like meteors  
Blaze forth prodigious terrors, till our stuff  
Be utterly consumed, which once put out,  
Would bring security unto ourselves,  
And safety unto those we prey upon.  
O Claudio! since by this fatal hand  
The brother of my wife, bold Montecarlo,  
Was left dead in the field, and I proscribed  
After my flight, by the justice of the king,  
My being hath been but a living death,  
With a continued torture.

*Claud.* Yet in that  
You do delude their bloody violence  
That do pursue your life.

*Sev.* While I by rapines  
Live terrible to others as myself.  
What one hour can we challenge as our own,  
Unhappy as we are, yielding a beam  
Of comfort to us? Quiet night, that brings

Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,

In which he rises early to do wrong.

And when his work is ended, dares not sleep:

Our time is spent in watches to entrap

Such as would shun us, and to hide ourselves

From the ministers of justice, that would bring us

To the correction of the law. O, Claudio,

Is this a life to be preserved\*, and at

So dear a rate? But why hold I discourse

On this sad subject, since it is a burthen

We are mark'd to bear, and not to be aback off

But with our human frailty? In the change

Of dangers there is some delight, and therefore

I am resolved for Naples.

*Claud.* May you meet there

All comforts that so fair and chaste a wife

(As fame proclaims her without parallel)

Can yield to ease your sorrows!

*Sev.* I much thank you;

Yet you may spare those wishes, which with joy

I have proved certainties, and from their want

Her excellencies take lustre.

*Claud.* Ere you go yet,

Some charge unto your squires not to fly out

Beyond their bounds were not impertinent:

For though that with a look you can command them,

In your absence they'll be headstrong.

*Sev.* 'Tis well thought on,

I'll touch my horn,—[*Blows his horn.*—]—they know  
my call.

*Claud.* And will,

As soon as heard, make in to't from all quarters,

As the flock to the shepherd's whistle.

*Enter Banditti.*

1 *Ban.* What's your will?

2 *Ban.* Hail, sovereign of these woods!

3 *Ban.* We lay our lives

At your highness' feet.

4 *Ban.* And will confess no king,

Nor laws but what come from your mouth; and  
those

We gladly will subscribe to.

*Sev.* Make this good,

In my absence, to my substitute, to whom

Pay all obedience as to myself;

The breach of this in one particular

I will severely punish: on your lives,

Remember upon whom with our allowance

You may securely prey, with such as are

Exempted from your fury.

*Claud.* 'Twere not amiss,

If you please, to help their memory; besides,

Here are some newly initiated.

*Sev.* To these

Read you the articles; I must be gone:

Claudio, farewell!

\* ——— O, Claudio,

*Is this a life to be preserved, &c.* A state of insecurity and perpetual alarm was never described with more energy and beauty than in this scene. I know not whether Missinger ever reached Germany; but certainly many parts of Charles *The Robber* bear a striking resemblance to the character of Severino. There is a fine passage in *Marmion*, which is not altogether unlike the opening of this speech:

" O thou pale, sober night,

Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;

Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,

Unbend'st the feeble veins of sweaty labour," &c.

*The Malacostani. Act III. sc. ii.*  
Colman has laid this scene under heavy contributions in his *Battle of Hesham*.

*Claud.* May your return be speedy !

1 *Ban.* Silence ; out with your table-books.

2 *Ban.* And observe.

*Claud.* [reads.] *The cormorant that lives in expectation*

*Of a long wish'd-for dearth, and smiling grinds*

*The faces of the poor, you may make spoil of ;*

*Even theft to such is justice.*

3 *Ban.* He's in my tables.

*Claud.* *The grand encloser of the commons, for His private profit or delight, with all*

*His herds that graze upon't, are lawful prize.*

4 *Ban.* And we will bring them in, although the devil

stood roaring by to guard them.

*Claud.* *If a usurer,*

*Greedy, at his own price to make a purchase,*

*Taking advantage upon bond or mortgage*

*From a prodigal, pass through our territories,*

*In the way of custom, or of tribute to us,*

*You may ease him of his burthen.*

2 *Ban.* Wholesome doctrine.

*Claud.* *Builders of iron mills, that grub up forests\* With timber trees for shipping.*

1 *Ban.* May we not

have a touch at lawyers ?

*Claud.* By no means ; they may

too soon have a gripe at us ; they are angry hornets,

Not to be jested with.

3 *Ban.* This is not so well.

*Claud.* *The owners of dark shops, that vent their wares*

*With perjuries ; cheating vintners, not contented*

*With half in half in their reckonings, yet cry out,*

*When they find their guests want coin, 'Tis late, and bed-time.*

*These ransack at your pleasures.*

3 *Ban.* How shall we know them ?

*Claud.* *If they walk on foot, by their rat-colour'd stockings,*

*And shining shoest ; if horsemen, by short boots,*

*And riding furniture of several counties.*

2 *Ban.* Not one of the list escapes us.

*Claud.* *But for scholars, Whose wealth lies in their heads, and not their pockets, Soldiers that have bled in their country's service ; The rent-rack'd farmer ; needy market folks ; The sweaty labourer ; carriers that transport The goods of other men, are privileged ; But, above all, let none presume to offer Violence to women, for our king hath sworn, Who that way's a delinquent, without mercy Hangs for't by martial law.*

\* *Claud.* *Builders of iron mills, that grub up forests With timber trees for shipping.* Did this evil really exist in Massinger's days ? or did the poet, in prophetic vision, visit the " well wooded " mountains that overhang the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland ? These articles are extremely curious, as they show us what were accounted the chief grievances of the nation at that fortunate period.

† *And shining shoes.* Our old dramatists make themselves very merry with these *shining shoes*, which appear, in their time, to have been one of the characteristic marks of a spruce citizen. Thus Newcot, rallying Plotwell for becoming a merchant, exclaims :

" Slid ! his shoes shine too ! " *The City Match.* And Kately observes that Welbred's acquaintance

" ——— mock him all over, From his flat cap unto his shining shoes." *Every Man in his Humour.*

*All.* Long live Severino, And perish all such cullions as repine\* At his new monarchy !

*Claud.* About your business, That he may find, at his return, good cause To praise your care and discipline.

*All.* We'll not fail, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—Naples. A Street.

*Enter LAVAL and CALIPSO.*

*Lav.* Thou art sure mistaken ; 'tis not possible That I can be the man thou art employ'd to.

*Calip.* Not you the man ! you are the man of men

And such another, in my lady's eye, Never to be discover'd.

*Lav.* A mere stranger

Newly arrived !

*Calip.* Still the more probable ;

Since ladies, as you know affect strange dainties,

And brought far to them†. This is not an age

In which saints live ; but women, knowing women,

That understand their *summum bonum* is

Variety of pleasures in the touch,

Derived from several nations ; and if men would

Be wise by their example—

*Lav.* As most are,

'Tis a coupling age !

*Calip.* Why, sir, do gallants travel ?

Answer that question, but, at their return,

With wonder to the hearers, to discourse of

The garb and difference in foreign females,

As the lusty girl of France, the sober German,

The plump Dutch frow, the stately dame of Spain,

The Roman libertine, and sprightly Tuscan,

The merry Greek, Venetian courtesan,

The English fair companion, that learns something

From every nation, and will fly at all :

I say again, the difference betwixt these

And their own country gawesters.

*Lav.* Aptly urged.

Some make that their main end : but may I ask,

Without offence to your gravity, by what title

Your lady, that invites me to her favours,

Is known in the city ?

*Calip.* If you were a true-born monsieur,

You would do the business first, and ask that after.

If you only truck with her title, I shall hardly

Deserve thanks for my travail she is, sir,

No single ducat-trader, nor a beldam

So frozen up, that a fever cannot thaw her ;

No hieness by her breath.

*Lav.* Leave these impertinencies,

And come to the matter.

*Calip.* Would you'd be as forward

When you draw for the upshot ! she is, sir, a lady,

A rich, fair, well-complexioned, and what is

Not frequent among Venus' votaries,

Upon my credit, which good men have trusted,

\* *And perish all such cullions.* A term taken from the Italians and strongly expressive of contempt :—all such object wretches. It frequently occurs in the old poets.

† *Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties.* And brought far to them.] This is proverbial : but it may, perhaps, allude to the title of a play, by Thomas Ricket, " *Ferre Fetched and Dear Bought as Good for Ladies.*" It was entered at Stationers' Hall, 1566.

A sound and wholesome lady, and her name is  
Madonna Iolante.

*Lev.* Iolante!

I have heard of her; for chastity, and beauty,  
The wonder of the age.

*Calip.* Pray you, not too much  
Of chastity; fair and free I do subscribe to,  
And so you'll find her.

*Lev.* Come, you are a base creature;  
And covering your foul ends with her fair name,  
Give me just reason to suspect you have  
A plot upon my life.

*Calip.* A plot! very fine!

Nay, 'tis a dangerous one, pray you beware of't;  
'Tis cunningly contrived: I plot to bring you  
Afoot, with the travel of some forty paces,  
To those delights which a man not made of snow  
Would ride a thousand miles for. You shall be  
Received at a postern door, if you be not cautious,  
By one whose touch would make old Nestor  
young.

And cure his hernia; a terrible plot!  
A kiss then ravished from you by such lips  
As flow with nectar, a juicy palm more precious  
Than the famed Sibylla's bough, to guide you safe  
Through mists of perfumes to a glorious room,  
Where Jove might feast his Juno; a dire plot  
A banquet I'll not mention, that is common:  
But I must not forget, to make the plot  
More horrid to you, the retiring bower,  
So furnished as might force the Persian's envy,  
The silver bathing-tub the cambric rubbers,  
The embroidered quilt, the bed of gossamer  
And damask roses; a mere powder-plot  
To blow you up! and last, a bed-fellow,

To whose rare entertainment all these are  
But foils and settings off.

*Lev.* No more; her breath  
Would warm an eunuch.

*Calip.* I knew I should heat you:  
Now he begins to glow.

*Lev.* I am flesh and blood,  
And I were not man if I should not run the hazard,  
Had I no other ends in't. I have considered  
Your motion, matron.

*Calip.* My plot, sir, on your life,  
For which I am deservedly suspected  
For a base and dangerous woman! Fare you well,  
sir,

I'll be bold to take my leave.

*Lev.* I will along too.

Come, pardon my suspicion, I confess  
My error; and saying you better, I perceive  
There's nothing that is ill that can flow from you;  
I am serious, and for proof of it I'll purchase  
Your good opinion. [Gives her his purse.

*Calip.* I am gentle natured,  
And can forget a greater wrong upon  
Such terms of satisfaction.

*Lev.* What's the hour?

*Calip.* Twelve.

*Lev.* I'll not miss a minute.

*Calip.* I shall find you  
At your lodging?

*Lev.* Certainly; return my service,  
And for me kiss your lady's hands.

*Calip.* At twelve

I'll be your convoy.

*Lev.* I desire no better.

[Exeunt.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—The Country.

*Enter DURAZZO, CALDORO, and Servant.*

*Dur.* the horses down the hill; I have a  
lit Walk

To speak in private. [Exit Servant.]

*Cald.* Good sir, no more anger.

*Dur.* Love do you call it! madness, wilful mad-  
ness;

And since I cannot cure it, I would have you  
Exactly mad. You are a lover already,  
Be a drunkard too, and after turn small poet,  
And then you are mad, katexokên the madman\*.

*Cald.* Such as are safe on shore may smile at  
tempests;

But I, that am embark'd, and every minute  
Expect a shipwreck, relish not your mirth;  
To me it is unseasonable.

*Dur.* Pleasing viands  
Are made sharp by sick palates. I affect  
A handsome mistress in my gray beard, as well  
As any boy of you all; and on good terms  
Will venture as far i'the fire, so she be willing

\* And then you are mad, katexokên the madman.  
Κατ'εξοχην i. e. super-eminently the madman.

To entertain me; but ere I would dote,  
As you do, where there is no flattering hope  
Ever t'enjoy her, I would forswear wine,  
And kill this lecherous itch with drinking water,  
Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John,  
Then bathe myself night by night in marble dew,  
And use no soap but camphire-balls.

*Cald.* You may  
(And I must suffer it), like a rough surgeon,  
Apply these burning caustics to my wounds  
Already gangren'd, when soft unguents would  
Better express an uncle with some feeling  
Of his nephew's torments.

*Dur.* I shall melt, and cannot  
Hold out if he whimper. O that this young fellow,  
Who, on my knowledge, is able to beat a man,  
Should be baffled by this blind imagined boy,  
Or fear his bird-bolts\*!

*Cald.* You have put yourself already  
To too much trouble in bringing me thus far:  
Now, if you please, with your good wishes, leave  
me  
To my my hard fortunes.

\* Or fear his bird-bolts! i. e. his blunt, pointless, arrows;  
for with such birds were brought down.

*Dur.* I'll forsake myself first.  
Leave thee! I cannot, will not; thou shalt have  
No cause to be weary of my company,  
For I'll be useful; and, ere I see thee perish,  
Dispensing with my dignity and candour\*,  
I will do something for thee, though it savour  
Of the old squire of Troy†. As we ride, we will  
Consult of the means: bear up.

*Cald.* I cannot sink,  
Having your noble aids to buoy me up;  
There was never such a guardian.

*Dur.* How is this?  
Stale compliments to me! When my work's done,  
Commend the artificer, and then be thankful.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Naples. A Room in Severino's House.

Enter CALISTA richly habited, and MIRTILLA in the gown which Calista first wore.

*Calis.* How dost thou like my gown?

*Mirt.* 'Tis rich and courtlike.

*Calis.* The dressings too are suitable

*Mirt.* I must say so,

Or you might blame my want of care.

*Calis.* My mother

Little dreams of my intended flight, or that  
These are my nuptial ornaments.

*Mirt.* I hope so.

*Calis.* How dully thou repliest! thou dost not  
envy

Adorio's noble change, or the good fortune

That it brings to me?

*Mirt.* My endeavours that way

Can answer for me.

*Calis.* True; you have discharged

A faithful servant's duty, and it is

By me rewarded like a liberal mistress:

I speak it not to upbraid you with my bounties,

Though they deserve more thanks and ceremony

Than you have yet express'd.

*Mirt.* The miseries

Which, from your happiness, I am sure to suffer,

Restrain my forward tongue; and, gentle madam,

Excuse my weakness, though I do appear

A little daunted with the heavy burthen

I am to undergo: when you are safe,

My dangers, like to roaring torrents, will

Gush in upon me; yet I would endure

Your mother's cruelty, but how to bear

Your absence, in the very thought confounds me.

Since we were children I have loved and served  
you;

I willingly learn'd to obey, as you

Grew up to knowledge, that you might command  
me;

\* Dispensing with my dignity and candour.] This expression reconciles me to a passage in *The Parliament of Love*, of which, though copied with my best care, I was extremely doubtful;

"And might I but persuade you to dispense

"A little with your candour, &c." Act IV. sc. III.

It now appears that Massinger uses *candour* in both places as synonymous with honour, or fairness of reputation.

† Of the old squire of Troy.] The Pandarus of Shakespeare. This uncle is a most pleasant character; it is impossible not to be delighted with him, notwithstanding the freedom of his language. As Adorio justly observes,

There was never such a guardian.

And now to be divorced from all my comforts!—  
Can this be borne with patience?

*Calis.* The necessity

Of my strange fate commands it; but I vow

By my Adorio's love, I pity thee.

*Mirt.* Pity me, madam! a cold charity;

You must do more, and help me.

*Calis.* Ha! what said you?

I must! Is this fit language for a servant?

*Mirt.* For one that would continue your poor  
servant,

And cannot live that day in which she is

Denied to be so. Can Mirtilla sit

Mourning alone, imagining those pleasures

Which you this blessed Hymeneal night

Enjoy in the embraces of your lord,

And my lord too, in being your's? (already

As such I love and honour him). Shall a stranger

Sew you in a sheet, to guard that maidenhead

You must pretend to keep; and 'twill become you!

Shall another do those bridal offices

Which time will not permit me to remember\*,

And I pine here with envy? pardon me,

I must and will be pardon'd,—for my passions

Are in extremes; and use some speedy means

That I may go along with you, and share

In those delights, but with becoming distance;

Or by his life, which as a saint you swear by,

I will discover all.

*Calis.* Thou canst not be

So treacherous and cruel, in destroying

The building thou hast raised.

*Mirt.* Pray you do not tempt me,

For 'tis resolved.

*Calis.* I know not what to think of't.

In the discovery of my secrets to her, [her,

I have made my slave my mistress; I must sooth

There's no evasion else.—Prithee, Mirtilla,

Be not so violent, I am strangely taken

With thy affection for me; 'twas my purpose

To have thee sent for.

*Mirt.* When?

*Calis.* This very night;

And I vow deeply I shall be no sooner

In the desired possession of my lord,

But by some of his servants I will have thee

Convey'd unto us.

*Mirt.* Should you break?

*Calis.* I dare not.

Come, clear thy looks, for instantly we'll prepare

For our departure.

*Mirt.* Pray you, forgive my boldness,

Growing from my excess of zeal to serve you.

*Calis.* I thank thee for't.

*Mirt.* You'll keep your word?

*Calis.* Still doubtful?

*Mirt.* 'Twas this I aim'd at, and leave the rest to  
fortune. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Adorio's House.

Enter ADORIO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO,  
CARIO, and Servants.

*Ador.* Haste you unto my villa, and take all

\* Which time will not permit me to remember,] i. e. to bring to your remembrance, to remind you of: so the word is frequently used.

This scene, and indeed the whole of this play, is scandalously edited by Coxeter as well as Mr. M. Mason; in the line before us, the former omits *me*, and the latter, *time*, so that the metre halts miserably in both.

Provision along with you, and for use  
And ornament, the shortness of the time  
Can furnish you; let my best plate be set out,  
And costliest hangings; and, if't be possible,  
With a merry dance to entertain the bride,  
Provide an epithalamium.

*Car.* Trust me  
For belly timber: and for a song I have  
A paper-blurrier, who on all occasions,  
For all times, and all seasons, hath such trinkets  
Ready in the deck\*: it is but altering  
The names, and they will serve for any bride  
Or bridegroom in the kingdom.

*Ador.* But for the dance?

*Car.* I will make one myself, and foot it finely;  
And summoning your tenants at my dresser,  
Which is, indeed, my drum†, make a rare choice  
Of the able youth, such as shall sweat sufficiently,  
And smell too, but not of amber, which you know is  
The grace of the country hall.

*Ador.* About it, Cario,  
And look you be careful.

*Car.* For mine own credit, sir.

[*Exeunt Cario and Servants.*]

*Ador.* Now, noble friends, confirm your loves,  
and think not

Of the penalty of the law, that does forbid  
The stealing away an heir: I will secure you,  
And pay the breach of't.

*Camil.* Tell us what we shall do,  
We'll talk of that hereafter.

*Ador.* Pray you be careful  
To keep the west gate of the city open,  
That our passage may be free, and bribe the watch  
With any sum; this is all.

*Don.* A dangerous business!

*Camil.* I'll make the constable, watch, and porter  
drunk,  
Under a crown.

*Lent.* And then you may pass while they snore,  
Though you had done a murder.

*Camil.* Get but your mistress,  
And leave the rest to us,

*Ador.* You much engage me:  
But I forget myself.

*Camil.* Pray you in what, sir?

*Ador.* Yielding too much to my affection,  
Though lawful now, my wounded reputation  
And honour suffer: the disgrace in taking  
A blow in public from Caldoro, branded  
With the infamous mark of coward, in delaying  
To right myself, upon my cheek grows fresher;  
That's first to be consider'd.

*Camil.* If you dare

\* *Ready in the deck.*] Mr. M. Mason reads, in the *deck*; and, doubtless, applauded himself for the emendation; but *deck* is right; it means the *heap*, or, technically speaking, the *gross*. In our old poets, a *pack* of cards is called a *deck*: Thus, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:

"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*,  
To deal about and shuffle as I would."

† *And summoning your tenants at my dresser,*  
*Which is, indeed, my drum.*] Thus, the servant, in *The Unnatural Combat*:

"When the *dresser*, the *cook's drum*, thunders, come on!"  
Act III. sc. 1.

And thus Buckling:

"Just in the nick the *cook knock'd thrice*,  
And all the waiters in a trice  
His summons did obey;  
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,  
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,  
Presented, and away." *The Wedding.*

Trust my opinion (yet I have had  
Some practice and experience in duels),  
You are too tender that way: can you answer  
The debt you owe your honour till you meet  
Your enemy from whom you may exact it?  
Hath he not left the city, and in fear  
Conceal'd himself, for aught I can imagine?  
What would you more?

*Ador.* I should do.

*Camil.* Never think on't,  
Till fitter time and place invite you to it:  
I have read Caranza\*, and find not in his *grammar*  
Of quarrels, that the injured man is bound  
To seek for reparation at an hour;  
But may, and without loss, till he hath settled  
More serious occasions that import him,  
For a day or two defer it.

*Ador.* You'll subscribe  
Your hand to this?

*Camil.* And justify't with my life,  
Presume upon't.

*Ador.* On, then; you shall o'er-rule me.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in Severino's House.

*Enter IOLANTE and CALIPO.*

*Iol.* I'll give thee a golden tongue, and have it  
hung up

Over thy tomb for a monument.

*Calip.* I am not prepared yet  
To leave the world; there are many good pranks  
I must dispatch in this kind before I die:  
And I had rather, if your honour please,  
Have the crowns in my purse.

*Iol.* Take that.

*Calip.* Magnificent lady!  
May you live long, and every moon love change,  
That I may have fresh employment. You know  
what

Remains to be done.

*Iol.* Yes, yes; I will command  
My daughter and Mirtilla to their chamber.

*Calip.* And lock them up: such liquorish kit-  
lings are not

To be trusted with our cream. Ere I go, I'll help  
you

To set forth the banquet, and place the candied  
eringoes

Where he may be sure to taste them; then undress  
you,

For these things are cumbersome, when you should  
be active:

A thin night mantle to hide part of your smock,  
With your pearl-embroidered pantoffes on your  
feet,

And then you are armed for service! nay, no  
trifling,

\* *I have read Caranza.*] This great man—"great let me  
call him," for he has obtained the praise of Bobadil, wrote a  
systematic treatise on duelling, which seems to have been  
the *Vade Mecum* of the punctilious gallants about the court  
of James I. He is frequently mentioned by Beaumont and  
Fletcher, Jonson, and our author, and generally with the  
ridicule which he deserves. From a passage in *The New Inn*,  
it should seem that his reputation did not long outlive  
their sarcasms:

"*Host.* They had their times, and we can say, *they were*:  
So had Caranza his."

We are alone, and you know 'tis a point of folly  
To be coy to eat when meat is set before you.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.—A Street before Severino's House.

*Enter ADORIO and Servant.*

*Ador.* 'Tis eleven by my watch, the hour appointed.  
Listen at the door—hear'st thou any stirring?

*Serv.* No, sir;  
All's silent here.

*Ador.* Some cursed business keeps  
Her mother up. I'll walk a little circle,  
And show where you shall wait us with the horses,  
And then return. This short delay afflicts me,  
And I presume to her it is not pleasing. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter DURAZZO and CALDORO.*

*Dur.* What's now to be done? prithee let's to  
bed, I am sleepy;  
And here's my hand on't, without more ado,  
By fair or foul play we'll have her to-morrow  
In thy possession.

*Cald.* Good sir, give me leave  
To taste a little comfort in beholding  
The place by her sweet presence sanctified.  
She may perhaps, to take air, ope the casement,  
And looking out, a new star to be gazed on  
By me with adoration, bless these eyes,  
Ne'er happy but when she is made the object.

*Dur.* Is not here fine fooling!  
*Cald.* Thou great queen of love,  
Or real or imagined, be propitious  
To me, thy faithful votary! and I vow  
To erect a statue to thee, equal to  
Thy picture by Apelles' skilful hand,  
Left as the great example of his art;  
And on thy thigh I'll hang a golden Cupid,  
His torches flaming, and his quiver full,  
For further honour!

*Dur.* End this waking dream,  
And let's away.

*Enter CALISTA and MIRTILLA.*

*Calis.* Mirtilla!  
*Cald.* 'Tis her voice!  
*Calis.* You heard the horses' footing?  
*Mirt.* Certainly.  
*Calis.* Speak low. My lord Adorio.  
*Cald.* I am dumb.  
*Dur.* The darkness friend us too! Most honour'd  
madam,

Adorio, your servant.

*Calis.* As you are so,  
I do command your silence till we are  
Further removed; and let this kiss assure you  
(I thank the sable night that hides my blushes)  
I am wholly yours.

*Dur.* Forward, you micher!

*Mirt.* Madam,  
Think on Mirtilla. [*Exit.*]

*Dur.* I'll not now enquire  
The mystery of this, but bless kind fortune  
Favouring us beyond our hopes: yet, now I think  
on't,

I had ever a lucky hand in such smock night-work.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ADORIO and Servant.*

*Ador.* This slowness does amaze me; she's not  
alter'd

In her late resolution!

*Fol.* [*within.*] Get you to bed,  
And stir not on your life, till I command you.

*Ador.* Her mother's voice! listen.

*Serv.* Here comes the daughter.

*Enter MIRTILLA hastily.*

*Mirt.* Whither shall I fly for succour?

*Ador.* To these arms,  
Your castle of defence, impregnable,  
And not to be blown up: how your heart beats!  
Take comfort, dear Calista, you are now  
In his protection that will ne'er forsake you:  
Adorio, your changed Adorio, swears  
By your best self, an oath he dares not break,  
He loves you, loves you in a noble way,  
His constancy firm as the poles of heaven.  
I will urge no reply, silence becomes you;  
And I'll defer the music of your voice  
Till we are in a place of safety.

*Mirt.* O blest error! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter SEVERINO.*

*Sev.* 'Tis midnight: how my fears of certain death,  
Being surprised, combat with my strong hopes  
Raised on my chaste wife's goodness! I am grown  
A stranger in the city, and no wonder  
I have too long been so unto myself:  
Grant me a little truce, my troubled soul—  
I hear some footing, ha!

*Enter LAVAL and CALIPSO.*

*Calip.* That is the house,  
And there's the key: you'll find my lady ready  
To entertain you; 'tis not fit I should  
Stand gaping by while you bill: I have brought  
you on,  
Charge home, and come off with honour. [*Exit.*]

*Sev.* It makes this way.

*Lav.* I am much troubled, and know not what  
to think  
Of this design.

*Sev.* It still comes on.

*Lav.* The watch!  
I am betray'd.  
*Sev.* Should I now appear fearful,  
It would discover me: there's no retiring.  
My confidence must protect me; I'll appear  
As if I walk'd the round\*. Stand!

*Lav.* I am lost.

*Sev.* The word!

*Lav.* Pray you forbear; I am a stranger,  
And missing, this dark stormy night, my way  
To my lodging, you shall do a courteous office  
To guide me to it.

*Sev.* Do you think I stand here  
For a page or a porter?

*Lav.* Good sir, grow not so high:  
I can justify my being abroad; I am  
No pilfering vagabond, and what you are  
Stands yet in supposition; and I charge you  
If you are an officer, bring me before your captain;  
For if you do assault me, though not in fear

\* ———— I'll appear  
As if I walk'd the round.] i. e. As if I was one of the  
watch. See *The Picture*, Act II. sc. I.

Of what you can do alone, I will cry murder,  
And raise the streets.

Sev. Before my captain, ha!

And bring my head to the block. Would we were parted,

I have greater cause to fear the watch than he.

Lar. Will you do your duty?

Sev. I must close with him:—

Troth, sir, whate'er you are (yet by your language  
I guess you a gentleman), I'll not use the rigour  
Of my place upon you: only quit this street,  
For your stay here will be dangerous; and good  
night!

Lar. The like to you, sir; I'll grope out my way  
As well as I can. O damn'd bawd!—Fare you  
well, sir. [Exit.]

Sev. I am glad he's gone; there is a secret pas-  
sage,  
Unknown to my wife, through which this key will  
guide me  
To her desired embraces, which must be,  
My presence being beyond her hopes, most wel-  
come. [Exit.]

#### SCENE VI.—A Room in Severino's House.

*IOLANTE is heard speaking behind a curtain.*

Iol. I am full of perplex'd thoughts. Imperious  
blood,  
Thou only art a tyrant; judgment, reason,  
To whatsoever thy edicts proclaim  
With vassal fear subscribe against themselves.  
I am yet safe in the port, and see before me,  
If I put off, a rough tempestuous sea,  
The raging winds of infamy from all quarters  
Assuring my destruction; yet my lust  
Swelling the wanton sails (my understanding  
Stow'd under hatches), like a desperate pilot,  
Commands me to urge on. My pride, my pride,  
Self-love, and over-value of myself,  
Are justly punish'd: I, that did deny  
My daughter's youth allow'd and lawful pleasures,  
And would not suffer in her those desires  
She suck'd in with my milk, now in my waning  
Am scorch'd and burnt up with libidinous fire,  
That must consume my fame; yet still I throw  
More fuel on it.

*Enter SEVERINO before the curtain.*

Sev. 'Tis her voice, poor turtle:  
She's now at her devotions, praying for  
Her banish'd mate; alas, that for my guilt  
Her innocence should suffer! But I do  
Commit a second sin in my deferring  
The ecstasy of joy that will transport her  
Beyond herself, when she flies to my lips,  
And seals my welcome.—[Draws the curtain.]—  
Iolante!

Iol. Ha!

Good angels guard me!

Sev. What do I behold!  
Some sudden flash of lightning strike me blind,  
Or cleave the centre of the earth, that I  
May living find a sepulchre to swallow  
Me and my shame together!

Iol. Guilt and horror

Confound me in one instant; thus surprised,  
The subtlety of all wantons, though abstracted,  
Can show no seeming colour of excuse,  
'To plead in my defence.

Sev. Is this her mourning?

O killing object! The imprison'd vapours  
Of rage and sorrow make an earthquake in me:  
This little world, like to a tottering tower,  
Not to be underpropp'd;—yet in my fall  
I'll crush thee with my ruina. [Draws a pistol.]

Iol. [kneeling.] Good sir, hold:  
For, my defence unheard, you wrong your justice,  
If you proceed to execution,  
And will too late repeat it.

Sev. Thy defence!

To move it, adds (could it receive addition)  
Ugliness to the loathsome leprosy  
That, in thy being a strumpet, hath already  
Infected every vein, and spreads itself  
Over this carrion, which would poison vultures  
And dogs, should they devour it. Yet, to stamp  
The seal of reprobation on thy soul,  
I'll hear thy impudent lies, borrow'd from hell,  
And prompted by the devil, thy tutor, where!  
Then send thee to him. Speak.

Iol. Your Gorgon looks  
Turn me to stone, and a dead palsy seizes  
My silenced tongue.

Sev. O Fate, that the disease  
Were general in women, what a calm  
Should wretched men enjoy! Speak, and be brief,  
Or thou shalt suddenly feel me.

Iol. Be appeased, sir,  
Until I have delivered reasons for  
This solemn preparation.

Sev. On, I hear thee.

Iol. With patience ask your memory; 'twill in-  
struct you,  
This very day of the month, seventeen years  
since,  
You married me.

Sev. Grant it, what canst thou urge  
From this?

Iol. That day, since your proscription, sir,  
In the remembrance of it annually,  
The garments of my sorrow laid aside,  
I have with pomp observed.

Sev. Alone!

Iol. The thoughts  
Of my felicity then, my misery now,  
Were the invited guests; imagination  
Teaching me to believe that you were present,  
And a partner in it.

Sev. Rare! this real banquet  
To feast your fancy: fiend! could fancy drink off  
These flagons to my health, or the idle thought  
Like Baal devour these delicacies! the room  
Perfumed to take his nostrils! this loose habit,  
Which Messalina would not wear, put on  
To fire his lustful eyes! Wretch, am I grown  
So weak in thy opinion, that it can  
Flatter credulity that these gross tricks  
May be foisted on me? Where's my daughter!  
where

The bawd your woman? answer me.—Calista!  
Mirtilla! they are disposed of, if not murdered,  
To make all sure; and yet methinks your neigh-  
bour,  
Your whistle, agent, parasite, Calipao,  
Should be within call, when you hem, to usher in  
The close adulterer. [Lays hands on her.]

Iol. What will you do?

Sev. Not kill thee, do not hope it; I am not  
So near to reconciliation. Ha! this scarf,

The intended favour to your stallion, now  
Is useful: do not strive;—[*He binds her.*] thus  
bound, expect  
All studied tortures my assurance, not  
My jealousy, thou art false, can pour upon thee,  
In darkness how! thy mischiefs; and if rankness  
Of thy imagination can conjure  
The ribald [hither\*], glut thyself with him;  
I will cry Aim, and in another room  
Determine of my vengeance. Oh, my heartstrings!

[*Exit with the tapers.*]

*Iol.* Most miserable woman! and yet sitting  
A judge in mine own cause upon myself,  
I could not mitigate the heavy doom  
My incensed husband must pronounce upon me.  
In my intents I am guilty, and for them  
Must suffer the same punishment, as if  
I had in fact offended.

*Calip.* [*within.*] Bore my eyes out  
If you prove me faulty: I'll but tell my lady  
What caused your stay, and instantly present you.

*Enter CALIPSO.*

How's this? no lights! What new device? will she  
play

At blindman's-buff? Madam!

*Iol.* Upon thy life,

Speak in a lower key.

*Calip.* The mystery  
Of this, sweet lady! where are you?

*Iol.* Here, fast bound.

*Calip.* By whom?

*Iol.* I'll whisper that into thine ear,  
And then farewell for ever.—

*Calip.* How! my lord?

I am in a fever: horns upon horns grow on him!  
Could he pick no hour but this to break a bargain  
Almost made up?

*Iol.* What shall we do?

*Calip.* Betray him;  
I'll instantly raise the watch.

*Iol.* And so make me  
For ever infamous.

*Calip.* The gentleman,  
The rarest gentleman, is at the door,  
Shall he lose his labour? Since that you must  
perish,

'Twill show a woman's spleen in you to fall  
Deservedly; give him his answer, madam.  
I have on the sudden in my head a strange whim;  
But I will first unbind you.

*Iol.* Now what follows?

*Calip.* I will supply your place: and, bound, give  
me

Your mantle, take my night-gown; send away  
The gentleman satisfied. I know my lord  
Wants power to hurt you, I perhaps may get  
A kiss by the bargain, and all this may prove  
But some neat love-trick; if he should grow furious,  
And question me, I am resolved to put on  
An obstinate silence. Pray you dispatch the gen-  
tleman,

His courage may cool.

*Iol.* I'll speak with him, but if  
To any base or lustful end, may mercy  
At my last gasp forsake me!

[*Exit.*]

*Calip.* I was too rash,  
And have done what I wish undone: say he should  
kill me!

I have run my head in a fine noose, and I smell  
The pickle I am in! 'las, how I shudder  
Still more and more! would I were a she Priapus,  
Stuck up in a garden to fright away the crows,  
So I were out of the house! she's at her pleasure,  
Whate'er she said; and I must endure the torture—  
He comes; I cannot pray, my fears will kill me.

*Re-enter SEVERINO with a knife in his hand, throwing  
open the doors violently.*

*Sev.* It is a deed of darkness, and I need  
No light to guide me; there is something tells me  
I am too slow-paced in my wreat, and trifle  
In my revenge. All hush'd! no sigh nor groan  
To witness her compunction! can guilt sleep,  
And innocence be open-eyed? even now,  
Perhaps, she dreams of the adulterer,  
And in her fancy hugs him. Wake, thou strumpet,  
And instantly give up unto my vengeance  
The villain that defiles my bed; discover  
Both what and where he is, and suddenly,  
That I may bind you face to face, then sew you  
Into one sack, and from some steep rock hurl you  
Into the sea together: do not play with  
The lightning of my rage; break stubborn silence,  
And answer my demands; will it not be?  
I'll talk no longer; thus I mark thee for  
A common strumpet. [*Strikes at her with the knife.*]

*Calip.* Oh!

*Sev.* Thus stab these arms  
That have stretch'd out themselves to grasp a  
stranger.

*Calip.* Oh!

*Sev.* This is but an induction; I will draw  
The curtains of the tragedy hereafter:

How! on, 'tis music to me.

[*Exit.*]

*Calip.* He is gone.

A kiss, and love-tricks! he hath villanous teeth,  
May sublimed mercury draw them! if all dealers  
In my profession were paid thus, there would be  
A dearth of cuckolds. Oh my nose! I had one:  
My arms, my arms! I dare not cry for fear;  
Cursed desire of gold, how art thou punish'd!

*Re-enter IOLANTE.*

*Iol.* Till now I never truly knew myself,  
Nor by all principles and lectures read  
In chastity's cold school, was so instructed  
As by her contrary, how base and deform'd  
Loose appetite is; as in a few short minutes  
This stranger bath, and feelingly, deliver'd.  
Oh! that I could recal my bad intentions,  
And be as I was yesterday, untainted  
In my desires, as I am still in fact,  
I thank his temperance! I could look undaunted  
Upon my husband's rage, and smile at it,  
So strong the guards and sure defences are  
Of armed innocence; but I will endure  
The penance of my sin, the only means  
Is left to purge it. The day-breaks. Calipso!

*Calip.* Here, madam, here.

*Iol.* Hath my lord visited thee?

*Calip.* Hell take such visits! these stabb'd arms,  
and loss

Of my nose you left fast on, may give you a relish  
What a night I have had of't, and what you had  
suffered,

Had I not supplied your place.

\* The ribald [hither,] glut thyself with him;] The word inclosed in brackets, or one of a similar meaning, seems necessary to complete the sense as well as the metre.

*Iol.* I truly grieve for't;  
Did not my husband speak to thee?

*Calip.* Yes, I heard him,  
And felt him, *ecc signum*, with a mischief!  
But he knew not me like a true-bred Spartan boy\*  
With silence I endured it, he could not get  
One syllable from me.

*Iol.* Something may be fashion'd  
From this; invention help me! I must be sudden.

[*Unbinds her.*  
Thou art free, exchange, quick, quick! now bind me  
sure,

And leave me to my fortune.  
*Calip.* Pray you consider  
The loss of my nose; had I been but carted for  
you,

Though wash'd with mire and chamber-lie, I had  
Examples to excuse me; but my nose,  
My nose, dear lady

*Iol.* Get off, I'll send to thee. [*Exit Calipso.*  
If so, it may take; if it fail, I must  
Suffer whatever follows.

*Re-enter SEVERINO with a taper.*

*Sev.* I have searched  
In every corner of the house, yet find not  
My daughter, nor her maid; nor any print  
Of a man's footing, which, this wet night, would  
Be easily discern'd, the ground being soft,  
At his coming in or going out.

*Iol.* 'Tis he,  
And within hearing; heav'n forgive this feigning†,  
I being forced to't to preserve my life,  
To be better spent hereafter

*Sev.* I begin  
To stagger, and my love, if it knew how  
(Her piety heretofore, and fame remembered),  
Would plead in her excuse.

*Iol.* You blessed guardians  
Of matrimonial faith, and just revengers  
Of such as do in fact offend against  
Your sacred rites and ceremonies; by all titles  
And holy attributes you do vouchsafe  
To be invoked, look down with saving pity  
Upon my matchless sufferings!

*Sev.* At her devotions:  
Affliction makes her repent.

*Iol.* Look down  
Upon a wretched woman, and as I  
Have kept the knot of wedlock, in the temple  
By the priest fasten'd, firm (though in loose wishes  
I yield I have offended) to strike blind

\* ———— *like a true-bred Spartan boy.* The old copy  
reads *for*. The amendment by Mr. M. Mason.

† *Iol.* 'Tis he,  
And within hearing; heav'n forgive this feigning. All  
the editions read:

*'Tis he*  
And I'm within hearing; heaven, &c.  
The unmetrical turn of the line shows that something is  
wrong; and, indeed, what Iolante wanted was, that her husband  
should be within hearing, that she might begin her ad-  
jurations. "To remark," as Johnson says (on another occa-  
sion), "the improbability of the fiction, or the absurdity of  
the conduct of this strange interlude, were to waste criticism  
upon unresisting imbecility."

The eyes of jealousy, that see a crime  
I never yet committed, and to free me  
From the unjust suspicion of my lord,  
Restore my martyr'd face and wounded arms  
To their late strength and beauty.

*Sev.* Does she hope  
To be cured by miracle?

*Iol.* This minute I  
Perceive with joy my orisons heard and granted:  
You ministers of mercy, who unseen,  
And by a supernatural means, have done  
This work of heavenly charity, be ever  
Canonized for't!

*Sev.* I did not dream, I heard her,  
And I have eyes, too they cannot deceive me:  
If I have no belief in their assurance\*,  
I must turn sceptic. Ha this is the hand,  
And this the fatal instrument these drops  
Of blood, that gush'd forth from her face and arms,  
Still fresh upon the floor. This is something more  
Than wonder or amazement; I profess  
I am astonish'd.

*Iol.* Be incredulous still,  
And go on in your barbarous rage, led to it  
By your false guide, suspicion; have no faith  
In my so long tried loyalty, nor believe  
That which you see; and for your satisfaction,  
My doubted innocence clear'd by miracle.  
Proceed, these veins have now new blood, if you  
Resolve to let it out.

*Sev.* I would not be fool'd  
With easiness of belief, and faintly give [*Aside.*  
Credit to this strange wonder: 'tis now thought on:  
In a fitter place and time I'll sound this further.  
[*Unties her.*

How can I expiate my sin? or hope,  
Though now I write myself thy slave, the service  
Of my whole life can win thee to pronounce  
Despair'd-of pardon Shall I kneel? that's poor,  
Thy mercy must urge more in my defence,  
Than I can fancy wilt thou have revenge?  
My heart lies open to thee.

*Iol.* This is needless  
To me, who in the duty of a wife,  
Know I must suffer

*Sev.* Thou art made up of goodness,  
And from my confidence that I am alone  
The object of thy pleasures, until death  
Divorce us, we will know no separation.  
Without inquiring why, as sure thou wilt not,  
Such is thy meek obedience, thy jewels  
And choicest ornaments pack'd up, thou shalt  
Along with me, and as a queen be honour'd  
By such as style me sovereign. Already  
My banishment is repeal'd, thou being present:  
The Neapolitan court a place of exile  
When thou art absent: my stay here is mortal,  
Of which thou art too sensible, I perceive it;  
Come, dearest Iolante, with this breath  
All jealousy is blown away.

*Iol.* Be constant. [*Embraces her.*  
[*Exeunt.*

\* *If I have no belief in their assurance.* So the quarto,  
Coxeter misprinted it—in their assistance; and Mr. M. Mason  
ridiculously followed him.

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

*A Noise within ;—then enter DURAZZO, CALDORO, and Servant, with CALISTA in their arms.*

*Dur.* Hell take the stumbling jade!

*Cald.* Heaven help the lady!

*Serv.* The horse hath broke his neck.

*Dur.* Would thine were crack'd too,  
So the lady had no harm! Give her fresh air,  
'Tis but a swoon.

*Cald.* 'Tis more, she's dead.

*Dur.* Examine

Her limbs if they be whole: not too high, not too high,

You ferret: this is no coney-borough for you.

How do you find her?

*Cald.* No breath of comfort, air: too cruel fate!

Had I still pined away, and lingered under  
The modesty of just and honest hopes,  
After a long consumption, sleep and death  
To me had been the same; but now, as 'twere,  
Possess'd of all my wishes, in a moment  
To have them ravish'd from me! suffer shipwreck  
In view of the port! and, like a half-starved  
beggar,

No sooner in compassion clothed, but coffin'd!—

Malevolent destinies, too cunning in

Wretched Caldoro's tortures! O Calista,

If thy immortal part hath not already

Left this fair palace, let a beam of light

Dawn from thine eye, in this Cimmerian darkness,

To guide my shaking hand to touch the anchor

Of hope in thy recovery.

*Calis.* Oh!

*Dur.* She lives;

Disturb her not; she is no right-bred woman  
If she die with one fall; some of my acquaintance  
Have ta'en a thousand merrily, and are still  
Excellent wrestlers at the close hug.

*Cald.* Good sir—

*Dur.* Prithes be not angry, I should speak  
thus if

My mother were in her place.

*Cald.* But had you heard

The music of the language which she used

To me, believed Adorio, as she rode

Behind me; little thinking that she did

Embrace Caldoro—

*Calis.* Ah, Adorio!

*Dur.* Leave talking, I conceive it.

*Calis.* Are you safe?

*Cald.* And raised, like you, from death to life, to  
hear you.

*Calis.* Hear my defence then, ere I take my  
veil off,

A simple maid's defence, which, looking on you,

I faintly could deliver; willingly

I am become your prize, and therefore use

Your victory nobly; heaven's bright eye, the sun,

Draws up the grossest vapours, and I hope

I ne'er shall prove an envious cloud to darken

The splendour of your merits. I could urge

With what disdain, nay scorn, I have declined

The shadows of insinuating pleasures

Tendered by all men else, you only being

The object of my hopes: that cruel prince  
To whom the olive-branch of peace is offered,  
Is not a conqueror, but a bloody tyrant,  
If he refuse it; nor should you wish a triumph,  
Because Calista's humble: I have said,  
And now expect your sentence.

*Dur.* What a throng

Of clients would be in the court of Love,  
Were there many such she-advocates! art thou  
dumb?

Canst thou say nothing for thyself?

*Cald.* Dear lady,

Open your eyes, and look upon the man,

The man you have elected for your judge,

Kneeling to you for mercy.

*Calis.* I should know

This voice, and something more than fear I am

Deceived; but now I look upon his face,

I am assured I am wretched.

*Dur.* Why, good lady?

Hold her up, she'll fall again before her time else;

The youth's a well-timbered youth, look on his  
making;

His hair curled naturally; he's whole-chested too,  
And will do his work as well, and go through-stitch  
with't,

As any Adorio in the world, my state on't!

A chicken of the right kind; and if he prove  
not

A cock of the game, cuckold him first, and after

Make a capon of him.

*Calis.* I'll cry out a rape,

If thou unband me not: would I had died

In my late trance, and never lived to know

I am betray'd!

*Dur.* To a young and active husband!

Call you that treachery? there are a shoal of

Young wenches i'the city, would vow a pilgrimage

Beyond Jerusalem, to be so cheated.—

To her again, you milk-sop! violent storms

Are soon blown over.

*Calis.* How could'st thou, Caldoro,

With such a frontless impudence arm thy hopes

So far, as to believe I might consent

To this lewd practice? have I not often told thee

Howe'er I pity thy misplaced affection,

I could not answer it; and that there was

A strong antipathy between our passions,

Not to be reconciled?

*Cald.* Vouchsafe to hear me

With an impartial ear, and it will take from

The rigour of your censure. Man was mark'd

A friend in his creation to himself,

And may with fit ambition conceive

The greatest blessings, and the highest honours

Appointed for him, if he can achieve them

The right and noble way: I grant you were

The end of my design, but still pursued

With a becoming modesty, heaven at length

Being pleased, and not my arts, to further it.

*Dur.* Now he comes to her: on, boy.

*Cald.* I have served you

With a religious zeal, and borne the burthen

Of your neglect, if I may call it so,

Beyond the patience of a man: to prove this,

I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play\*  
Upon Adorio's, like Phœbe's shine,  
Gilding a crystal river; and your lip  
Rise up in civil courtship to meet his,  
While I bit mine with envy: yet these favours,  
Howe'er my passions raged, could not provoke me  
To one act of rebellion against  
My loyalty to you, the sovereign  
To whom I owe obedience.

*Calis.* My blushes  
Confess this for a truth.

*Dur.* A flag of truce is  
Hung out in this acknowledgment.

*Cald.* I could add,  
But that you may interpret what I speak  
The malice of a rival, rather than  
My due respect to your deserts, how faintly  
Adorio hath return'd thanks to the bounty  
Of your affection, ascribing it  
As a tribute to his worth, and not in you  
An act of mercy: could he else, invited  
(As by your words I understood) to take you  
To his protection, grossly neglect  
So gracious an offer, or give power  
To fate itself to cross him? O, dear madam,  
We are all the balls of time, toss'd to and fro,  
From the plough unto the throne, and back  
again:

Under the awing of destiny mankind suffers,  
And it appears, by an unchanged decree,  
You were appointed mine; wise nature always  
Aiming at due proportion: and if so,  
I may believe with confidence, heaven, in pity  
Of my sincere affection, and long patience,  
Directed you, by a most blessed error,  
To your vow'd servant's bosom.

*Dur.* By my holidam,  
Tickling philosophy!

*Calis.* I am, sir, too weak  
To argue with you; but my stars have better,  
I hope, provided for me.

*Cald.* If there be  
Disparity between us, 'tis in your  
Compassion to level it.

*Dur.* Give fire  
To the mine, and blow her up.

*Calis.* I am sensible  
Of what you have endured; but on the sudden,  
With my unusual travel, and late bruise,  
I am exceeding weary; in yon grove,  
While I repose myself, be you my guard;  
My spirits with some little rest revived,  
We will consider further: for my part  
You shall receive modest and gentle answers  
To your demands, though short, perhaps, to make  
you  
Full satisfaction.

\* I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play  
Upon Adorio's, &c.] This is a most beautiful simile;  
in *The Winter's Tale* we have one very much like  
it:—

" ——— He says, he loves my daughter;  
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,  
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes." COXETER.

I would not deprive the reader of these pretty lines; though  
I cannot avoid observing, that they present an image totally  
distinct from that which they are cited to exemplify. One  
is the picture of complacent affection, the other of rapturous  
delight: the language of both is singularly happy.

*Cald.* I am exalted  
In the employment; sleep secure, I'll be  
Your vigilant centinel.

*Calis.* But I command you,  
And as you hope for future grace, obey me,  
Presume not with one stolen kiss to disturb  
The quiet of my slumbers; let your temperance,  
And not your lust, watch o'er me,

*Cald.* My desires  
Are frozen, till your pity shall dissolve them.

*Dur.* Frozen! think not of frost, fool, in the dog  
days.

Remember the old adage, and make use of't,  
*Occasion's bald behind.*

*Calis.* Is this your uncle?

*Cald.* And guardian, madam; at your better  
leisure,

When I have deserved it, you may give him thanks  
For his many favours to me.

*Calis.* He appears  
A pleasant gentleman.

[*Exeunt Caldoro and Calis.*]

*Dur.* You should find me so,  
But that I do hate incest. I grow heavy;  
Sirrah, provide fresh horses; I'll seek out  
Some hollow tree, and dream till you return,  
Which I charge you to hasten.

*Serv.* With all care, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Country. A Room in Adorio's House.*

*Enter CARIO with several Villagers.*

*Car.* Let your eyes be rivetted to my heels, and  
miss not

A hair's breadth of my footing; our dance has  
A most melodious note, and I command you  
To have ears like hares this night, for my lord's  
honour,

And something for my worship: your reward is  
To be drunk-blind like moles, in the wine-cellar;  
And though you ne'er see after, 'tis the better;  
You were born for this night's service. And do you  
hear,

Wire-string and cat-gut men, and strong-breath'd  
hoboyes,

For the credit of your calling, have not your instru-  
ments

To tune when you should strike up; but twang it  
perfectly,

As you would read your neck-verse: and you,  
warbler,

Keep your wind-pipe moist, that you may not spit  
and hem,

When you should make division. How I sweat!  
Authority is troublesome:—[*A horn within.*—]they  
are come,

I know it by the cornet that I placed  
On the hill to give me notice: marshal yourselves  
I the rear, the van is yours.

*Enter ADORIO, MIRTILLA, CAMILLO, LENTULO, and  
DONATO.*

Now chant it sprightly.

A SONG\*.

\* See this SONG, with that in Act V. sc. I., at the conclusion  
of the play.

*Ador.* A well-penn'd ditty.

*Camil.* Not ill sung.

*Ador.* What follows?

*Car.* Use your eyes; if ever, now your master-piece.

A DANCE.

*Ador.* 'Tis well perform'd: take that, but not from me,

'Tis your new lady's bounty, thank her for it;  
All that I have is her's.

*Car.* I must have three shares  
For my pains and properties, the rest shall be  
Divided equally. *[Exeunt Cario and Villagers.]*

*Mirt.* My real fears  
Begin, and soon my painted comforts vanish  
In my discovery.

*Ador.* Welcome to your own!  
You have (a wonder in a woman) kept  
Three long hours' silence; and the greater, holding  
Your own choice in your arms, a blessing for which  
I will be thankful to you: nay, unmask,  
And let mine eye and ears together feast,  
Too long by you kept empty. Oh, you want  
Your woman's help, I'll do her office for you.

*[Takes off her mask.]*

*Mirtilla!*

*Camil.* It is she, and wears the habit  
In which Calista three days since appeared  
As she came from the temple.

*Lent.* All this trouble

For a poor waiting maid!

*Don.* We are grossly gull'd.

*Ador.* Thou child of impudence, answer me, and truly,

Or, though the tongues of angels pleaded mercy,  
Tortures shall force it from thee.

*Mirt.* Innocence

Is free and open-breasted; of what crime  
Stand I accused, my lord?

*Ador.* What crime! no language  
Can speak it to the height; I shall become  
Discourag'd for fools and drunkards. How was this  
Contrived? who help'd thee in the plot? discover:  
Were not Calista's aids in't?

*Mirt.* No, on my life;

Nor am I faulty.

*Ador.* No! what May-game's this?  
Didst thou treat with me for thy mistress' favours,  
To make sale of thine own?

*Mirt.* With her and you  
I have dealt faithfully\*: you had her letter  
With the jewel I presented: she received  
Your courteous answer, and prepared herself  
To be removed by you: and howsoever  
You take delight to hear what you have done,  
From my simplicity, and make my weakness  
The subject of your mirth, as it suits well  
With my condition, I know you have her  
In your possession.

*Ador.* How! has she left  
Her mother's house?

*Mirt.* You drive this nail too far.  
Indeed she deeply vow'd at her departure  
To send some of your lordship's servants for me  
(Though you were pleased to take the pains your-  
self),

\* *I have dealt faithfully:* So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read *faithful*, which utterly destroys the metre; but there is no end of these blunders.

That I might still be near her, as a shadow  
To follow her, the substance.

*Ador.* She is gone then?

*Mirt.* This is too much; but, good my lord, for-  
give me,

I come a virgin hither to attend  
My noble mistress, though I must confess  
I look with sore eyes upon her good fortune,  
And wish it were mine own.

*Ador.* Then, as it seems,  
You do yourself affect me?

*Mirt.* Should she hear me,  
And in her sudden fury kill me for't,  
I durst not, sir, deny it; since you are  
A man so form'd, that not poor I alone,  
But all our sex, like me, I think, stand bound  
To be enamour'd of you.

*Ador.* O my fate!  
How justly am I punish'd, in thee punish'd,  
For my defended wantonness\*: I, that scorn'd  
The mistress when she sought me, now I would  
Upon my knees receive her, am become  
A prey unto her bondwoman, my honour too  
Neglected for this purchase. Art thou one of those  
Ambitious serving women, who contemning  
The embraces of their equals, aim to be  
The wrong way ladyfied by a lord? was there  
No forward page or footman in the city  
To do the feat, that in thy lust I am chosen  
To be the executioner? Dar'st thou hope  
I can descend so low?

*Mirt.* Great lords sometimes  
For change leave calver'd salmon, and eat sprats:  
In modesty I dare speak no more.

*Camil.* If 'twere  
A fish-day, though you like it not, I could say  
I have a stomach, and would content myself  
With this pretty whiting-mop†.

*Ador.* Discover yet  
How thou cam'st to my hands.

*Mirt.* My lady gone,  
Fear of her mother's rage, she being found absent,  
Moved me to fly; and quitting of the house,  
You were pleas'd, unask'd, to comfort me (I used  
No sorceries to bewitch you); then vouchsafed  
(Thanks ever to the darkness of the night!)  
To hug me in your arms; and I had wrong'd  
My breeding near the court, had I refused it.

*Ador.* This is still more bitter; canst thou guess  
to whom

Thy lady did commit herself?

*Mirt.* They were  
Horsemen, as you are.

*Ador.* In the name of wonder,

\* *For my defended wantonness!* [i. e. forbidden, interdicted.]

† *Mirt.* *Great lords sometimes*  
*For change leave calver'd salmon, and eat sprats:* See  
*Maid of Honour*, Act III. sc. i.

‡ *With this pretty whiting-mop.* [This word occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher, in the sublime strains of *Bustophis*:

"The wandering seas, whose watery fire  
Washes the whiting-mops." *Maid in the Mill*.  
"A whiting-mop," says their editor, "is a sort of fish so called!" but whether it is a seal or a soland-geese, he does not determine. And so notes are written! A whiting-mop is a young whiting. Pultenham, in his *Art of English Poetic*, illustrates the figure "metosis, or the disabler," by terming his muse his *pretty moppe*; understanding, he says, "by this moppe a little pretty lady, or tender young thing. For so we call little fishes, that be not come to their full growth, moppes; as, whiting moppes, gurnard moppes, &c." p. 194.

How could they pass the port, where you expected  
My coming?

*Camil.* Now I think upon't, there came  
Three mounted by, and behind one a woman  
Embracing fast the man that rode before her.

*Lent.* I knew the man, but she was veiled.

*Ador.* What were they?

*Lent.* The first the lord Durazzo, and the second  
Your rival, young Caldoro; it was he  
That carried the wench behind him.

*Don.* The last a servant,  
That spurr'd fast after them.

*Ador.* Worse and worse! 'twas she!  
Too much assurance of her love undid me.  
Why did you not stay them?

*Don.* We had no such commission.

*Camil.* Or say we had, who durst lay fingers on  
The angry old ruffian?

*Lent.* For my part, I had rather  
Take a baited bull by the horns.

*Ador.* You are sure friends  
For a man to build on!

*Camil.* They are not far off,  
Their horses appear'd spent too; let's take fresh  
ones

And coast the country, ten to one we find them.

*Ador.* I will not eat nor sleep, until I have them:  
Moppet, you shall along too.

*Mirt.* So you please

I may keep my place behind you, I'll sit fast,  
And ride with you all the world o'er.

*Camil.* A good girl.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—Naples. A Street.

Enter LAVAL and CALIPSO.

*Lav.* Her husband? Severino?

*Calip.* You may see

His handiwork by my flat face; no bridge  
Left to support my organ, if I had one:

The comfort is, I am now secure from the crincomes,  
I can lose nothing that way\*.

*Lav.* Dost thou not know  
What became of the lady?

*Calip.* A nose was enough to part with,  
I think, in the service; I durst stay no longer,  
But I am full assured the house is empty,  
Neither poor lady, daughter, servant, left there.  
I only guess he hath forced them to go with him  
To the dangerous forest, where he lives like a king  
Among the banditti, and how there he hath used them,  
Is more than to be fear'd.

*Lav.* I have played the fool,  
And kept myself too long concerned, some ques-  
tion,  
With the danger of her life. Leave me.—The  
king!

Enter ALPHONSO and Captain.

*Calip.* The surgeon must be paid.

*Lav.* Take that.

*Calip.* I thank you;

I have got enough by my trade, and I will build  
An hospital only for noseless bawds  
(I'll speak my charity), and be myself  
The governess of the sisterhood. [Exit.]

*Alph.* I may

Forget this in your vigilance hereafter;  
But as I am a king, if you provoke me  
The second time with negligence of this kind,  
You shall deeply smart for't.

*Lav.* The king's moved.

*Alph.* To suffer

A murderer, by us proscribed, at his pleasure  
To pass and repass through our guards!

*Capt.* Your pardon

For this, my gracious lord, binds me to be  
More circumspect hereafter.

*Alph.* Look you be so.

Monsieur Laval, you were a suitor to me  
For Severino's pardon.

*Lav.* I was so, my good lord.

*Alph.* You might have met him here, to have  
thanked you for't,

As now I understand.

*Lav.* So it is rumoured;  
And hearing in the city of his boldness,  
I would not say contempt of your decrees,  
As then I pleaded mercy, under pardon,  
I now as much admire the slowness of  
Your justice (though it force you to some trouble)  
In fetching him in.

*Alph.* I have considered it.

*Lav.* He hath of late, as 'tis suspected, done  
An outrage on his wife, forgetting nature  
To his own daughter, in whom, sir, I have  
Some nearer interest than I stand bound to  
In my humanity, which I gladly would  
Make known unto your highness.

*Alph.* Go along,

You shall have opportunity as we walk:  
See you what I committed to your charge  
In readiness, and without noise.

*Capt.* I shall, sir.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—The Country. A Forest.

Enter CLAUDIO and all the Banditti, making a guard;  
SEVERINO and IOLANTE with oaken-leaved garlands;  
Singers.

A SONG.

*Sev.* Here, as a queen, share in my sovereignty.  
The iron toils pitch'd by the law to take  
The forfeiture of my life, I have broke through,

\* — I am now secure from the crincomes,  
I can lose nothing that way.] This passage scarcely

And secure in the guards of these few subjects,  
Smile at Alphonso's fury; though I grieve for  
The fatal cause, in your good brother's loss,  
That does compel me to this course.

*Iol.* Revive not

A sorrow long since dead, and so diminish  
The full fruition of those joys, which now

deserves a note: but Calipso's meaning is, that, by the pre-  
vious loss of her nose, she is secured from one of the evils  
attended on the disease, yet known among the vulgar by  
the name which she assigns to it.

I stand possess'd of: womanish fear of danger  
That may pursue this, I shake off, and with  
A masculine spirit.

*Sev.* 'Tis well said.

*Iol.* In you, sir,

I live; and when, or by the course of nature,  
Or violence, you must fall, the end of my  
Devotions is, that one and the same hour  
May make us fit for heaven.

*Sev.* I join with you

In my votes that way\*: but how, *Iolante*,  
You that have spent your past days, slumbering in  
The down of quiet, can endure the hardness  
And rough condition of our present being,  
Does much disturb me.

*Iol.* These woods, *Severino*,  
Shall more than seem to me a populous city,  
You being present; here are no allurements  
To tempt my frailty, nor the conversation  
Of such whose choice behaviour or discourse  
May nourish jealous thoughts.

*Sev.* True, *Iolante*,  
Nor shall suspected chastity stand in need here  
To be clear'd by miracle.

*Iol.* Still on that string.

It yields harsh discord.

*Sev.* I had forgot myself,  
And wish I might no more remember it.  
The day wears, sirs, without one prize brought in  
As tribute to your queen: *Claudio*, divide  
Our squadron in small parties, let them watch  
All passages, that none escape without  
The payment of our customs.

*Claud.* Shall we bring in  
The persons with the pillage?

*Sev.* By all means;

Without reply, about it: we'll retire

[*Exeunt Claudio and the rest.*]

Into my cave, and there at large discourse  
Our fortunes past, and study some apt means  
To find our daughter; since, she well disposed of,  
Our happiness were perfect.

*Iol.* We must wait

With patience heaven's pleasure.

*Sev.* 'Tis my purpose.

[*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE II.—Another part of the Forest.

*Enter LENTULO and CAMILLO.*

*Lent.* Tet the horses graze, they are spent.

*Camil.* I am sure I'm sleepy,

And nodded as I rode; here was a jaunt  
I' the dark through thick and thin, and all to no  
purpose!

What a dulness grows upon me!

*Lent.* I can hardly

Hold ope mine eyes to say so. How did we lose  
*Adorio*?

[*They sit down.*]

*Camil.* He, *Donato*, and the wench,  
That cleaves to him like birdlime, took the right  
hand;

But this place is our rendezvous.

*Lent.* No matter,

We'll talk of that anon—heigh ho! [*Falls asleep.*]

*Camil.* He's fast already.

*Lentulo!* I'll take a nap too.

[*Falls asleep.*]

*Enter ADORIO, MIRTILLA, and DONATO.*

*Ador.* Was ever man so crost?

*Mirt.* So blest; this is

The finest wild-geese chase!

*Ador.* What's that you mutter?

*Mirt.* A short prayer, that you may find your  
wish'd-for love,

Though I am lost for ever.

*Don.* Pretty fool!

Who have we here?

*Ador.* This is *Camillo*.

*Mirt.* This signior *Lentulo*.

*Ador.* Wake them.

*Don.* They'll not stir,

Their eyelids are glued, and mine too; by your  
favour,

I'll follow their example.

[*Lies down.*]

*Ador.* Are you not weary?

*Mirt.* I know not what the word means, while  
travel

To do you service.

*Ador.* You expect to reap

The harvest of your flattery; but your hopes

Will be blasted, I assure you.

*Mirt.* So you give leave

To sow it, as in me a sign of duty,

Though you deny your beams of gracious favour

To ripen it, with patience I shall suffer.

*Ador.* No more; my resolution to find

*Calista*, by what accident lost I know not,

Binds me not to deny myself what nature

Exacteth from me: to walk alone afoot

(For my horse is tired) were madness, I must sleep.

You could lie down too?

*Mirt.* Willingly; so you please

To use me—

*Ador.* Use thee!

*Mirt.* As your pillow, sir;

I dare presume no further. Noble sir,

Do not too much contemn me; generous feet

Spurn not a fawning spaniel.

*Ador.* Well; sit down.

*Mirt.* I am ready, sir.

*Ador.* So nimble!

*Mirt.* Love is active,

Nor would I be a slow thing: rest secure, sir;

On my maidenhead, I'll not ravish you.

*Ador.* For once,

So far I'll trust you. [*Lays his head on her lap.*]

*Mirt.* All the joys of rest

Dwell on your eyelids; let no dream disturb

Your soft and gentle slumbers! I cannot sing,

But I'll talk you asleep; and I beseech you

Be not offended, though I glory in

My being thus employ'd; a happiness

That stands for more than ample satisfaction

For all I have, or can endure.—He snores,

And does not hear me; would his sense of feeling

Were bound up too! I should—I am all fire.

Such heaps of treasure offer'd as a prey

Would tempt a modest thief; I can no longer

Forbear—I'll gently touch his lips, and leave

No print of mine:—[*Kisses him.*] ah!—I have heard

of nectar,

But till now never tasted it; these rubies

Are not clouded by my breath: if once again

I steal from such a full exchequer, trifles

\* In my votes that way} i. e. in my prayers; I know not who led the way to this pedantic adoption of the Latin word, *votum*, but I find it in *Jonson*, and others.

Will not be miss'd;—[*Kisses him again.*—] I am entranced: our fancy,  
Some say, in sleep works stronger; I will prove  
How far my ——— [Falls asleep.]

Enter DURAZZO.

Dur. My bones ache,  
I am exceeding cold too, I must seek out  
A more convenient truckle-bed. Ha! do I dream?  
No, no, I wake. Camillo, Lentulo,  
Donato this, and, as I live, Adorio  
In a handsome wench's lap! a whoreson; you are  
The best accommodated. I will call  
My nephew and his mistress to this pageant;  
The object may perhaps do more upon her,  
Than all Caldoro's rhetoric. With what  
Security they sleep! sure Mercury  
Hath travell'd this way with his charming-rod.  
Nephew! Calista! Madam!

Enter CALDORO and CALISTA.

Cald. Here, sir; is  
Your man return'd with horses?  
Dur. No, boy, no;  
But here are some you thought not of.  
Calis. Adorio!  
Dur. The idol that you worshipped.  
Calis. This Mirtilla!  
I am made a stale.  
Dur. I knew 'twould take.  
Calis. False man!  
But much more treacherous woman! 'Tis apparent  
They jointly did conspire against my weakness,  
And credulous simplicity, and have  
Prevail'd against it.  
Cald. I'll not kill them sleeping;  
But if you please, I'll wake them first, and after  
Offer them as a fatal sacrifice  
To your just anger.  
Dur. You are a fool; reserve  
Your blood for better uses.  
Calis. My fond love  
Is changed to an extremity of hate;  
His very sight is odious.  
Dur. I have thought of  
A pretty punishment for him and his comrades,  
Then leave him to his harlotry; if she prove not  
Torture enough, hold me an ass. Their horses  
Are not far off, I'll cut the girths and bridles,  
Then turn them into the wood; if they can run,  
Let them follow us as footmen. Wilt thou fight  
For what's thine own already!  
Calis. In his hat  
He wears a jewel\*, which this faithless strumpet,  
As a salary of her lust, deceived me of;  
He shall not keep't to my disgrace, nor will I  
Stir till I have it.  
Dur. I am not good at nimming†;  
And yet that shall not hinder us: by your leave,  
sir;

\* *He wears a jewel.* This is in conformity to the custom which then prevailed of wearing brooches (gems set in gold or silver) in the hat. Our ancestors gave the name of *jewel*, not so much to a single stone, as to a cluster of them set in order by the lapidary, and, in general, to any little trinket or ornament of gold and precious stones.

† *Duraz. I am not good at nimming;* i. e. *stealing*. The word is pure Saxon, and means to *take*, to *seize*. It is found in all our old writers; and, indeed, is still in use, as a cant term for stealing.

'Tis restitution: pray you all bear witness  
I do not steal it; here 'tis.

[Takes off his hat, and removes the jewel.]

Calis. Take it, not  
As a mistress' favour, but a strong assurance  
I am your wife.

Cald. O heaven!

Dur. Pray in the church.  
Let us away. Nephew, a word; have you not  
Been billing in the brakes, ha! and so deserved  
This unexpected favour?

Cald. You are pleasant

[Exit Durazzo, Caldoro, and Calista.]

Ador. As thou art a gentleman, kill me not  
basely; [Starts up; the rest awake.]  
Give me leave to draw my sword.

Camil. Ha! what's the matter?

Lent. He talk'd of a sword.

Don. I see no enemy near us,  
That threatens danger.

Mirt. Sure 'twas but a dream.

Ador. A fearful one. Methought Caldoro's  
sword

Was at my throat, Calista frowning by,  
Commanding him, as he desired her favour,  
To strike my head off.

Camil. Mere imagination  
Of a disturbed fancy.

Mirt. Here's your hat, sir.

Ador. But where's my jewel?

Camil. By all likelihood lost  
This troublesome night.

Don. I saw it when we came  
Unto this place.

Mirt. I looked upon't myself,  
When you reposed.

Ador. What is become of it?  
Restore it, for thou hast it; do not put me  
To the trouble to search you.

Mirt. Search me!

Ador. You have been,  
Before your lady gave you entertainment,  
A night-walker in the streets.

Mirt. How, my good lord!

Ador. Traded in picking pockets, when tame  
gulls,  
Charmed with your prostituted flatteries,  
Deigned to embrace you.

Mirt. Love, give place to anger.  
Charge me with theft, and prostituted baseness!  
Were you a judge, nay more, the king, thus urged,  
To your teeth I would say, 'tis false.

Ador. This will not do.

Camil. Deliver it in private.

Mirt. You shall be  
In public hanged first, and the whole gang of you.  
I steal what I presented!

Lent. Do not strive.

Ador. Though thou hast swallowed it, I'll rip  
thy entrails,  
But I'll recover it.

Mirt. Help, help!

Ador. A new plot.

CLAUDIO and two Banditti rush upon them with  
pistols.

Claud. Forbear, libidinous monsters! if you offer  
The least resistance, you are dead. If one  
But lay his hand upon his sword, shoot all.

*Ador.* Let us fight for what we have, and if you  
can  
Win it, enjoy it.

*Claud.* We come not to try  
Your valour, but for your money; throw down your  
sword,

Or I'll begin with you: so! if you will  
Walk quietly without bonds, you may, if not  
We'll force you.—[*Fear not,*] thou shalt have no  
wrong\*.

But justice against these. [To *Mirtilla*.

1 *Ban.* We'll teach you, sir,

To meddle with wenches in our walks.

2 *Ban.* It being

Against our canons.

*Camil.* Whither will you lead us?

*Claud.* You shall know that hereafter.—Guard  
them sure. [Exit.

### SCENE III.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter ALPHONSO disguised as an old Man, LAVAL,  
and Captain.

*Alph.* Are all the passages stopp'd?

*Capt.* And strongly mann'd;

They must use wings, and fly, if they escape us.

*Lav.* But why, great sir, you should expose your  
person

To such apparent danger, when you may  
Have them brought bound before you, is beyond  
My apprehension.

*Alph.* I am better arm'd  
Than you suppose: besides, it is confirm'd  
By all that have been robb'd, since Severino  
Commanded these banditti (though it be  
Unusual in Italy), imitating  
The courteous English thieves, for so they call  
them,

They have not done one murder: I must add too,  
That, from a strange relation I have heard  
Of Severino's justice, in disposing  
The preys brought in, I would be an eye-witness  
Of what I take up now but on report:  
And therefore 'tis my pleasure that we should,  
As soon as they encounter us, without  
A show of opposition yield.

*Lav.* Your will

Is not to be disputed,

*Alph.* You have placed  
Your ambush so, that, if there be occasion,  
They suddenly may break in?

*Capt.* My life upon't.

*Alph.* We cannot travel far, but we shall meet  
With some of these good fellows; and be sure  
You do as I command you.

*Lav.* Without fear, sir. [Exit.

### SCENE IV.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter SEVERINO and IOLANTE.

*Sev.* 'Tis true; I did command Calista should not,

\* We'll force you.—[*Fear not*] thou shalt have no  
wrong.] I have added the words in brackets to supply a foot  
which was probably lost at the press.

Without my knowledge and consent, assisted  
By your advice, be married; but your  
Restraint, as you deliver it, denying  
A grown-up maid the modest conversation  
Of men, and warrantable pleasures, relish'd  
Of too much rigour, which, no doubt, hath driven  
her

To take some desperate course.

*Iol.* What then I did

Was in my care thought best.

*Sev.* So I conceive it;

But where was your discretion to forbid  
Access, and fit approaches, when you knew  
Her suitors noble, either of which I would  
Have wish'd my son-in-law? Adorio,  
However wild, a young man of good parts,  
But better fortunes: his competitor,  
Caldoro, for his sweetness of behaviour,  
Staidness, and temperance, holding the first place  
Among the gallants most observed in Naples;  
His own revenues of a large extent,  
But in the expectation of his uncle  
And guardian's *entradas*\*, by the course  
Of nature to descend on him, a match  
For the best subject's blood, I except none  
Of eminence in Italy.

*Iol.* Your wishes,  
Howe'er awhile delay'd, are not, I hope,  
Impossibilities.

*Sev.* Though it prove so,  
Yet 'tis not good to give a check to fortune  
When she comes smiling to us. Hark! this cornet

[Cornet within.

Assures us of a prize; there sit in state,  
'Tis thy first tribute.

*Iol.* Would we might enjoy  
Our own as subjects!

*Sev.* What's got by the sword,  
Is better than inheritance: all those kingdoms  
Of Alexander were by force extort'd,  
Though gilded o'er with glorious styles of con-  
quest:

His victories but royal robberies,  
And his true definition a thief,  
When circled with huge navies, to the terror  
Of such as plough'd the ocean, as the pirate,  
Who, from a narrow creek, puts off for prey  
In a small pinnace:—[Cornet within]—from a se-  
cond place

New spoil brought in!—[Cornet within.] from a  
third party! brave!

This shall be register'd a day of triumph  
Design'd by fate to honour thee.—

Enter CLAUDIO.

Welcome, Claudio!

Good booty, ha?

\* And guardian's *entradas*,] So the old copy. Coxeter  
(not understanding the word, perhaps,) discarded it for  
*estates*, which utterly destroys the metre. Mr. M. Mason  
implicitly relies on his guidance, *seigneurieque patress*, as  
usual. *Entradas* are rents, revenues.

† Of Alexander were by force extort'd,] As this line  
stands in the old copy, it is evidently corrupt:

Subdued by Alexander, were by force extort'd.  
This does not read to me like Massinger's: the small change  
which I have hazarded restores it, at least to metre. The remark  
which follows is taken from history, and is said to have  
been actually made to this prince, by a pirate whom he  
was about to execute.

*Enter, at different sides, various parties of the Banditti; one with ADONIO, LENTULO, DONATO, CAMILLO, MERTILLA; another with DURAZZO, CALDORO, CALISTA; and the rest with ALPHONSO, LAVAL, and Captain.*

*Claud.* Their outside promise so;  
But yet they have not made discovery  
Of what they stand possest of.

*Sev.* Welcome all;  
Good boys; you have done bravely, if no blood  
Be shed in the service.

*1 Ban.* On our lives, no drop, sir.

*Sev.* 'Tis to my wish.

*1st.* My lord!

*Sev.* No more; I know them.

*1st.* My daughter, and her woman too!

*Sev.* Conceal

Your joys.

*Dur.* Fallen in the devil's mouth!

*Calia.* My father,

And mother! to what fate am I reserved?

*Cald.* Continue mask'd; or grant that you be  
known,

From whom can you expect a gentle sentence,

If you despair a father's?

*Ador.* I perceive now

Which way I lost my jewel.

*Mirt.* I rejoice

I'm clear'd from theft; you have done me wrong  
but I,

Unask'd, forgive you.

*Dur.* 'Tis some comfort yet,

The rivals, men and women, friends and foes, are  
Together in one toil.

*Sev.* You all look pale,

And by your private whisperings and soft murmurs

Express a general fear: pray you shake it off;

For understand you are not fallen into

The bands of a Busiris or a Cacus,

Delighted more in blood than spoil, but given up

To the power of an unfortunate gentleman

Not born to these low courses, howsoever

My fate, and just displeasure of the king,

Design'd me to it: you need not to doubt

A sad captivity here, and much less fear

For profit to be sold for slaves, then shipp'd

Into another country: in a word,

You know the proscribed Severino, he,

Not unacquainted, but familiar with

The most of you.—Want in myself I know not,

But for the pay of these, my aquires, who eat

Their bread with danger purchas'd, and must be

With others' fleeces clothed, or live exposed

To the summer's scorching heat and winter's cold;

To these, before you be compell'd (a word

I speak with much unwillingness), deliver

Such coin as you are furnish'd with.

*Dur.* A fine method!

This is neither begging, borrowing, nor robbery,

Yet it hath a twang of all of them: but one word,

sir.

*Sev.* Your pleasure.

*Dur.* When we have thrown down our muck,

What follows?

*Sev.* Liberty, with a safe convoy,

To any place you choose.

*Dur.* By this band you are

A fair fraternity; for once I'll be

The first example to relieve your convent.

There's a thousand crowns, my vintage, harvest,  
profits,

Arising from my berds, bound in one bag;

Share it among you.

*Sev.* You are still the jovial

And good Durazzo.

*Dur.* To the offering; nay,

No hanging an—, this is their wedding-day;

What you must do spite of your hearts, do freely

For your own sakes.

*Camil.* There's mine.

*Leut.* Mine.

*Don.* All that I have.

*Cald.* This to preserve my jewel.

*Ador.* Which I challenge:

Let me have justice, for my coin I care not.

*Lev.* I will not weep for mine.

*Capt.* Would it were more.

[*They all throw down their purses.*]

*Sev.* Nay, you are privileged; but why, old fellow,

Art thou so slow! thou hast one foot in the grave.

And, if desire of gold do not increase

With thy expiring lease of life, thou should'st

Be forwardest.

*Alph.* In what concerns myself,

I do acknowledge it; and I should lie,

A vice I have detested from my youth,

If I denied my present store, since what

I have about me now weighs down in value,

Almost a hundred fold, whatever these

Have laid before you: see! I do groan under

[*Throws down three bags.*]

The burthen of my treasure; nay, 'tis gold;

And if your hunger of it be not sat'd

With what already I have shown unto you,

Here's that shall glut it. In this casket are

Inestimable jewels, diamonds

Of such a piercing lustre as struck blind

The amazed lapidary, while he labour'd

[*Opens the casket.*]

To honour his own art in setting them:

Some orient pearls too, which the Queen of Spain

Might wear as ear-rings, in remembrance of

The day that she was crown'd.

*Sev.* The spoils, I think,

Of both the Indies!

*Dur.* The great sultan's poor,

If parallel'd with this Cæsus.

*Sev.* Why dost thou weep!

*Alph.* From a most fit consideration of

My poverty; this, though restored, will not

Serve my occasions.

*Sev.* Impossible!

*Dur.* Maybe he would buy his passport up to

heaven,

And then this is too little, though in the journey

It were a good viaticum.

*Alph.* I would make it

A means to help me thither: not to wrong you

With tedious expectation, I'll discover

What my wants are, and yield my reasons for

them:

I have two sons, twins, the true images

Of what I was at their years; never father

Had fairer or more promising hopes in his

Posterity: but, alas! these sons, ambitious

Of glittering honour, and an after-name,

Achieved by glorious, and yet pious actions

(For such were their intentions), put to sea.

They had a well-rigg'd bottom, fully manned,

An old experienced master, lusty sailors,  
Stout landmen, and what's something more than  
rare,

They did agree, had one design, and that was  
In charity to redeem the Christian slaves  
Chained in the Turkish servitude.

*Sec.* A brave aim!

*Dur.* A most heroic enterprise; I languish  
To hear how they succeeded.

*Alph.* Prosperously,  
At first, and to their wishes: divers galleys  
They boarded, and some strong forts near the  
shore

They suddenly surprised; a thousand captives,  
Redeemed from the oar, paid their glad vows and  
prayers

For their deliverance: their ends acquired,  
And making homeward in triumphant manner,  
For sure the cause deserved it—

*Dur.* Pray you end here;  
The best, I fear, is told, and that which follows  
Must conclude ill.

*Alph.* Your fears are true, and yet  
I must with grief relate it. Prodigal fame,  
In every place, with her loud trumpet, proclaiming  
The greatness of the action, the pirates  
Of Tunis and Algiers laid wait for them  
At their return: to tell you what resistance  
They made, and how my poor sons fought, would  
but

Increase my sorrow, and, perhaps, grieve you  
To hear it passionately described unto you.

In brief, they were taken, and for the great loss  
The enemy did sustain, their victory  
Being with much blood bought, they do endure  
The heaviest captivity wretched men

Did ever suffer. O my sons! my sons!  
To me for ever lost! lost, lost for ever!

*Sec.* Will not these heaps of gold, added to  
thine,  
Suffice for ransom?

*Alph.* For my sons it would;  
But they refuse their liberty if all  
That were engaged with them, have not their  
irons

With theirs struck off, and set at liberty with  
them;

Which these heaps cannot purchase.

*Sec.* Ha! the toughness  
Of my heart melts. Be comforted, old father;  
I have some hidden treasure, and if all  
I and my squires these three years have laid up,  
Can make the sum up, freely take't.

*Dur.* I'll sell  
Myself to my shirt, lands, moveables, and thou  
Shalt part with thine too, nephew, rather than  
Such brave men shall live slaves.

1 *Ban.* We will not yield to't.

3 *Ban.* Nor lose our parts.

*Sec.* How's this!

2 *Ban.* You are fitter far  
To be a churchman, than to have command  
Over good fellows\*.

*Sec.* Thus I ever use [Strikes them down.  
Such saucy rascals; second me, Claudio.—  
Rebellious! do you grumble! I'll not leave  
One rogue of them alive.

\* *O'er good fellows.* A cant name by which highwaymen  
and thieves have been long pleased to denominate them-

*Alph.* Hold;—give the sign. [Discovers himself.]

*All.* The king!

*Sec.* Then I am lost.

*Claud.* The woods are full  
Of armed men.

*Alph.* No hope of your escape  
Can flatter you.

*Sec.* Mercy, dread sir! [Kneels.]

*Alph.* Thy carriage  
In this unlawful course appears so noble,  
Especially in this last trial, which  
I put upon you, that I wish the mercy  
You kneel in vain for might fall gently on you:  
But when the holy oil was poured upon  
My head, and I anointed king, I swore  
Never to pardon murder. I could wink at  
Your robberies, though our laws call them death,  
But to dispense with Montecarlo's blood  
Would ill become a king; in him I lost  
A worthy subject, and must take from you  
A strict account of't. 'Tis in vain to move;  
My doom's irrevocable.

*Lav.* Not, dread sir,  
If Montecarlo live.

*Alph.* If! good Laval.

*Lav.* He lives in him, sir, that you thought  
Laval. [Discovers himself.]

Three years have not so altered me but you may  
Remember Montecarlo.

*Dur.* How!

*Jal.* My brother!

*Calis.* Uncle!

*Mont.* Give me leave; I was  
Left dead in the field, but by the duke Mont-  
pensier,

Now General at Milan, taken up,  
And with much care recovered.

*Alph.* Why lived you

So long concealed?

*Mont.* Confounded with the wrong  
I did my brother, in provoking him  
To fight, I spent the time in France that I  
Was absent from the court, making my exile  
The punishment imposed upon myself  
For my offence.

*Jal.* Now, sir, I dare confess all;  
This was the guest invited to the banquet  
That drew on your suspicion.

*Sec.* Your intent,  
Though it was ill in you, I do forgive;  
The rest I'll hear at leisure. Sir, your sentence.

*Alph.* It is a general pardon unto all,  
Upon my hopes, in your fair lives hereafter,  
You will deserve it.

*Sec.* *Claud.* and the rest. Long live great Al-  
phonso!

*Dur.* Your mercy shown in this, now, if you  
please,

Decide these lovers' difference.

*Alph.* That is easy;  
I'll put it to the women's choice, the men  
Consenting to it.

selves; and which has been given them, in courtesy, by  
others. Thus Heywood

*King.* If thou be a good fellow, let me borrow a word.

*Hobbs.* I am no good fellow, and I pray heaven thou be'st  
not one.

*King.* Why? dost thou not love good fellows?

*Hobbs.* No 'tis a bye-word: good fellows be thieves

*Eduard IV. Part I.*

*Calli.* Here I fix, then, never  
To be removed.

*Calli.* 'Tis my nil ultra, sir.

*Mirt.* O that I had the happiness to say  
So much to you! I dare maintain my love  
Is equal to my lady's.

*Ador.* But my mind

A pitch above yours: marry with a servant  
Of no descent or fortune!

*Sen.* You are deceived:

Howe'er she has been train'd up as a servant,  
She is the daughter of a noble captain,  
Who, in his voyage to the Persian gulf,  
Perish'd by shipwreck; one I dearly loved.  
He to my care entrusted her, having taken  
My word, if he return'd not like himself,  
I never should discover what she was;  
But it being for her good, I will dispense with't.  
So much, sir, for her blood; now for her portion:  
So dear I hold the memory of my friend,  
It shall rank with my daughter's.

*Ador.* This made good,

I will not be perverse.

*Dur.* With a kiss confirm it.

*Ador.* I sign all concord here; but must to you,  
sir,

For reparation of my wounded honour,  
The justice of the king consenting to it,  
Denounce a lawful war.

*Alph.* This in our presence!

*Ador.* The cause, dread sir, commands it; though  
your edicts

Call private combats, murders; rather than  
Sit down with a disgrace, arising from  
A blow, the bonds of my obedience shook off,  
I'll right myself.

*Cald.* I do confess the wrong,  
Forgetting the occasion, and desire  
Remission from you, and upon such terms  
As by his sacred majesty shall be judged  
Equal on both parts.

*Ador.* I desire no more.

*Alph.* All then are pleased; it is the glory of  
A king to make and keep his subjects happy:  
For us, we do approve the Roman maxim,  
To save one citizen is a greater prize  
Than to have kill'd in war ten enemies. [Exeunt.]

#### SONG, between JUNO and HYMEN.

##### JUNO to the BRIDE.

Enter a maid; but made a bride,  
Be bold, and freely taste  
The marriage banquet, ne'er denied  
To such as sit down chaste.  
Though he unknew thy virgin zone,  
Presumed against thy will,  
Those joys reserved to him alone,  
Thou art a virgin still.

##### HYMEN to the BRIDEGROOM.

Hail, bridegroom, hail! thy choice thus made,  
As thou wouldst have her true,  
Thou must give o'er thy wanton trade,  
And bid loose fires adieu.  
That husband who would have his wife  
To him continue chaste,  
In her embraces spends his life,  
And makes abroad no waste.

##### HYMEN and JUNO.

Sport then like turtles, and bring forth  
Such pledges as may be  
Assurance of the father's worth,  
And mother's purity\*.  
Juno doth bless the nuptial bed;  
Thus Hymen's torches burn.  
Live long, and may, when both are dead,  
Your ashes fill one urn!

#### SONG, Entertainment of the FOREST'S QUEEN.

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady grove,  
Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen,  
The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing  
In winter, changed by her into the spring.  
We know no night,  
Perpetual light  
Downs from your eye.  
You being near,  
We cannot fear,  
Though Death stood by.

From you our swords take edge, our hearts grow bold,  
From you in fee their lives your liegemen hold.  
These groves your kingdom, and our law your will;  
Smile, and we spare; but if you frown, we kill.

Bless then the hour  
That gives the power  
In which you may,  
At bed and board,  
Embrace your lord

Both night and day.  
Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady grove,  
Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen!

#### EPILOGUE.

I AM left to enquire, then to relate  
To the still-doubtful author, at what rate  
His merchandise are valued. If they prove  
Staple commodities, in your grace and love,  
To this last birth of his Minerva, he  
Vows (and we do believe him) seriously,  
Sloth cast off, and all pleasures else declined,  
He'll search with his best care, until he find  
New ways, and make good in some labour'd song:  
Though he grow old, Apollo still is young.  
Cherish his good intentions, and declare  
By any signs of favour, that you are  
Well pleased, and with a general consent;  
And he desires no more encouragement.

\* Assurance of the father's worth,  
And mother's purity.] Meaning, like their parents: the  
thought is from Catullus:

Sit uno similis patri  
Mantia, et facile incilis  
Nascitur ab omnibus,  
Et pudicitiam suam  
Matris indicit ore.

There is little to be said for this song, (which is to be re-  
ferred to Act IV. sc. ii.) or for that immediately following it:  
they are, however, among the best scattered through the  
plays of Massinger, who, as Mr. M. Mason justly observed,  
is a wretched ballad-maker.

† It is not improbable that, after a temporary suspension  
of his unsuccessful labours for the stage, Massinger might  
hope to secure himself against future disappointment by  
writing for the taste of the public rather than his own.  
Whatever be the cause, this comedy is distinguished by a few  
new features, which show themselves sometimes in an excess  
of his usual manner, and sometimes in a departure from it.  
An instance or two of each will be sufficient. In general,  
when he determines to introduce any change not yet as-  
tured by circumstances, he endeavours to reconcile us through

an opinion or wish dropped by one of the speakers in a preceding scene. This method is profusely indulged in the present Play; and these brief anticipations of unexpected incidents seem to be regarded by him as sufficient apologies for the extraordinary precipitation of the business of the stage.

Again, in his other Plays, he is often irregular, and sometimes involved: the present piece is conceived with unusual wildness of plot, and intricacy of management. One event thrusts out another with little intermission or probability; and the change of situations is so rapid and strange, that the reader is in danger of mistaking the object to which they tend. And here occurs a departure from his usual manner. By pushing these surprising incidents too far, he has straitened himself in the development of his plot. The consequence is, that the conclusion of the piece is brief and forced, and presents little else than a sudden and violent solution of difficulties too luxuriantly created. I wish it were not necessary to mention a novelty of another kind. Too much laxity is indulged in his other plays: the peculiarity here is, that though it abounds, and forms a considerable part of the story itself, it is not punished at the conclusion with that justice for which Massinger is generally to be commended, and

with that remembrance of the claims of virtue for which he elsewhere assumes a proper credit.

These improprieties may, perhaps, be attributed to the circumstances under which the Play was written. Yet it contains scattered beauties of no ordinary value. The style of it, indeed, is almost every where flowing and harmonious, and there are occasional scenes which will charm the imagination and touch the heart. Durazzo's description of his rural sports is highly beautiful and enlivening, and has been commended by others. I do not know that proper praise has been bestowed on another scene, at which the reader of sensibility will certainly stop with delight. There is a moral melancholy in Severino's appearance, Act II. sc. iv., which is extremely touching. In *The Picture*, Massinger has made Mathias express some just sentiments against too great a fondness for perishable life. Here we see a weariness of existence, and a contempt of danger, heightened by the peculiar situation of Severino, yet mixed with tenderness and compunction. In other parts of the Play, we find maxims justly conceived and beautifully expressed. They may be easily separated from the incidents which give rise to them, and be advantageously remembered for our prudential or moral guidance.

DR. IRELAND.

# A VERY WOMAN.

A VERY WOMAN.] This Tragi-Comedy, as it is called, was licensed for the stage June 6th, 1634. From the prologue it appears to be a revision of a former play, which had been well received, and which the author modestly insinuates that he was induced to review by the command of his patron. If this patron was, as it has been supposed, the Earl of Pembroke, we are indebted to him for one of the most delightful compositions in the English language.

We learn from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, that a play of Massinger's called *The Spanish Viceroy*, was acted in 1624: this was not improbably the piece alluded to in the prologue. But this is not all. In the MS. Register of Lord Stanhope of Harrington, the play of *Cardenes*, or *Cardenie*, is said to have been performed at court, in 1613. Mr. Malone, who furnishes me with this notice, conjectures that this might have been the first sketch of what Massinger improved and brought out in 1624, and finally completed as we now have it. Change of name is no argument against this conclusion; for, besides that nothing was more common upon the revival of plays, it should be recollected, that those who spoke of them, seldom concerned themselves with the author's titles, but gave them such names as pleased themselves, and which were generally assumed from one or other of the more prominent characters.

However this may be, the present play was most favourably received, and often acted, the old title-page says, "at the private house in Blackfriars, by his late Majesty's servants, with great applause." Its popularity seems to have tempted the author's good friend, Sir Aston Cockaine, to venture on an imitation of it, which he has executed, not very happily, in his comedy of *The Obstinate Lady*.

## PROLOGUE.

To such, and some there are, no question, here,  
Who, happy in their memories, do bear  
This subject, long since acted, and can say,  
Truly, we have seen something like this play,  
Our author, with becoming modesty  
(For in this kind he ne'er was bold), by me,  
In his defence thus answers, By command  
He undertook this task, nor could it stand  
With his low fortune to refuse to do

What by his patron he was call'd unto :  
For whose delight and yours, we hope, with care  
He hath review'd it ; and with him we dare  
Maintain to any man, that did allow  
'Twas good before, it is much bettered now :  
Nor is it, sure, against the proclamation  
To raise new piles upon an old foundation\*,  
So much to them deliver'd ; to the rest,  
To whom each scene is fresh, he doth protest,  
Should his muse fail now a fair fight to make,  
He cannot fancy what will please or take.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Viceroy of SICILY.  
Don PEDRO his son.  
Duke of MESSINA.  
Don MARTINO CARDENES, his son.  
Don JOHN ANTONIO, prince of TARENT.  
Captain of the castle of PALERMO.  
PAULO, a physician.  
CUCULO, the Viceroy's steward.  
Two Surgeons.  
Apothecary.  
Citizens.  
Slave-merchant.  
Servant.

Page.  
An English Slave.  
Slaves.  
Moors.  
Pirates.  
Sailors.  
ALMIRA, the Viceroy's daughter.  
LEONORA, duke of MESSINA's niece.  
BORACHIA, wife to Cuculo, governess of Leonora  
and Almira.  
Two Waiting Women.  
A good and evil Genius, Servants, Guard, Attendants, &c.

## SCENE, Palermo.

\* This seems to allude to King James's Proclamation, to forbid the increase of building of London.—DAVIES.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter PEDRO and LEONORA.

*Pedro.* My worthiest mistress! this day cannot end  
But prosperous to Pedro, that begins  
With this so wish'd encounter.

*Leon.* Only, servant,  
To give you thanks in your own courtly language  
Would argue me more ceremonious  
Than heartily affected; and you are  
Two well assured, or I am miserable,  
Our equal loves have kept one rank too long  
To stand at distance now.

*Pedro.* You make me happy  
In this so wise reproof, which I receive  
As a chaste favour from you, and will ever  
Hold such a strong command o'er my desires,  
That though my blood turn rebel to my reason,  
I never shall presume to seek aught from you,  
But what (your honour safe) you well may grant me,  
And virtue sign the warrant.

*Leon.* Your love to me  
So limited, will still preserve your mistress  
Worthy her servant, and in your restraint  
Of loose affections, bind me faster to you;  
But there will be a time when we may welcome  
Those wish'd for pleasures, as heaven's greatest  
blessings,

When that the viceroy, your most noble father,  
And the duke my uncle, and to that, my guardian,  
Shall by their free consent, confirm them lawful.

*Pedro.* You ever shall direct, and I obey you:  
Is my sister stirring yet?

*Leon.* Long since.

*Pedro.* Some business  
With her, join'd to my service to yourself,  
Hath brought me hither; pray you vouchsafe the  
favour

To acquaint her with so much.

*Leon.* I am prevented.

Enter ALMIRA and two Waiting Women.

*Alm.* Do the rest here, my cabinet is too hot;  
This room is cooler. Brother!

*Pedro.* 'Morrow sister;  
Do I not come unseasonably?

*Alm.* Why, good brother!

*Pedro.* Because you are not yet fully made up,  
Nor fit for visitation. There are ladies,  
And great ones, that will hardly grant access,  
On any terms, to their own fathers, as  
They are themselves, nor willingly be seen  
Before they have ask'd counsel of their doctor  
How the ceruse will appear, newly laid on,  
When they ask blessing.

*Alm.* Such, indeed, there are  
That would be still young, in despite of time;  
That in the wrinkled winter of their age  
Would force a seeming April of fresh beauty,  
As if it were within the power of art  
To frame a second nature: but for me,  
And for your mistress I dare say as much,  
The faces, and the teeth you see, we slept with.

*Pedro.* Which is not frequent, sister, with some  
ladies.

*Alm.* You spy no sign of any night-mask here  
(Tie on my carcanet\*), nor does your nostril  
Take in the scent of strong perfumes, to stifle  
The sourness of our breaths as we are fasting:  
You're in a lady's chamber, gentle brother,  
And not in your apothecary's shop.  
We use the women, you perceive, that serve us,  
Like servants, not like such as do create us:—  
Faith search our pockets, and, if you find there  
Comfits of ambergris to help our kisses,  
Conclude us faulty.

*Pedro.* You are pleasant, sister,  
And I am glad to find you so disposed;  
You will the better hear me.

*Alm.* What you please, sir.

*Pedro.* I am entreated by the prince of Tarent,  
Don John Antonio—

*Alm.* Would you would choose  
Some other subject.

*Pedro.* Pray you, give me leave,  
For his desires are fit for you to hear,  
As for me to prefer. This prince of Tarent  
(Let it not wrong him that I call him friend)  
Finding your choice of don Cardenas liked of  
By both your fathers, and his hopes cut off,  
Resolves to leave Palermo.

*Alm.* He does well;

That I hear gladly.

*Pedro.* How this prince came hither,  
How bravely furnished, how attended on,  
How he hath borne himself here, with what charge  
He hath continued; his magnificence  
In costly banquets, curious masks, rare presents,  
And of all sorts, you cannot but remember.

*Alm.* Give me my gloves.

*Pedro.* Now, for reward of all  
His cost, his travel, and his duteous service,  
He does entreat that you will please he may  
Take his leave of you, and receive the favour  
Of kissing of your hands.

*Alm.* You are his friend,  
And shall discharge the part of one to tell him  
That he may spare the trouble; I desire not  
To see or hear more of him.

*Pedro.* Yet grant this,  
Which a mere stranger, in the way of courtship,  
Might challenge from you.

*Alm.* And obtain it sooner.

*Pedro.* One reason for this would do well.

*Alm.* My will  
Shall now stand for a thousand. Shall I lose

\* Tie on my carcanet. Carcanet (dimin. of carcan, a chain) is a pecklace, in which sense it occurs in most of our old writers:

"I'll clasp that neck, where should be set  
A rich and orient carcanet;  
But swains are poor, admit of then,  
More natural chains, the arms of men."

† ———— In the way of courtship, i. e. as has been more than once observed, in the way of good breeding, of civility, &c.

The privilege of my sex, which is my will,  
To yield a reason like a man? or you,  
Deny your sister that which all true women  
Claim as their first prerogative, which nature  
Gave to them for a law, and should I break it,  
I were no more a woman?

*Pedro.* Sure, a good one  
You cannot be, if you put off that virtue  
Which best adorns a good one, courtesy  
And affable behaviour. Do not flatter  
Yourself with the opinion that your birth,  
Your beauty, or whatever false ground else  
You raise your pride upon, will stand against  
The censure of just men.

*Alm.* Why, let it fall then;  
I still shall be unmoved.

*Leon.* And, pray you, be you so.

*Alm.* What jewel's that?

*1 Wom.* That which the prince of Tarent—

*Alm.* Left here, and you received without my  
knowledge:

I have use of't now. Does the page wait without,  
My lord Cardenes sent to inquire my health?

*1 Wom.* Yes, madam.

*Alm.* Give it him, and with it pray him  
To return my service to his lord, and mine.

*Pedro.* Will you so undervalue one that has  
So truly loved you, to bestow the pledge  
Of his affection, being a prince, upon  
The servant of his rival?

*Leon.* 'Tis not well.

Faith, wear it, lady: send gold to the boy,  
'Twill please him better.

*Alm.* Do as I command you.

I will keep nothing that may put me in mind  
Don John Antonio ever loved, or was;  
Being wholly now Cardenes'.

*Pedro.* In another

This were mere barbarism, sister; and in you  
(For I'll not sooth you), at the best 'tis rudeness.

*Alm.* Rudeness!

*Pedro.* Yes, rudeness; and what's worse, the want  
Of civil manners; nay, ingratitude  
Unto the many and so fair deservings  
Of don Antonio. Does this express  
Your breeding in the court, or that you call  
The viceroy father? A poor peasant's daughter,  
That ne'er had conversation but with beasts,  
Or men bred like them, would not so far shame  
Her education.

*Alm.* Pray you, leave my chamber;  
I know you for a brother, not a tutor.

*Leon.* You are too violent, madam.

*Alm.* Were my father

Here to command me (as you take upon you  
Almost to play his part), I would refuse it.  
Where I love, I profess it; where I hate,  
In every circumstance I dare proclaim it:  
Of all that wear the shapes of men, I loath  
That prince you plead for; no antipathy  
Between things most averse in nature, holds  
A stronger enmity than his with mine;  
With which rest satisfied:—if not, your anger  
May wrong yourself, not me.

*Leon.* My lord Cardenes!

*Pedro.* Go; in soft terms if you persist thus, you  
Will be one—

*Enter CARDENES.*

*Alm.* What one? pray you, out with it.

*Pedro.* Why, one that I shall wish a stranger to  
me,

That I might curse you; but—

*Car.* Whence grows this heat?

*Pedro.* Be yet advised, and entertain him fairly,  
For I will send him to you, or no more  
Know me a brother.

*Alm.* As you please.

*Pedro.* Good morrow.

*Car.* Good morrow, and part thus! you seem  
moved too:

What desperate fool durst raise a tempest here,  
To sink himself?

*Alm.* Good sir, have patience;  
The cause, though I confess I am not pleased,  
No way deserves your anger.

*Car.* Not mine, madam!

As if the least offence could point at you,  
And I not feel it: as you have vouchsafed me  
The promise of your heart, conceal it not,  
Whosoever it concerns.

*Alm.* It is not worth  
So serious an enquiry: my kind brother  
Had a desire to learn me some new courtship,  
Which I distasted; that was all.

*Car.* Your brother!

In being yours, with more security  
He might provoke you; yet, if he hath past  
A brother's bounds—

*Leon.* What then, my lord?

*Car.* Believe it,  
I'll call him to account for't.

*Leon.* Tell him so.

*Alm.* No more.

*Leon.* Yes, thus much; though my modesty  
Be call'd in question for it, in his absence  
I will defend him: he hath said nor done  
But what Don Pedro well might say or do;  
Mark me, Don Pedro! in which understand  
As worthy, and as well as can be hoped for  
Of those that love him best—from Don Cardenes.

*Car.* This to me, cousin!

*Alm.* You forget yourself.

*Leon.* No, nor the cause in which you did so, lady  
Which is so just that it needs no concealing  
On Pedro's part.

*Alm.* What mean you?

*Leon.* I dare speak it,  
If you dare hear it, sir: he did persuade  
Almira, your Almira, to vouchsafe  
Some little conference with the Prince of Tarent,  
Before he left the court; and, that the world  
Might take some notice, though he prosper'd not  
In his so loved design, he was not scorn'd,  
He did desire the kissing of her hand,  
And then to leave her:—this was much!

*Car.* 'Twas more  
Than should have been urged by him; well denied  
On your part, madam, and I thank you for't.  
Antonio had his answer, I your grant;  
And why your brother should prepare for him  
An after-interview, or private favour,  
I can find little reason.

*Leon.* None at all

Why you should be displeased with't.

*Car.* His respect

To me, as things now are, should have weigh'd  
down

His former friendship: 'twas done indiscreetly,  
I would be loath to say, maliciously,

To build up the demolish'd hopes of him  
That was my rival. What had he to do,  
If he view not my happiness in your favour  
With wounded eyes, to take upon himself  
An office so distasteful?

*Leon.* You may ask  
As well, what any gentleman has to do  
With civil courtesy.

*Alm.* Or you, with that  
Which at no part concerns you. Good my lord,  
Rest satisfied, that I saw him not, nor will;  
And that nor father, brother, nor the world  
Can work me unto any thing but what  
You give allowance to—in which assurance,  
With this, I leave you,

*Leon.* Nay, take me along;  
You are not angry too?

*Alm.* Presume on that.

[Exit, followed by Leonora.]

*Car.* Am I assured of her, and shall again  
Be tortured with suspicion to lose her,  
Before I have enjoyed her! the next sun  
Shall see her mine; why should I doubt, then? yet,  
To doubt is safer than to be secure\*.  
But one short day! Great empires in less time  
Have suffer'd change: she's constant—but a  
woman;

And what a lover's vows, persuasions, tears,  
May, in a minute, work upon such frailty,  
There are too many and too sad examples.  
The prince of Tarent gone, all were in safety;  
Or not admitted to solicit her,  
My fears would quit me: 'tis my fault, if I  
Give way to that; and let him ne'er desire  
To own what's hard [to win,] that dares not guard  
it.

Who waits there?

Enter Servants and Page.

*Serv.* Would your lordship aught?

*Car.* 'Tis well  
You are so near.

Enter ANTONIO and a Servant.

*Ant.* Take care all things be ready  
For my remove.

*Serv.* They are.

*Car.* We meet like friends,  
No more like rivals now: my emulation  
Put on the shape of love and service to you.

*Ant.* It is return'd.

*Car.* 'Twas rumour'd in the court  
You were to leave the city, and that wou'd me  
To find you out. Your excellence may wonder  
That I, that never saw you till this hour  
But that I wish'd you dead, so willingly  
Should come to wait upon you to the ports,  
And there, with hope you never will look back,  
Take my last farewell of you.

*Ant.* Never look back!

*Car.* I said so; neither is it fit you should;  
And may I prevail with you as a friend,

You never shall, nor, while you live, hereafter  
Think of the viceroy's court, or of Palermo,  
But as a grave, in which the prince of Tarent  
Buried his honour.

*Ant.* You speak in a language  
I do not understand.

*Car.* No! I'll be plainer.  
What madman, that came hither with that pomp  
Don John Antonio did, that exact courtier  
Don John Antonio, with whose brave fame only,  
Great princesses have fall'n in love, and died;  
That came with such assurance as young Paris  
Did to fetch Helen, being sent back, contemn'd,  
Dignified, and scorn'd, his large expense laugh'd at,  
His bravery scoff'd, the lady that he courted  
Left quietly in possession of another  
(Not to be named that day a courtier  
Where he was mentioned), the scarce-known Car-  
denes,

And he to bear her from him!—that would ever  
Be seen again (having got fairly off)  
By such as will live ready witnesses  
Of his repulse, and scandal?

*Ant.* The grief of it,  
Believe me, will not kill me; all man's honour  
Depends not on the most uncertain favour  
Of a fair mistress.

*Car.* Troth, you bear it well.  
You should have seen some that were sensible  
Of a disgrace, that would have rag'd, and sought  
To cure their honour with some strange revenge:  
But you are better temper'd; and they wrong  
The Neapolitans in their report,  
That say they are fiery spirits, incapable  
Of the least injury, dangerous to be talk'd with  
After a loss; where nothing can move you\*,  
But, like a stoic, with a constancy  
Words nor affronts can shake, you still go on,  
And smile when men abuse you.

*Ant.* If they wrong  
Themselves, I can; yet, I would have you know,  
I dare be angry.

*Car.* 'Tis not possible.  
A taste of't would do well; and I'd make trial  
What may be done. Come hither, boy.—You have  
seen

This jewel, as I take it?

*Ant.* Yes; 'tis that

I gave Almira.

*Car.* And in what esteem  
She held it, coming from your worthy self,  
You may perceive, that freely hath bestow'd it  
Upon my page.

*Ant.* When I presented it,  
I did not indent with her, to what use  
She should employ it.

*Car.* See the kindness of  
A loving soul! who after this neglect,  
Nay, gross contempt, will look again upon her,  
And not be frighted from it.

*Ant.* No, indeed, sir;  
Nor give way longer—give way, do you mark,  
To your loose wit to run the wild-goose chase

\* To doubt is safer than to be secure, &c.] This speech is so arranged, and so pointed by Mr. M. Mason, who has improved upon the errors of Coxeter, as to be little better than nonsense.

† To own what's hard [to win,] that dares not guard it.] A foot is lost here, which I have endeavoured to supply, by the addition of the words in brackets. The defect was noticed by Mr. M. Mason, who proposed to complete the line by reading, to keep.

\* After a loss; where nothing can move you.] Where, for whereas, occurs so frequently in these Plays, that it seems scarcely possible to escape the notice of the most incurious reader; yet the last editor has overlooked it, and, in his attempt to make the author speak English, produced a line of unparalleled harmony:—

After a loss; for whereas nothing can move you!

Six syllables further. I will see the lady,  
That lady that dotes on you, from whose hate  
My love increases, though you stand elected  
Her porter to deny me.

Car. Sure you will not.

Ant. Yes, instantly: your prosperous success  
Hath made you insolent; and for her sake  
I have thus long forborne you, and can yet  
Forget it and forgive it, ever provided,  
That you end here; and, for what's past recalling,  
That she make intercession for your pardon,  
Which, at her suit, I'll grant.

Car. I am much unwilling  
To move her for a trifle—bear that too, [Strikes him.  
And then she shall speak to you.

Ant. Men and angels,  
Take witness for me, that I have endured  
More than a man!— [They fight; Cardenes falls.

O do not fall so soon,  
Stand up—take my hand—so! when I have printed,  
For every contumelious word, a wound here,  
Then sink for ever.

Car. Oh, I suffer justly!

1 Serv. Murder! murder! murder! [Exit.

2 Serv. Apprehend him.

3 Serv. We'll all join with you.

Ant. I do wish you more;  
My fury will be lost else, if it meet not  
Matter to work on; one life is too little  
For so much injury.

Re-enter ALMIRA, LEONORA, and Servant.

Alm. O my Cardenes!

Though dead, still my Cardenes! Villains, cowards,  
What do ye check at? can one arm, and that  
A murderer's, so long guard the curs'd master,  
Against so many swords made sharp with justice?

1 Serv. Sure he will kill us all; he is a devil.

2 Serv. He is invulnerable.

Alm. Your base fears

Beget such fancies in you. Give me a sword,  
[Snatches a sword from the Servant.  
This my weak arm, made strong in my revenge,  
Shall force a way to't. [Wounds Antonio.

Ant. Would it were deeper, madam!  
The thrust, which I would not put by, being yours,  
Of greater force, to have pierced through that heart  
Which still retains your figure!—weep still, lady;  
For every tear that flows from those grieved eyes,  
Some part of that which maintains life, goes from  
me;

And so to die were in a gentle slumber  
To pass to paradise: but you envy me  
So quiet a departure from my world,  
My world of miseries: therefore, take my sword,  
And, having kill'd me with it, cure the wounds  
It gave Cardenes.

Re-enter PEDRO.

Pedro. 'Tis too true: was ever  
Valour so ill employed!

Ant. Why stay you, lady?

Let not soft pity work on your hard nature;  
You cannot do a better office to  
The dead Cardenes, and I willingly  
Shall fall a ready sacrifice to appease him,  
Your fair hand offering it.

Alm. Thou couldst ask nothing  
But this, which I would grant.

Leon. Flint-hearted lady!

Pedro. Are you a woman, sister?

[Takes the sword from her.

Alm. Thou art not

A brother, I renounce that title to thee;  
Thy hand is in this bloody act, 'twas this  
For which that savage homicide was sent hither.  
Thou equal Judge of all things\*: if that blood,  
And innocent blood—

Pedro. [Best sister.]

Alm. Oh, Cardenes!

How is my soul rent between rage and sorrow,  
That it can be that such an upright cedar  
Should violently be torn up by the roots,  
Without an earthquake in that very moment  
To swallow them that did it!

Ant. The hurt's nothing†;  
But the deep wound is in my conscience, friend,  
Which sorrow in death only can recover.

Pedro. Have better hopes.

Enter VICENOV, Duke of MESSINA, Captain, Guards,  
and Servants.

Duke. My son, is this the marriage  
I came to celebrate? false hopes of man!  
I come to find a grave here.

Alm. I have wasted  
My stock of tears, and now just anger help me  
To pay, in my revenge, the other part  
Of duty which I owe thee. O great sir,  
Not as a daughter now, but a poor widow,  
Made so before she was a bride, I fly  
To your impartial justice: the offence  
Is death, and death in his most horrid form;  
Let not, then, title, or a prince's name  
(Since a great crime is, in a great man, greater!),  
Secure the offender.

Duke. Give me life for life,  
As thou wilt answer it to the great king,  
Whose deputy thou art here.

Alm. And speedy justice.

Duke. Put the damn'd wretch to torture.

Alm. Force him to

Reveal his curs'd confederates, which spare not,  
Although you find a son among them.

Vice. How!

Duke. Why bring you not the rack forth?

Alm. Wherefore stands

The murderer unbound!

\* Thou equal judge of all things! (if that blood

And innocent blood—

Pedro. [Best sister.]

Alm. Oh, Cardenes!

How is my soul, &c.] So, with the exception of *Best sister*, reads the old copy. The modern editors strangely give this last speech to Pedro, without noticing how ill it agrees with his sentiments on the occasion, or with don John's answer. The fact seems to be, that Pedro, alarmed at the solemn adjuration of his sister, abruptly checked her (in the old copy her speech is marked as unfinished) by a short address, which changed her train of thinking, and produced the succeeding apostrophe to her lover. I am far from giving the passage in brackets as the genuine one, though something of the like nature apparently once stood there: at any rate, I am confident of having done well in following the old copy and restoring the speech to Almira.

† Ant. *The hurt's nothing; &c.* From this it appears that, during Almira's impassioned speech, don Pedro had been condoling with his friend on his wound; another proof of the inattention of the modern editors.

‡ (Since a great crime, in a great man, is greater.)

*Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se  
Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat, habetur.*  
Juv. Sat. viii. v. 149.

*Vice.* Shall I have hearing?  
*Duke.* Excellent lady, in this you express  
 Your true love to the dead.  
*Alm.* All love to mankind  
 From me, ends with him.  
*Vice.* Will you bear me yet?  
 And first to you: you do confess the fact  
 With which you stand charged?  
*Ant.* I will not make worse  
 What is already ill, with vain denial.  
*Vice.* Then understand, though you are prince of  
 Tarent,  
 Yet, being a subject to the king of Spain,  
 No privilege of Sicily can free you  
 (Being convict by a just form of law)  
 From the municipal statutes of that kingdom,  
 But as a common man, being found guilty,  
 Must suffer for it.  
*Ant.* I prize not my life  
 So much, as to appeal from anything  
 You shall determine of me.  
*Vice.* Yet despair not  
 To have an equal hearing; the exclaims  
 Of this grieved father, nor my daughter's tears,  
 Shall sway me from myself; and, where they urge  
 To have you tortured, or led bound to prison,  
 I must not grant it.  
*Duke.* No!  
*Vice.* I cannot, sir;  
 For men of his rank are to be distinguish'd

From other men, before they are condemn'd,  
 From which (his cause not heard) he yet stands free:  
 So take him to your charge, and, as your life,  
 See he be safe.

*Capt.* Let me die for him else.

[*Exeunt Pedro and Capt. and guard with Ant.*]

*Duke.* The guard of him should have been given  
 to me.

*Alm.* Or unto me.

*Duke.* Bribes may corrupt the captain.

*Alm.* And our just wreak, by force, or cunning  
 practice,

With scorn prevented.

*Car.* Oh!

*Alm.* What groan is that?

*Vice.* There are apparent signs of life yet in him.

*Alm.* Oh that there were! that I could pour my  
 blood

Into his veins!

*Car.* Oh, oh!

*Vice.* Take him up gently.

*Duke.* Run for physicians.

*Alm.* Surgeons.

*Duke.* All helps else.

*Vice.* This care of his recovery, timely practised,  
 Would have express'd more of a father in you,  
 Than your impetuous clamours for revenge.  
 But I shall find fit time to urge that further,  
 Hereafter, to you; 'tis not fit for me  
 To add weight to oppress'd calamity. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the castle.

Enter PEDRO, ANTONIO, and Captain.

*Ant.* Why should your love to me, having already  
 So oft endured the test, be put unto  
 A needless trial? have you not, long since,  
 In every circumstance and rite to friendship,  
 Outgone all precedents the ancients boast of,  
 And will you yet move further?

*Pedro.* Hitherto  
 I have done nothing (howsoever you value  
 My weak endeavours) that may justly claim  
 A title to your friendship, and much less  
 Laid down the debt, which, as a tribute due  
 To your deservings, not I, but all mankind  
 Stands bound to tender.

*Ant.* Do not make an idol  
 Of him that should, and without superstition,  
 To you build up an altar. O my Pedro!  
 When I am to expire, to call you mine,  
 Assures a future happiness; give me leave  
 To argue with you, and, the fondness of  
 Affection struck blind, with justice hear me:  
 Why should you, being innocent, fling your life  
 Into the furnace of your father's anger  
 For my offence? or, take it granted (yet  
 'Tis more than supposition) you prefer  
 My safety 'fore your own, so prodigally

You waste your favours, wherefore should this cap-  
 tain,  
 His blood and sweat rewarded in the favour  
 Of his great master, falsify the trust  
 Which, from true judgment, he reposes in him,  
 For me, a stranger?

*Pedro.* Let him answer that,  
 He needs no prompter: speak your thoughts, and  
 freely.

*Capt.* I ever loved to do so, and it shames not  
 The bluntness of my breeding: from my youth  
 I was train'd up a soldier, one of those  
 That in their natures love the dangers more  
 Than the rewards of danger. I could add,  
 My life, when forfeited, the viceroy pardon'd  
 But by his intercession; and therefore,  
 It being lent by him, I were ungrateful,  
 Which I will never be, if I refused  
 To pay that debt at any time demanded.

*Pedro.* I hope, friend, this will satisfy you.

*Ant.* No, it raises  
 More doubts within me. Shall I, from the school  
 Of gratitude, in which this captain reads  
 The text so plainly, learn to be unthankful?  
 Or, viewing in your actions the idea  
 Of perfect friendship, when it does point to me  
 How brave a thing it is to be a friend,  
 Turn from the object? Had I never loved  
 The fair Almira for her outward features,

Nay, were the beauties of her mind suspected,  
And her contempt and scorn painted before me,  
The being your sister would anew inflame me  
With much more impotence\* to dote upon her:  
No, dear friend, let me in my death confirm  
(Though you in all things else have the precedence)  
I'll die ten times, ere one of Pedro's hairs  
Shall suffer in my cause.

*Pedro.* If you so love me,  
In love to that part of my soul dwells in you  
(For though two bodies, friends have but one soul),  
Lose not both life and me.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The prince is dead. *[Exit.]*

*Ant.* If so, shall I leave Pedro here to answer  
For my escape? as thus I clasp thee, let  
The viceroy's sentence find me.

*Pedro.* Fly, for heaven's sake!  
Consider the necessity; though now  
We part, Antonio, we may meet again,  
But death's division is for ever, friend.

*Enter another Servant.*

*Serv.* The rumour spread, sir, of Martino's death,  
Is check'd; there's hope of his recovery. *[Exit.]*

*Ant.* Why should I fly, then, when I may enjoy,  
With mine own life, my friend?

*Pedro.* That's still uncertain,  
He may have a relapse; for once be ruled, friend:  
He's a good debtor that pays when 'tis due;  
A prodigal, that, before it is required,  
Makes tender of it.

*Enter Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* The bark, sir, is ready.

2 *Sail.* The wind sits fair.

3 *Sail.* Heaven favours your escape.

*[Whistle within.]*

*Capt.* Hark, how the boatswain whistles you  
aboard!

Will nothing move you?

*Ant.* Can I leave my friend?

*Pedro.* I must delay no longer: force him hence.

*Capt.* I'll run the hazard of my fortunes with you.

*Ant.* What violence is this?—hear but my reasons.

*Pedro.* Poor friendship that is cool'd with arguments!

Away, away!

*Capt.* For Malta.

*Pedro.* You shall hear  
All our events.

*Ant.* I may sail round the world,  
But never meet thy like. *Pedro!*

*Pedro.* Antonio!

*Ant.* I breathe my soul back to thee.

*Pedro.* In exchange  
Bear mine along with thee.

*Capt.* Cheerly my hearts! *[Exeunt.]*

*Pedro.* He's gone: may pitying heaven his pilot  
be,

And then I weigh not what becomes of me. *[Exit.]*

\* With much more impotence to dote upon her: So the old copy. Coxeter dislikes *impotence*, for which he would read *impatience*; and Mr. M. Mason, I know not for what reason, omits *much*, which destroys the metre. It requires no words to prove the text to be genuine.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.

*Enter VICEROY, Duke of MESSINA, and Attendants.*

*Vice.* I tell you right, sir.

*Duke.* Yes, like a rough surgeon,  
Without a feeling in yourself you search  
My wounds unto the quick, then pre-declare  
The tediousness and danger of the cure,  
Never remembering what the patient suffers.  
But you preach this philosophy to a man  
That does partake of passion, and not  
To a dull stoic.

*Vice.* I confess you have  
Just cause to mourn your son; and yet, if reason  
Cannot yield comfort, let example cure.  
I am a father too, my only daughter  
As dear in my esteem, perhaps as worthy,  
As your Martino, in her love to him  
As desperately ill, either's loss equal;  
And yet I bear it with a better temper:

*Enter PEDRO.*

Which if you please to imitate, 'twill not wrong  
Your piety, nor your judgment.

*Duke.* We were fashioned  
In different moulds. I weep with mine own eyes.

*Pedro.* Pursue my ends too; pity to you's a cordial,  
Revenge to me; and that I must and will have,  
If my Martino die.

*Pedro.* Your must and will,  
Shall in your full-armed confidence deceive you. *[Aside.]*

Here's doctor Paulo, sir.

*Enter PAULO and two Surgeons.*

*Duke.* My hand! you rather  
Deserve my knee, and it shall bend as to  
A second father, if your saving aids  
Restore my son.

*Vice.* Rise, thou bright star of knowledge,  
Thou honour of thy art, thou help of nature,  
Thou glory of our academies!

*Paul.* If I blush, sir,  
To hear these attributes ill-placed on me  
It is excusable. I am no god, sir,  
Nor holy saint that can do miracles,  
But a weak, sinful man: yet, that I may  
In some proportion deserve these favours  
Your excellencies please to grace me with,  
I promise all the skill I have acquired  
In simples, or the careful observation  
Of the superior bodies, with my judgment  
Derived from long experience, stand ready  
To do you service.

*Duke.* Modestly replied.

*Vice.* How is it with your princely patient?

*Duke.* Speak,  
But speak some comfort, sir.

*Paul.* I must speak truth:  
His wounds though many, heaven so guided yet  
Antonio's sword, it pierced no part was mortal.  
These gentlemen, who worthily deserve  
The names of surgeons, have done their duties:  
The means they practised, not ridiculous charms  
To stop the blood; no oils, nor balsams bought  
Of cheating quack-salvers, or mountebanks,  
By them applied: the rules by Chiron taught,  
And Aesculapius, which drew upon him

The thunderer's envy, they with care pursued,  
Heaven prospering their endeavours.

*Duke.* There is hope, then,  
Of his recovery?

*Paul.* But no assurance;  
I must not flatter you. That little air  
Of comfort that breathes towards us (for I dare not  
Rob these t'enrich myself) you owe their care;  
For, yet, I have done nothing.

*Duke.* Still more modest;  
I will begin with them: to either give  
Three thousand crowns.

*Vice.* I'll double your reward;  
See them paid presently.

*1 Surg.* This magnificence  
With equity cannot be conferred on us;  
'Tis due unto the doctor.

*2 Surg.* True; we were  
But his subordinate ministers, and did only  
Follow his grave directions.

*Paul.* 'Tis your own;

I challenge no part in it.

*Vice.* Brave on both sides.

*Paul.* Deserve this, with the honour that will  
follow,

In your attendance.

*2 Surg.* If both sleep at once,  
'Tis justice both should die. [Exeunt Surgeons.]

*Duke.* For you, grave doctor,  
We will not in such petty sums consider  
Your high deserts; our treasury lies open,  
Command it as your own.

*Vice.* Choose any castle,  
Nay, city, in our government, and be lord of't.

*Paul.* Of neither, sir, I am not so ambitious;  
Nor would I have your highnesses secure.  
We have but faintly yet begun our journey;  
A thousand difficulties and dangers must be  
Encounter'd, ere we end it: though his hurts,  
I mean his outward ones, do promise fair,  
There is a deeper one, and in his mind,  
Must be with care provided for: melancholy,  
And at the height, too near skin to madness,  
Possesses him; his senses are distracted,  
Not one, but all; and, if I can collect them  
With all the various ways invention  
Or industry e'er practised, I shall write it  
My masterpiece.

*Duke.* You more and more engage me.

*Vice.* May we not visit him?

*Paul.* By no means, sir;  
As he is now, such courtesies come untimely:  
I'll yield you reason for't. Should he look on you,  
It will renew the memory of that  
Which I would have forgotten; your good prayers,  
And those I do presume shall not be wanting,  
To my endeavours are the utmost aids  
I yet desire your excellencies should grant me.  
So, with my humblest service—

*Duke.* Go, and prosper. [Exit Paul.]

*Vice.* Observe his piety!—I have heard, how true  
I know not, most physicians, as they grow  
Greater in skill, grow less in their religion;  
Attributing so much to natural causes,  
That they have little faith in that they cannot  
Deliver reason for\*: this doctor steers

\* ————: I have heard, how true  
I know not, most physicians, as they grow

Another course—but let this pass; if you please,  
Your company to my daughter.

*Duke.* I wait on you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter LEONORA and Waiting Women.

*Leon.* Took she no rest to night?

*1 Wom.* Not any, madam;  
I am sure she slept not. If she alumber'd, straight,  
As if some dreadful vision had appear'd,  
She started up, her hair unbound, and, with  
Distracted looks staring about the chamber,  
She asks aloud, *Where is Martino? where*  
*Have you conceal'd him?* Sometimes names Antonio,  
Trembling in every joint, her brows contracted,  
Her fair face as 'twere changed into a curse,  
Her hands held up thus; and, as if her words  
Were too big to find passage through her mouth,  
She groans, then throws herself upon her bed,  
Beating her breast.

*Leon.* 'Tis wonderful strange.

*2 Wom.* Nay, more;  
She that of late vouchsafed not to be seen,  
But so adorn'd as if she were to rival  
Nero's Poppæa, or the Egyptian queen,  
Now, careless of her beauties, when we offer  
Our service, she contemns it.

*Leon.* Does she not  
Sometimes forsake her chamber?

*2 Wom.* Much about  
This hour; then with a strange unsettled gait  
She measures twice or thrice the gallery,  
Silent, and frowning (we dare not speak to her),  
And then returns.—She's come: pray you, now ob-  
serve her.

Enter ALMIRA in black, carelessly habited.

*Alm.* Why are my eyes fix'd on the ground, and  
not  
Bent upwards? ha! that which was mortal of

*Greater in skill, grow less in their religion;  
Attributing so much to natural causes,  
That they have little faith in that they cannot  
Deliver reason for:\** The history of mankind unfortunately  
furnishes too many instances of this melancholy fact, to  
permit a doubt on the subject. Let it be added, however,  
that they chiefly occur among the half-informed of the pro-  
fession: several of whom, as they have grown yet greater  
in skill, have, to their praise, renounced their scepticism  
with their confidence, and increased no less in piety than  
in knowledge. Ben Jonson observes, with his usual force  
and perspicuity:

"RET is a young physician to the family,  
That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature  
More than her share; licentious in discourse,  
And in his life a profest voluptuary;  
The slave of money, a buffoon in manners,  
Obscene in language, which he vents for wit,  
And saucy in his logics and disputing."

*Magnetic Lady.*

I have no propensity to personal satire, nor do I think it  
just to convert an ancient author into a libellist, by an  
appropriation of his descriptions to modern characters; yet  
I must, for once, be indulged with saying, that almost every  
word here delivered applies so forcibly to a late physician,  
that it requires some evidence to believe the lines were  
written nearly two centuries ago. To lessen the wonder,  
however, it may be observed that, from the days of Dr.  
Rut to those of Dr. D———, that description of men who,  
letting God alone, ascribe to nature more than her share,  
have been commonly licentious, petulant, and obscene  
buffoons.

My dear Martino, as a debt to nature,  
I know this mother earth had sepulchred;  
But his diviner part, his soul, o'er which  
The tyrant Death, nor yet the fatal sword  
Of curs'd Antonio, his instrument,  
Had the least power, borne upon angels' wings  
Appointed to that office, mounted far  
Above the firmament.

*Leon.* Strange imagination!

Dear cousin, your Martino lives.

*Alm.* I know you,  
And that in this you flatter me; he's dead,  
As much as could die of him:—but look yonder!  
Amongst a million of glorious lights  
That deck the heavenly canopy, I have  
Discern'd his soul, transform'd into a star.  
Do you not see it?

*Leon.* Lady!

*Alm.* Look with my eyes.

What splendour circles it! the heavenly archer,  
Not far off distant, appears dim with envy,  
Viewing himself outshin'd. Bright constellation,  
Dart down thy beams of pity on Almira,  
And, since thou find'st such grace where now thou  
art,

As I did truly love thee on the earth,  
Like a kind harbinger, prepare my lodging,  
And place me near thee!

*Leon.* I much more than fear  
She'll grow into a frenzy.

*Alm.* How! what's this?

A dismal sound! come nearer, cousin; lay  
Your ear close to the ground,—closer, I pray you.  
Do you howl? are you there, Antonio?

*Leon.* Where, sweet lady?

*Alm.* In the vault, in hell, on the infernal rack,  
Where murderers are tormented:—yerk him  
soundly,  
'Twas Rhadamanth's sentence; do your office,  
furies.

How he roars! What! plead to me to mediate for  
you!

I'm deaf, I cannot hear you.

*Leon.* 'Tis but fancy;

Collect yourself.

*Alm.* Leave babbling; 'tis rare music!  
Rhamnusia plays on a pair of tongs  
Red hot, and Proserpine dances to the consort;  
Pluto sits laughing by too\*. So! enough:  
I do begin to pity him.

*Leon.* I wish, madam,

You would show it to yourself.

*2 Wom.* Her fit begins

To leave her.

*Alm.* Oh my brains! are you there, cousin?

*Leon.* Now she speaks temperately. I am ever  
ready

To do you service: how do you?

*Alm.* Very much troubled.

I have had the strangest waking dream of hell  
And heaven—I know not what.

*Leon.* My lord your father

Is come to visit you; as you would not grieve him  
That is so tender of you, entertain him  
With a becoming duty.

\* This is not madness but light-headedness; but such, indeed, is the melody of Almira. Later writers have mistaken its characteristics, and copied them (a wonderfully easy matter) for madness.

*Enter VICEROY, Duke of MESSINA, PEDRO, and Attendants.*

*Vice.* Still forlorn!

No comfort, my Almira?

*Duke.* In your sorrow,

For my Martino, madam, you have express'd  
All possible love and tenderness; too much of it  
Will wrong yourself, and him. He may live, help  
(For we are not past hope), with his future service,  
In some part to deserve it.

*Alm.* If heaven please

To be so gracious to me, I will serve him  
With such obedience, love, and humbleness,  
That I will rise up an example for  
Good wives to follow: but until I have  
Assurance what fate will determine of me,  
Thus like a desolate widow, give me leave,  
To weep for him; for should he die, I have vow'd  
Not to outlive him; and my humble suit is,  
One monument may cover us, and Antonio  
(In justice you must grant me that) be offer'd  
A sacrifice to our ashes.

*Vice.* Prithee put off

These sad thoughts; both shall live, I doubt it not,  
A happy pair.

*Enter CECILIO, and BORACHIA.*

*Cuc.* O sir, the foulest treason  
That ever was discover'd!

*Vice.* Speak it, that

We may prevent it.

*Cuc.* Nay, 'tis past prevention;

Though you allow me wise (in modesty,  
I will not say oraculous), I cannot help it.  
I am a statesman, and some say a wise one,  
But I could never conjure, nor divine  
Of things to come.

*Vice.* Leave fooling: to the point,  
What treason?

*Cuc.* The false prince, Don John Antonio,  
Is fled.

*Vice.* It is not possible.

*Pedro.* Peace, screech-owl.

*Cuc.* I must speak, and it shall out, sir; the captain  
You trusted with the fort is run away too.

*Alm.* O miserable woman! I defy

All comfort: cheated too of my revenge!  
As you are my father, sir, and you my brother,  
I will not curse you; but I dare, and will say,  
You are unjust and treacherous.—If there be  
A way to death, I'll find it.

*Vice.* Follow her;

She'll do some violent act upon herself;  
'Till she be better temper'd, bind her hands,  
And fetch the doctor to her.

*[Exeunt Leonora, and Waiting Women.]*

Had not you

A hand in this?

*Pedro.* I, sir! I never knew  
Such disobedience.

*Vice.* My honour's touch'd in't:

Let gallies be mann'd forth in his pursuit;  
Search every port and harbour; if I live,  
He shall not scape thus.

*Duke.* Fine hypocrisy!

Away, dissemblers! 'tis confederacy  
Betwixt thy son, and self, and the false captain.  
He could not thus have vanish'd else. You have  
murder'd

My son amongst you, and now murder justice:  
You know it most impossible he should live,

Howe'er the doctor, for your ends, dissembled,  
And you have shifted hence Antonio.

*Vice.* Messina, thou'rt a crazed and grieved old man,

And being in my court, protected by  
The law of hospitality, or I should  
Give you a sharper answer: may I perish  
If I knew of his flight!

*Duke.* Fire, then, the castle.  
Hang up then the captain's wife and children.

*Vice.* Fie, sir!

*Pedro.* My lord, you are uncharitable; capital treasons

Exact not so much.

*Duke.* Thanks, most noble signior,  
We ever had your good word and your love.

*Cuc.* Sir, I dare pass my word, my lords are clear  
Of any imputation in this case  
You seem to load them with.

*Duke.* Impertinent fool! —  
No, no, the loving faces you put on  
Have been but grinning visors: you have juggled me

Out of my son, and out of justice too;  
But Spain shall do me right, believe me, Viceroy:  
There I will force it from thee by the king,  
He shall not eat nor sleep in peace for me,  
Till I am righted for this treachery.

*Vice.* Thy worst, Messina; since no reason can  
Qualify thy intemperance: the corruption  
Of my subordinate ministers cannot wrong  
My true integrity. Let privy searchers  
Examine all the land.

*Pedro.* Fair fall Antonio!

[*Exeunt Viceroy, Pedro, and Attendants.*]

*Cuc.* This is my wife, my lord; troth speak your  
conscience,

Is't not a goodly dame?

*Duke.* She is no less, sir;  
I will make use of these; may I entreat you\*  
To call my niece?

*Bora.* With speed, sir. [*Exit Borachia.*]

*Cuc.* You may, my lord, suspect me  
As an adept in these state conveyances:  
Let signior Cuculo, then, be never more,  
For all his place, wit, and authority,  
Held a most worthy honest gentleman.

*Re-enter Borachia with LEONORA.*

*Duke.* I do acquit you, signior. Niece, you see  
To what extremes I am driven: the cunning viceroy,  
And his son Pedro, having express'd too plainly  
Their cold affections to my son Martino:  
And therefore I conjure thee, Leonora,  
By all thy hopes from me, which is my dukedom  
If my son fail; however, all thy fortunes;  
Though heretofore some love hath past betwixt  
Don Pedro, and thyself, abjure him now:  
And as thou keep'st Almira company,  
In this her desolation, so in hate  
To this young Pedro for thy cousin's love,  
Be her associate; or assure thyself,  
I cast thee like a stranger from my blood.

\* I will make use of these; may I entreat you.] So the  
old copy: Mr. M. Mason chooses to read,  
I will make use of Cuculo and Borachia. May I entreat  
you.

If such portentous lines as these may be introduced without  
reason, and without authority, there is an end of all editor-  
ship.

If I do ever hear thou see'st, or send'st  
Token, or receiv'st message—by yon heaven,  
I never more will own thee!

*Leon.* O, dear uncle!

You have put a tyrannous yoke upon my heart.  
And it will break it. [*Exit.*]

*Duke.* Gravest lady, you  
May be a great assister in my ends.  
I buy your diligence thus:—divide this couple;  
Hinder their interviews; feign 'tis her will  
To give him no admittance, if he crave it;  
And thy rewards shall be thine own desires;  
Whereunto, good sir, but add your friendly aids,  
And use me to my uttermost.

*Cuc.* My lord,  
If my wife please, I dare not contradict.  
Borachia, what do you say?

*Bora.* I say, my lord,  
I know my place; and be assured I will  
Keep fire and tow asunder.

*Duke.* You in this  
Shall much deserve me. [*Exit.*]

*Cuc.* We have ta'en upon us  
A heavy charge: I hope you'll now forbear  
The excess of wine.

*Bora.* I will do what I please.  
This day the market's kept for slaves; go you,  
And buy me a fine-timber'd one to assist me;  
I must be better waited on.

*Cuc.* Anything,  
So you'll leave wine.

*Bora.* Still prating!

*Cuc.* I am gone, duck.

*Bora.* Pedro! so hot upon the scent! I'll fit him.

*Enter PEDRO.*

*Pedro.* Donna Borachia, you most happily  
Are met to pleasure me.

*Bora.* It may be so,  
I use to pleasure many. Here lies my way,  
I do beseech you, sir, keep on your voyage.

*Pedro.* Be not so short, sweet lady, I must with  
you.

*Bora.* With me, sir! I beseech you, sir; why,  
what, sir,  
See you in me?

*Pedro.* Do not mistake me, lady,  
Nothing but honesty.

*Bora.* Hang honesty!  
Trump me not up with honesty: do you mark, sir,  
I have a charge, sir, and a special charge, sir,  
And 'tis not honesty can win on me, sir.

*Pedro.* Prithee conceive me rightly.

*Bora.* I conceive you!

*Pedro.* But understand.

*Bora.* I will not understand, sir,  
I cannot, nor I do not understand, sir.

*Pedro.* Prithee, Borachia, let me see my mistress,  
But look upon her; stand you by.

*Bora.* How's this!  
Shall I stand by? what do you think of me?  
Now, by the virtue of the place I hold,  
You are a pultry lord to tempt my trust thus:  
I am no Helen, nor no Hecuba,  
To be deflower'd of my loyalty  
With your fair language.

*Pedro.* Thou mistak'st me still.

*Bora.* It may be so, my place will bear me out  
in't,

And will mistake you still, make you your best on't.

*Pedro.* A pox upon thee! let me but behold her.

*Bora.* A plague upon you! you shall never see her.

*Pedro.* This is a croun in grain! thou art so testy—

*Prithee*, take breath, and know thy friends.

*Bora.* I will not,

I have no friends, nor I will have none this way:

And, now I think on't better, why will you see her?

*Pedro.* Because she loves me dearly, I her equally.

*Bora.* She hates you damnably, most wickedly,

Build that upon my word, most wickedly;

And swears her eyes are sick when they behold you.

How fearfully have I heard her rail upon you,

And cast and rail again; and cast again;

Call for hot waters, and then rail again!

*Pedro.* How! 'tis not possible.

*Bora.* I have heard her swear

(How justly, you best know, and where the cause lies)

That you are—I shame to tell it—but it must out.

Fie! fie! why, how have you deserved it?

*Pedro.* I am what?

*Bora.* The beastliest man—why, what a grief must this be?

(*Sir reverence of the company*)—a rank whore-master:

Ten livery whores, she assured me on her credit,

With weeping eyes she spake it, and seven citizens,

Besides all voluntaries that serve under you,

And of all countries.

*Pedro.* This must needs be a lie.

*Bora.* Besides, you are so careless of your body, Which is a foul fault in you.

*Pedro.* Leave your fooling,

For this shall be a fable: happily

My sister's anger may grow strong against me,

Which thou mistak'st.

*Bora.* She hates you very well too,

But your mistress hates you heartily:—look upon you!

Upon my conscience, she would see the devil first,

With eyes as big as saucers; when I but named you,

She has leap'd back thirty feet: if once she smell you,

For certainly you are rank, she says extreme rank,

And the wind stand with you too, she's gone for ever.

*Pedro.* For all this, I would see her.

*Bora.* That's all one.

Have you new eyes when those are scratch'd out, or a nose

To clap on warm? have you proof against a puppet,

Which, if they bid me, I must sling upon you!

*Pedro.* I shall not see her, then, you say?

*Bora.* It seems so.

*Pedro.* Prithee, be thus far friend then, good Borachia,

To give her but this letter, and this ring,

And leave thy pleasant lying, which I pardon:

But leave it in her pocket; there's no harm in't.

I'll take thee up a petticoat, will that please thee?

*Bora.* Take up my petticoat! I scorn the notion.

I scorn it with my heels; take up my petticoat!

*Pedro.* And why thus hot?

*Bora.* Sir, you shall find me hotter,

If you take up my petticoat.

*Pedro.* I'll give thee a new petticoat.

*Bora.* I scorn the gift—take up my petticoat!

Alas! my lord, you are too young, my lord,

Too young, my lord, to circumcise me that way.

Take up my petticoat! I am a woman,

A woman of another way, my lord,

A gentlewoman: he that takes up my petticoat,

Shall have enough to do, I warrant him,

I would fain see the proudest of you all so lusty.

*Pedro.* Thou art disposed still to mistake me.

*Bora.* Petticoat!

You show now what you are; but do your worst, sir.

*Pedro.* A wild-fire take thee!

*Bora.* I ask no favour of you,

And so I leave you; and wishal I charge you

In my own name, for, sir, I'd have you know it,

In this place I present your father's person:

Upon your life, not dare to follow me,

For if you do—

[*Exit*]

*Pedro.* Go and the p— go with thee,

If thou hast so much moisture to receive them,

For thou wilt have them, though a horse bestow them,

I must devise a way—for I must see her,

And very suddenly; and, madam petticoat,

If all the wit I have, and this can do,

I'll make you break your charge, and your hope too.

[*Exit*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—A Market-place.

*Enter Slave-merchant and Servant, with ANTONIO and Captain disguised, English Slave, and divers Slaves.*

*Merch.* Come, rank yourselves, and stand out handsomely.

—Now ring the bell, that they may know my market. Stand you two here; [*To Antonio and the Captain.*] you are personable men,

And apt to yield good sums if women cheapen.

Put me that pig-complexion'd fellow behind, He will spoil my sale else; the slave looks like famine.

Sure he was got in a cheese-press, the whey runs out on's nose yet.

He will not yield above a peck of oysters—

If I can get a quart of wine in too, you are gone, sir:

Why sure, thou hadst no father?

*Slave.* Sure I know not.

Merch. No, certainly; a March frog [leap'd]\* thy mother;  
Thou'rt but a monster paddock.—Look who comes, sirrah — [Exit Servant.  
And next prepare the song, and do it lively.—  
Your tricks too, sirrah, they are ways to catch the buyer, [To the English slave.  
And if you do them well, they'll prove good dowries.  
—How now!

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. They come, sir, with their bags full laden.  
Merch. Reach me my stool. O! here they come.

Enter PAULO, Apothecary, CUCULO, and Citizens.

Cuc. That's he.  
He never fails monthly to sell his slaves here;  
He buys them presently upon their taking,  
And so disperses them to every market.  
Merch. Begin the song, and chant it merrily.

A SONG by one of the Slaves.

Well done.

Paul. Good morrow.

Merch. Morrow to you, signiors.

Paul. We come to look upon your slaves, and buy too.

If we can like the persons and the prices.

Cuc. They show fine active fellows.

Merch. They are no less, sir,

And people of strong labours.

Paul. That's in the proof, sir.

Apoth. Pray what's the price of this red-bearded fellow?

If his gall be good, I have certain uses for him.

Merch. My sorrel slaves are of a lower price,  
Because the colour's faint:—fifty chequins, sir.

Apoth. What be his virtues?

Merch. He will poison rats;

Make him but angry, and his eyes kill spiders;

Let him but fasting spit upon a toad,

And presently it bursts, and dies; his dreams kill:

He'll run you in a wheel, and draw up water,

But if his nose drop in't, 'twill kill an army.

When you have worn him to the bones with use,

Thrust him into an oven luted well,

Dry him, and beat him, flesh and bone, to powder,

And that kills scabs, and aches of all climates.

Apoth. Pray at what distance may I talk to him?

Merch. Give him but sage and butter in a morning,  
And there's no fear: but keep him from all women;  
For there his poison swells most.

Apoth. I will have him.

Cannot he breed a plague too?

Merch. Yes, yes, yes,

Feed him with fogs; *probatum*.—Now to you, sir.

Do you like this slave? [Pointing to Antonio.

Cuc. Yes, if I like his price well.

Merch. The price is full an hundred, nothing bated.  
Sirrah, sell the Moors there:—feel, he's high and lusty.

And of a gamesome nature; bold, and secret,

Apt to win favour of the man that owns him,

By diligence and duty: look upon him.

Paul. Do you hear, sir?

Merch. I'll be with you presently.—

Mark but his limbs, that slave will cost you four-score; [Pointing to the Captain.

An easy price—turn him about, and view him.—  
For these two, sir? why, they are the finest children—

Twins, on my credit, sir.—Do you see this boy, sir?  
He will run as far from you in an hour—

1 Cit. Will he so, sir?

Merch. Conceive me rightly,—if upon an errand,  
As any horse you have,

2 Cit. What will this girl do?

Merch. Sure no harm at all, sir,  
For she sleeps most an end\*.

Cit. An excellent housewife.

Of what religion are they?

Merch. What you will, sir,

So there be meat and drink in't: they'll do little  
That shall offend you, for their chief desire

Is to do nothing at all, sir.

Cuc. A hundred is too much.

Merch. Not a doit bated:

He's a brave slave, his eye shows activeness;

Fire and the mettle of a man dwell in him.

Here is one you shall have—

Cuc. For what?

Merch. For nothing,

And thank you too.

Paul. What can he do?

Merch. Why, any thing that's ill,

And never blush at it: he's so true a thief,

That he'll steal from himself, and think he has got by it.

He stole out of his mother's belly, being an infant;

And from a lousy purse he stole his nature,

From a dog his look, and from an ape his nimbleness;

He will look in your face and pick your pockets,

Rob ye the most wise rat of a cheese-paring,

There where a cat will go in, he will follow,

His body has no back-bone. Into my company

He stole, for I never bought him, and will steal into yours.

As you stay a little longer. Now, if any of you

Be given to the excellent art of lying,

Behold, before you here, the masterpiece;

He'll outlie him that taught him, monsieur devil,

Offer to swear he has eaten nothing in a twelve-month,

When his mouth's full of meat.

Cuc. Pray keep him, he's a jewel;

And here's your money for this fellow.

Merch. He's yours, sir.

[Exit with Antonio.

Cuc. Come, follow me.

Cit. Twenty chequins for these two.

Merch. For five and twenty take them.

\* Merch. *Sure no harm at all, sir,*

*For she sleeps most an end.* i. e. Perpetually, without intermission. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Proteus says of Launce:

"A slave that still an end turns me to shame."

That is, says Steevens, "at the conclusion of every business he undertakes." He was set right by Mr. M. Mason; but he persisted in his erroneous explanation: *aliter non est, Acute, liber*. With respect to the meaning which is here assigned to *most*, or, as it is sometimes written, *still an end*, there cannot exist a reasonable doubt of its propriety. Thus Cartwright:—

"Now help, good heaven! 'tis such an unsmooth thing

To be a widow out of term time! I

Do feel such agonish quins, and damps, and fits,

And shakings still an end. *The Ordinary*.

Indeed, the phrase has not been long out of use. I meet with it, for the last time, in the Dedication to *The Divine Legation of Moses*:—"he runs on in a strange jumbled character; but has *most an end*, a strong disposition to make a farce of it." P. xi.

\* Old copy, "Kept thy mother."

*Cit.* There's your money ;  
I'll have them, if it be to sing in cages.

*Merch.* Give them hard eggs, you never had such blackbirds.

*Cit.* Is she a maid, dost think ?

*Merch.* I dare not swear, sir :

She is nine year old, at ten you shall find few here.

*Cit.* A merry fellow ! thou say'st true. Come, children.

[*Exit with the two Moors.*]

*Paul.* Here, tell your money ; if his life but answer

His outward promises, I have bought him cheap sir.

*Merch.* Too cheap, o' conscience, he's a pregnant knave ;

Full of fine thought, I warrant him.

*Paul.* He's but weak-timber'd\*.

*Merch.* 'Tis the better sir ;

He will turn gentleman a great deal sooner.

*Paul.* Very weak legs.

*Merch.* Strong as the time allows, sir.

*Paul.* What's that fellow ?

*Merch.* Who, this ? the finest thing in all the world, sir,

The punctuallest, and the perfectest ; an English metal,

But coin'd in France ; your servant's servant, sir ;

Do you understand that ? or your shadow's servant.

Will you buy him to carry in a box ? Kiss your hand, sirrah ;—

Let fall your cloak on one shoulder ;—face to your left hand ;—

Feather your hat ;—slope your hat ;—now charge.—Your honour,

What think you of this fellow ?

*Paul.* Indeed, I know not ;

I never saw such an ape before : but, hark you,

Are these things serious in his nature ?

*Merch.* Yes, yes ;

Part of his creed : come, do some more devices †.

Quarrel a little, and take him for your enemy,

Do it in dumb show. Now observe him nearly.

*Paul.* This fellow's mad, stark mad.

*Merch.* Believe they are all so :

I have sold a hundred of them.

*Paul.* A strange nation !

What may the women be ?

*Merch.* As mad as they,

And, as I have heard for truth, a great deal madder ;

Yet, you may find some civil things amongst them,

But they are not respected. Nay, never wonder ;

They have a city, sir, I have been in it,

And therefore dare affirm it, where, if you saw

\* *Paul.* He's but weak-timber'd.

*Merch.* 'Tis the better, sir ;

He will turn gentleman a great deal sooner.] Small legs seem, at this time, to have been considered as one of the characteristic marks of a fine gentleman. Thus Jonson :—

*Chlo.* Are you a gentleman born ?

*Cris.* That I am, lady ; you shall see my arms, if it please you.

*Chlo.* No ; your legs do sufficiently show you are a gentleman born, sir ; for a man borne upon little legs is always a gentleman born.—*Poetaster.*

† ———— come, do some more devices, &c.] This must have been a most diverting scene : the ridicule on the French, or rather on the travelled English, who caricatured while they aped, the foppish manners of the continent, was never more exquisitely pointed : indeed, I recollect nothing on the subject, in any of our old dramatists, that can be said to come near it. What follows is in a higher tone.

With what a load of vanity 'tis fraughted,  
How like an everlasting morris-dance it looks  
Nothing but hobby-horse, and maid Marian,  
You would start indeed.

*Paul.* They are handsome men.

*Merch.* Yes, if they would thank their maker  
And seek no further ; but they have new crew  
God tailor, and god mercer : a kind of Jews,  
But fall'n into idolatry, for they worship

Nothing with so much service, as the cow-calf.

*Paul.* What do you mean by cow-calfes ?

*Merch.* Why, their women.

Will you see him do any more tricks ?

*Paul.* 'Tis enough, I thank you ;

But yet I'll buy him, for the rareness of him,  
He may make my princely patient mirth, as  
done.

I'll chain\* him in my study, that at void hours  
I may run o'er the story of his country.

*Merch.* His price is forty.

*Paul.* Hold—I'll once be foolish,

And buy a lump of levity to laugh at.

*Apoth.* Will your worship walk ?

*Paul.* How now, apothecary,

Have you been buying too ?

*Apoth.* A little, sir,

A dose or two of mischief.

*Paul.* Fare ye well, sir ;

As these prove, we shall look the next week  
you.

*Merch.* I shall be with you, sir,

*Paul.* Who bought this fellow ?

2 *Cit.* Not I.

*Apoth.* Nor I.

*Paul.* Why does he follow us, then ?

*Merch.* Did not I tell you he would do  
you ?

2 *Cit.* Sirrah,

You mouldy-chaps ! know your crib, I would  
you,

And get from whence you came.

*Slave.* I came from no place.

*Paul.* Wilt thou be my fool ? for fools, the  
will tell truth.

*Slave.* Yes, if you will give me leave, sir, to  
you,

For I can do that naturally.

*Paul.* And I can beat you.

*Slave.* I should be sorry else, sir.

*Merch.* He looks for that, as duly as his virtue  
And will be extreme sick when he is not beaten.

He will be as wanton, when he has a bone broken  
As a cat in a bowl on the water.

*Paul.* You will part with him ?

*Merch.* To such a friend as you, sir.

*Paul.* And without money ?

*Merch.* Not a penny, signior ;

And would he were better for you.

*Paul.* Follow me, then ;

The knave may teach me something.

*Slave.* Something that

You dearly may repent ; howe'er you scorn me

The slave may prove your master.

*Paul.* Farewell once more !

*Merch.* Farewell ! and when the wind  
next, expect me.

\* I'll chain him in my study.] The old copy reads the amendment by Mr. M. Mason.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.**Enter CUCCIO and ANTONIO.*

Cuc. Come, sir, you are mine, sir, now, you serve a man, sir ;

That, when you know more, you will find.

Ant. I hope so.

Cuc. What dost thou hope ?

Ant. To find you a kind master.

Cuc. Find you yourself a diligent true servant, And take the precept of the wise before you, And then you may hope, sirrah. Understand, You serve me\*—what is me ? a man of credit.

Ant. Yes, sir.

Cuc. Of special credit, special office ; hear first And understand again, of special office : A man that nods upon the thing he meets, And that thing bows.

Ant. 'Tis fit it should be so, sir,

Cuc. It shall be so : a man near all importance. Dost thou digest this truly ?

Ant. I hope I shall, sir.

Cuc. Besides, thou art to serve a noble mistress, Of equal place and trust. Serve usefully, Serve all with diligence, but her delights ; There make your stop. She is a woman, sirrah, And though a cull'd out virtue, yet a woman. Thou art not troubled with the strength of blood, And stirring faculties, for she'll show a fair one ?

Ant. As I am a man, I may ; but as I am your man, Your trusty, useful man, those thoughts shall perish.

Cuc. 'Tis apt, and well distinguish'd. The next precept, And then, observe me, you have all your duty ; Keep, as thou'dst keep thine eye-sight, all wine from her, All talk of wine.

Ant. Wine is a comfort, sir.

Cuc. A devil, sir ; let her not dream of wine. Make her believe there neither is, nor was wine ; Swear it.

Ant. Will you have me lie ?

Cuc. To my end, sir ;

For if one drop of wine but creep into her, She is the wisest woman in the world straight, And all the women in the world together Are but a whisper to her ; a thousand iron mills Can be heard no further than a pair of nut-crackers : Keep her from wine ; wine makes her dangerous. Fall back : my lord don Pedro !

*Enter PEDRO.*

Pedro. Now, master officer, What is the reason that your vigilant greatness, And your wife's wonderful wisdom, have lock'd up from me The way to see my mistress ? Whose dog's dead now, That you observe these vigils ?

Cuc. Very well, my lord.

Belike, we observe no law then, nor no order, Nor feel no power, nor will, of him that made them, When state-commands thus slightly are disputed.

Pedro. What state-command ? dost thou think any state Would give thee any thing but eggs to keep, Or trust thee with a secret above lousing ?

\* You serve me—] So the old copy ; the modern editors omit the pronoun, which reduces the passage to nonsense.

Cuc. No, no, my lord, I am not passionate, You cannot work me that way to betray me. A point there is in't, that you must not see, sir, A secret and a serious point of state too ; And do not urge it further, do not, lord, It will not take : you deal with them that wink not. You tried my wife ; alas ! you thought she was foolish,

Won with an empty word ; you have not found it.

Pedro. I have found a pair of coxcombs, that I am sure on.

Cuc. Your lordship may say three :—I am not passionate.

Pedro. How's that ?

Cuc. Your lordship found a faithful gentle-woman, Strong, and inscrutable as the viceroy's heart, A woman of another making, lord : And, lest she might partake with woman's weakness I've purchased her a rib to make her perfect, A rib that will not shrink nor break in the bending ; This trouble we are put to, to prevent things Which your good lordship holds but necessary.

Pedro. A fellow of a handsome and free promise, And much, methinks, I am taken with his countenance.—

Do you serve this yeoman-porter ? [To Antonio.

Cuc. Not a word.

Basta ! your lordship may discourse your freedom ; He is a slave of state, sir, so of silence.

Pedro. You are very punctual, state-cut, fare ye well ;

I shall find time to fit you too, I fear not. [Exit.

Cuc. And I shall fit you, lord : you would be billing ;

You are too hot, sweet lord, too hot. Go you home, And there observe these lessons I first taught you, Look to your charge abundantly ; be wary, Trusty and wary ; much weight hangs upon me, Watchful and wary too ! this lord is dangerous Take courage and resist : for other uses, Your mistress will inform you. Go, be faithful, And, do you hear ? no wine.

Ant. I shall observe, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter PAULO and Surgeons.*

Paul. He must take sir.

1 Surg. Sir, under your correction, The violence of motion may make His wounds bleed fresh.

2 Surg. And he hath lost already Too much blood, in my judgment.

Paul. I allow that ; But to choke up his spirits in a dark room Is far more dangerous. He comes ; no questions.

*Enter CARDENES.*

Car. Certain we have no reason, nor that soul Created of that pureness books persuade us : We understand not, sure, nor feel that sweetness That men call virtue's chain to link our actions. Our imperfections form, and flatter us ; A will to rash and rude things is our reason, And that we glory in, that makes us guilty. Why did I wrong this man, unmanly wrong him, Unmannerly ? he gave me no occasion. In all my heat how noble was his temper ! And, when I had forgot both man and manhood,

With what a gentle bravery did he chide me!  
And, say he had kill'd me, whither had I travell'd?  
Kill'd me in all my rage—oh, how it shakes me!  
Why didst thou do this, fool? a woman taught me,  
The devil and his angel, woman, bad me.  
I am a beast, the wildest of all beasts,  
And like a beast I make my blood my master.  
Farewell, farewell, forever, name of mistress!  
Out of my heart I cross thee; love and women  
Out of my thoughts.

*Paul.* Ay, now you show your manhood.

*Car.* Doctor, believe me, I have bought my knowledge,

And dearly, doctor:—they are dangerous creatures,

They sting at both ends, doctor; worthless creatures,  
And all their loves and favours end in ruins.

*Paul.* To man indeed.

*Car.* Why, now thou tak'st me rightly.

What can they show, or by what act deserve us,  
While we have Virtue, and pursue her beauties?

*Paul.* And yet I've heard of many virtuous women.

*Car.* Not many, doctor, there your reading fails you;

Would there were more, and in their loves less dangers!

*Paul.* Love is a noble thing without all doubt, sir,

*Car.* Yes, and an excellent—to cure the itch.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Surg.* Strange melancholy!

*Paul.* By degrees 'twill lessen:  
Provide your things.

2 *Surg.* Our care shall not be wanting.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in Cuculo's House.

*Enter LEONORA and ALMIRA.*

*Leon.* Good madam, for your health's sake clear those clouds up,

That feed upon your beauties like diseases.

Time's hand will turn again, and what he ruins

Gently restore, and wipe off all your sorrows.

Believe you are to blame, much to blame, lady;

You tempt his loving care whose eye has number'd

All our afflictions, and the time to cure them:

You rather with this torrent choke his mercies,

Than gently slide into his providence.

Sorrows are well allow'd, and sweeten nature,

Where they express no more than drops on lilies;

But, when they fall in storms, they bruise our hopes,

Make us unable, though our comforts meet us,

To hold our heads up: Come, you shall take comfort;

This is a sullen grief becomes condemned men,

That feel a weight of sorrow through their souls:

Do but look up. Why, so!—is not this better

Than hanging down your head still like a violet,

And dropping out those sweet eyes for a wager?

Pray you, speak a little.

*Alm.* Pray you, desire no more;

And, if you love me, say no more.

*Leon.* How fain,

If I would be as wilful, and partake in't,

Would you destroy yourself! how often, lady,

Even of the same disease have you cured me,

And shook me out on't; chid me, tumbled me,  
And forced my hands, thus?

*Alm.* By these tears, no more.

*Leon.* You are too prodigal of them. Well, I will not,

For though my love bids me transgress your will,  
I have a service to your sorrows still. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE V.—A Hall in the same.

*Enter PEDRO and ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Indeed, my lord, my place is not so near:  
I wait below stairs, and there sit, and wait

Who comes to seek access; nor is it fit, sir\*,  
My rudeness should intrude so near their lodgings.

*Pedro.* Thou mayst invent a way, 'tis but a trial,  
But carrying up this letter, and this token,

And giving them discreetly to my mistress,

The Lady Leonora: there's my purse,

Or anything thou'lt ask me; if thou knew'st me,

And what may I be to thee for this courtesy—

*Ant.* Your lordship speaks so honestly, and freely,  
That by my troth I'll venture.

*Pedro.* I dearly thank thee.

*Ant.* And it shall cost me hard; nay, keep your purse, sir,

For, though my body's bought, my mind was never.

Though I am bound; my courtesies are no slaves.

*Pedro.* Thou shouldst be truly gentle.

*Ant.* If I were so,

The state I am in bids you not believe it.

But to the purpose, sir; give me your letter

And next your counsel, for I serve a crafty mistress.

*Pedro.* And she must be removed, thou wilt else ne'er do it.

*Ant.* Ay, there's the plague: think, and I'll think awhile too.

*Pedro.* Her husband's suddenly fallen sick.

*Ant.* She cares not;

If he were dead, indeed, it would do better.

*Pedro.* Would he were hanged!

*Ant.* Then she would run for joy, sir.

*Pedro.* Some lady crying out!

*Ant.* She has two already.

*Pedro.* Her house afire.

*Ant.* Let the fool my husband, quench it.

This will be her answer.—This may take: it will sure.

Your lordship must go presently, and send me

Two or three bottles of your best Greek wine,

The strongest and the sweetest.

\* *Nor is it fit, sir.*] Fit, which restores the passage to sense, I have inserted from the copy.

† *Ant. Then she would run for joy, sir.*] Coxeter, and of course, Mr. M. Mason, read,

*Then she would run mad for joy, sir.* This interpolation, which destroys the metre, seems to have originated in a misapprehension of the passage. The object is to get Borachio out of the way, and the expedients which suggest themselves are mentioned in order:

*Pedro. Would he were hang'd!*  
*Ant. Then she would run for joy, sir.* i. e. this might do, for then she would leave her charge, and joyfully run to witness his execution. Such, I conceive, is the purport of Antonio's observation: for the rest, I may observe, that the whole of this scene is most shamefully gone in the modern editions, scarcely a single speech being without an error or an omission.

*Pedro.* Instantly:

But will that do?

*Ant.* Let me alone to work it. [*Exit Pedro.*]

Wine I was charged to keep by all means from her;

All secret locks it opens, and all counsels,

That I am sure, and gives men all accesses.

Pray heaven she be not loving when she's drunk now,

For drunk she shall be, though my pate pay for it!

She'll turn my stomach then abominably.

She has a most wicked face, and that lewd face

Being a drunken face, what face will there be!

She cannot ravish me. Now, if my master

Should take her so, and know I ministered,

What will his wisdom do? I hope be drunk too,

And then all's right. Well, lord, to do thee service

Above these puppet-plays, I keep a life yet—

Here come the executioners.

*Enter Servant with bottles.*

You are welcome,

Give me your lord, and tell my lord I am at it.

*Serv.* I will, sir; speed you, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Good speed on all sides!

'Tis strong, strong wine; O, the yaws that she will make!\*

Look to your stern, dear mistress, and steer right,  
Here's that will work as high as the Bay of Portugal.

Stay, let me see—I'll try her by the nose first;

For, if she be a right sow, sure she'll find it.

She is yonder by herself, the ladies from her.

Now to begin my sacrifice!—[*pours out some of the wine.*]—she stirs, and vents it.

O, how she holds her nose up like a jennet

In the wind of a grass-mare! she has it full now,

And now she comes.

*Enter BORACHIA.*

I'll stand aside awhile.

*Bora.* 'Tis wine! ay, sure 'tis wine! excellent strong wine!

In the must, I take it: very wine: this way too.

*Ant.* How true she hunts! I'll make the train a little longer. [*Pours out more wine.*]

*Bora.* Stronger and stronger still! still! blessed wine!

*Ant.* Now she hunts hot.

*Bora.* All that I can for this wine.

This way it went, sure.

*Ant.* Now she is at a cold scent.

Make out your doubles, mistress. O, well hunted! That's she! that's she!

*Bora.* O, if I could but see it!

(Oh what a precious scent it has!) but handle it!

*Ant.* Now I'll untap it. [*Comes forward.*]

\* 'Tis strong, strong wine: O, the yaws that she will make! The old copy reads,

O the yaws that she will make, and was followed by Coxeter. Mr. M. Mason, attentive to the spelling of his author, but careless of his sense, corrected it to *yawns*; though to *make yawns* appears an expression sufficiently singular to excite a doubt of its authenticity: and thus it has hitherto stood! The genuine word, as is clear from the context, is undoubtedly that which I have given. A *yaw* is that unsteady motion which a ship makes in a great swell, when, in steering, she inclines to the right or left of her course. The sea runs proverbially high in the Bay of Portugal.

† Now to begin my sacrifice.— This is imitated, but with exquisite humour, from a very amusing scene in *The Curculio* of Plautus.

*Bora.* What's that? still 'tis stronger.

Why, how now, sirrah! what's that? answer quickly,

And to the point.

*Ant.* 'Tis wine, forsooth, good wine,

Excellent Candy wine.

*Bora.* 'Tis well, forsooth!

Is this a drink for slaves? why, saucy sirrah

(Excellent Candy wine!), draw nearer to me,

Reach me the bottle: why, thou most debauch'd slave—

*Ant.* Pray be not angry, mistress, for with all my service

And pains, I purchased this for you (I dare not drink it),

For you a present; only for your pleasure;

To show in little what a thanks I owe

The hourly courtesies your goodness gives me.

*Bora.* And I will give thee more; there, kiss my hand on't.

*Ant.* I thank you dearly—for your dirty favour How rank it smells!

*Bora.* By thy leave, sweet bottle,

And sugar-candy wine, I now come to thee,

Hold your hand under.

*Ant.* How does your worship like it?

*Bora.* Under again—again—and now come kiss me;

I'll be a mother to thee: come, drink to me.

*Ant.* I do beseech your pardon.

*Bora.* Here's to thee, then,

I am easily entreated for thy good;

'Tis naught for thee, indeed; 'twill make thee break out;

Thou hast a pure complexion; now, for me

'Tis excellent, 'tis excellent for me.

Son slave, I've a cold stomach, and the wind—

*Ant.* Blows out a cry at both ends.

*Bora.* Kiss again;

Cherish thy lips, for thou shalt kiss fair ladies:

Son slave, I have them for thee; I'll show thee all.

*Ant.* Heaven bless mine eyes!

*Bora.* Even all the secrets, son slave,

In my dominion.

*Ant.* Oh! here come the ladies;

Now to my business.

*Enter LEONORA and ALMIRA behind.*

*Leon.* This air will much refresh you.

*Alm.* I must sit down.

*Leon.* Do, and take freer thoughts,

The place invites you; I'll walk by like your sentinel.

*Bora.* And thou shalt be my heir, I'll leave thee all.

Heaven knows to what 'twill mount to\*; but abundance:

\* Heaven knows to what 'twill mount to;] Of this mode of speech innumerable instances have already occurred; yet it is corrupted by Mr. M. Mason, with his usual oscitantcy, into

Heaven knows what 'twill amount to!

But this gentleman does not appear to have profited greatly by his "reading of our old poets:" twenty years after he had edited Massinger, he stumbled upon Beaumont and Fletcher, where he found this line:

"And through what seas of hazard I sail'd through."

*Humorous Lieutenant.*

Through, the editors, perfectly ignorant of the phraseology of the author's times, absurdly changed to *too*, because, forsooth, "such disagreeable tautology was more likely to pro-

I'll leave thee two young ladies, what think you of that, boy!—

Where is the bottle?—two delicate young ladies;  
But first you shall commit with me: do you mark,  
son,

And show yourself a gentleman, that's the truth, son.  
*Ant.* Excellent lady, kissing your fair hand,  
And humbly craving pardon for intruding,  
This letter, and this ring—

*Leon.* From whom, I pray you, sir?

*Ant.* From the most noble, loving lord, don  
Pedro,

The servant of your virtues.

*Bora.* And prithee, good son slave, be wise and  
circumspect;  
And take heed of being o'ertaken with too much  
drink:

For it is a lamentable sin, and spoils all:  
Why, 'tis the damnablest thing to be drunk, son!  
Heaven can't endure it. And hark you, one thing  
I'd have done:

Knock my husband on the head, as soon as may be,  
For he is an arrant puppy, and cannot perform—  
Why, where the devil is this foolish bottle?

*Leon.* I much thank you;

And this, sir, for your pains.

*Ant.* No, gentle lady;

That I can do him service is my merit,  
My faith, my full reward.

*Leon.* Once more, I thank you.

Since I have met so true a friend to goodness,  
I dare deliver to your charge my answer:  
Pray you, tell him, sir, this night I do invite him  
To meet me in the garden; means he may find,  
For love, they say, wants no abilities.

*Ant.* Nor shall he, madam, if my help may pro-  
per;

So everlasting love and sweetness bless you!—  
She's at it still, I dare not now appear to her.

*Alm.* What fellow's that?

*Leon.* Indeed, I know not, madam;  
It seems of some strange country by his habit;  
Nor can I show you by what mystery  
He wrought himself into this place, prohibited.

*Alm.* A handsome man.

*Leon.* But of a mind more handsome.

*Alm.* Was his business to you?

*Leon.* Yes, from a friend you wot of.

*Alm.* A very handsome fellow—  
And well demean'd?

*Leon.* Exceeding well, and speaks well.

*Alm.* And speaks well, too!

*Leon.* Aye, passing well, and freely.

And, as he promises, of a most clear nature,  
Brought up, sure, far above his show.

*Alm.* It seems so:

I would I'd heard him, friend. Comes he again?

*Leon.* Indeed I know not if he do.

*Alm.* 'Tis no matter.

Come, let's walk in.

*Leon.* I am glad you have found your tongue yet.  
[*Exeunt Leonora and Alm.*]

*BORACHIA sings.*

*Cuc.* [*within.*] My wife is very merry; sure 'twas  
her voice:

Pray heaven there be no drink in't, then I allow it.

*Ant.* 'Tis sure my master:

*Enter CUCULO*

Now the game begins;

Here will be spitting of fire o'both sides presently;  
Send me but safe deliver'd!

*Cuc.* O, my heart aches!

My head aches too: mercy o'me, she's perish'd!  
She has gotten wine! she is gone for ever.

*Bora.* Come hither, ladies, carry your bodies  
swimming;

Do your three duties, then—then fall behind me.

*Cuc.* O, thou pernicious rascal! what hast thou  
done?

*Ant.* I done! alas, sir, I have done nothing.

*Cuc.* Sirrah,

How came she by this wine?

*Ant.* Alas, I know not.

*Bora.* Who's that, that talks of wine there?

*Ant.* Forsooth, my master.

*Bora.* Bring him before me, son slave.

*Cuc.* I will know it.

This bottle, how this bottle?

*Bora.* Do not stir it;

For, if you do, by this good wine, I'll knock you,  
I'll beat you damnably, yea and nay. I'll beat you;  
And, when I have broke it 'bout your head, do you  
mark me!

Then will I tie it to your worship's tail,  
And all the dogs in the town shall follow you.

No question, I would advise you, how I came by it,  
I will have none of these points handled now.

*Cuc.* She'll ne'er be well again while the world  
stands.

*Ant.* I hope so.

*Cuc.* How dost thou, lamb!

*Bora.* Well, God-a-mercy, belwether; how dost  
thou?

Stand out: son slave, sit you here, and before this  
worshipful audience

Propound a doubtful question; see who's drunk  
now.

*Cuc.* Now, now it works; the devil now dwells  
in her.

*Bora.* Whether the heaven or the earth be nearer  
the moon?

Or what's the natural reason, why a woman longs  
To make her husband cuckold? bring me your  
cousin

The curate now, that great philosopher,  
He that found out a pudding had two ends,  
That learned clerk, that notable gymnosophist:  
And let him with his Jacob's-stuff discover  
What is the third part of three farthings,  
Three halfpence being the half, and I am satisfied.

*Cuc.* You see she hath learning enough, if she  
could dispose it.

*Bora.* Too much for thee, thou loggerhead, thou  
bull-head!

*Cuc.* Nay, good Borachia.

ceed from the press than the author." Upon which Mr. M.  
Mason says, "I agree with them in thinking the old reading  
erroneous, but not in their amendment. The line should run  
thus:

"And through what seas of hazard I sail'd thorough"  
Which avoids the repetition of the word through." *Com-  
ments on Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. 104. When it is con-  
sidered that the repetition so sedulously removed, was as  
anxiously sought after by our old writers, and was, indeed,  
characteristic of their style and manner, we may, perhaps,  
be indulged in forming a wish that those who undertake to  
revise and explain them, were somewhat more competent to  
the office. A good edition of these excellent dramatists is  
much wanted.

*Bora.* Thou a sufficient statesman !  
A gentleman of learning ! hang thee, dogwhelp ;  
Thou shadow of a man of action,  
Thou scab o'th' court ! go sleep, you drunken  
rascal,  
You debauched puppy ; get you home, and sleep,  
sirrah ;  
And so will I : son slave, thou shalt sleep with me.  
*Cuc.* Prithee, look to her tenderly.

*Bora.* No words, sirrah,  
Of any wine, or anything like wine,  
Or any thing concerning wine, or by wine,  
Or from, or with wine\*. Come, lead me like a  
countess.  
*Cuc.* This must we bear, poor men ! there is a  
trick in't,  
But, when she is well again, I'll trick her for it.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.

*Enter PEDRO.*

*Pedro.* Now, if this honest fellow do but prosper,  
I hope I shall make fair return. I wonder  
I hear not from the prince of Tarent yet,  
I hope he's landed well, and to his safety ;  
The winds have stood most gently to his purpose.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

My honest friend !

*Ant.* Your lordship's poorest servant.

*Pedro.* How hast thou sped ?

*Ant.* My lord, as well as wishes†

My way hath reach'd your mistress, and deliver'd  
Your love letter, and token ; who, with all joy,  
And virtuous constancy, desires to see you :  
Commands you this night, by her loving power,  
To meet her in the garden.

*Pedro.* Thou hast made me,  
Redeem'd me, man, again from all my sorrows ;  
Done above wonder for me. Is it so ?

*Ant.* I should be now too old to learn to lie, sir,  
And, as I live, I never was good flatterer‡

*Pedro.* I do see something in this fellow's face  
still,

That ties my heart fast to him. Let me love thee,  
Nay, let me honour thee for this fair service.  
And if I e'er forget it—

*Ant.* Good my lord,  
The only knowledge of me is too much bounty :  
My service, and my life, sir.

\* Or from, or with wine, &c.] More traits of Borachia's  
" learning !" she is running through the signs of the ablative  
case.

† *Ant.* My lord, as well as wishes ;] i. e. as well as you  
could wish ; or, as well as if your wishes had been effectual :  
it is a colloquial phrase, and is found in many of our old  
dramatists. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher :

" *Dor.* Shall we run for a wager to the next temple, and  
give thanks ?

" *Nis.* As fast as wishes. *Cupid's Revenge.*  
And again ; more appositely in the same play :

" *Timan.* There's a messenger, madam, come from the  
prince, with a letter to Ismenes."

" *Bacha.* This comes as pat as wishes."

‡ And, as I live, I never was good flatterer.] This is the  
language of the time ; the modern editors carefully interpolate  
the article before good, though it spoils the metre ; and  
in the next line omit still, though it be necessary to the  
sense !

*Pedro.* I shall think on't ;  
But how for me to get access ?  
*Ant.* 'Tis easy ;  
I'll be your guide, sir, all my care shall lead you ;  
My credit's better than you think.

*Pedro.* I thank you,  
And soon I'll wait your promise.

*Ant.* With all my duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Bedroom in the same.

*Enter VICEROY, DUKE, PAULO, and CUCULA.*

*Paulo.* All's as I tell you, princess ; you shall here  
Be witness to his fancies, melancholy,  
And strong imagination of his wrongs  
His inhumanity to Don Antonio,  
Hath rent his mind into so many pieces  
Of various imaginations, that,  
Like the celestial bow, this colour now's  
The object, then another, till all vanish.  
He says a man might watch to death, or fast,  
Or think his spirit out ; to all which humours  
I do apply myself, checking the bad,  
And cherishing the good. For these, I have  
Prepared my instruments, fitting his chamber  
With trapdoors, and descents ; sometimes presenting  
Good spirits of the air, bad of the earth,  
To pull down or advance his fair intentions.  
He's of a noble nature, yet sometimes  
Thinks that which by confederacy I do,  
Is by some skill in magic.

*Enter CARDENES, a book in his hand\*.*

Here he comes

Unsent. I do beseech you, what do you read, sir ?

*Car.* A strange position, which doth much perplex me :

That every soul's alike a musical instrument,

\* *Enter CARDENES, a book in his hand.*] The book appears to be Plato. The marginal direction in the old copy, which is wisely followed by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, is somewhat curious: *A bed drawn forth, Martino upon it, a book in his hand*; this must have contrasted in a singular manner with the doctor's exclamation: Here he comes *unsent*! The poorest strolling company in the poorest barn would not now be reduced to such shifts, as "those of his Majesty's servants" who performed this most excellent Comedy at the private-house in Blackfriars.

The faculties in all men equal strings,  
Well or ill handled; and those sweet or harsh.

[Exit Paulo.]

How like a fiddler I have play'd on mine then!  
Declined the high pitch of my birth and breeding,  
Like the most barbarous peasant; read my pride  
Upon Antonio's meek humility.  
Wherein he was far valiantier than I.  
Meekness, thou wait'st upon courageous spirits,  
Enabling sufferance past inflictions.  
In patience Tarent overcame me more  
Than in my wounds: live then, no more to men,  
Shut day-light from thine eyes, here cast thee down,  
And with a sullen sigh breathe forth thy soul—

Re-enter PAULO, disguised as a Friar.

What art? an apparition, or a man?

Paul. A man, and sent to counsel thee.

Car. Despair

Has stopped mine ears; thou seem'st a holy friar.

Paul. I am; by doctor Paulo sent, to tell thee  
Thou art too cruel to thyself, in seeking  
To lend compassion and aid to others.  
My order bids me comfort thee; I have heard all  
Thy various troubled passions. Hear but my story;  
In way of youth I did enjoy one friend\*,  
As good and perfect as heaven e'er made man,  
This friend was plighted to a beauteous woman  
(Nature proud of her workmanship), mutual love  
Possessed them both, her heart in his breast lodged,  
And his in hers.

\* In way of youth I did enjoy one friend. There is no passage in Shakespeare on which more has been written than the following one in *Macbeth*:

"I have lived long enough, my way of life

"Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf." &c.

For way of life Johnson would read *May of life*, in which he is followed by Colman, Langton, Steevens, and others: and Mr. Henley, a very confident gentleman, declares that he "has now no doubt that Shakespeare wrote *May of life*," which is also the "settled opinion" of Mr. Davies! At a subsequent period Steevens appears to have changed his opinion, and acquiesced in the old reading, *way of life*, which he interprets, with Mr. M. Mason, coarse or progress, precisely as Warburton, whom every *managing owl* hawks at, had done long before then. Mr. Malone follows the same track, and if the words had signified what he supposed them to do, nothing more would be necessary on the subject. The fact, however, is, that these ingenious writers have mistaken the phrase, which is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for *life: no way of youth*, in the text, is for *youth*. A few examples will make this clear:

"If that, when I was mistress of myself,

And in my way of youth, pure and untainted,

The emperor had vouchsafed," &c. Roman Actor.

i. e. in my youth.

"So much nobler

Shall be your way of justice." Thierry and Theodoret.

i. e. your justice.

"Thus ready for the way of death or life,

I wait the sharpest blow." Pertoles.

i. e. for death or life.

"If all the art I have, or power can do it,

He shall be found, and such a way of justice

Inflicted on him!" Queen of Corinth.

i. e. such justice. "Probably," say the editors, "we should

read *weight of justice: way is very flat!*"

"If we can wipe out

The way of your offences, we are yours, sir."

Valentinian.

i. e. your offences. "To wipe out the way," the same editors again remark, "seems a strange phrase; stain, we apprehend, will be allowed a better word; yet we should not have substituted it" (they actually fast it into the text), "had we not been persuaded that the old reading was corrupt!" And thus our best poets are edited!

It is unnecessary to proceed any further: indeed I should have been satisfied with fewer examples, had not my respect

Car. No more of love, good father,  
It was my surfeit, and I loath it now;  
As men in fevers meat they fell sick on.

Paul. Howe'er, 'tis worth your hearing. The

betroth'd lady

(The ties and duties of a friend forgotten),  
Spurr'd on by lust, I treacherously pursued;  
Contemn'd by her, and by my friend reproved;  
Despised by honest men, my conscience seized up,  
Love I converted into frantic rage;  
And by that false guide led, I summoned him  
In this bad cause, his sword 'gainst mine, to prove  
If he or I might claim most right in love,  
But fortune, that does sell or never give  
Success to right and virtue, made him fall  
Under my sword. Blood, blood, a friend's dear

blood,

A virtuous friend's, shed by a villain, me,  
In such a monstrous and unequal cause,  
Lies on my conscience.

Car. And durst thou live,

After this, to be so old? 'tis an illusion  
Raised up by charms: a man would not have lived  
Art quiet in thy bosom?

Paul. As the sleep

Of infants.

Car. My fault did not equal this;

Yet I have emptied my heart of joy.

Only to store sighs up. What were the arts  
That made thee live so long in rest?

Paul. Repentance

Hearty, that cleansed me; reason then confirmed  
me

I was forgiven, and took me to my hands. [Exit.

Car. I am in the wrong path; tender con-

science

Makes me forget mine honour; I have done

No evil like this, yet I pine; whilst he,

A few tears of his true contrition tendered,

Securely sleeps. Ha! where keeps peace of con-

science,

That I may buy her?—no where; not in life.

'Tis feigned that Jupiter two vessels placed,

The one with honey filled, the other gall,

At the entry of Olympus; destiny,

There brewing these together, suffers not

One man to pass, before he drinks this mixture.

Hence is it we have not an hour of life

In which our pleasures relish not some pain,

Our sours some sweetness. Love doth taste of both;

Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls,

Which makes us covet that which hurts us most,

Is not alone sweet, but partakes of tartness.

Duke. Is't not a strange effect?

Vice. Past precedent.

Cuc. His brain-pan's perished with his wounds—

go to,

I knew 'twould come to this.

Vice. Peace, man of wisdom.

Cuc. Pleasure's the book of evil; ease of care,

for Shakespeare made me desirous of disencumbering his page, by ascertaining, beyond the possibility of cavil, the meaning of an expression so long and so laboriously agitated. To return to *Macbeth: the sere and yellow leaf* is the commencement of the winter of life, or of old age; to this he has attained, and he laments, in a strain of inimitable pathos and beauty, that it is unaccompanied by those blessings which render it supportable. As his manhood was without virtue, so he has now before him the certain prospect of an old age without honour.

And so the general object of the court ;  
Yet some delights are lawful. Honour is  
Virtue's allow'd ascent ; honour, that clasps  
All-perfect justice in her arms, that craves  
No more respect than what she gives, that does  
Nothing but what she'll suffer — This distracts me,  
But I have found the right : had Don Antonio  
Done that to me, I did to him, I should have kill'd  
him ;

The injury so foul, and done in public,  
My footman would not bear it ; then in honour  
Wronged him so, I'll right him on myself :  
There's honour, justice, and full satisfaction  
Equally tender'd ; 'tis resolved, I'll do it.

[*They disarm him.*]

They take all weapons from me.

Duke. Bless my son !

*Re-enter PAULO, dressed like a Soldier, and the English  
Slave like a Courtier.*

Vice. The careful doctor's come again.

Duke. Rare man !

How shall I pay this debt ?

Cuc. He that is with him,

Is one o' the slaves he lately bought, he said,  
To accommodate his cure : he's English born,  
But French in his behaviour ; a delicate slave.

Vice. The slave is very fine.

Cuc. Your English slaves

Are ever so ; I have seen an English slave  
Far finer than his master : there's a state-point  
Worthy your observation.

Paul. On thy life,

Be perfect in thy lesson : fewer legs, slave.

Car. My thoughts are search'd and answer'd ;  
for I did

Desire a soldier and a courtier,  
To yield me satisfaction in some doubts  
Not yet concluded of.

Paul. Your doctor did  
Admit us, sir.

Slave. And we are at your service ;  
Whate'er it be, command it.

Car. You appear

A courtier in the race of Love ; how far  
In honour are you bound to run ?

Slave. I'll tell you,

You must not spare expense, but wear gay clothes,  
And you may be, too, prodigal of oaths,  
To win a mistress' favour ; not afraid  
To pass unto her through her chambermaid.  
You may present her gifts, and of all sorts,  
Feast, dance, and revel ; they are lawful sports :  
The choice of suitors you must not deny her,  
Nor quarrel, though you find a rival by her :  
Build on your own deserts, and ever be  
A stranger to love's enemy, jealousy,  
For that draws on —

Car. No more ; this points at me ;

[*Exit English Slave.*]

I ne'er observed these rules. Now speak, old  
soldier,

The height of Honour ?

Paul. No man to offend,

Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend ;  
Rather to suffer than to do wrong ;  
To make the heart no stranger to the tongue ;  
Provoked, not to betray an enemy,  
Nor eat his meat I choke with flattery ;  
Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my scars,

Or for my conscience, or my country's wars ;  
To aim at just things ; if we have wildly run  
Into offences, wish them all undone :

'Tis poor, in grief for a wrong done, to die,  
Honour, to dare to live, and satisfy.

Vice. Mark, how he winds him.

Duke. Excellent man !

Paul. Who fights

With passions, and o'ercomes them, is endued

With the best virtue, passive fortitude. [*Erit.*]

Car. Thou hast touch'd me, soldier ; oh ! this  
honour bears

The right stamp ; would all soldiers did profess

Thy good religion ! The discords of my soul

Are tuned, and make a heavenly harmony :

What sweet peace feel I now ! I am ravish'd with it.

Vice. How still he sits !

[*Music.*]

Cuc. Hark ! music.

Duke. How divinely

This artist gathers scatter'd sense ; with cunning

Composing the fair jewel\* of his mind,

Broken in pieces, and nigh lost before !

*Re-enter PAULO, dressed like a Philosopher, accom-  
panied by a good and evil Genius, who sing a song in  
alternate stanzas : during the performance of which  
PAULO goes off, and returns in his own shape.*

Vice. See Protean Paulo in another shape.

Paul. Away, I'll bring him shortly perfect, doubt  
not.

Duke. Master of thy great art !

Vice. As such we'll hold thee.

Duke. And study honours for him.

Cuc. I'll be sick

On purpose to take physic of this doctor.

[*Exeunt all but Cardenas and Paulo.*]

Car. Doctor, thou hast perfected a body's cure,  
To amaze the world, and almost cured a mind  
Near frenzy. With delight I now perceive,  
You, for my recreation, have invented  
The several objects, which my melancholy  
Sometimes did think you conjured, otherwhiles  
Imagined them chimeras. You have been  
My friar, soldier, philosopher,  
My poet, architect, physician ;  
Labour'd for me more than your slaves for you  
In their assistance : in your moral song†  
Of my good genius, and my bad, you have won me  
A cheerful heart, and banish'd discontent ;  
There being nothing wanting to my wishes,  
But once more, were it possible, to behold  
Don John Antonio.

Paul. There shall be letters sent  
Into all parts of Christendom, to inform him  
Of your recovery, which now, sir, I doubt not.

Car. What honours, what rewards can I heap on  
you !

Paul. That my endeavours have so well suc-  
ceeded,

Is a sufficient recompense. Pray you retire, sir,  
Not too much air so soon.

Car. I am obedient.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* Composing the fair jewel of his mind, &c. By jewel  
our old writers meant, as I have already observed, not so  
much a single precious stone, as a trinket formed of several,  
or what we call a piece of jewel-work.

† — in your moral song  
Of my good genius, and my bad, &c. This song is not  
given ; I do not know that it is much to be regretted, and  
yet it promises better than many of those with which we  
have been favoured.

## SCENE III.—A Room in Cuculo's House.

*Enter ALMIRA and LEONORA.*

*Leon.* How strangely  
This fellow runs in her mind!  
*Alm.* Do you hear, cousin?  
*Leon.* Her sadness clean forsaken!  
*Alm.* A poor slave  
Bought for my governess, say you?  
*Leon.* I hear so.  
*Alm.* And, do you think, a Turk?  
*Leon.* His habit shows it,  
At least bought for a Turk.  
*Alm.* Ay, that may be so.  
*Leon.* What if he were one naturally?  
*Alm.* Nay, 'tis nothing,  
Nothing to the purpose; and yet, methinks, 'tis  
strange  
Such handsomeness of mind, and civil outside,  
Should spring from those rude countries.  
*Leon.* If it be no more,  
I'll call our governess, and she can show you.  
*Alm.* Why, do you think it is?  
*Leon.* I do not think so.  
*Alm.* Fie! no, no, by no means; and to tell thee  
truth, wench,  
I am truly glad he is here, be what he will;  
Let him be still the same he makes a show of,  
For now we shall see something to delight us.  
*Leon.* And heaven knows, we have need on't.  
*Alm.* Heigh ho! my heart aches.  
Prithee, call in our governess.—[*Exit Leonora.*]  
Plague o' this fellow!  
Why do I think so much of him? how the devil  
Creep'd he into my head? and yet, beshrew me,  
Methinks I have not seen—I lie, I have seen  
A thousand handsomer, a thousand sweeter.  
But say this fellow were adorned as they are,  
Set off to show and glory!—What's that to me?  
Fie! what a fool am I, what idle fancies  
Buz in my brains!

*Re-enter LEONORA with BORACHIA.*

*Bora.* And how doth my sweet lady?  
*Leon.* She wants your company to make her merry.  
*Bora.* And how does master Pug, I pray you,  
madam?  
*Leon.* Do you mean her little dog?  
*Bora.* I mean his worship.  
*Leon.* Troubled with fleas a little.  
*Bora.* Alas! poor chicken!  
*Leon.* She's here, and drunk, very fine drunk,  
I take it;  
I found her with a bottle for her bolster,  
Lying along and making love.  
*Alm.* Borachia,  
Why, where hast thou been, wench? she looks not  
well, friend.  
Art not with child?  
*Bora.* I promise ye, I know not,  
I am sure my belly's full, and that's a shrewd sign:  
Besides I am shrewdly troubled with a tiego  
Here in my head, madam; often with this tiego,  
It takes me very often.  
*Leon.* I believe thee.  
*Alm.* You must drink wine.  
*Bora.* A little would do no harm, sure.  
*Leon.* 'Tis a raw humour blows into your head;  
Which good strong wine will temper.  
*Bora.* I thank your highness,  
I will be ruled, though much against my nature;

For wine I ever hated from my cradle:  
Yet for my good—

*Leon.* Ay, for your good, by all means.  
*Alm.* Borachia, what new fellow's that thou'st  
gotten  
(Now she will sure be free)? that hands  
stranger?  
*Bora.* How much wine must I drink, an't please  
your ladyship?  
*Alm.* She's finely greased. Why two or three  
round draughts, wench.  
*Bora.* Fasting?  
*Alm.* At any time.  
*Bora.* I shall hardly do it:  
But yet I'll try, good madam.  
*Leon.* Do; 'twill work well.  
*Alm.* But, prithee answer me, what is this fellow?  
*Bora.* I'll tell you two: but let it go no further.  
*Leon.* No, no, by no means.  
*Bora.* May I not drink before bed too?  
*Leon.* At any hour.  
*Bora.* And say in the night it take me?  
*Alm.* Drink then: but what's this man?  
*Bora.* I'll tell ye, madam,  
But pray you be secret; he's the great Turk's  
for certain,  
And a fine Christian; my husband bought him  
me;  
He's circumcised.  
*Leon.* He's circumcised, thou wouldst say.  
*Alm.* How dost thou know?  
*Bora.* I had an eye upon him;  
But even as sweet a Turk, an't like your  
ship,  
And speaks ye as pure pagan:—I'll assure ye,  
My husband had a notable pennyworth of him;  
And found me but the Turk's own son, his  
son  
By father and mother, madam!  
*Leon.* She's mad-drunk.  
*Alm.* Prithee Borachia, call him; I would see  
And tell thee how I like him.  
*Bora.* As fine a Turk, madam,  
For that which appertains to a true Turk—  
*Alm.* Prithee, call him.  
*Bora.* He waits here at the stairs:—Soon  
come hither.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

Pray you give me leave a little to instruct him,  
He's raw yet in the way of entertainment.  
Son slave, where's the other bottle?  
*Ant.* In the bed-straw,  
I hid it there.  
*Bora.* Go up, and make your honours.  
Madam, the tiego takes me now, now, madam;  
I must needs be unmannerly.  
*Alm.* Pray you be so.  
*Leon.* You know your cure.  
*Bora.* In the bed-straw?  
*Ant.* There you'll find it. [Exit *Bora.*]  
*Alm.* Come hither, sir: how long have  
served here?  
*Ant.* A poor time, madam, yet, to show  
service.  
*Alm.* I see thou art diligent.  
*Ant.* I would be, madam;  
'Tis all the portion left me, that and truth.  
*Alm.* Thou art but young.

*Ant.* Had fortune meant me so\*,  
Excellent lady, time had not much wrong'd me.

*Alm.* Wilt thou serve me?

*Ant.* In all my prayers, madam,

Else such a misery as mine but blasts you.

*Alm.* Beshrew my heart, he speaks well; wondrous honestly. [*Aside.*]

*Ant.* Madam, your loving lord stays for you.

*Leon.* I thank you.

Your pardon for an hour, dear friend.

*Alm.* Your pleasure.

*Leon.* I dearly thank you, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* My humblest service.

She views me narrowly, yet sure she knows me not: I dare not trust the time yet, nor I must not.

*Alm.* You are not as your habit shows?

*Ant.* No, madam,

His hand, that, for my sins, lies heavy on me,  
I hope will keep me from being a slave to the devil†.

*Alm.* A brave clear mind he has, and nobly season'd.

What country are you of?

*Ant.* A Biscan, lady‡.

*Alm.* No doubt, a gentleman?

*Ant.* My father thought so.

*Alm.* Ay, and I warrant thee a right fair woman

Thy mother was; he blushes, that confirms it.

Upon my soul, I have not seen such sweetness!

I prithee, blush again.

*Ant.* 'Tis a weakness, madam,

I am easily this way woo'd to.

*Alm.* I thank you.

Of all that e'er I saw, thou art the perfectest. [*Aside.*]

Now you must tell me, sir, for now I long for't—

*Ant.* What would she have?

*Alm.* The story of your fortune,

The hard and cruel fortune brought you hither.

*Ant.* That makes me stagger; yet I hope I'm bid still. [*Aside.*]

That I came hither, madam, was the fairest.

*Alm.* But how this misery you bear, fell on you?

*Ant.* Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem.

*Alm.* Come, I will have it; I command you tell it.

For such a speaker I would hear for ever.

*Ant.* Sure, madam, 'twill but make you sad and heavy,

Because I know your goodness full of pity;

And 'tis so poor a subject too, and to your ears,

That are acquainted with things sweet and easy,

So harsh a harmony.

*Alm.* I prithee speak it.

*Ant.* I ever knew obedience the best sacrifice.

Honour of ladies, then, first passing over

Some few years of my youth, that are impertinent,

\* *Ant.* Had fortune meant me so, Excellent lady, time had not much wrong'd me.] For so, Mr. M. Mason would read good, because, as he says, "a man's youth does not depend on fortune;" but this is not Massinger's meaning, which is, that if fortune had done him no wrong (referring to the concluding part of the sentence), he should have had but little to complain of time. In other words, that he was "but young," as Almira had observed.

† *from being a slave to the devil.* That is, from being a Mahomedan: his dress, it appears, was that of a Turk.

‡ *Ant.* A Biscan, lady.] Here Mr. M. Mason, for no better reason, that I can find, than spoiling the metre, reads, A Biscayan, lady.

Let me begin the sadness of my story,  
Where I began to lose myself, to love first.

*Alm.* 'Tis well, go forward; some rare piece I look for.

*Ant.* Not far from where my father lives, a lady,

A neighbour by, bless'd with as great a beauty

As nature durst bestow without undoing\*,

Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,

And bless'd the house a thousand times she dwelt in.

This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,

When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,

Nor I no way to flatter, but my fondness;

In all the bravery my friends could show me,

In all the faith my innocence could give me,

In the best language my true tongue could tell me,

And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,

I sued, and served: long did I love this lady,

Long was my travail, long my trade to win her;

With all the duty of my soul, I served her.

*Alm.* How feelingly he speaks! and she loved you too?

It must be so.

*Ant.* I would it had, dear lady;

This story had been needless, and this place,

I think, unknown to me.

*Alm.* Were your bloods equal?

*Ant.* Yes, and I thought our hearts too.

*Alm.* Then she must love.

*Ant.* She did—but never me; she could not love me,

She would not love, she hated, more, she scorn'd me,

And in so poor and base a way abused me,

For all my services, for all my bounties,

So bold neglects flung on me.

*Alm.* An ill woman!

Belike you found some rival in your love, then!

*Ant.* How perfectly she points me to my story! [*Aside.*]

Madam, I did; and one whose pride and anger,

Ill manners, and worse mien, she doted on,

Doted to my undoing, and my ruin.

And, but for honour to your sacred beauty,

And reverence to the noble sex, though she fall,

As she must fall that durst be so un noble,

I should say something unbecoming me.

What out of love, and worthy love, I gave her,

Shame to her most unworthy mind! to fools,

To girls, and fiddlers, to her boys she flung,

And in disdain of me.

*Alm.* Pray you take me with you†.

Of what complexion was she?

*Ant.* But that I dare not

Commit so great a sacrilege 'gainst virtue,

She look'd not much unlike—though far, far short.

Something I see appears—your pardon, madam—

Her eyes would smile so, but her eyes would cozen;

\* *As nature durst bestow without undoing,*] herself, as I suppose; for that is a frequent sentiment in these Plays. The remainder of this speech, and, indeed, of the whole scene, is beautiful beyond expression. The English language does not furnish so complete a specimen of sweetness, elegance, and simplicity, of all that is harmonious in poesis, tender in sentiment, and ardent in affection, as the passage beginning,

*This beauty, in the blossom of my youth, &c.*

† *Alm.* Pray you take me with you.] i. e. let me understand you. The last circumstance mentioned in Don John's speech seems to have recalled to her mind the flinging of the jewel with which he had presented her, to Cardenas' page.

And so she would look sad : but yours is pity,  
A noble chorus to my wretched story ;  
Here was disdain and cruelty.

*Alm.* Pray heaven  
Mine be no worse ! he has told me a strange story.

*[Aside.]*  
And said 'twould make me sad ! he is no liar.—  
But where begins this poor state ? I will have all,  
For it concerns me truly.

*Ant.* Last, to blot me  
From all remembrance what I had been to her,  
And how, how honestly, how nobly served her,  
'Twas thought she set her gallant to dispatch me.  
'Tis true, he quarrell'd without place or reason :  
We fought, I kill'd him ; heaven's strong hand was  
with me ;  
For which I lost my country, friends, acquaintance,  
And put myself to sea, where a pirate took me,  
Forcing the habit of a Turk upon me\*,  
And sold me here.

*Alm.* Stop there awhile ; but stay still.

*[Walks aside.]*  
In this man's story, how I look, how monstrous !  
How poor and naked now I shew ! what don John,  
In all the virtue of his life, but aimed at,  
This thing hath conquer'd with a tale, and carried.  
Forgive me, thou that guid'st me ! never conscience  
Touch'd me till now, nor true love : let me keep it.

*Re-enter LEONORA with PEDRO.*

*Leon.* She is there. Speak to her, you will find  
her alter'd.

*Pedro.* Sister, I am glad to see you, but far  
gladder,

To see you entertain your health so well.

*Alm.* I am glad to see you too, sir, and shall be  
gladder

Shortly to see you all.

*Pedro.* Now she speaks heartily.

What do you want ?

*Alm.* Only an hour of privateness ;  
I have a few thoughts—

*Pedro.* Take your full contentment,  
We'll walk aside again ; but first to you, friend,  
Or I shall much forget myself : my best friend,  
Command me ever, ever—you have won it.

*Ant.* Your lordship overflows me.

*Leon.* 'Tis but due, sir.

*[Exit Leonora and Pedro.]*  
*Alm.* He's there still. Come, sir, to your last  
part now,

Which only is your name, and I dismiss you.

Why, whither go you ?

*Ant.* Give me leave, good madam,

Or I must be so seeming rude to take it.

*Alm.* You shall not go, I swear you shall not go :  
I ask you nothing but your name ; you have one,  
And why should that thus fright you ?

*Ant.* Gentle madam,

I cannot speak ; pray pardon me, a sickness,  
That takes me often, ties my tongue : go from me,  
My fit's infectious, lady.

*Alm.* Were it death

In all his horrors, I must ask and know it ;

\* *Forcing this habit of a Turk upon me.* This line, which  
is of the more importance, as it furnishes the only reason  
why Don John appeared in such a dress, is wholly omitted  
by both the modern editors !

† *you have won it.* So the old  
copy, which I prefer as the simpler reading : the modern  
editors have *you have won me*. Some act of kindness must  
be supposed to pass on the side of Don Pedro.

Your sickness is unwillingness. Hard heart,  
To let a lady of my youth and place  
Beg thus long for a trifle !

*Ant.* Worthiest lady,  
Be wise, and let me go ; you'll bless me for't.  
Beg not that poison from me that will kill you.

*Alm.* I only beg your name, sir.

*Ant.* That will choke you ;

I do beseech you, pardon me.

*Alm.* I will not\*.

*Ant.* You'll curse me when you hear it.

*Alm.* Rather kiss thee ;

Why shouldst thou think so ?

*Ant.* Why, I bear that name,

And most unluckily as now it happens  
(Though I be innocent of all occasion).  
That, since my coming hither, people tell me  
You hate beyond forgiveness : now, heaven knows  
So much respect, although I am a stranger,  
Duty, and humble zeal, I bear your sweetness.  
That for the world I would not grieve your good-  
ness :

I'll change my name, dear madam.

*Alm.* People lie,

And wrong thy name ; thy name may save all others.

And make that holy to me, that I hated :

Prithee, what is't ?

*Ant.* Don John Antonio.

What will this woman do, what thousand changes  
Run through her heart and hands ? no fix'd thought  
in her !

She loves for certain now, but now I dare not.

Heaven guide me right !

*Alm.* I am not angry, sir,

With you, nor with your name ; I love it rather.

And shall respect you—you deserve—for this time  
I license you to go ; be not far from me,  
I shall call for you often.

*Ant.* I shall wait, madam.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter CUCULO.*

*Alm.* Now, what's the news with you ?

*Cuc.* My lord your father  
Sent me to tell your honour, prince Martino  
Is well recovered, and in strength.

*Alm.* Why, let him.—

The stories and the names so well agreeing,

And both so noble gentlemen.

*Cuc.* And more, an't please you—

*Alm.* It doth not please me, neither more nor  
less on't.

*Cuc.* They'll come to visit you.

*Alm.* They shall break through the doors then.

*[Exit.]*

*Cuc.* Here's a new trick of state ; this shows  
foul weather ;  
But let her make it when she please, I'll gain by it.

*[Exit.]*

\* *Ant.* That will choke you ;

*I do beseech you, pardon me.*

*Alm.* *I will not.* These two speeches are also omitted,  
not only by Coxeter, but by the " correctest" of editors, Mr.  
M. Mason !

† *Run through her heart and hands ?* For *hands*, Mr.  
M. Mason reads *head*. *Hands* is not likely to have been  
corrupted, and is, besides, as proper as the word which he  
arbitrarily introduces. It is very strange that this gentleman  
should give his reader no notice of his variations from Cox-  
eter, although he professes to do it in his Preface, and, stran-  
ger still, that he should presume them to be genuine, and  
agreeable to the old copy, which he never deigns to consult.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter Pirates, and the Slave that followed PAULO.

1 Pir. Sold for a slave, say'st thou?

Slave. 'Twas not so well;

Though I am bad enough, I personated  
Such base behaviour, barbarism of manners,  
With other pranks, that might deter the buyer,  
That the market yielded not one man that would  
Vouchsafe to own me.

1 Pir. What was thy end in it?

Slave. To be given away for nothing, as I was  
To the viceroy's doctor; with him I've continued  
In such contempt, a slave unto his slaves;  
His horse and dog of more esteem; and from  
That villainous carriage of myself, as if  
I'd been a lump of flesh without a soul,  
I drew such scorn upon me, that I pass'd,  
And pried in every place without observance.  
For which, if you desire to be made men,  
And by one undertaking, and that easy,  
You are bound to sacrifice unto my sufferings.  
The seed I sow'd, and from which you shall reap  
A plentiful harvest.

1 Pir. To the point; I like not  
These castles built in the air.

Slave. I'll make them real,  
And you the Neptunes of the sea; you shall  
No more be sea-rats\*.

1 Pir. Art not mad?

Slave. You have seen  
The star of Sicily, the fair Almira,  
The viceroy's daughter, and the beauteous ward  
Of the duke of Messina?

1 Pir. Madam Leonora.

Slave. What will you say, if both these princesses,  
This very night, for I will not delay you,  
Be put in your possession?

1 Pir. Now I dare swear  
Thou hast maggots in thy brains; thou wouldst not  
else,  
Talk of impossibilities.

Slave. Be still  
Incredulous.\*

1 Pir. Why, canst thou think we are able  
To force the court?

Slave. Are we able to force two women,  
And a poor Turkish slave? Where lies your pin-  
nace?

1 Pir. On a creek not half a league hence.

Slave. Can you fetch ladders  
To mount a garden wall?

2 Pir. They shall be ready.

Slave. No more words then, but follow me; and if  
I do not make this good, let my throat pay for't.

1 Pir. What heaps of gold these beauties would  
bring to us  
From the great Turk, if it were possible  
That this could be effected!

Slave. If it be not,  
I know the price on't.

1 Pir. And be sure to pay it.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—A Room in CUCULO's House.

Enter ANTONIO with a letter in his hand.

Ant. Her fair hand threw this from the window  
to me,

And as I took it up, she said, *Peruse it,  
And entertain a fortune offer'd to thee.—*  
What may the inside speak?

[Breaks it open, and reads.  
For satisfaction]

*Of the contempt I shou'd don John Antonio,  
Whose name thou bear'st, and in that dearer to me,  
I do profess I love thee—How!—'tis so—  
I love thee; this night wait me in the garden,  
There thou shalt know more—subscribed,*  
Thy Almira.

Can it be possible such levity  
Should wait on her perfections! when I was  
Myself, set off with all the grace of greatness,  
Pomp, bravery, circumstance, she hated me,  
And did profess it openly; yet now,  
Being a slave, a thing she should in reason  
Disdain to look upon; in this base shape,  
And, since I wore it, never did her service.  
To dote thus fondly!—And yet I should glory  
In her revolt from constancy, not accuse it,  
Since it makes for me. But, ere I go further,  
Or make discovery of myself, I'll put her  
To the utmost trial. *In the garden!* well,  
There I shall learn more. Women, giddy women!  
In her the blemish of your sex you prove,  
There is no reason for your hate or love. [Exit.]

## SCENE III.—A Garden belonging to the same.

Enter ALMIRA, LEONORA, and two Waiting Women.

Leon. At this  
Unseasonable time to be thus brave\*,  
No visitants expected! you amaze me.

Alm. Are these jewels set forth to the best ad-  
vantage  
To take the eye?

1 Wom. With our best care.

2 Wom. We never  
Better discharged our duties.

Alm. In my sorrows,  
A princess' name (I could perceive it) struck  
A kind of reverence in him, and my beauty,  
As then neglected, forced him to look on me  
With some sparks of affection; but now,  
When I would fan them to a glorious flame,  
I cannot be too curious. I wonder  
He stays so long.

Leon. These are strange fancies.

\* No more be sea-rats.) "you shall  
There be land-rats and water-rats  
(says Shylock), I mean pirates." Hence, I suppose, the  
allusion.

to be thus brave,) i. e. thus  
superbly drest. I shall be blamed for recurring so fre-  
quently to the ancient meaning of this expression; but as it  
is used in a different sense at present, there may be some  
small plea offered, perhaps, for recalling the reader's atten-  
tion, at intervals, to its original signification.

*Alm.* Go,  
 Eutreat—I do forget myself—command  
 My governess' gentleman—her slave, I should say,  
 To wait me instantly;—[*Exit 1 Woman.*—and yet  
 already  
 He's here: his figure graven on my heart,  
 Never to be razed out.

*Enter Pirates, and the Slave.*

*Slave.* There is the prize,  
 Is it so rich that you dare not seize upon it?  
 Here I begin. [*Seizes Almira.*  
*Alm.* Help! villain!  
*1 Pir.* You are mine. [*Seizes Leonora.*  
*2 Pir.* Though somewhat coarse, you'll serve  
 after a storm,  
 To bid fair weather welcome. [*Seizes 2 Woman.*  
*Leon.* Ravisher!  
 Defend me, heaven!  
*Alm.* No aid near!  
*2 Wom.* Help!  
*Slave.* Dispatch.  
 No glove nor handkerchief to stop their mouths?  
 Their cries will reach the guard, and then we are  
 lost.

*Re-enter 1 Woman, with ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* What shrieks are these? from whence? O  
 blessed saints,  
 What sacrilege to beauty! do I talk,  
 When 'tis almost too late to do!—[*Forces a sword*  
*from the Slave.*—Take that.  
*Slave.* All set upon him.  
*1 Pir.* Kill him.  
*Ant.* You shall buy  
 My life at a dear rate, you rogues.

*Enter PEDRO, CUCULO, BORACHIA, and Guard.*

*Cuc.* Down with them!  
*Pedro.* Unheard-of treason!  
*Bora.* Make in, loggerhead;  
 My son slave fights like a dragon: take my bottle,  
 Drink courage out on't.  
*Ant.* Madam, you are free.  
*Pedro.* Take comfort, dearest mistress.  
*Cuc.* O you micher,  
 Have you a hand in this?  
*Slave.* My aims were high;  
 Fortune's my enemy; to die's the worst,  
 And that I look for.

*1 Pir.* Vengeance on your plots!

*Pedro.* The rack at better leisure shall force from  
 them

A full discovery: away with them.

*Cuc.* Load them with irons.

*Bora.* Let them have no wine

[*Exit Guard with Pirates and Slave.*

To comfort their cold hearts.

*Pedro.* Thou man of men!

*Leon.* A second Hercules.

*Alm.* An angel thus disguised.

*Pedro.* What thanks?

*Leon.* What service?

*Bora.* He shall serve me, by your leave, no ser-  
 vice else.

*Ant.* I have done nothing but my duty, madam;  
 And if the little you have seen exceed it,  
 The thanks due for it pay my watchful master,  
 And this my sober mistress,

*Bora.* He speaks truth, madam.  
 I am very sober.

*Pedro.* Far beyond thy hopes  
 Expect reward.

*Alm.* We'll straight to court, and there  
 It is resolved what I will say and do.  
 I am faint, support me.

*Pedro.* This strange accident  
 Will be heard with astonishment. Come, friend,  
 You have made yourself a fortune, and deserve it.  
 [*Exit Alm.*

#### SCENE IV.

*A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.*

*Enter Viceroy, Duke of MESSINA, and PAUL.*

*Duke.* Perfectly cured!

*Paul.* As such I will present him:  
 The thanks be given to heaven.

*Duke.* Thrice-reverend man,  
 What thanks but will come short of thy desert?  
 Or bounty, though all we possess were given thee,  
 Can pay thy merit? I will have thy statue  
 Set up in brass.

*Vice.* Thy name made the sweet subject  
 Of our best poems; thy unequal'd cures  
 Recorded to posterity.

*Paul.* Such false glories  
 (Though the desire of fame be the last weakness  
 Wise men put off\*) are not the marks I shoot at.  
 But, if I have done any thing that may challenge  
 Your favours, mighty princes, my request is,  
 That for the good of such as shall succeed me,  
 A college for physicians may be  
 With care and cost erected, in which no man  
 May be admitted to a fellowship,  
 But such as by their vigilant studies shall  
 Deserve a place there; this magnificence,  
 Posterity shall thank you for.

*Vice.* Rest assured,  
 In this, or any boon you please to ask,  
 You shall have no repulse.

*Paul.* My humblest service  
 Shall ne'er be wanting. Now, if you so please,  
 I'll fetch my princely patient, and present him.

*Duke.* Do; and imagine in what I may serve you.  
 And, by my honour, with a willing hand  
 I will subscribe to't. [*Exit Paul.*

*Enter PEDRO, ALMIRA, LEONORA, ANTONIO, CUCULO,  
 BORACHIA, and Guard.*

*Cuc.* Make way there.

*Vice.* My daughter!  
 How's this! a slave crown'd with a civic garland!  
 The mystery of this?

*Pedro.* It will deserve  
 Your hearing and attention: such a truth  
 Needs not rhetorical flourishes, and therefore  
 With all the brevity and plainness that  
 I can, I will deliver it. If the old Romans,  
 When of most power and wisdom did decree  
 A wreath like this to any common soldier  
 That saved a citizen's life, the bravery

\* Though the desire of fame be the last weakness  
 Wise men put off. ] So Milton beautifully calls fame,  
 "That last infirmity of noble minds;" a thought for which  
 he, as well as Massinger, was probably indebted to Tacitus.  
 Quando etiam sapientibus cupido glorie novissima erit-  
 tur.—Hist. 11. 6. Or rather to Simplicius: Διο εἰς  
 εσχάτος λεγεται των παθων χιτων η φιλοδοξια,  
 διοτι των αλλων πολλας δι' αυτην αποδιδωμεν  
 αυτη προσισχεται τη ψυκη.—Comm. ad Epict. xlviii.

And valour of this man may justly challenge  
Triumphant laurel. This last night a crew  
Of pirates brake in signior Cuculo's house,  
With violent rudeness seizing on my sister,  
And my fair mistress; both were in their power,  
And ready to be forced hence, when this man  
Unarm'd came to their rescue, but his courage  
Soon furnish'd him with weapons; in a word,  
The lives and liberties of these sweet ladies  
You owe him for: the rovers are in hold,  
And ready, when you please, for punishment.

*Vice.* As an induction of more to come,  
Receive this favour.

*Duke.* With myself, my son  
Shall pay his real thanks. He comes; observe now  
Their amorous meeting.

*Re-enter PAULO with CARDEWES.*

*Car.* I am glad you are well, lady.

*Alm.* I grieve not your recovery.

*Vice.* So coldly!

*Duke.* Why fall you off?

*Car.* To shun captivity, sir,

I was too long a slave, I'll now be free.

*Alm.* 'Tis my desire you should. Sir, my affection

To him was but a trifle, which I play'd with  
In the childhood of my love; which now, grown  
older,

I cannot like of.

*Vice.* Strange inconstancy!

*Car.* 'Tis judgment, sir, in me, or a true debt  
Tender'd to justice, rather. My first life,  
Loaden with all the follies of a man,  
Or what could take addition from a woman,  
Was by my headstrong passions, which o'er-ruled  
My understanding, forfeited to death:  
But this new being, this my second life,  
Begun in serious contemplation of  
What best becomes a perfect man, shall never  
Sink under such weak frailties.

*Duke.* Most unlook'd for!

*Paul.* It does transcend all wonders.

*Car.* 'Tis a blessing

I owe your wisdom, which I'll not abuse:  
But if you envy your own gift, and will  
Make me that wretched creature which I was,  
You then again shall see me passionate,  
A lover of poor trifles, confident  
In man's deceiving strength, or falser fortune;  
Jealous, revengeful, in unjust things daring.  
Injurious, quarrelsome, stored with all diseases  
The beastly part of man infects his soul with,  
And to remember what's the worst, once more  
To love a woman: but till that time never. [Exit.]

*Vice.* Stand you affected so to men, Almira?

*Alm.* No, sir; if so, I could not well discharge  
What I stand bound to pay you, and to nature.  
Though prince Martino does profess a hate  
To womankind, 'twere a poor world for women,  
Were there no other choice, or all should follow  
The example of this new Hippolitus:  
There are men, sir, that can love, and have loved  
truly;

Nor am I desperate but I may deserve

One that both can and will so.

*Vice.* My allowance

Shall rank with your good liking, still provided  
Your choice be worthy.

*Alm.* In it I have used

The judgment of my mind, and that made clearer  
With calling oft to heaven it might be so.  
I have not sought a living comfort from  
The reverend ashes of old ancestors;  
Nor given myself to the mere name and titles  
Of such a man, that, being himself nothing,  
Derives his substance from his grandsire's tomb:  
For wealth, it is beneath my birth to think on't,  
Since that must wait upon me, being your daughter;  
No, sir, the man I love, though he wants all  
The setting forth of fortune, gloss and greatness,  
Has in himself such true and real goodness,  
His parts so far above his low condition,  
That he will prove an ornament, not a blemish,  
Both to your name and family.

*Pedro.* What strange creature  
Hath she found out?

*Leon.* I dare not guess.

*Alm.* To hold you

No longer in suspense, this matchless man,  
That saved my life and honour, is my husband,  
Whom I will serve with duty.

*Bora.* My son slave!

*Vice.* Have you your wits?

*Bora.* I'll not part with him so.

*Cuc.* 'Tis I foresaw too.

*Vice.* Do not jest thyself

Into the danger of a father's anger.

*Alm.* Jest, sir! by all my hope of comfort in him,  
I am most serious. Good sir, look upon him;  
But let it be with my eyes, and the care  
You should owe to your daughter's life and safety  
Of which, without him, she's incapable,  
And you'll approve him worthy.

*Vice.* O thou shame

Of women! thy sad father's curse and scandal!  
With what an impious violence thou tak'st from  
him

His few short hours of breathing!

*Paul.* Do not add, sir,

Weight to your sorrow in the ill-hearing of it.

*Vice.* From whom, degenerate monster, flow these  
low

And base affections in thee? what strange philtres  
Hast thou received? what witch with dammed spells  
Deprived thee of thy reason? Look on me,  
Since thou art lost unto thyself, and learn,  
From what I suffer for thee, what strange tortures  
Thou dost prepare thyself.

*Duke.* Good sir, take comfort;

The counsel you bestow'd on me, make use of.

*Paul.* This villain (for such practices in that  
nation

Are very frequent), it may be, hath forced,  
By cunning potions, and by sorcerous charms,  
This frenzy in her.

*Vice.* Sever them.

*Alm.* I grow to him.

*Vice.* Carry the slave to torture, and wrest from  
him,

By the most cruel means, a free confession  
Of his impostures.

*Alm.* I will follow him,

And with him take the rack.

*Bora.* No; hear me speak,

I can speak wisely: hurt not my son slave,  
But rack or hang my husband, and I care not;  
For I'll be bound body to body with him,  
He's very honest, that's his fault.

*Vice.* Take hence

This drunken beast.

*Born.* Drunk! am I drunk? bear witness.

*Cuc.* She is indeed distemper'd.

*Vice.* Hang them both,

If e'er more they come near the court.

*Cuc.* Good air,

You can recover dead men; can you cure

A living drunkenness?

*Paul.* 'Tis the harder task:

Go home with her, I'll send you something that

Shall once again bring her to better temper,

Or make her sleep for ever.

*Cuc.* Which you please, sir.

[*Exeunt Cuculo and Borachia.*]

*Vice.* Why linger you? rack him first, and after  
break him

Upon the wheel.

*Pedro.* Sir, this is more than justice.

*Ant.* Is't death in Sicily to be beloved

Of a fair lady?

*Leon.* Though he be a slave,

Remember yet he is a man.

*Vice.* I am deaf

To all persuasions:—drag him hence.

[*The Guard carry off Antonio.*]

*Alm.* Do, tyrant,

No more a father, feast thy cruelty

Upon thy daughter; but hell's plagues fall on me,

If I inflict not on myself whatever

He can endure for me.

*Vice.* Will none restrain her?

*Alm.* Death hath a thousand doors to let out life,

I shall find one. If Portia's burning coals,

The knife of Lucrece, Cleopatra's aspics,

Famine, deep waters, have the power to free me

From a loath'd life, I'll not an hour outlive him.

*Pedro.* Sister!

*Leon.* Dear cousin!

[*Exit Almira, followed by Pedro and Leon.*]

*Vice.* Let her perish.

*Paul.* Hear me:

The effects of violent love are desperate,

And therefore in the execution of

The slave be not too sudden. I was present

When he was bought, and at that time myself

Made purchase of another; he that sold them

Said that they were companions of one country;

Something may rise from this to ease your sorrows.

By circumstance I'll learn what's his condition;

In the mean time use all fair and gentle means

To pacify the lady.

*Vice.* I'll endeavour,

As far as grief and anger will give leave,

To do as you direct me.

*Duke.* I'll assist you.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—A Room in the Prison.

*Enter PEDRO and Keeper.*

*Pedro.* Hath he been visited already?

*Keep.* Yes, sir,

Like one of better fortune; and to increase

My wonder of it, such as repair to him,

In their behaviour, rather appear

Servants, than friends to comfort him.

*Pedro.* Go fetch him.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

I am bound in gratitude to do more than wish

The life and safety of a man that hath

So well deserved me.

*Re-enter Keeper with ANTONIO in his former dress, and Servant.*

*Keep.* Here he is, my lord.

*Pedro.* Who's here? thou art no conjuror to raise  
A spirit in the best shape man e'er appear'd in.

My friend, the prince of Tarent! doubts forsaken,  
I must and will embrace him.

*Ant.* Pedro holds

One that loves life for nothing, but to live

To do him service.

*Pedro.* You are he, most certain.

Heaven ever make me thankful for this bounty!

Run to the viceroy, let him know this rarity.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

But how came you here thus?—Yet, since I have you,  
Is't not enough I bless the prosperous means  
That brought you hither?

*Ant.* Dear friend, you shall know all;  
And though in thankfulness I should begin  
Where you deliver'd me—

*Pedro.* Pray you pass that over,

That's not worth the relation.

*Ant.* You confirm

True friends love to do courtesies, not to bear them.

But I'll obey you. In our tedious passage

Towards Malta—I may call it so, for hardly

We had lost the ken of Sicily, but we were

Becalmd and hull'd so up and down twelve hours:

When to our more misfortunes, we descried

Eight well-mann'd galleies making amain for us,

Of which the arch Turkish pirate, cruel Dragut,

Was admiral: I'll not speak what I did

In our defence, but never man did more

Than the brave captain that you sent forth with me.

All would not do; courage oppress'd with number.

We were boarded, pillaged to the skin, and after

Twice sold for slaves; by the pirate first, and after

By a Maltese, to signior Cuculo,

Which I repent not, since there 'twas my fortune

To be to you, my best friend, some ways useful—

I thought to cheer you up with this short story.

But you grow sad on't.

*Pedro.* Have I not just cause,

When I consider I could be so stupid

As not to see a friend through all disguises;

Or be so far to question my true love,

To keep himself conceal'd?

*Ant.* 'Twas fit to do so,

And not to grieve you with the knowledge of

What then I was; where now I appear to you\*.

Your sister loving me, and Martino safe,

Like to myself and birth.

*Pedro.* May you live long so!

How dost thou, honest friend (your trustiest ser-

vant)?

Give me thy hand:—I now can guess by whom

You are thus furnish'd.

*Ant.* Troth he met with me

As I was sent to prison, and there brought me

Such things as I had use of.

\* *What then I was; where now I appear to you.* Ten times, in the course of this very play, to say nothing of all the rest, where occurs in the sense of *whereas*; yet Mr. M. Mason profits nothing by it. He alters, and interpolates at will, and fabricates a line, which can only be matched by that which I have already noticed.

*What then I was; for whereas now I appear to you!* To use his just and modest reproof to the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher: "The mode of expression is so common, that I am surprised that the gentleman should have arrived at the last volume without being better acquainted with it!"

*Pedro.* Let's to court;  
My father never saw a man so welcome  
As you'll be to him.

*Ant.* May it prove so, friend! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter VICEROY, Duke of MESSINA, CARDENES, PAULO,  
Captain, ALMIRA, LEONORA, Waiting Women,  
and Attendants.

*Vice.* The slave changed to the prince of Tarent,  
says he!

*Capt.* Yes, sir, and I the captain of the fort,  
Worthy of your displeasure, and the effect of't,  
For my deceiving of that trust your excellency  
Reposed in me.

*Paul.* Yet since all hath fallen out  
Beyond your hopes, let me become a suitor,  
And a prevailing one, to get his pardon.

*Alm.* O, dearest Leonora, with what forehead  
Dare I look on him now? too powerful Love,  
The best strength of thy unconfined empire  
Lies in weak women's hearts: thou art feign'd blind,  
And yet we borrow our best sight from thee.  
Could it be else, the person still the same,  
Affection over me such power should have,  
To make me scorn a prince, and love a slave?

*Car.* But art thou sure 'tis he?

*Capt.* Most certain, sir.

*Car.* Is he in health, strong, vigorous, and as able  
As when he left me dead?

*Capt.* Your own eyes, sir,

Shall make good my report.

*Car.* I am glad of it,  
And take you comfort in it, sir, there's hope,  
Fair hope left for me, to repair mine honour.

*Duke.* What's that?

*Car.* I will do something that shall speak me  
Messina's son.

*Duke.* I like not this: one word, sir.

*Vice.* We'll prevent it.

Nay, look up my Almira; now I approve  
Thy happy choice; I have forgot my anger;  
I freely do forgive thee.

*Alm.* May I find

Such easiness in the wrong'd prince of Tarent!  
I then were happy.

*Leon.* Rest assured you shall.

Enter ANTONIO, PEDRO, and Servant.

*Vice.* We all with open arms haste to embrace  
you.

*Duke.* Welcome, most welcome!

*Car.* Stay.

*Duke.* 'Twas this I fear'd.

*Car.* Sir, 'tis best known to you, on what strict  
terms

The reputation of men's fame and honours  
Depends in this so punctual age, in which  
A word that may receive a harsh construction  
Is answer'd and defended by the sword:  
And you, that know so much, will, I presume,  
Be sensibly tender of another's credit,  
As you would guard your own.

*Ant.* I were unjust else.

*Car.* I have received from your hands wounds  
and deep ones,

My honour in the general report  
Tainted and soil'd, for which I will demand  
This satisfaction—that you would forgive

My contumelious words and blow, my rash  
And unadvised wildness first threw on you.  
Thus I would teach the world a better way,  
For the recovery of a wounded honour,  
Than with a savage fury, not true courage,  
Still to run headlong on.

*Ant.* Can this be serious?

*Car.* I'll add this, he that does wrong, not alone  
Draws, but makes sharp, his enemy's sword against  
His own life and his honour. I have paid for't;  
And wish that they who dare most, would learn  
from me,

Not to maintain a wrong, but to repent it.

*Paul.* Why, this is like yourself.

*Car.* For further proof,

Here, sir, with all my interest, I give up  
This lady to you.

*Vice.* Which I make more strong  
With my free grant.

*Alm.* I bring mine own consent,  
Which will not weaken it.

*Alm.* All joy confirm it!

*Ant.* Your unexpected courtesies amaze me,  
Which I will study with all love and service  
To appear worthy of.

*Paul.* Pray you, understand, sir,  
There are a pair of suitors more, that gladly  
Would hear from you as much as the pleased  
viceroy

Hath said unto the prince of Tarent.

*Duke.* Take her,

Her dowry shall be answerable to  
Her birth and your desert.

*Pedro.* You make both happy.

*Ant.* One only suit remains; that you would  
please

To take again into your highness' favour  
This honest captain: let him have your grace;  
What's due to his much merit, shall from me  
Meet liberal rewards.

*Vice.* Have your desire.

*Ant.* Now may all here that love, as they are  
friends

To our good fortunes, find like prosperous ends.

[Exeunt.]

## EPILOGUE.

Custom, and that a law we must obey,  
In the way of epilogue bids me something say,  
How'er to little purpose, since we know,  
If you are pleased, unbegg'd you will bestow  
A gentle censure: on the other side,  
If that this play deserve to be decried  
In your opinions, all that I can say  
Will never turn the stream the other way.  
Your gracious smiles will render us secure;  
Your frowns without despair we must endure\*.

\* This is one of the most agreeable productions of Massinger. However extravagant the principal event may appear, the manner in which it is conducted is sufficiently regular. With such occasional interruptions as must be expected and pardoned in all these dramas (for the interludes will have their admittance), it maintains its predominance, and proceeds to the conclusion which is provided for it at the commencement. The intermediate parts are a mixture of affecting seriousness, strong, though frequently coarse humour, and elegant tenderness. The reader must have particularly remarked these qualities in the opening of the second act, in the sale of the slaves, and the charming, but too short, scene in which Leonora endeavours to soothe the agitations of Almira. Act III. sc. iv. The last of these is a happy

specimen of genuine feeling, supporting itself on the justest principle; and it will be difficult to produce from any of our poets a passage written with more beauty of expression, or more delicacy and elevation of thought. The scene first mentioned has a secret connexion with this; and it is honourable to the discernment of Massinger that he has represented the feelings of friendship with equal truth and variety in the tender solicitude of Leonora, and the magnanimous proposal of Pedro.

Every reader must feel the peculiar charms of the scene in which Don John relates to Almira his real history, under the appearance of another person. Her strong curiosity, prompted by her love; the growing conviction of her own misconduct; and the effect of his discovery, are represented in the liveliest manner; and this is the more remarkable, as Massinger is not generally happy in the management of artificial meanings and double situations.

The characters are studiously contrasted, and throw vivid lights on each other by their opposing qualities. The dignity and moderation of the viceroy (till he loses his own constancy in his supposed misfortunes), show, with increased effect; the unadvised impatience of the duke: the courageous calmness of Don John heightens the offence of the insulting temper of Cardenes,—and the vehemence of Almira becomes more alarming through the very checks offered to it by the prudence of Leonora. There is a further contrivance in the violence of spirit which marks Cardenes and Almira: that of the former, while it indisposes us towards him, makes him

more liable to the strong impression which ends in the abandonment of his passion; and thus a double facility is created for the success of Don John. Almira, too, prepares her own change of mind, through the very intemperance which she declares her fixed resolution. This is one of the familiar expedients of Massinger. Constancy does not dwell with the outrageous assertion of it, and the reader knows, from the very first act, that Cardenes, violently favoured and indiscreetly proclaimed, is certain to be abandoned.

I will not dwell on the maxim upon which this Play is founded, that women have no reason for their "hate." If its severity is complained of, let it be remembered that Massinger exposes, with much more frequency wrong conduct of the men, and that he seems to take pleasure in punishing them for their unreasonable suspicious jealousies. This has been already observed in *The Duke*. Notwithstanding this difference in their objects, two Plays have several points of resemblance. The reader will remember Cleora's resolution to marry a supposed—the consternation of her friends—the reservation of true character of Plauder, and the effect of its final disclosure. The peculiarity of the present Play, is the double appearance of Don John, and Almira's whimsical rejection and unconscious acceptance of the same person; and it is contrived with equal skill and novelty of effect.

DR. ISKRA

# THE BASHFUL LOVER.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.] This Tragi-comedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels, May 9th, 1636. It is the last of Massinger's pieces which are come down to us, though he continued to write for the stage to the period of his death, which happened about four years after the date of the present Play.

The plot is wild but pleasing. It probably originated from some forgotten collection of Italian tales; where the events bore nearly the same proportion to the true history of that country, as the circumstances recorded by the supposititious Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis bear to what actually took place in the wars of Troy.

*The Bashful Lover* was extremely well received at its first appearance: it continued to be a favourite, and was "often acted," the old copy says, "by his late Majesty's servants, with great applause." It was performed at Blackfriars.

There is but one edition of this Play, which, with *The Guardian* and *Bashful Lover*, was printed in octavo, by H. Mosely, 1655. In the notes to *The Guardian*, it is spoken of as a *quarto*: this is an oversight occasioned by the habitual use of the word in the preceding pages.

## PROLOGUE.

THIS from our author, far from all offence  
To abler writers, or the audience  
Met here to judge his poem. He, by me,  
Presents his service, with such modesty  
As well becomes his weakness. 'Tis no crime,  
He hopes, as we do, in this curious time,  
To be a little diffident, when we are  
To please so many with one bill of fare.  
Let others, building on their merit, say  
You're in the wrong, if you move not that  
way

Which they prescribe you; as you were bound to  
learn

Their maxims, but incapable to discern  
'Twixt truth and falsehood. Our's had rather be  
Censured by some for too much obsequy,  
Than tax'd of self-opinion. If he hear  
That his endeavours thrived, and did appear  
Worthy your view (though made so by your grace,  
With some desert), he in another place  
Will thankfully report, one leaf of bays  
Truly conferr'd upon this work, will raise  
More pleasure in him, you the givers free,  
Than garlands ravish'd from the virgin tree.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GONZAGA, duke of Mantua.  
LORENZO, duke of Tuscany.  
LIBERTI, prince of Parma.  
FARNEZE, cousin to Gonzaga.  
ALONZO, the ambassador, nephew to Lorenzo.  
MANFROY, a lord of Mantua.  
OCTAVIO, formerly general to Gonzaga, but now in exile.  
GOTHRIO, his servant.  
GALEAZZO, a Milanese prince, disguised under the name  
of Hortensio.  
JULIO, his attendant.

PIRANO, Florentine Officers.  
MARTINO, Captains.  
Milanese Ambassador.  
Doctor.

MATILDA, daughter to Gonzaga.  
BEATRICE, her waiting woman.  
MARIA, daughter to Octavio, disguised as a page, and  
called Ascanio.  
Waiting Women.  
Captains, Soldiers, Guard, Attendants, Page, &c.

SCENE, partly in Mantua, and partly in the duchy.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—Mantua. A Space before the Palace.

Enter HORTENSIO and JULIO.

Jul. I dare not cross you, sir, but I would gladly (Provided you allow it) render you My personal attendance.

Hort. You shall better Discharge the duty of an honest servant, In following my instructions, which you have Received already, than in questioning What my intents are, or upon what motives My stay's resolved in Mantua: believe me, That servant overdoes, that's too officious; And, in presuming to direct your master, You argue him of weakness, and yourself Of arrogance and impertinence.

Jul. I have done, sir;

But what my ends are—

Hort. Honest ones, I know it. I have my bills of exchange, and all provisions Entrusted to you; you have shown yourself Just and discreet, what would you more? and yet, To satisfy in some part your curious care, Hear this, and leave me: I desire to be Obscured; and, as I have demean'd myself These six months past in Mantua, I'll continue Unnoted and unknown, and, at the best, Appear no more than a gentleman, and a stranger That travels for his pleasure.

Jul. With your pardon, This hardly will hold weight, though I should swear it,

With your noble friends and brother.

Hort. You may tell them, Since you will be my tutor, there's a rumour, Almost cried up into a certainty, Of wars with Florence, and that I'm determined To see the service: whatever I went forth, Heaven prospering my intents, I would come home A soldier, and a good one.

Jul. Should you get A captain's place, nay, colonel's, 'twould add little To what you are; few of your rank will follow That dangerous profession.

Hort. 'Tis the noblest, And monarchs honour'd in it: but no more, On my displeasure.

[Exit.

Jul. Saints and angels guard you!

Hort. A war, indeed, is threaten'd, nay, expected, From Florence; but it is 'gainst me already Proclaim'd in Mantua; I find it here, No foreign, but intestine war: I have Defied myself\*, in giving up my reason

\* ———— I have

Defied myself, &c.] So the old copy: for *defied*, the last editor reads *destroyed* myself. It is evident that he did not enter into the sense of his author, who is describing a man in a state of warfare with himself. Leading a man into captivity after he is destroyed, is not precisely the way in which Massinger usually proceeds, whatever may be thought of it by Mr. M. Mason.

A slave to passion, and am led captive Before the battle's fought: I fainted, when I only saw mine enemy, and yielded, Before that I was charged; and, though defeated, I dare not sue for mercy. Like Ixion, I look on Juno, and feel my heart turn cinders With an invisible fire; and yet, should she Deign to appear clothed in a various cloud, The majesty of the substance is so sacred, I durst not clasp the shadow. I behold her With adoration, feast my eye, while all My other senses starve, and, oft frequenting The place which she makes happy with her presence,

I never yet had power with tongue or pen To move her to compassion, or make known What 'tis I languish for; yet I must gaze still, Though it increase my flame:—however, I Much more than fear I am observed, and censured For bold intrusion. [Ifella

Enter BEATRICE and ASCANIO.

Beat. Know you, boy, that gentleman?

Asc. Who? monsieur melancholy! hath not your honour

Mark'd him before?

Beat. I have seen him often wait About the princess' lodgings, but ne'er guess'd What his designs were.

Asc. No! what a sigh he breath'd now! Many such will blow up the roof: on my small credit

There's gunpowder in them.

Beat. How, crack! gunpowder? He's flesh and blood, and devils only carry Such roaring stuff about them: you cannot prove He is or spirit or conjuror.

Asc. That I grant, But he's a lover, and that's as bad; their sighs Are like petards, and blow all up.

Beat. A lover! I have been in love myself, but never found yet That it could work such strange effects.

Asc. True, madam, In women it cannot; for when they miss the joying

Of their full wishes, all their sighs and heigh-bos, At the worst, breed tympanies, and these are can too

With a kiss or two of their saint, when he appears Between a pair of sheets: but with us men The case is otherwise.

Beat. You will be breech'd, boy, For your physical maxims.—But how are you assured

He is a lover?

Asc. Who, I? I know with whom too, But that is to be whisper'd. [Whisper

Beat. How the princess! The unparallel'd Matilda! some proof of it; I'll pay for my intelligence.

*Asc.* Let me kiss  
Your honour's hand; 'twas ever fair, but now  
Beyond comparison.

*Beat.* I guess the reason.  
A giving hand is still fair to the receiver.

*Asc.* Your ladyship's in the right; but to the purpose.

He is my client, and pays his fees as duly  
As ever usurer did in a bad cause  
To his man of law; and yet I get, and take them  
Both easily and honestly: all the service  
I do him, is, to give him notice when  
And where the princess will appear; and that  
I hope's no treason. If you miss him, when  
She goes to the vesper or the matins, hang me;  
Or when she takes the air, be sure to find him  
Near her coach, at her going forth, or coming back:  
But if she walk, he's ravish'd. I have seen him  
Smell out her footing like a lime-hound, and nose it\*  
From all the rest of her train.

*Beat.* Yet I ne'er saw him  
Present her a petition.

*Asc.* Nor e'er shall:  
He only sees her, sighs, and sacrifices  
A tear or two—then vanishes.

*Beat.* 'Tis most strange:  
What a sad aspect he wears! but I'll make use of't.  
The princess is much troubled with the threats  
That come from Florence; I will bring her to him,  
The novelty may afford her sport, and help  
To purge deep melancholy. Boy, can you stay  
Your client here for the third part of an hour?  
I have some ends in't.

*Asc.* Stay him, madam! fear not:  
The present receipt of a round sum of crowns,  
And that will draw most gallants from their prayers,  
Cannot drag him from me.

*Beat.* See you do. [Exit.

*Asc.* Ne'er doubt me.  
I'll put him out of his dream. Good morrow, signior.

*Hort.* My little friend, good morrow. Hath the  
princess

Slept well to-night?

*Asc.* I hear not from her women  
One murmur to the contrary.

*Hort.* Heaven be praised for't!  
Does she go to church this morning?

*Asc.* Troth, I know not;  
I keep no key of her devotion, signior.

*Hort.* Goes she abroad? pray tell me.

*Asc.* 'Tis thought rather  
She is resolved to keep her chamber.

*Hort.* Ah me!

*Asc.* Why do you sigh? if that you have a business

To be dispatch'd in court, show ready money,  
You shall find those that will prefer it for you.

*Hort.* Business! can any man have business but  
To see her, then admire her, and pray for her,  
She being composed of goodness? for myself,  
I find it a degree of happiness

But to be near her, and I think I pay  
A strict religious vow, when I behold her;  
And that's all my ambition.

*Asc.* I believe you:

\* and nose it.) The old copy reads  
knows it. I have little doubt but that the former was Mas-  
singer's word; the mistake probably originated at the press,  
from a similarity of sound.

Yet, she being absent, you may spend some hours  
With profit and delight too. After dinner,  
The duke gives audience to a rough ambas-  
Whom yet I never saw, nor heard his title,  
Employ'd from Florence; I'll help you to a place  
Where you shall see and hear all.

*Hort.* 'Tis not worth  
My observation.

*Asc.* What think you of  
An excellent comedy to be presented  
For his entertainment? he that penn'd it is  
The poet of the time, and all the ladies  
(I mean the amorous and learned ones),  
Except the princess, will be there to grace it.

*Hort.* What's that to me? without her all is  
nothing;  
The light that shines in court Cimmerian darkness;  
I will to bed again, and there contemplate  
On her perfections.

Re-enter BEATRICE with MATILDA, and two Waiting  
Women.

*Asc.* Stay, air, see! the princess,  
Beyond our hopes.

*Hort.* Take that:—as Moors salute  
The rising sun with joyful superstition,  
I could fall down and worship.—O my heart!  
Like Phœbe breaking through an envious cloud,  
Or something which no simile can express,  
She shows to me: a reverent fear, but blended  
With wonder and amazement, does possess me;  
Now glut thyself, my famish'd eye!

*Beat.* That's he,  
An't please your excellence.

1 *Wom.* Observe his posture,  
But with a quarter-look.

2 *Wom.* Your eye fix'd on him  
Will breed astonishment.

*Matil.* A comely gentleman!  
I would not question your relation, lady,  
Yet faintly can believe it. How he eyes me!  
Will he not speak?

*Beat.* Your excellence hath deprived him  
Of speech and motion.

*Matil.* 'Tis most strange.

*Asc.* These fits  
Are usual with him.

*Matil.* Is it not, Ascanio,  
A personated folly? or he a statue\*?  
If it be, it is a masterpiece; for man  
I cannot think him.

\* *Matil.* Is it not, Ascanio,  
A personated folly? or he a statue? So the old copy:  
the modern editors read—Or is he a statue? An interpola-  
tion neither warranted by the sense, nor the style of Mas-  
singer and his contemporaries. But this ignorance of ancient  
phraseology still afflicts Mr. M. Mason. In *The Custom of  
the Country*, Arnoldo says—

“And I forgot to like her,  
And glad I was deceived.”  
Upon which he observes that “the word *glad* is here used  
as a verb, and means *rejoice*.”—(Comments, p. 32.)

Not so: the expression is elliptical; And I am glad, &c.,  
a mode of writing which occurs in almost every page of our  
ancient dramatists. Thus:

“I lived  
Too happy in my holiday trim of glory,  
And courted with felicity.”

This is wrong, say the commentators; it should be—And  
sported with felicity. Alas! no: it is perfectly right; and  
at full, and, in the language of the present day, is—And was  
courted by felicity. I note this, to repress, if it be possible,  
the temerity of inexperience.

*Beat.* For your sport, vouchsafe him  
A little conference.

*Matil.* In compassion rather :  
For should he love me as you say (though hope-  
less),  
It should not be return'd with scorn ; that were  
An inhumanity, which my birth nor honour  
Could privilege, were they greater. Now I perceive  
He has life and motion in him ; to whom, lady,  
Pays he that duty ?

[*Hortensio, bowing, offers to go off.*]

*Beat.* Sans doubt, to yourself.

*Matil.* And whither goes he now ?

*Asc.* To his private lodging,  
But to what end I know not ; this is all  
I ever noted in him.

*Matil.* Call him back :  
In pity I stand bound to counsel him,  
Howe'er I am denied, though I were willing,  
To ease his sufferings.

*Asc.* Signior, the princess  
Commands you to attend her.

*Hort.* How ! the princess !  
Am I betray'd ?

*Asc.* What a lump of flesh is this !  
You are betray'd, sir, to a better fortune  
Than you durst ever hope for. What a Tantalus  
Do you make yourself ! the flying fruit stays for  
you,

And the water that you long'd for, rising up  
Above your lip, do you refuse to taste it ?  
Move faster, sluggish camel, or I'll thrust  
This goad in your breech ; had I such a promising  
beard,

I should need the reins, not spurs.

*Matil.* You may come nearer.

Why do you shake, sir ? If I flatter not  
Myself, there's no deformity about me,  
Nor any part so monstrous to heget  
An ague in you.

*Hort.* It proceeds not, madam,  
From guilt, but reverence.

*Matil.* I believe you, sir :

Have you a suit to me ?

*Hort.* Your excellence  
Is wondrous fair.

*Matil.* I thank your good opinion.

*Hort.* And I beseech you that I may have license  
To kneel to you.

*Matil.* A suit I cannot cross.

*Hort.* I humbly thank your excellence. [Kneels.

*Matil.* But what,

As you are prostrate on your knee before me,  
Is your petition ?

*Hort.* I have none, great princess.

*Matil.* Do you kneel for nothing ?

*Hort.* Yes, I have a suit,

But such a one, as, if denied, will kill me.

*Matil.* Take comfort ; it must be of some strange  
nature,

Unfitting you to ask, or me to grant,  
If I refuse it.

*Hort.* It is, madam—

*Matil.* Out with't.

*Hort.* That I may not offend you, this is all,  
When I presume to look on you.

*Asc.* A flat eunuch !

To look on her ? I should desire myself

To move a little further.

*Matil.* Little that ?

*Hort.* And I beseech you, madam, to believe  
I never did yet with a wanton eye ;  
Or cherish one lascivious wish beyond it.

*Beat.* You'll never make good courtier, or be  
In grace with ladies.

1 *Wom.* Or us waiting women,

If that be your *nil ultra*.

2 *Wom.* He's no gentleman,

On my virginity, it is apparent :

My tailor has more boldness ; nay, my shoemaker  
Will fumble a little further, he could not have  
The length of my foot else.

*Matil.* Only to look on me !

Ends your ambition there ?

*Hort.* It does, great lady,

And that confined too, and at sitting distance :  
The fly that plays too near the flame burns in it\*.  
As I behold the sun, the stars, the temples,  
I look on you, and wish it were no air  
Should I adore you.

*Matil.* Come, there's something more in't ;  
And since that you will make a goddess of me,  
As such a one, I'll tell you, I desire not  
The meanest altar raised up to mine honour  
To be pulled down : I can accept from you,  
Be your condition ne'er so far beneath me,  
One grain of incense with devotion offer'd,  
Beyond all perfumes, or Sabazan spices,  
By one that proudly thinks he merits in it :  
I know you love me.

*Hort.* Next to heaven, madam,  
And with as pure a zeal. That, we behold  
With the eyes of contemplation, but can  
Arrive no nearer to it in this life :  
But when that is divorced, my soul shall serve you  
And witness my affection.

*Matil.* Pray you, rise ;  
But wait my further pleasure.

Enter FARNEZE and UBERTI.

*Farn.* I'll present you,  
And give you proof I am your friend, a true one ;  
And in my pleading for you, teach the age,  
That calls, erroneously, friendship but a name,  
It is a substance.—Madam, I am bold  
To trench so far upon your privacy,  
As to desire my friend (let not that wrong him,  
For he's a worthy one) may have the honour  
To kiss your hand.

*Matil.* His own worth challenges  
A greater favour.

*Farn.* Your acknowledgment  
Confirms it, madam. If you look on him  
As he's built up a man, without addition  
Of fortune's liberal favours, wealth or titles,  
He doth deserve no usual entertainment :  
But, as he is a prince, and for your service  
Hath left fair Parma, that acknowledges  
No other lord, and, uncompe'd'd, exposes  
His person to the dangers of the war,

\* The fly that plays too near the flame burns in it.  
Gresset has made a beautiful use of this idea :

Tel, par sa pente naturelle,  
Par une erreur toujours nouvelle,  
Qu'un papillon se change en sa cendre,  
Autour de la flamme mortelle  
Le papillon revient toujours.

† His person to the dangers of the war.] I have inserted  
the article, which restores the metre. Farnese evidently  
alludes to the war with which they were now threatened  
the Florentines.

Ready to break in storms upon our heads ;  
In noble thankfulness you may vouchsafe him  
Nearer respect, and such grace as may nourish,  
Not kill, his amorous hopes.

*Matil.* Cousin, you know  
I am not the disposer of myself,  
The duke my father challenges that power ;  
Yet thus much I dare promise ; prince Uberti  
Shall find the seed of service that he sows  
Falls not on barren ground.

*Uber.* For this high favour  
I am your creature, and profess I owe you  
Whatever I call mine, [They walk aside.

*Hort.* This great lord is  
A suitor to the princess.

*Asc.* True, he is so.

*Hort.* Fame gives him out too for a brave commander.

*Asc.* And in it does him but deserved right ;  
The duke hath made him general of his horse  
On that assurance.

*Hort.* And the lord Farnese  
Pleads for him, as it seems.

*Asc.* 'Tis too apparent :  
And, this consider'd, give me leave to ask  
What hope have you, sir ?

*Hort.* I may still look on her,  
Howe'er he wear the garland.

*Asc.* A thin diet,  
And will not feed you fat, sir.

*Uber.* I rejoice,  
Rare princess, that you are not to be won  
By carpet-courtship, but the sword ; with this  
Steel pen I'll write on Florence' helm how much  
I can, and dare do for you.

*Matil.* 'Tis not question'd,  
Some private business of mine own disposed of,  
I'll meet you in the presence.

*Uber.* Ever your servant.

[Exit Uberti and Farnese.

*Matil.* Now, sir, to you. You have observed, I  
doubt not,

For lovers are sharp-sighted, to what purpose  
This prince solicits me ; and yet I am not  
So taken with his worth, but that I can  
Vouchsafe you further parley\*. The first command  
That I'll impose upon you, is to hear  
And follow my good counsel : I am not  
Offended that you love me ; persist in it,  
But love me virtuously ; such love may spur you  
To noble undertakings, which achieved,  
Will raise you into name, preferment, honour :  
For all which, though you ne'er enjoy my person  
(For that's impossible), you are indebted  
To your high aims : visit me when you please,  
I do allow it, nor will blush to own you,  
So you confine yourself to what you promise,  
As my virtuous servant.

*Best.* Farewell, sir ! you have  
An unexpected cordial.

*Asc.* May it work well ! [Exit all but Hort.

*Hort.* Your love—yes, so she said, may spur you  
to

Brave undertakings : adding this, You may  
Visit me when you please. Is this allow'd me,  
And any act within the power of man

\* Vouchsafe you further parley.] So the old copy, and rightly. The modern editors have *parley*, which spoils the verse.

Impossible to be effected ? No :  
I will break through all oppositions that  
May stop me in my full career to honour :  
And, borrowing strength to do from her high fa-  
vour,  
Add something to Alcides' greatest labour. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A State Room in the Palace.

Enter GONZAGA, UBERTI, FARNEZE, MANFROY, and  
Attendants.

*Gon.* This is your place ; and, were it in our  
power,  
You should have greater honour, prince of Parma ;  
The rest know theirs. Let some attend with care  
On the ambassador, and let my daughter  
Be present at his audience. Reach a chair,  
We'll do all fit respects ; and, pray you, put on  
Your milder looks ; you are in a place where  
frowns  
Are no prevailing agents.

Enter at one door ALONZO and Attendants : MA-  
TILDA, BEATRICE, ASCANIO, HORTENSIO, and  
Waiting Women at the other.

*Asc.* I have seen  
More than a wolf, a Gorgon\* ! [Swoons.

*Gon.* What's the matter ?

*Matil.* A page of mine is fallen into a swoon ;

Look to him carefully. [Ascanio is carried out.

*Gon.* Now, when you please,

The cause that brought you hither ?

*Alon.* The protraction

Of my dispatch forgotten, from Lorenzo,

The Tuscan duke, thus much to you, Gonzaga,

The duke of Mantua. By me, his nephew,

He does salute you fairly, and entreats

(A word not suitable to his power and greatness)

You would consent to tender that which he

Unwillingly must force, if contradicted.

Ambition, in a private man a vice,

Is in a prince a virtue†.

*Gon.* To the purpose ;

These ambages are impertinent.

*Alon.* He demands

The fair Matilda, for I dare not take

From her perfections, in a noble way ;

And in creating her the comfort‡ of

His royal bed, to raise her to a height

Her flattering hopes could not aspire, where she

\* *Asc.* I have seen

More than a wolf, a Gorgon !] It may be just necessary to observe, that the sight of a wolf was, anciently, supposed to deprive a person of speech ; that of a Gorgon, of motion and life.

† Is in a prince a virtue.] So the modern editions. In the old copy, it is *the virtue*—meaning, perhaps, as Massinger expresses it on another occasion, the virtue κατ' ἐξοχην.

‡ And in creating her the comfort of

His royal bed.] For *comfort*, Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read *consort*, as usual. One would think, from the warfare maintained against this good old word, which is thus perpetually corrupted, that the marriage bed is less comfortable at present than it anciently was : however this be, I have constantly restored it.

In the next line, they have inserted to *after aspire*, though the word is constantly used by our old poets without the preposition, and though it injures, or rather destroys the metre !

With wonder shall be gazed upon, and live  
The envy of her sex.

*Gen.* Suppose this granted.

*Uber.* Or, if denied, what follows?

*Alon.* Present war,

With all extremities the conqueror can  
Inflict upon the vanquish'd.

*Uber.* Grant me license

To answer this defiance. What intelligence  
Holds your proud master with the will of heaven\*,

That, ere the uncertain die of war be thrown,

He dares assure himself the victory?

Are his unjust invading arms of fire?

Or those we put on in defence of right,

Like chaff, to be consumed in the encounter?

I look on your dimensions, and find not

Mine own of lesser size; the blood that fills

My veins, as hot as yours; my sword as sharp;

My nerves of equal strength; my heart as good;

And confident we have the better cause,

Why should we fear the trial?

*Farn.* You presume

You are superior in numbers; we

Lay hold upon the surest anchor, virtue:

Which, when the tempest of the war roars loudest,

Must prove a strong protection.

*Gen.* Two main reasons

(Seconding those you have already heard)

Give us encouragement; the duty that

I owe my mother-country, and the love

Descending to my daughter. For the first,

Should I betray her liberty. I deserved

To have my name with infamy razed from

The catalogue of good princes; and I should

Unnaturally forget I am a father,

If, like a Tartar, or for fear or profit,

I should consign her as a bondswoman,

To be disposed of at another's pleasure;

Her own consent or favour never sued for,

And mine by force exacted. No, Alonzo,

She is my only child, my heir; and, if

A father's eyes deceive me not, the hand

Of prodigal nature hath given so much to her,

As, in the former ages, kings would rise up

In her defence, and make her cause their quarrel:

Nor can she, if that any spark remain

\* *What intelligence*  
*Holds your proud master with the will of heaven, &c.]*  
This fine speech, which is equally judicious and spirited, involuntarily recalls to my mind *The Battle of Sabla*, so beautifully translated by the late professor of Arabic, whose death the public, no less than his particular friends, will long have cause to regret.

"Make now your choice—the terms we give,  
Desponding victims, hear;  
These fetters on your hands receive,  
Or in your hearts the spear."

"And is the conflict o'er," we cried,  
"And lie we at your feet?  
And dare you vauntingly decide  
The fortune we must meet?"

The foe advanced: in firm array  
We rushed o'er Sabla's sands,  
And the red sabre mark'd our way  
Amidst their yielding bands.

Then, as they writh'd in death's cold grasp,  
We cried, "Our choice is made,  
These hands the sabre's hilt shall clasp,  
Your hearts shall have the blade."

*Carlyle's Scimitars of Arabian Poetry, p. 25.*

To kindle a desire to be possess'd  
Of such a beauty, in our time, want swords  
To guard it safe from violence.

*Hort.* I must speak,

Or I shall burst; now to be silent were

A kind of blasphemy: if such purity,

Such innocence an abstract of perfection,

The soul of beauty, virtue, in a word,

A temple of things sacred, should groan under

The burthen of oppression, we might

Accuse the saints, and tax the Powers above us

Of negligence or injustice. — Pardon, sir,

A stranger's boldness, and in your mercy call it

True zeal, not rudeness. In a cause like this,

The husbandman would change his ploughing-iron

To weapons of defence, and leave the earth

Untill'd, although a general dearth should follow

The student would forswear his book; the lawyer

Put off his thriving gown, and without pay

Conclude this cause is to be fought, not pleaded.

The women will turn Amazons, as their sex

In her were wrong'd; and boys write down their

names

In the muster-book for soldiers.

*Gen.* Take my hand:

Whate'er you are, I thank you. How are you call'd?

*Hort.* Hortensio, a Milanese.

*Gen.* I wish

Mantua had many such.—My lord ambassador,

Some privacy, if you please; Manfroy, you may

Partake it, and advise us. [They walk aside.]

*Uber.* Do you know, friend,

What this man is, or of what country?

*Farn.* Neither.

*Uber.* I'll question him myself. What are you, sir?

*Hort.* A gentleman.

*Uber.* But if there be gradation

In gentry, as the heralds say, you have

Been over-bold in the presence of your betters.

*Hort.* My betters, sir!

*Uber.* Your betters. As I take it,

You are no prince.

*Hort.* 'Tis fortune's gift you were born one;

I have not heard that glorious title crowns you

As a reward of virtue: it may be

The first of your house deserved it, yet his merits

You can but faintly call your own.

*Matil.* Well answer'd.

*Uber.* You come up to me.

*Hort.* I would not turn my back

If you were the duke of Florence, though you

charged me

I' the head of your troops.

*Uber.* Tell me in gentler language,

Your passionate speech induces me to think so,

Do you love the princess?

*Hort.* Were you mine enemy,

Your foot upon my breast, sword at my throat,

Even then I would profess it. The ascent

To the height of honour is by arts or arms;

And if such an unequal'd prize might fall

On him that did deserve best in defence

Of this rare princess, in the day of battle,

I should lead you a way would make your greatness

Sweat drops of blood to follow.

*Uber.* Can your excellence

Hear this without rebuke from one unknown?

Is he a rival for a prince?

*Matil.* My lord,

You take that liberty I never gave you.

In justice you should give encouragement  
To him, or any man, that freely offers  
His life to do me service, not deter him;  
I give no suffrage to it. Grant he loves me,  
As he professes, how are you wrong'd in it?  
Would you have all men hate me but yourself?  
No more of this, I pray you: if this gentleman  
Fight for my freedom, in a fit proportion  
To his desert and quality, I can  
And will reward him; yet give you no cause  
Of jealousy or envy.

*Hort.* Heavenly lady!

*Gen.* No peace but on such poor and base conditions!

We will not buy it at that rate: return  
This answer to your master: Though we wish'd  
To hold fair quarter with him, on such terms  
As honour would give way to, we are not  
So thunderstruck with the loud voice of war,  
As to acknowledge him our lord before  
His sword hath made us vassals: we long since  
Have had intelligence of the unjust gripe  
He purposed to lay on us; neither are we  
So unprovided as you think, my lord;  
He shall not need to seek us; we will meet him,

And prove the fortune of a day, perhaps  
Sooner than he expects.

*Alm.* And find repentance,  
When 'tis too late. Farewell. [*Exit with Farnese.*]

*Gen.* No, my Matilda,  
We must not part so. Beasts and birds of prey  
To their last gasp defend their brood; and Florence  
Over thy father's breast shall march up to thee,  
Before he force affection. The arms  
That thou must put on for us and thyself  
Are prayers and pure devotion, which will  
Be heard, Matilda. Manfroy, to your trust  
We do give up the city, and my daughter; [nous.  
On both keep a strong guard: no tears, they are omi-  
O my Octavio, my tried Octavio  
In all my dangers! now I want thy service,  
In passion recompensed with banishment.  
Error of princes, who hate virtue when  
She's present\* with us, and in vain admire her  
When she is absent! 'tis too late to think on't.  
The wish'd for time is come, princely Uberti,  
To show your valour: friends being to do, not talk,  
All rhetoric is fruitless, only this,  
Fate cannot rob you of deserved applause,  
Whether you win or lose in such a cause. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter MATILDA, BEATRICE, and Waiting Women.*

*Matil.* No matter for the ring I ask'd you for.  
The boy not to be found?

*Beat.* Nor heard of, madam.

*1 Wom.* He hath been sought and searched for,  
house by house,

Nay, every nook of the city, but to no purpose.

*2 Wom.* And how he should escape hence, the  
lord Manfroy

Being so vigilant o'er the guards, appears  
A thing impossible.

*Matil.* I never saw him

Since he swoon'd in the presence, when my father  
Gave audience to the ambassador: but I feel

A sad miss of him; on any slight occasion

He would find out such pretty arguments

To make me sport, and with such pretty sweetness

Deliver his opinion, that I must

Ingenuously confess his harmless mirth,

When I was most oppress'd with care, wrought

more

In the removing oft than music on me.

*Beat.* An't please your excellence, I have observed

him

Waggishly witty; yet, sometimes, on the sudden,

He would be very pensive, and then talk

So feelingly of love, as if he had

Tasted the bitter sweets of 't.

*1 Wom.* He would tell, too,

A pretty tale of a sister, that had been

Deceived by her sweetheart; and then weeping,

swear

He wonder'd how men could be false\*.

*2 Wom.* And that

When he was a knight, he'd be the ladies' champion,  
And travel o'er the world to kill such lovers  
As durst play false with their mistresses.

*Matil.* I am sure  
I want his company.

*Enter MANFROY.*

*Man.* There are letters, madam,  
In post come from the duke; but I am charged  
By the careful bringer not to open them  
But in your presence.

*Matil.* Heaven preserve my father!

Good news, an't be thy will!

*Man.* Patience must arm you

Against what's ill.

*Matil.* I'll hear them in my cabinet. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Duchy of Mantua. Gonzaga's  
Camp.

*Enter HORTENSIO and ASCANIO.*

*Hort.* Why have you left the safety of the city  
And service of the princess, to partake  
The dangers of the camp? and at a time too  
When the armies are in view, and every minute  
The dreadful charge expected.

*Asc.* You appear  
So far beyond yourself, as you are now,  
Arm'd like a soldier (though I grant your presence  
Was ever gracious), that I grow enamour'd

\* Error of princes, who hate virtue, when  
She's present, &c.]

—virtutem in oculis odimus,

Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.

But this play abounds with classical allusions, aptly and elegantly introduced.

\* This pretty passage contains one of those judicious anticipations in which Massinger is particularly excellent.

Of the profession : in the horror of it  
There is a kind of majesty.

*Hort.* But too heavy  
To sit on thy soft shoulders, youth ; retire  
To the duke's tent, that's guarded.

*Asc.* Sir, I come  
To serve you ; knight-adventurers are allow'd  
Their pages, and I bring a will that shall  
Supply my want of power.

*Hort.* To serve me, boy !  
I wish, believe it, that 'twere in my nerves  
To do thee any service ; and thou shalt,  
If I survive the fortune of this day,  
Be satisfied I am serious.

*Asc.* I am not  
To be put off so, sir. Since you do neglect  
My offer'd duty, I must use the power  
I bring along with me, that may command you :  
You have seen this ring—

*Hort.* Made rich by being worn  
Upon the princess' finger.

*Asc.* 'Tis a favour  
To you, by me sent from her : view it better ;  
But why coy to receive it ?

*Hort.* I am unworthy  
Of such a blessing ; I have done nothing yet  
That may deserve it ; no commander's blood  
Of the adverse party have yet died my sword  
Drawn out in her defence. I must not take it.  
This were a triumph for me when I had  
Made Florence' duke my prisoner, and compell'd  
him

To kneel for mercy at her feet.

*Asc.* 'Twas sent, sir,  
To put you in mind whose cause it is you fight for ;  
And, as I am her creature, to revenge  
A wrong to me done.

*Hort.* By what man ?

*Asc.* Alonzo.

*Hort.* The ambassador ?

*Asc.* The same.

*Hort.* Let it suffice.

I know him by his armour and his horse ;  
And if we meet—[*Trumpets sound.*—] I am cut off :  
the alarum

Commands me hence : sweet youth, fall off.

*Asc.* I must not ;  
You are too noble to receive a wound  
Upon your back, and, following close behind you,  
I am secure, though I could wish my bosom  
Were your defence.

*Hort.* Thy kindness will undo thee. [Exit.]

### SCENE III.—*The same.* Lorenzo's Camp.

Enter LORENZO, ALONZO, PISANO, and MARTINO.

*Lor.* We'll charge the main battalia, fall you  
Upon the van ; preserve your troops entire  
To force the rear : he dies that breaks his ranks  
Till all be ours, and sure.

*Pis.* 'Tis so proclaim'd. [Exit.]

Fighting and Alarum. Enter HORTENSIO, ASCANIO,  
and ALONZO.

*Hort.* 'Tis he, Ascanio :—Stand !

*Alon.* I never shunn'd  
A single opposition ; but tell me  
Why in the battle, of all men, thou hast  
Made choice of me ?

*Hort.* Look on this youth ; his cease  
Sits on my sword.

*Alon.* I know him not.

*Hort.* I'll help

Your memory. [They fly]

*Asc.* What have I done ? I am doubtful  
To whom to wish the victory ; for, still  
My resolution wavering, I so love  
The enemy that wrong'd me, that I cannot  
Without repentance wish success to him  
That seeks to do me right.—[*Alonzo falls.*—] Al  
be's fall'n !

As you are gentle, hold, sir ! or, if I want  
Power to persuade so far, I conjure you  
By her loved name I am sent from.

*Hort.* 'Tis a charm  
Too strong to be resisted : he is yours.  
Yet, why you should make suit to save that life  
Which you so late desired should be cut off  
For injuries received, begets my wonder.

*Asc.* Alas ! we foolish, spleenful boys would b  
We know not what ; I have some private reason  
But now not to be told.

*Hort.* Shall I take him prisoner ?

*Asc.* By no means, sir ; I will not save his life  
To rob him of his honour : when you give,  
Give not by halves. One short word, and I fall

[Exit Hort]  
My lord Alonzo, if you have received  
A benefit, and would know to whom you owe it,  
Remember what your entertainment was  
At Old Octavio's house, one you call'd friend,  
And how you did return it. [I]

*Alon.* I remember  
I did not well ; but it is now no time  
To think upon't ; my wounded honour calls  
For reparation ; I must quench my fury  
For this disgrace, in blood, and some shall see  
for't. [I]

### SCENE IV.—*The same.* A Forest.

Alarum continued. Enter UBERTI, and FARN  
wounded.

*Farn.* O prince Uberti, valour cannot save us  
The body of our army's pierced and broken,  
The wings are routed, and our scatter'd troops  
Not to be rallied up.

*Uber.* 'Tis yet some comfort  
The enemy must say we were not wanting  
In courage or direction ; and we may  
Accuse the Powers above as partial, when  
A good cause, well defended too, must suffer  
For want of fortune.

*Farn.* All is lost ; the duke  
Too far engaged, I fear, to be brought off :  
Three times I did attempt his rescue, but  
With odds was beaten back ; only the stranger,  
I speak it to my shame, still follow'd him,  
Cutting his way ; but 'tis beyond my hopes  
That either should return.

*Uber.* That noble stranger,  
Whom I in my proud vanity of greatness  
As one unknown contemn'd, when I was thrown  
Out of my saddle by the great duke's lance,  
Horsed me again, in spite of all that made  
Resistance ; and then whisper'd in mine ear,  
Fight bravely, prince Uberti, there's no way else  
To the fair Matilda's favour.

*Farn.* 'Twas done nobly.

*Uber.* In you, my bosom-friend, I had call'd it noble :  
But such a courtesy from a rival merits  
The highest attribute.

*Enter HORTENSIO and GONZAGA.*

*Farn.* Stand on your guard,  
We are pursued.

*Uber.* Preserved ! wonder on wonder.

*Farn.* The duke in safety !

*Gon.* Pay your thanks, Farnese,  
To this brave man, if I may call him so  
Whose acts were more than human. If thou art  
My better angel, from my infancy  
Design'd to guard me, like thyself appear,  
For sure thou'rt more than mortal.

*Hart.* No, great sir,  
A weak and sinful man ; though I have done you  
Some prosperous service that hath found your  
favour,

I am lost to myself : but lose not you  
The offer'd opportunity to delude  
The hot-pursuing enemy ; these woods,  
Nor the dark veil of night, cannot conceal you,  
If you dwell long here. You may rise again,  
But I am fallen for ever.

*Farn.* Rather borne up  
To the supreme sphere of honour.

*Uber.* I confess

My life your gift.

*Gon.* My liberty.

*Uber.* You have snatch'd  
The wreath of conquest from the victor's head,  
And do alone, in scorn of Lorenzo's fortune,  
Though we are slaved, by true heroic valour  
Deserve a triumph.

*Gon.* From whence then proceeds  
This poor dejection ?

*Hart.* In one suit I'll tell you,  
Which I beseech you grant :—I loved your daughter,  
But how ? as beggars in their wounded fancy  
Hope to be monarchs : I long languish'd for her,  
But did receive no cordial, but what  
Despair, my rough physician, prescribed me.  
At length her goodness and compassion found it ;  
And, whereas I expected, and with reason,  
The distance and disparity consider'd  
Between her birth and mine, she would condemn me,  
The princess gave me comfort.

*Gon.* In what measure ?

*Hart.* She did admit me for her knight and servant,  
And spur'd me to do something in this battle,  
Fought for her liberty, that might not blemish  
So fair a favour.

*Gon.* This you have perform'd  
To the height of admiration.

*Uber.* I subscribe to't,  
That am your rival.

*Hart.* You are charitable ;  
But how short of my hopes, nay, the assurance  
Of those achievements which my love and youth  
Already held accomplish'd, this day's fortune  
Must sadly answer. What I did, she gave me  
The strength to do ; her piety preserved  
Her father, and her gratitude for the dangers  
You threw yourself into for her defence,  
Protected you by me her instrument ;  
But when I came to strike in mine own cause,  
And to do something so remarkable,  
That should at my return command her thanks

And gracious entertainment, then, alas !  
I fainted like a coward ; I made a vow, too,  
(And it is register'd), ne'er to presume  
To come into her presence if I brought not  
Her fears and dangers bound in fetters to her,  
Which now's impossible.——Hark ! the enemy  
Makes his approaches : save yourselves : this only  
Deliver to her sweetness ; I have done  
My poor endeavours, and pray her not repent  
Her goodness to me. May you live to serve her,  
This loss recover'd, with a happier fate !  
And make use of this sword : arms I abjure,  
And conversation of men ; I'll seek out  
Some unfrequented cave, and die love's martyr.

[Exit.

*Gon.* Follow him.

*Uber.* 'Tis in vain ; his nimble feet  
Have borne him from my sight.

*Gon.* I suffer for him.

*Farn.* We share in it, but must not, sir, forget  
Your means of safety.

*Uber.* In the war I have served you,  
And to the death will follow you.

*Gon.* 'Tis not fit,  
We must divide ourselves. My daughter——  
If I retain yet\*

A sovereign's power o'er thee, or friend's with you,  
Do, and dispute not ; by my example change  
Your habits : as I thus put off my purple,  
Ambition dies ; this garment of a shepherd,  
Left here by chance, will serve ; in lieu of it,  
I leave this to the owner. Raise new forces,  
And meet me at St. Leo's fort ; my daughter,  
As I commanded Manfroy, there will meet us.  
The city cannot hold out, we must part :  
Farewell—thy hand.

*Farn.* You still shall have my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*The same.* Another part of the  
Forest.

*Enter LORENZO, ALONZO, PISANO, MARTINO, Captains  
and Soldiers.*

*Lor.* The day is ours, though it cost dear ; yet 'tis  
not  
Enough to get a victory, if we lose  
The true use of it. We have hitherto  
Held back your forward swords, and in our fear  
Of ambushes, deferr'd the wish'd reward  
Due to your bloody toil : but now give freedom,  
Nay, license to your fury and revenge ;

\* *We must divide ourselves. My daughter——  
If I retain yet*

*A sovereign's power o'er thee, &c.]* The old copy, which  
is faithfully followed by Coxeter, with the exception of mis-  
printing *not for yet*, reads,

*We must divide ourselves.*

*My daughter, if I retain yet*

*A sovereign's power o'er thee, &c.]*

Mr. M. Mason omits *My daughter*, which he presumptu-  
ously says the last editor inserted by mistake ; the mistake,  
however, if it be one, is, as the reader now sees, of an older  
date. In the sixth line, he ventures on another improve-  
ment, and for *Ambition dies*, prints *Ambition's dye* !  
" which," he continues, " is the name Gonzaga poetically  
gives his purple." He is wrong in both instances. The ex-  
clamation, *My daughter*, shows that she was uppermost in  
Gonzaga's thoughts ; he interrupts himself to provide for the  
safety of his friends, and then resumes what he was first  
about to say ; it should not, therefore, be omitted. Nor  
should *Ambition dies* be changed to *Ambition's dye* ; be-  
cause such a rhetorical flourish is unnecessary, and because  
it deprives a passage of sense and grammar, which the author  
invested with both. It requires no explanation.

Now glut yourselves with prey; let not the night,  
Nor these thick woods, give sanctuary to  
The fear-struck hares, our enemies: fire these trees,  
And force the wretches to forsake their holes,  
And offer their scorched bodies to your swords,  
Or burn them as a sacrifice to your angers.  
Who brings Gonzaga's head, or takes him prisoner  
(Which I incline to rather, that he may  
Be sensible of those tortures which I vow  
To inflict upon him for denial of  
His daughter to our bed), shall have a blank,  
With our hand and signet made authentic,  
In which he may write down himself what wealth  
Or honours he desires.

*Alon.* The great duke's will  
Shall be obey'd.

*Pisan.* Put it in execution.

*Mart.* Begirt the wood, and fire it.

*Sold.* Follow, follow!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.* Another part of the same.

*Enter FARNEZE, disguised as a Florentine Soldier.*

*Farn.* Uberti, prince Uberti! O my friend,  
Dearer than life! I have lost thee. Cruel fortune,  
Unsatisfied with our sufferings! we no sooner  
Were parted from the duke, and e'en then ready  
To take a mutual farewell, when a troop  
Of the enemy's horse fell on us; we were forced  
To take the woods again, but in our flight  
Their hot pursuit divided us: we had been happy  
If we had died together. To survive him  
To me is worse than death, and therefore should not  
Embrace the means of my escape, though offer'd.  
When nature gave us life she gave a burthen,  
But at our pleasure not to be cast off,  
Though weary of it; and my reason prompts me,  
This habit of a Florentine, which I took  
From a dying soldier, may keep me unknown,  
Till opportunity mark me out a way  
For flight, and with security.

*Enter UBERTI.*

*Uber.* Was there ever

Such a night of horror?

*Farn.* My friend's voice! I now

In part forgive thee, fortune.

*Uber.* The wood flames,

The bloody sword devours all that it meets,

And death in several shapes rides here in triumph.

I am like a stag closed in a toils, my life,

As soon as found, the cruel huntsman's prey:

Why fliest thou, then, what is inevitable?

Better to fall with manly wounds before

Thy cruel enemy, than survive thine honour:

And yet to charge him, and die unrevenge'd,

Mere desperation.

*Farn.* Heroic spirit!

*Uber.* Mine own life I contemn, and would not  
save it

But for the future service of the duke,

And safety of his daughter: having means,

If I escape, to raise a second army,

And, what is nearest to me, to enjoy

My friend Farnese.

*Farn.* I am still his care.

*Uber.* What shall I do? if I call loud, the foe

That hath begirt the wood, will hear the sound.

Shall I return by the same path? I cannot,

The darkness of the night conceals it from me;

Something I must resolve.

*Farn.* Let friendship rouse

Thy sleeping soul, Farnese: wilt thou suffer

Thy friend, a prince, nay, one that may set free

Thy captiv'd country, perish, when 'tis in

Thy power, with this disguise, to save his life?

Thou hast lived too long, therefore resolve to die

Thou hast seen thy country ruin'd, and the same

Compell'd to shameful flight; the fields and air

Strew'd o'er with carcasses of thy fellow-soldiers

The miseries thou art fallen in, and before

Thy eyes the horror of this place, and thousand

Calamities to come; and after all these,

Can any hope remain? shake off delays:

Dost thou doubt yet? To save a citizen,

The conquering Roman in a general

Esteem'd the highest honour: can it be then

Inglorious to preserve a prince? thy friend!

Uberti, prince Uberti! use this means

Of thy escape:—

[*Pulls off his Florentine uniform, and discovers Uberti.*]

conceal'd in this, thou mayst

Pass through the enemy's guards: the time does

Longer discourse; thou hast a noble end\*,

Live, therefore, mindful of thy dying friend.

[*Exit Uberti.*]

*Uber.* Farnese, stay thy hasty steps! Farnese

Thy friend Uberti calls thee: 'tis in vain;

He's gone to death an innocent, and makes life,

The benefit he confers on me, my guilt.

Thou art too covetous of another's safety,

Too prodigal and careless of thine own.

'Tis a deceit in friendship to enjoin me

To put this garment on, and live, that he

May have alone the honour to die nobly.

O cruel piety, in our equal danger

To rob thyself of that thou giv'st thy friend!

It must not be; I will restore his gift,

And die before him. How? where shall I

him?—

Thou art o'ercome in friendship; yield, Uberti,

To the extremity of the time, and live:

A heavy ransom! but it must be paid.

I will put on this habit: pitying heaven,

As it loves goodness, may protect my friend,

And give me means to satisfy the debt

I stand engaged for; if not, pale despair,

I dare thy worst; thou canst but bid me die,

And so much I'll force from mine enemy.

SCENE VII.—*The same.* Lorenzo's Camp.

*Enter ALONZO and PISANO, with FARNEZE bound*

*Soldiers with torches, FARNEZE's sword in one of*

*Soldiers' hands.*

*Alon.* I know him, he's a man of ransome.

*Pisan.* True;

But if he live, 'tis to be paid to me.

\* *Thou hast a noble end.* Alluding to what Uberti  
just said, of raising a second army, &c.

† *O cruel piety.* So the old copy: the modern edit  
have *O cruel pity*, a tame and unpoetical sophistication.

‡ This short scene is very well written; but, at the  
time, must strike the reader as extremely inartificial.  
Two friends speaking on opposite sides of a tree is common  
too similar to what occurs so often on the Roman stage,  
where people in mutual quest always jostle before they find  
each other's eye or ear. At Farnese had taken the great  
resolution to save his friend, at the expense of his own life,  
it was improper to discover himself; but all that it  
might be effected with fewer words, and a greater portu-  
cacity.

*Alon.* I forced him to the woods.  
*Pisan.* But my art found him,  
 Nor will I brook a partner in the prey  
 My fortune gave me.  
*Alon.* Render him, or expect  
 The point of this.  
*Pisan.* Were it lightning, I would meet it,  
 Rather than be outbraved.  
*Alon.* I thus decide  
 The difference.  
*Pisan.* My sword shall plead my title.

[*They fight.*]

*Enter LORENZO, MARTINO, Captains, and Attendants.*

*Lor.* Ha! where learn'd you this discipline? my commanders

Opposed against one another! what blind fury  
 Brings forth this brawl? Alonzo and Pisano  
 At bloody difference! hold, or I tilt  
 At both as enemies.—Now speak; how grew  
 This strange division?

*Pisan.* Against all right,  
 By force Alonzo strives to reap the harvest  
 Sown by my labour.

*Alon.* Sir, this is my prisoner,  
 The purchase of my sword, which proud Pisano,  
 That hath no interest in him, would take from me.

*Pisan.* Did not the presence of the duke forbid  
 me,  
 I would say——

*Alon.* What?

*Pisan.* 'Tis false.

*Lor.* Before my face!  
 Keep them asunder. And was this the cause  
 Of such a mortal quarrel, this the base  
 To raise your fury on? the ties of blood,  
 Of fellowship in arms, respect, obedience  
 To me, your prince and general, no more  
 Prevailing on you? this a price for which  
 You would betray our victory, or wound  
 Your reputation with mutinies,  
 Forgetful of yourselves, allegiance, honour?—  
 This is a course to throw us headlong down  
 From that proud height of empire upon which  
 We were securely seated. Shall division  
 O'erturn what concord built? If you desire  
 To bathe your swords in blood, the enemy  
 Still flies before you: would you have spoil? the  
 country

Lies open to you. O unheard-of madness!  
 What greater mischief could Gonzaga wish us,  
 Than you pluck on our heads? no, my brave  
 leaders,

Let unity dwell in our tents, and discord  
 Be banish'd to our enemies.

*Alon.* Take the prisoner,  
 I do give up my title.

*Pisan.* I desire  
 Your friendship, and will buy it; he is yours.

[*They embrace.*]  
*Alon.* No man's a faithful judge in his own cause,  
 Let the duke determine of him; we are friends, sir.

*Lor.* Show it in emulation to o'ertake  
 The flying foe; this cursed wretch disposed of,  
 With our whole strength we'll follow.

[*Exeunt Alonzo and Pisano, embracing.*]

*Forn.* Death at length  
 Will set a period to calamity:  
 I see it in this tyrant's frowns haste to me.

*Enter UBERTI, habited like a Florentine Soldier\*, and mixes with the rest.*

*Lor.* Thou machine of this mischief, look to feel  
 Whate'er the wrath of an incensed prince  
 Can pour upon thee: with thy blood I'll quench  
 (But drawn forth slowly) the invisible flames  
 Of discord—by thy charms first fetch'd from hell,  
 Then forced into the breasts of my commanders.  
 Bring forth the tortures.

*Uber.* Hear, victorious duke,  
 The story of my miserable fortune,  
 Of which this villain (by your sacred tongue  
 Condemned to die) was the immediate cause:  
 And, if my humble suit have justice in it,  
 Vouchsafe to grant it.

*Lor.* Soldier, be brief, our anger  
 Can brook no long delay†.

*Uber.* I am the last  
 Of three sons, by one father got, and train'd up  
 With his best care, for service in your wars:  
 My father died under his fatal hand,  
 And two of my poor brothers. Now I hear,  
 Or fancy, wounded by my grief, deludes me,  
 Their pale and mangled ghosts crying for vengeance  
 On perjury and murder. Thus the case stood:  
 My father (on whose face he durst not look  
 In equal mart‡) by his fraud circumvented,  
 Became his captive; we, his sons, lamenting  
 Our old sire's hard condition, freely offer'd  
 Our utmost for his ransom: that refused,  
 The subtle tyrant, for his cruel ends,  
 Conceiving that our piety might ensnare us,  
 Proposed my father's head to be redeem'd,  
 If two of us would yield ourselves his slaves.  
 We, upon any terms, resolved to save him,  
 Though with the loss of life which he gave to us,  
 With an undaunted constancy drew lots  
 (For each of us contend'd to be one)  
 Who should preserve our father; I was exempted§  
 But to my more affliction. My brothers,  
 Deliver'd up, the perjured homicide  
 Laughing in scorn, and by his hoary locks  
 Pulling my wretched father on his knees,  
 Said, *Thus receive the father you have ransomed!*  
 And instantly struck off his head.

*Lor.* Most barbarous!

*Forn.* I never saw this man.

*Lor.* One murmur more,  
 I'll have thy tongue pulled out.—Proceed.

*Uber.* Conceive, sir,  
 How thunderstruck we stood, being made spectators  
 Of such an unexpected tragedy:  
 Yet this was a beginning, not an end  
 To his intended cruelty; for, pursuing  
 Such a revenge as no Hyrcanian tigress  
 Robb'd of her whelps, durst aim at, in a moment,  
 Treading upon my father's trunk, he cut off  
 My pious brothers' heads, and threw them at me.

\* — — — habited like a Florentine soldier, i. e. in the dress which Farnese had thrown to him.

† *Lor. Soldier, be brief, our anger*  
*Can brook no long delay.* So the old copy. Coxeter and

Mr. M. Mason read, with equal fidelity and harmony,  
*Soldier, be brief;*  
*Our anger cannot brook a long delay.*

‡ *In equal mart.* A vile translation of *æquo Marte*, in equal fight.

§ *I was exempted*  
*But to my more affliction, &c.* The strange pointing of  
 this speech by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, shows that the  
 meaning of it was totally misunderstood by them.

Oh, what a spectacle was this! what mountain  
Of sorrow overwhelm'd me! my poor heart-strings,  
As tenter'd by his tyranny, crack'd: my knees  
Beating 'gainst one another, groans and tears  
Blended together follow'd; not one passion  
Calamity ever yet express'd, forgotten.—  
Now, mighty sir (bathing your feet with tears),  
Your suppliant's suit is, that he may have leave,  
With any cruelty revenge can fancy,  
To sacrifice this monster, to appease  
My father's ghost and brothers'.

*Lor.* Thou hast obtain'd it:

Choose any torture, let the memory  
Of what thy father and thy brothers suffer'd,  
Make thee ingenious in it; such a one  
As Phalaris would wish to be call'd his.  
Martino, guarded with your soldiers, see  
The execution done; but bring his head,  
On forfeiture of your own, to us: our presence  
Long since was elsewhere look'd for.

[*Exit, with Captains and Attendants.*]

*Mart.* Soldier, to work;

Take any way thou wilt for thy revenge,  
Provided that he die: his body's thine,  
But I must have his head.

*Uber.* I have already

Concluded of the manner. O just heaven,  
The instrument I wish'd for offer'd me!

*Mart.* Why art thou rapt thus?

*Uber.* In this soldier's hand

I see the murderer's own sword, I know it;  
Yes, this is it by which my father and  
My brothers were beheaded: noble captain,  
Command it to my hand.—[*Takes Farness's Sword*  
*from the Soldier.*—Stand forth and tremble:  
This weapon, of late drunk with innocent blood,  
Shall now carouse thine own: pray, if thou canst,  
For, though the world shall not redeem thy body,  
I would not kill thy soul.

*Farn.* Canst thou believe

There is a heaven or hell, or soul? thou hast none.  
In death to rob me of my fame, my honour,  
With such a forged lie. Tell me, thou hangman,  
Where did I ever see thy face? or when  
Murder'd thy sire or brothers? look on me,  
And make it good: thou dar'st not.

*Uber.* Yes, I will, [He unhinds his arm]

In one short whisper; and that told, thou art dead.  
I am Uberti: take thy sword, fight bravely;  
We'll live or die together.

*Mart.* We are betray'd.

[*Martino is struck down, the Soldiers run.*]

*Farn.* And have I leave once more, brave prince,  
to ease

My head on thy true bosom?

*Uber.* I glory more

To be thy friend, than in the name of prince,  
Or any higher title.

*Farn.* My preserver!

*Uber.* The life you gave to me I but return;  
And pardon, dearest friend, the bitter language  
Necessity made me use.

*Farn.* O, sir, I am

Outdone in all; but comforted, that none  
But you can wear the laurel.

*Uber.* Here's no place

Or time to argue this; let us fly hence.

*Farn.* I follow.

[*Exit.*]

*Mart.* [*risen.*] A thousand furies keep you com-  
pany!

I was at the gate of [hell\*], but now I feel  
My wound's not mortal; I was but astonish'd;  
And, coming to myself, I find I am  
Reserved for the gallows: there's no looking on  
The enraged duke, excuses will not serve;  
I must do something that may get my pardon;  
If not, I know the worst, a halter ends all. [*Exit*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Duchy of Mantua. A part of the*  
*Country near Octavio's Cottage.*

*Enter OCTAVIO, a book in his hand.*

*Oct.* 'Tis true, by proof I find it\*, human reason  
Views with such dim eyes what is good or ill,  
That if the great Disposer of our being  
Should offer to our choice all worldly blessings,  
We know not what to take. When I was young,  
Ambition of court-preferment fired me:  
And, as there were no happiness beyond it,  
I labour'd for't, and got it; no man stood  
In greater favour with his prince; I had  
Honours and offices, wealth flow'd in to me,  
And, for my service both in peace and war,

The general voice gave out I did deserve them.  
But, O vain confidence, insubordinate greatness!  
When I was most secure it was not in  
The power of fortune to remove me from  
The flat I firmly stood on, in a moment  
My virtues were made crimes, and popular favour  
(To new-raised men still fatal) bred suspicion  
That I was dangerous: which no sooner enter'd  
Gonzaga's breast, but straight my ruin follow'd.  
My offices were ta'en from me, my state seiz'd on;  
And, had I not prevented it by flight,  
The jealousy of the duke had been removed  
With the forfeiture of my head.

*Hort.* [*within.*] Or show compassion,  
Or I will force it.

*Oct.* Ha! is not poverty safe?

I thought proud war, that aim'd at kingdoms' ruin,  
The sack of palaces and cities, scorn'd  
To look on a poor cottage.

\* *Oct. 'Tis true; by proof I find it, &c.* It appears from this, that the book which Octavio had been reading was Juvenal, an author with whom Massinger was peculiarly well acquainted, as there is scarcely one of his dramatic pieces in which several happy allusions to him do not occur: these, as well as those to Cicero, Horace, Ovid, Seneca, Claudian, and others, as Massinger does not ambitiously obtrude them on the eye, I have commonly left to the exercise of the reader's own sagacity.

\* *I was at the gate of [hell.]* The dread of a posthumous tribunal induced the printer to make a break here. *hell* was the word omitted, without doubt; it is characteristic and becoming the rest of the speech.

Enter HORTENSIO with ASCANIO in his arms, GOTHRIE following.

Goth. What would you have?<sup>\*</sup>  
The devil sleeps in my pocket; I have no cross  
To drive him from it. Be you or thief or soldier,  
Or such a beggar as will not be denied,  
My scrip, my tar-box, book, and coat, will prove  
But a thin purchase; if you turn my inside out-  
wards,  
You'll find it true.

Hort. Not any food? [Searches his scrip.

Goth. Alas! sir,  
I am no glutton, but an under-shepherd;  
The very picture of famine; judge by my cheeks  
else:

I have my pittance by ounces, and starve myself,  
When I pay a pensioner, an ancient mouse,  
A crumb a meal.

Hort. No drop left? [Takes his bottle.  
Drunkard! hast thou swill'd up all?

Goth. How! drunkard, sir?  
I am a poor man, you mistake me, sir,  
Drunkard's a title for the rich, my betters;  
A calling in repute: some sell their lands for't,  
And roar, Wine's better than money. Our poor be-  
verages

Of buttermilk or whey allay'd with water,  
Ne'er raise our thoughts so high. Drunk! I had  
never

The credit to be so yet.

Hort. Ascanio,  
Look up, dear youth; Ascanio, did thy sweetness  
Command the greedy enemy to forbear  
To prey upon it, and I thank my fortune  
For suffering me to live, that in some part  
I might return thy courtesies, and now,  
To heighten my afflictions, must I be  
Enforced, no pitying angel near to help us,  
Heaven deaf to my complaints, too, to behold thee  
Die in my arms for hunger! no means left  
To lengthen life a little! I will open  
A vein, and pour my blood, not yet corrupted  
With any sinful act, but pure as he is,  
Into his famish'd mouth.

Oct. [Comes forward.] Young man, forbear  
Thy savage pity; I have better means  
To call back flying life.

[Pours a cordial into the mouth of Ascanio.

Goth. You may believe him;  
It is his sucking-bottle, and confirms,  
An old man's twice a child; his nurse's milk  
Was ne'er so chargeable, should you put in too  
For soap and candles: though he sell his flock for't,  
The baby must have this dug: he swears 'tis ill  
For my complexion, but wonderful comfortable  
For an old man that would never die.

Oct. Hope well, sir;  
A temperate heat begins to thaw his numbness;  
The blood too by degrees takes fresh possession

On his pale cheeks; his pulse beats high: stand off,  
Give him more air, he stirs.

[Gothrie steals the bottle.

Goth. And have I got thee,  
Thou bottle of immortality!

Asc. Where am I?

What cruel hand hath forced back wretched life?  
Is rest in death denied me?

Goth. O sweet liquor!

Were here enough to make me drunk, I might  
Write myself gentleman, and never buy  
A coat of the heralds.

Oct. How now, slave?

Goth. I was fainting.

A clownlike qualm seized on me, but I am  
Recover'd, thanks to your bottle, and begin  
To feel new stirrings, gallant thoughts: one draught  
more

Will make me a perfect signior.

Oct. A tough cudgel

Will take this gentle itch off; home to my cottage,  
See all things handsome.

Goth. Good sir, let me have

The bottle along to smell to: O rare perfume!

[Exit.

Hort. Speak once more, dear Ascanio.—How he  
eyes you,

Then turns away his face! look up, sweet youth;  
The object cannot hurt you; this good man,  
Next heaven, is your preserver.

Asc. Would I had perish'd

Without relief, rather than live to break  
His good old heart with sorrow. O my shame!  
My shame, my never-dying shame!

Oct. I have been

Acquainted with this voice, and know the face  
too:—

'Tis she, 'tis too apparent; O my daughter!  
I mourn'd long for thy loss, but thus to find thee,  
Is more to be lamented.

Hort. How! your daughter?

Oct. My only child; I murmur'd against heaven  
Because I had no more, but now I find  
This one too many.—Is Alonzo gluted

[Maria weeps.

With thy embraces?

Hort. At his name a shower

Of tears falls from her eyes; she faints again.  
Grave sir, o'er-rule your passion, and defer  
The story of her fortune\*. On my life

She is a worthy one; her innocence  
Might be abused, but mischief's self wants power

To make her guilty. Show yourself a father  
In her recovery; then as a judge,  
When she hath strength to speak in her own cause,  
You may determine of her.

Oct. I much thank you

For your wise counsel: you direct me, sir,  
As one indebted more to years, and I

As a pupil will obey you: not far hence  
I have a homely dwelling; if you please there  
To make some short repose, your entertainment,  
Though coarse, shall relish of a gratitude,

\* Goth. *What would you have?* &c.) The modern editors have set their wit against poor Gothrie, and deprived him of all pretensions to verse. Certainly Massinger meant him to speak in measure, and though it be not such as the superior characters use, yet it suits the person, and runs glibly off the tongue. What is more, the old copy prints his speeches as they stand here, so that there is no accounting for this vagary of Coxe and M. Mason.

† Goth. *You may believe him.*) This speech, which, like most of the rest, is strangely put into prose, is so carelessly printed, and so ridiculously pointed, in the former editions, that it is impossible to understand it.

\* *The story of her fortune.*) All the editions read *your* instead of *her*. I have no doubt but that the latter was the author's word, while the former was, probably, inserted by a very common mistake, from the expression immediately over it.

† *You direct me, sir.*) *Me*, which completes both the metre and the sense, is inserted from the old copy.

And that's all I can pay you. Look up, girl,  
Thou art in thy father's arms.

*Hort.* She's weak and faint still—

O spare your age! I am young and strong, and  
this way

To serve her is a pleasure, not a burthen :

[*Takes her in his arms.*]

Pray you, lead the way.

*Oef.* The saints reward your goodness!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.* Another part of the Country.

*Enter MANFROT and MATILDA disguised.*

*Matil.* No hope of safety left?

*Man.* We are descried.

*Matil.* I thought that, covered in this poor disguise,

I might have pass'd unknown.

*Man.* A diamond,

Though set in horn, is still a diamond.  
And sparkles as in purest gold. We are follow'd:  
Out of the troops that scour'd the plains, I saw  
Two gallant horsemen break forth (who, by their  
Brave furniture and habiliments for the war,  
Seem'd to command the rest), spurring hard to-  
wards us.

See with what winged speed they climb the hill,  
Like falcons on the stretch to seize the prey!  
Now they dismount, and on their hands and knees  
O'ercome the deep ascent\* that guards us from them.  
Your beauty hath betrayed you; for it can  
No more be night when bright Apollo shines  
In our meridian, than that be conceal'd.

*Matil.* It is my curse, not blessing; fatal to  
My country, father, and myself. Why did you  
Forsake the city?

*Man.* 'Twas the duke's command:  
No time to argue that; we must descend.  
If undiscovered your soft feet, unused  
To such rough travel, can but carry you  
Half a league hence, I know a cave which will  
Yield us protection.

*Matil.* I wish I could lend you  
Part of my speed; for me, I can outstrip  
Daphne or Atalanta.

*Man.* Some good angel  
Defend us, and strike blind our hot pursuers!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ALONZO and PISANO.*

*Alon.* She cannot be far off; how gloriously  
She show'd to us in the valley!

*Pisan.* In my thought,  
Like to a blazing comet.

*Alon.* Brighter far:  
Her beams of beauty made the hills all fire;  
From whence removed 'tis cover'd with thick clouds,  
But we lose time; I'll take that way.

*Pisan.* I, this. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* A Wood.

*Enter HORTENSIO.*

*Hort.* 'Tis a degree of comfort in my sorrow,  
I have done one good work in reconciling

\* *O'ercome the deep ascent.* So the old copy: the modern editions read *steep ascent*, which is not so good, and which, indeed, if it were better, has no business in the text.

*Maria, long hid in Ascanio's habit,  
To grieved Octavio. What a sympathy  
I found in their affections! she with tears  
Making a free confession of her weakness,  
In yielding up her honour to Alonso,  
Upon his vows to marry her; Octavio,  
Prepared to credit her excuses, say,  
To extenuate her guilt; she the delinquent  
And judge, as 'twere, agreeing.—But to me,  
The most forlorn of men, no beam of comfort  
Deigns to appear; nor can I, in my fancy,  
Fashion a means to get it: to my country  
I am lost for ever, and 'twere impudence  
To think of a return, yet this I could  
Endure with patience; but to be divorced  
From all my joy on earth, the happiness  
To look upon the excellence of nature,  
That is perfection in herself, and needs not  
Addition or epithet, rare Matilda\*,  
Would make a saint blaspheme. Here, Galestro,  
In this obscure abode, 'tis fit thou shouldst  
Consume thy youth, and grow old in lamenting  
Thy star-cross'd fortune, in this shepherd's habit;  
This look thy best defence, since thou couldst not  
When thou didst fight in such a princess' court,  
Thy sword no better.*

[*Enter ALONZO and PISANO with MATILDA.*]

*Matil.* Are you men or monsters?  
Whither will you drag me? can the open ear  
Of heaven be deaf, when an unspotted maid  
Cries out for succour!

*Pisan.* 'Tis in vain; cast lots  
Who shall enjoy her first.

*Alon.* Flames rage within me,  
And, such a spring of nectar near to quench them,  
My appetite shall be cloy'd first: here I stand,  
Thy friend, or enemy; let me have precedence,  
I write a friend's name in my heart; deny it,  
As an enemy I defy thee.

*Pisan.* Friend or foe  
In this alike I value, I disdain  
To yield priority; draw thy sword.

*Alon.* To sheath it  
In thy ambitious heart.

*Matil.* O curb this fury,  
And hear a wretched maid first speak.

*Hort.* I am marble.

*Matil.* Where shall I seek out words or how  
strain

My enemies' rage or lovers'? Oh, the latter  
Is far more odious: did not your lust  
Provoke you, for that is its proper name,  
My chastity were safe; and yet I tremble more  
To think what dire effects lust may bring forth,  
Than what, as enemies, you can inflict,  
And less I fear it. Be friends to yourselves,  
And enemies to me; better I fall  
A sacrifice to your atonement, than  
Or one or both should perish. I am the cause  
Of your division; remove it, lords,  
And concord will spring up: poison this face

\* *Addition or epithet, rare Matilda.* To say that *Matilda* required no epithet, and immediately to give her one, seems an oversight which I am unwilling to attribute to the author. Perhaps the comma should be placed after *rare*, in the word itself (though this I do not build on), may be an addition of the players, not always the most competent judges of propriety, or even of poetry. The line might be improved to a modern ear by reading—*Addition, or rare epithet*, but not to that of Massinger and his school, who were accustomed to pronounce *addition* as a quadrisyllable.

That hath bewitch'd you, this grove cannot want  
Aspics or toads; creatures, though justly call'd  
For their deformity, the scorn of nature,  
More happy than myself with this false beauty  
(The seed and fruit of mischief) you admire so.  
I thus embrace your knees, and yours, a suppliant.  
If tigers did not nurse you, or you suck  
The milk of a fierce lioness, show compassion  
Unto yourselves in being reconciled,  
And pity to poor me, my honour safe,  
In taking loath'd life from me.

*Pisan.* What shall we do?  
Or end our difference in killing her,  
Or fight it out?

*Alon.* To the last gasp. I feel  
The moist tears on my cheeks, and blush to find  
A virgin's plaints can move so.

*Pisan.* To prevent  
Her flight while we contend, let's bind her fast  
To this cypress-tree.

*Alon.* Agreed.

*Matil.* It does presage  
My funeral rites\*. [They bind Matilda.]

*Hort.* I shall turn atheist  
If Heaven see and suffer this: why did I  
Abandon my good sword? with unarm'd hands  
I cannot rescue her. Some angel pluck me  
From the apostacy I am falling to,  
And by a miracle lend me a weapon  
To underprop falling honour.

*Pisan.* She is fast:

Resume your arms.

*Alon.* Honour, revenge, the maid too,  
Lie at the stake.

*Pisan.* Which thus I draw.

[They fight, Pisano falls.]

*Alon.* All's mine,  
But bought with some blood of my own. *Pisano,*  
Thou wert a noble enemy, wear that laurel  
In death to comfort thee: for the reward,  
'Tis mine now without rival.

[Hortensio snatches up Pisano's sword.]

*Hort.* Thou art deceived;  
Men will grow up like to the dragon's teeth  
From Cadmus' helm, sown in the field of Mars,  
To guard pure chastity from lust and rape.  
Libidinous monster, satyr, faun, or what  
Does better speak thee, slave to appetite,  
And sensual baseness; if thy profane hand  
But touch this virgin temple, thou art dead.

*Matil.* I see the aid of heaven, though slow, is  
sure.

*Alon.* A rustic swain dare to retard my pleasure!

*Hort.* No swain, Alonzo, but her knight and  
servant

To whom the world should owe and pay obedience;  
One that thou hast encounter'd, and shrunk under  
His arm; that spared thy life in the late battle,  
At the intercession of the princess' page.  
Look on me better.

\* *Matil.* It does presage  
My funeral rites.] To understand this, it may be necessary to observe that the Romans, and some other nations, always carried cypress boughs in their funeral processions. To this Horace alludes in a strain of beautiful pathos:

— neque hanc quas colis arborum

Tæ præter inuisas cypressus,

Et lila breuem dominum sequetur.

It was an ill-timed recollection of this circumstance which drew upon Dryden the clumsy sneer of the stupid Mithourne. — See his *Observations on the Translation of the Georgics*.

*Matil.* 'Tis my virtuous lover!

Under his guard 'twere sin to doubt my safety.

*Alon.* I know thee, and with courage will redeem  
What fortune then took from me.

*Hort.* Rather keep [They fight, Alonzo falls.]

Thy compeer company in death.—Lie by him,

A prey for crows and vultures; these fair arms,

[He unbinds Matilda.]

Unfit for bonds, should have been chains to make

A bridegroom happy, though a prince, and proud

Of such captivity: whatso'er you are,

I glory in the service I have done you;

But I entreat you\* pay your vows and prayers,

For preservation of your life and honour,

To the most virtuous princess, chaste Matilda.

I am her creature, and what good I do,

You truly may call her's; what's ill, mine own.

*Matil.* You never did do ill, my virtuous servant;

Nor is it in the power of poor Matilda

To cancel such an obligation as,

With humble willingness, she must subscribe to.

*Hort.* The princess? ha!

*Matil.* Give me a fitter name,

Your manumised bondswoman, but even now

In the possession of lust, from which

Your more than brave—heroic valour bought me:

And can I then, for freedom unexpected,

But kneel to you, my patron?

*Hort.* Kneel to me!

For heaven's sake rise; I kiss the ground you  
tread on,

My eyes fixed on the earth; for I confess

I am a thing not worthy to look on you,

Till you have sign'd my pardon.

*Matil.* Do you interpret

The much good you have done me, an offence?

*Hort.* The not performing your injunctions to me,

Is more than capital: your allowance of

My love and service to you, with admission

To each place you made paradise with your presence,

Should have enabled me to bring home conquest:

Then, as a sacrifice; to offer it

At the altar of your favour: had my love

Answer'd your bounty, or my hopes, an army

Had been as dust before me; whereas I,

Like a coward, turn'd my back, and durst not stand

The fury of the enemy.

*Matil.* Had you done

Nothing in the battle, this last act deserves more

Than I, the duke my father joining with me,

Can ever recompense. But take your pleasure;

Suppose you have offended in not grasping

Your boundless hopes, I thus seal on your lips

A full remission.

*Hort.* Let mine touch your foot,

Your hand's too high a favour.

*Matil.* Will you force me

To ravish a kiss from you?

*Hort.* I am entranced.

*Matil.* So much desert and bashfulness should  
not march

In the same file. Take comfort; when you have  
brought me

\* *But I entreat you, &c.*] This is in the true spirit of knight-errantry; and, indeed, nothing but constantly bearing in mind the language and manners of this gallant but romantic description of men, can reconcile us to the profound reverence with which Galeazzo regards his mistress.

To some place of security, you shall find  
You have a seat here, in a heart that bath  
Already studied and vowed to be thankful.

*Hort.* Heaven make me so! oh, I am over-  
whelm'd

With an excess of joy! Be not too prodigal,  
Divinest lady, of your grace and bounties  
At once, if you are pleas'd I shall enjoy them,  
Not taste them and expire.

*Matil.* I'll be more sparing. [Exeunt.]

*Enter OCTAVIO, GOTHRIED, and MARIA.*

*Oct.* What noise of clashing awards, like armour  
fashion'd

Upon an anvil, pierc'd mine ears; the echo  
Redoubling the loud sound through all the vallies?  
This way the wind assures me that it came.

*Goth.* Then with your pardon, I'll take this.

*Oct.* Why, sirrah?

*Goth.* Because, sir, I will trust my heels before  
All winds that blow in the sky: we are wiser far  
Than our grandsires were, and in this I'll prove it;  
They said, *Haste to the beginning of a feast,*  
There I am with them, but to the end of a fray—  
That is apocryphal, 'tis more canonical  
Not to come there at all; after a storm  
There are still some drops behind.

*Mar.* Pure fear hath made

The fool a philosopher.

*Oct.* See, Maria, see!

I did not err; here lie two brave men weltering  
In their own gore.

*Mar.* A pitiful object.

*Goth.* I am in a swoon to look on't.

*Oct.* They are stiff already.

*Goth.* But are you sure they are dead?

*Oct.* Too sure, I fear.

*Goth.* But are they stark dead?

*Oct.* Leave prating.

[them.]

*Goth.* Then I am valiant, and dare come nearer to  
This fellow without a sword shall be my patient.

[Goes to Pisano.]

*Oct.* Whate'er they are, humanity commands us  
To do our best endeavour. Run, Maria, [there  
To the neighbour spring for water; you will find  
A wooden dish, the beggar's plate, to bring it.

[Exit Maria.]

Why dost not, dull drone, bend his body\*, and feel  
If any life remain?

*Goth.* By your leave, he shall die first,

And then I'll be his surgeon.

*Oct.* Tear ope his doublet,

And prove if his wounds be mortal.

*Goth.* Fear not me, sir:

Here's a large wound.—[Feels his pocket.]—How it  
is swollen and imposthumped!

This must be cunningly drawn out, should it break,  
[Pulls out his purse.]

'Twould strangle him; what a deal of foul matter's  
here! [too]

This hath been long a-gathering. Here's a gash  
On the rim of his belly,—[Feels his side pocket.]—

it may have matter in it.

He was a choleric man, sure; what comes from him  
[Takes out his money.]

Is yellow as gold!—how, troubled with the stone  
too! [Seeing a diamond ring on his finger.]

I'll cut you for this.

*Pisan.* Oh, oh!

[Sings.]

*Goth.* He roars before I touch him.

*Pisan.* Robb'd of my life?

*Goth.* No, sir, nor of your money,  
Nor jewel; I keep them for you:—if I had been  
A perfect mountebank, he had not lived  
To call for his fees again.

*Oct.* Give me leave—there's hope  
Of his recovery. [Quits Pisano and goes to Maria.]

*Goth.* I had rather bury him quick  
Than part with my purchase; let his ghost end  
I care not.

*Re-enter MARIA with a dish of water.*

*Oct.* Well done, Maria; lend thy helping hand:  
He hath a deep wound in his head, wash off  
The clotted blood: he comes to himself.

*Alon.* My lust!

The fruit that grows upon the tree of lust!  
With horror now I taste it.

*Oct.* Do you not know him?

*Mar.* Too soon. Alonzo! oh me! though dis-  
loyal,

Still dear to thy Maria.

*Goth.* So they know not

My patient, all's cocksure; I do not like  
The Romanish restitution.

*Oct.* Rise, and leave him.

Applaud heaven's justice.

*Mar.* 'Twill become me better

To implore its saving mercy.

*Oct.* Hast thou no gall?

No feeling of thy wrongs?

*Mar.* Turtles have none;

Nor can there be such poison in her breast  
That truly loves, and lawfully.

*Oct.* True, if that love

Be placed on a worthy subject. What he is,  
In thy disgrace is published; heaven hath punish'd  
him

For punishment, and 'twere rebellious madness  
In thee to attempt to alter it: revenge,

A sovereign balm for injuries, is more proper  
To thy robb'd honour. Join with me, and thou  
Shalt be thyself the goddess of revenge,

This wretch the vassal of thy wrath: I'll make him,  
While yet he lives, partake those torments which

For perjured lovers are prepared in hell,  
Before his curs'd ghost enter it. This oil,

Extracted and sublimed from all the simples  
The earth, when swollen with venom, e'er brought  
forth,

Pour'd in his wounds, shall force such anguish as  
The furies' whips but imitate; and when

Extremity of pain shall hasten death,  
Here is another that shall keep in life,

And make him feel a perpetuity  
Of lingering tortures.

*Goth.* Knock them both o' th' head, I say,

An it be but for their skins; they are embroider'd,  
And will sell well in the market.

*Mar.* Ill-look'd devil,

Tie up thy bloody tongue. O sir! I was slow  
In beating down those propositions which

You urge for my revenge; my reasons being  
So many, and so forcible, that make

Against yours, that until I had collected  
My scatter'd powers, I wav'd in my choice

Which I should first deliver. Fate hath brought  
My enemy (I can faintly call him so)

\* See Note, p. 72.

Prostrate before my feet; shall I abuse  
The bounty of my fate, by trampling on him?  
He alone ruin'd me, nor can any hand  
But his rebuild my late demolish'd honour.  
If you deny me means of reparation,  
To satisfy your spleen, you are more cruel  
Than ever yet Alonzo was; you stamp  
The name of strumpet on my forehead, which  
Heaven's mercy would take off: you fan the fire  
E'en ready to go out, forgetting that  
'Tis truly noble, having power to punish,  
Nay, kinglike, to forbear it. I would purchase  
My husband by such benefits as should make him  
Confess himself my equal, and disclaim  
Superiority.

Oct. My blessing on thee!

What I urged was a trial; and my grant  
To thy desires shall now appear, if art  
Or long experience can do him service.  
Nor shall my charity to this be wanting,  
Howe'er unknown: help me, Maria: you, sir,  
Do your best to raise him.—So.

Goth. He's wond'rous heavy;  
But the porter's paid, there's the comfort.

Oct. 'Tis but a trance,  
And 'twill forsake both.

Mar. If he live, I fear not  
He will redeem all, and in thankfulness  
Confirm he owes you for a second life,  
And pay the debt in making me his wife.

[*Exeunt Octavio and Maria with Alonzo, and  
Gothrio with Pisano.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Lorenzo's Camp under the Walls of Mantua.

*Enter LORENZO and Captains.*

Lor. Mantua is ours; place a strong garrison  
in it

To keep it so; and as a due reward  
To your brave service, be our governor in it.

1 Capt. I humbly thank your excellence. [*Exit.*  
Lor. Gonzaga

Is yet out of our gripe; but his strong fort,  
St. Leo, which he holds impregnable  
By the aids of art, as nature, shall not long  
Retard our absolute conquest. The escape  
Of fair Matilda, my supposed mistress  
(For whose desired possession 'twas given out  
I made this war), I value not; alas!  
Cupid's too feeble-eyed to hit my heart,  
Or could he see, his arrows are too blunt  
To pierce it; his imagined torch is quench'd  
With a more glorious fire of my ambition  
To enlarge my empire: soft and silken amours,  
With carpet courtship, which weak princes style  
The happy issue of a flourishing peace,  
My toughness scorns. Were there an abstract  
made

Of all the eminent and canonized beauties  
By truth recorded, or by poets feign'd,  
I could unmoved behold it; as a picture,  
Commend the workmanship, and think no more  
on't;

I have more noble ends. Have you not heard yet  
Of Alonzo, or Pisano?

2 Capt. My lord, of neither.

Lor. Two turbulent spirits unfit for discipline,  
Much less command in war; if they were lost,  
I should not pine with mourning.

*Enter MARTINO and Soldiers with MATILDA and  
HORTENSIO.*

Mart. Bring them forward;  
This will make my peace, though I had kill'd his  
father,

Besides the reward that follows.

Lor. Ha, Martino!

Where is Farnese's head? dost thou stare! and  
where

The soldier that desired the torture of him?

Mart. An't please your excellence—

Lor. It doth not please us;  
Are our commands obey'd?

Mart. Farnese's head, sir,  
Is a thing not worth your thought, the soldier's  
less, sir:

I have brought your highness such a head! a head  
So well set on too! a fine head—

Lor. Take that [*Strikes him.*  
For thy impertinence: what head, you rascal?

Mart. My lord, if they that bring such presents  
to you

Are thus rewarded, there are few will strive  
To be near your grace's pleasures: but I know  
You will repent your choler. Here's the head:  
And now I draw the curtain, it bath a face too,  
And such a face—

Lor. Ha!

Mart. View her all o'er, my lord,  
My company on't, she's sound of wind and limb,  
And will do her labour tightly, a *bona roba*;  
And for her face, as I said, there are five hundred  
City-dubb'd madams in the dukedown, that would  
part with

Their jointures to have such another:—hold up  
your head, maid,

Lor. Of what age is the day?

Mart. Sir, since sunrising  
About two hours.

Lor. Thou liest; the sun of beauty,  
In modest blushes on her cheeks, but now  
Appear'd to me, and in her tears breaks forth  
As through a shower in April; every drop  
An orient pearl, which, as it falls, congeal'd,  
Were ear-rings for the catholic king, [to be\*]  
Worn on his birth-day.

\* *Were ear-rings for the catholic king, [to be]*

*Worn on his birth-day.] I have ventured to insert the  
words in brackets, something like them, as I conjecture  
from the deficiency of sense and metre, having accidentally  
dropt out at the press. The riches of the Spanish monarch*

Mart. Here's a sudden change!

Lor. Incensed Cupid, whom even now I scorn'd,  
Hath ta'en his stand, and by reflection shines  
(As if he had two bodies, or indeed  
A brother-twin whom sight cannot distinguish)  
In her fair eyes: see how they head their arrows  
With her bright beams! now frown, as if my heart,  
Rebellious to their edicts, were unworthy,  
Should I rip up my bosom, to receive  
A wound from such divine artillery!

Mart. I am made for ever.

Matil. We are lost, dear servant.

Hort. Virtue's but a word;

Fortune rules all.

Matil. We are her tennis-balls.

Lor. Allow her fair, her symmetry and features  
So well proportion'd, as the heavenly object  
With admiration would strike Ovid dumb,  
Nay, force him to forget his faculty  
In verse, and celebrate her praise in prose\*.  
What's this to me? I that have pass'd my youth  
Unscorch'd with wanton fires, my sole delight  
In glittering arms, my conquering sword my mis-

treas,

Neighing of barbed horse, the cries and groans

Of vanquish'd foes suing for life, my music:

And shall I, in the autumn of my age,

Now, when I wear the livery of time

Upon my head and beard, suffer myself

To be transform'd, and like a pining lover,

With arms thus folded up, echo *Ah me's*!

And write myself a bondman to my vassal?

It must not, nay, it shall not be: remove

The object, and the effect dies. Nearer, Martino.

Mart. I shall have a regiment: colonel Martino,

I cannot go less\*.

Lor. What thing is this thou hast brought me?

Mart. What thing? heaven bless me! are you a

Florentine,

Nay, the great duke of Florentines, and having

had her

So long in your power, do you now ask what she is?

Take her aside and learn; I have brought you that

I look to be dearly paid for.

Lor. I am a soldier,

And use of women will, Martino, rob

My nerves of strength.

Mart. All armour and no smock?

Abominable! a little of the one with the other

Is excellent: I ne'er knew general yet,

Nor prince that did deserve to be a worthy,

But he desired to have his sweat wash'd off

By a juicy bedfellow.

Lor. But say she be unwilling

To do that office?

Mart. Wrestle with her, I will wager

Ten to one on your grace's side.

were now proverbial, and, indeed, with justice, for the mines of Chili and of Peru were, at this time, incessantly pouring into his treasury masses of wealth, which formed at once the envy and the astonishment of Europe.

\* With admiration would strike Ovid dumb;

Nay force him to forget his faculty

In verse, and celebrate her praise in prose.] I doubt whether the Duke was sufficiently conversant with Ovid to decide on this matter. Whatever his admiration might be, he would have expressed it with more facility in verse than in prose, for, as he tells us himself, "he lisped in numbers:"

*Et quod tentabam dicere, versus erat.*

[I cannot go less.] I cannot accept of less.

Lor. Slave, hast thou brought me

Temptation in a beauty not to be

With prayers resisted; and, in place of counsel

To master my affections, and to guard

My honour, now besieged by lust, with the arms

Of sober temperance, mark me out a way

To be a ravisher? Would thou hadst shown me

Some monster, though in a more ugly form

Than Nile or Afric ever bred! The basilisk,

Whose envious eye yet never brook'd a neighbour,

Kills but the body; her more potent eye

Buries alive mine honour: Shall I yield thus?

And all brave thoughts of victory and triumphs,

The spoils of nations, the loud applauses

Of happy subjects made so by my conquests;

And what's the crown of all, a glorious name

Insculp'd on pyramids to posterity,

Be drench'd in Lethe, and no object take me

But a weak woman, rich in colours only,

Too delicate a\* touch, and some rare features

Which age or sudden sickness will take from her!

And where's then the reward of all my service,

Love-soothing passions, nay, idolatry,

I must pay to her! Hence, and with thee take

This second but more dangerous Pandora,

Whose fatal box, if open'd, will pour on me

All mischiefs that mankind is subject to.

To the deserts with this Circe, this Calypso,

This fair enchantress! let her spells and charms

Work upon beasts and thee, than whom wise men

Ne'er made a viler creature.

Matil. Happy exile!

Hort. Some spark of hope remains yet.

Mart. Come, you are mine now.

I will remove her where your highness shall not

Or see or hear more of her: what a sum

Will she yield for the Turk's seraglio!

Lor. Stay; I feel

A sudden alteration.

Mart. Here are fine whimsies.

Lor. Why should I part with her? can my

foulness

Inhabit such a clean and gorgeous palace?

The fish, the fowl, the beasts, may safer leave

The elements they were nourish'd in, and live,

Than I endure her absence; yet her presence

Is a torment to me: why do I call it so?

My sire enjoy'd a woman, I had not been else;

He was a complete prince, and shall I blush

To follow his example? Oh! but my choice,

Though she gave suffrage to it, is beneath me:

But even now in my proud thoughts I scorn'd

A princess, fair Matilda; and is't decreed

For punishment, I straight must dote on one,

What, or from whence, I know not? Grant she be

Obscure, without a coat or family,

Those I can give: and yet, if she were noble,

My fondness were more pardonable. Martino,

Dost thou know thy prisoner?

Mart. Do I know myself?

I kept that for the l'envoyt; tis the daughter

Of your enemy, duke Gonzaga.

Lor. Fair Matilda!

I now call to my memory her picture,

And find this is the substance; but her painter

Did her much wrong, I see it.

\* Too delicate a touch,] I know not how the modern editors understood this passage, but they read, *Too delicate touch*, which quite perverts the sense of their author. [I kept that for the l'envoyt;] i. e. for the last.

Mart. I am sure  
I tugg'd hard for her, here are wounds can witness,  
Before I could call her mine.

Lor. No matter how :

Make thine own ransom, I will pay it for her.

Mart. I knew 'twould come at last.

Matil. We are lost again.

Hart. Variety of afflictions !

Lor. That his knee,

That never yet bow'd to mortality, [Kneels.

Kisses the earth happy to bear your weight,  
I know, begets your wonder ; hear the reason,  
And cast it off :—your beauty does command it.  
Till now, I never saw you ; fame hath been  
Too sparing in report of your perfections,  
Which now with admiration I gaze on.

Be not afraid, fair virgin ; had you been  
Employ'd to mediate your father's cause,  
My drum had been unbred, my trumpet hung up ;  
Nor had the terror of the war e'er frighted  
His peaceful confines : your demands had been,  
As soon as spoke, agreed to : but you'll answer,  
And may with reason, words make no satisfaction  
For what's in fact committed. Yet, take comfort,  
Something my pious love commands me do,  
Which may call down your pardon.

Matil. This expression  
Of reverence to your person better suits

With my low fortune. [Raises Lorenzo, and kneels.  
My weakness would persuade me to believe,  
Though conscious of mine own unworthiness :

You being as the liberal eye of heaven,  
Which may shine where it pleases, let your beams  
Of favour warm and comfort, not consume me !  
For, should your love grow to excess, I dare not  
Deliver what I fear.

Lor. Dry your fair eyes ;  
I apprehend your doubts, and could be angry,  
If humble love could warrant it, you should  
Nourish such base thoughts of me. Heaven bear  
witness,

And, if I break my vow, dart thunder at me,  
You are, and shall be, in my tent as free  
From fear of violence, as a cloister'd nun  
Kneeling before the altar. What I purpose  
Is yet an embryo ; but, grown into form,  
I'll give you power to be the sweet disposer  
Of blessings unexpected ; that your father,  
Your country, people, children yet unborn too,  
In holy hymns, on festivals, shall sing  
The triumph of your beauty. On your hand  
Once more I swear it :—O impetuous Love,  
Look down, and, as I truly do repent,  
Prosper the good ends of thy penitent !

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

The Duchy.—A Room in Octavio's Cottage.

Enter OCTAVIO, disguised as a Priest, and MARIA.

Oct. You must not be too sudden, my Maria,  
In being known : I am, in this friar's habit,  
As yet conceal'd. Though his recovery  
Be almost certain, I must work him to  
Repentance by degrees ; when I would have you  
Appear in your true shape of sorrow, to

Move his compassion, I will stamp thus,—then  
You know to act your part

Mart. I shall be careful.

[Exit.

Oct. If I can cure the ulcers of his mind,  
As I despair not of his body's wounds,  
Felicity crowns my labour.—Gothrio !

Enter GOTHRIO.

Goth. Here, sir.

Oct. Desire my patients to leave their chamber,  
And take fresh air here : how have they slept ?

Goth. Very well, sir,

I would we were so<sup>a</sup> rid of them.

Oct. Why ?

Goth. I fear one hath  
The art of memory, and will remember  
His gold and jewels : could you not minister  
A potion of forgetfulness ? What would gallants  
That are in debt give me for such a receipt  
To pour in their creditors' drink ?

Oct. You shall restore all,  
Believe't you shall :—will you please to walk ?

Goth. Will you please to put off  
Your holy habit, and spiced conscience ? one  
I think, infects the other. [Exit.

Oct. I have observed  
Compunction in Alonzo ; he speaks little,  
But full of retired thoughts : the other is  
Jocund and merry, no doubt because he hath  
The less account to make here †.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Reverend sir,  
I come to wait your pleasure ; but, my friend,  
Your creature I should say, being so myself,  
Willing to take further repose, entreats  
Your patience a few minutes.

Oct. At his pleasure ;  
Pray you sit down ; you are faint still.

Alon. Growing to strength,  
I thank your goodness ; but my mind is troubled,  
Very much troubled, sir, and I desire,  
Your pious habit giving me assurance  
Of your skill and power that way, that you would  
please

To be my mind's physician.

Oct. Sir, to that  
My order binds me ; if you please to unload  
The burthen of your conscience, I will minister  
Such heavenly cordials as I can, and set you  
In a path that leads to comfort.

Alon. I will open  
My bosom's secrets to you. That I am  
A man of blood, being brought up in the wars,  
And cruel executions, my profession  
Admits not to be question'd ; but in that,  
Being a subject, and bound to obey  
Whate'er my prince commanded, I have left

<sup>a</sup> I would we were so rid of them.] So the old copy ; the modern editors read, I would we were soon rid of them ; which, in the language of the author, is faintly English ; but they did not understand the passage.

† The less account to make here.] ΔΕΙΣΤΕΛΩC, laying his hand on his breast.

‡ Alon. I will open.  
My bosom's secrets to you.] This is the old reading, and far more elegant than that which the modern editors have introduced in its stead,—My bosom-secrets to you.

Some shadow of crime: with other crimes,  
As pride, lust, gluttony, it must be told,  
I am beset with all of them.

Oct. No reputation,  
Honesty will wash it off.

Alon. O sir, I grant

Those sins are deadly ones; yet their imaginary  
Woe worked not makes them less dreadful to us.  
But I am conscious of one crime, with which  
All life I have committed from my youth  
Put in the scale, weigh nothing; such a crime,  
So odious to heaven and man, and to  
My new-brother conscience as full of horror,  
As penance cannot expiate.

Oct. Despair not.

'Tis impious in man to prescribe limits  
To the divine compulsion: out with it.

Alon. Hear then, good man, and when that I have  
given you

The character of it, and confessed myself  
The wretch that acted it, you must repeat  
The charity you have extended towards me.  
Not long before these wars began, I had  
Acquaintance (to not fit I style it friendship\*)  
That being a woman, and not to be blended  
With vicious breach of faith; with the lord Octavio,  
The minister of his prince and court, set off  
With all the pomp and circumstance of greatness:  
To this then happy man I offer'd service,  
And with instruction wrought myself  
Into his knowledge, grew familiar with him,  
Ever a welcome guest. This noble gentleman  
Was bless'd with one fair daughter, so he thought,  
And boldly might believe so, for she was  
In all things excellent without a rival,  
Till I, her father's man of wealth before  
My greedy eyes, but hoodwink'd to mine honour,  
With far more subtle arts than perjur'd Paris  
E'er practis'd on poor credulous Demone,  
Besieged her virgin fort, in a word, took it,  
No vows or impression forgotten  
With speed to marry her.

Oct. Perhaps she gave you  
Just cause to break those vows.

Alon. She cause! alas,  
Her innocence knew no guilt, but too much favour  
To me, unworthy of it: 'twas my baseness,  
My foul ingratitude—what shall I say more?  
The good Octavio no sooner fell  
In the displeasure of his prince, his state  
Confiscated, and he forced to leave the court,  
And she exposed to want; but all my oaths  
And protestation of service to her,  
Like seeming flames raised by enchantment, va-  
nish'd!

This, this sits heavy here.

Oct. He speaks as if  
He were acquainted with my plot.—You have  
reason

To feel compunction, for 'twas most inhuman  
So to betray a maid.

Alon. Most barbarous.

Oct. But does your sorrow for the fact beget  
An aptness in you to make satisfaction  
For the wrong you did her?

\* ——— 'tis not fit I style it friendship, &c.]  
Mr. M. Mason reads—to style it friendship, which is less  
in Massinger's manner, and, to say the least of it, a capri-  
cious alteration.

Alon. Gracious heaven! an aptness!  
It is my only study: since I heard  
Of your misfortune, there's not a day  
But fearful dreams eat off my little sleep;  
And, being awake, to my imagination  
Her appearance haunted me.

Oct. 'Twas more vision.

Alon. 'Twas more, grace sir—my, 'tis  
it appears!

Enter Maria.

Oct. Where?

Alon. Do you not see there the gliding shadow  
Of a fair virgin? that is she, and wears  
The very garments that adorn'd her when  
She yielded to my criminal tears; a cloud  
Of fears and diffidence then on chased away  
Her pure white and red, as it should  
That I should be detected. Blessed shadow!  
For 'twas a sin, far, far exceeding all  
I have committed, to hope only that  
Thou art a substance; look on my true sorrow.  
Nay, soul's mistress: hear again those eyes  
My perjury cancell'd stamp'd in tears, and now  
To be worn out.

Re-enter OCTAVIO, with the person of ALONZO of  
Pisano.

Mar. I can endure no more;  
Action, not words, must make me repentant:  
I am Maria.

Alon. Can this be?

Oct. It is,

And I Octavio.

Alon. Wonder on wonder!

How shall I look on you, or with what forbear  
Desire your pardon?

Mar. You truly shall deserve it  
In being constant.

Oct. If you fall not off,  
But look on her in poverty with those eyes  
As, when she was my heir in expectation,  
You thought her beautiful.

Alon. She is in herself

Both lovelier to me.

Oct. Stay, she shall not come  
A beggar to you, my sweet young mistress! no,  
She shall not want a dower: here's a white and red  
Will ask a jointure; but how you should make her  
one,

Being a captain, would beget some doubt,  
If you should deal with a lawyer.

Alon. I have seen this purse.

Oct. How the world's given—I dare not say, to  
lying.

Because you are a soldier; you may say as well,  
This gold is mark'd too: you, being to receive it,  
Should ne'er ask how I got it. I'll run for a  
priest

To dispatch the matter; you shall not want a ring.  
I have one for the purpose.—[Gives Pisano's ring  
to Alonzo.]—Now, sir, I think I'm honest.

[Exit.

Alon. This ring was Pisano's.

Oct. I'll dissolve this riddle  
At better leisure: the wound given to my daughter,  
Which in your honour you are bound to cure,  
Exacts our present care.

Alon. I am all yours, sir.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. The Castle of St. Leo.*

*Enter GONZAGA, UBERTI, and MANFROY.*

Gon. Thou hast told too much to give assurance that  
Her honour was too far engaged, to be  
By human help redeem'd: if thou hadst given  
Thy sad narration this full period,  
She's dead, I had been happy.

Uber. Sir, these tears  
Do well become a father, and my eyes  
Would keep you company as a forlorn lover,  
But that the burning fire of my revenge  
Dries up those drops of sorrow. We once more,  
Our broken forces rallied up, and with  
Full numbers strengthen'd, stand prepared t' endure

A second trial; nor let it dismay us  
That we are once again to affront the fury  
Of a victorious army; their abuse  
Of conquest hath disarm'd them, and call'd down  
The Powers above to aid us. I have read\*  
Some piece of story, yet ne'er found but that  
The general, that gave way to cruelty,  
The profanation of things sacred, rapes  
Of virgins, butchery of infants, and  
The massacre in cold blood of reverend age,  
Against the discipline and law of arms,  
Did feel the hand of heaven lie heavy on him,  
When most secure. We have had a late example,  
And let us not despair but that, in Lorenzo,  
It will be seconded.

Gon. You argue well,  
And 'twere a sin in me to contradict you:  
Yet we must not neglect the means that's lent us  
To be the ministers of justice.

Uber. No, sir:  
One day given to refresh our wearied troops  
Tired with a tedious march, we'll be no longer  
Coop'd up, but charge the enemy in his trenches,  
And force him to a battle. *[Shouts within.]*

Gon. Ha! how's this?  
In such a general time of mourning, shouts,  
And acclamations of joy?

*[Cry within, Long live the princess! long live Matilda!]*

\* *I have read, &c.* The dreadful description in the text corresponds with the account given of the storming of Magdeburg, by Tilly (the Imperial general) in 1631, in which, say our old historians, "He cut the throats of 22,000 persons, a miserie which is impossible to be described or thought upon without horror and detestation." Tilly, however, was mortally wounded by a cannon shot at the passage of the Lech, a few months afterwards; and what follows in the text clearly shows that Massinger alludes to the Duke of Friedland, who succeeded to the command of the Imperial forces, and was noted for every species of cruelty, in short, for all the dreadful enormities which the poet enumerates. This chief, who was too powerful for control, was treacherously assassinated, when most secure, by order of the Emperor Ferdinand. This event took place at Egra, on the 25th of February, 1634, and was detailed in several petty pamphlets, by Nathaniel Butler, the general publisher of news at that period. The example, therefore, as Massinger says, was a late one. Alexander Gill has some tolerable verses on the subject, prefixed to Glaphorn's *Tragedy of Albertus Wallenstein*—

*Ubi illa tandem puer, qua Bohemiam  
Nilisimque, agrisque Brandenburgius,  
Fretus perambulasti? ubi est exercitus  
Diro tuorum quo misisti favorem  
Homicidia, stupra, furta, Pomerania  
Sape exoratu est, et Mecklenburgi sinus? &c.*

\* *[Cry within:] Long live the princess! Long live Matilda!*

Uber. Matilda!

*The princess' name, Matilda, oft re-echo'd.]* So the quarto.

Uber. Matilda!  
The princess' name, Matilda, oft re-echo'd!†

*Enter FARNEZE.*

Gon. What speaks thy haste?  
Farn. More joy and happiness  
Than weak words can deliver, or strong faith  
Almost give credit to: the princess lives;  
I saw her, kiss'd her hand.

Gon. By whom deliver'd?

Farn. That is not to be staid by my report\*;  
This only must be told:—As I rode forth  
With some choice troops, to make discovery  
Where the enemy lay, and how entrench'd, a leader  
Of the adverse party, but unarm'd, and in  
His hand an olive branch, encounter'd me:  
He show'd the great duke's seal that gave him power  
To parley with me; his desires were, that  
Assurance for his safety might be granted  
To his royal master, who came as a friend,  
And not as an enemy, to offer to you  
Conditions of peace. I yielded to it.  
This being return'd, the duke's prætorium open'd,  
When suddenly, in a triumphant chariot  
Drawn by such soldiers of his own as were,  
For insolence after victory, condemn'd  
Unto this slavish office, the fair princess  
Appear'd, a wreath of laurel on her head,  
Her robes majestical, their richness far  
Above all value, as the present age†  
Contended that a woman's pomp should dim  
The glittering triumphs of the Roman Cæsars.  
—I am cut off; no cannon's throat now thunders  
Nor fife nor drum beat up a charge; choice music  
Usbers the parent of security,  
Long-absent peace.

Man. I know not what to think on't.

Uber. May it poise the expectation!

*Loud music. Enter Soldiers unarmed, bearing olive branches, Captains, LORENZO, MATILDA crowned with a wreath of laurel, and seated in a chariot drawn by Soldiers; followed by HORTEPIO and MARTINO.*

Gon. Thus to meet you,  
Great duke of Tuscany, throws amazement on me;  
But to behold my daughter, long since mourn'd for,  
And lost even to my hopes, thus honour'd by you,  
With an excess of comfort overwhelms me:  
And yet I cannot truly call myself  
Happy in this solemnity, till your highness  
Vouchsafe to make me understand the motive  
That, in this peaceful way, hath brought you to us.

Lor. I must crave license first; for know,

Gonzaga,  
I am subject to another's will, and can  
Nor speak nor do without permission from her.  
My curled forehead, of late terrible  
To those that did acknowledge me their lord,

The editors have contrived to blunder in every possible way; they first advance a marginal note into the text, and then degrade the text into a marginal note!

\* *Farn. That is not to be staid by my report,]* So I read; the old copy has staid d, which is printed by the modern editors with a mark of apocryphism! If they supposed it to be abridged from *forestall d*, they must have pretty notions of language.

† *Above all value, as the present age, &c.* Coxeter, and Mr. M. Mason, not yet acquainted with the language of their author, insert (f before the, "as (f," &c. Even to this petty attempt at improvement they were compelled to sacrifice his metre.

Is now as smooth as rivers when no wind stirs;  
My frowns or smiles, that kill'd or saved, have lost  
Their potent awe, and sweetness: I am trans-  
form'd

(But do not scorn the metamorphosis)  
From that fierce thing men held me; I am captived,  
And, by the irresistible force of beauty,  
Led hither as a prisoner. Is't your pleasure that  
I shall deliver those injunctions which  
Your absolute command imposed upon me,  
Or deign yourself to speak them?

*Matil.* Sir, I am

Your property, you may use me as you please;  
But what is in your power and breast to do,  
No orator can dilate so well.

*Lor.* I obey you.

That I came hither as an enemy,  
With hostile arms to the utter ruin of  
Your country, what I have done makes apparent;  
That fortune seconded my will, the late  
Defeat will make good; that I resolved  
To force the sceptre from your hand, and make  
Of Mantua, your metropolis, can well witness;  
And that I cannot fear the change of fate,  
My army flesh'd in blood, spoil, glory, conquest,  
Stand ready to maintain: yet, I must tell you  
By whom I am subdued, and what's the ransom  
I am commanded to lay down.

*Gen.* My lord,

You humble yourself too much; it is fitter  
You should propose, and we consent\*.

*Lor.* Forbear,

The articles are here subscribed and sign'd  
By my obedient hand: all prisoners,  
Without a ransom, set at liberty;  
Mantua to be deliver'd up, the rampires  
Ruin'd in the assault to be repair'd;  
The loss the husbandman received, his crop  
Burst up by wanton license of the soldier,  
To be made good;—with whatsoever else  
You could impose on me if you had been  
The conqueror, I your captive.

*Gen.* Such a change

Wants an example: I must owe this favour  
To the clemency of the old heroic valour,  
That spared when it had power to kill; a virtue  
Buried long since; but raised out of the grave  
By you, to grace this latter age.

*Lor.* Mistake not

The cause that did produce this good effect,  
If as such you receive it: 'twas her beauty  
Wrought first on my rough nature; but the virtues  
Of her fair soul, dilated in her converse,  
That did confirm it.

*Matil.* Mighty sir, no more:

\* *it is fitter*  
You should propose, and we consent.) So the old copy:  
it seems perfect as it stands, yet Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason  
have interposed their assistance; they read—

*it is fitter you*  
Should first propose, &c.

You honour her too much, that is not worthy  
To be your servant.

*Lor.* I have done, and now  
Would gladly understand that you allow of  
The articles propounded.

*Gen.* Do not wrong

Your benefits with such a doubt; they are  
So great and high, and with such reverence  
To be received, that, if I should profess  
I hold my dukedom from you as your vassal,  
Or offer'd up my daughter as you please  
To be disposed of, in the point of honour,  
And a becoming gratitude, 'twould not cancel  
The bond I stand engaged for:—but accept  
Of that which I can pay, my all is yours, sir;  
Nor is there any here (though I must grant  
Some have deserved much from me), for so far  
I dare presume, but will surrender up  
Their interest to that your highness shall  
Deign to pretend a title.

*Uber.* I subscribe not  
To this condition.

*Farn.* The services

This prince hath done your grace in your most  
danger,

Are not to be so slighted.

*Hort.* 'Tis far from me

To urge my merits, yet, I must maintain,  
How'er my power is less, my love is more;  
Nor will the gracious princess scorn to acknow-  
ledge

I have been her humble servant.

*Lor.* Smooth your brows,

I'll not encroach upon your right, for that were  
Once more to force affection (a crime  
With which should I the second time be tainted,  
I did deserve no favour), neither will I  
Make use of what is offer'd by the duke,  
How'er I thank his goodness. I'll lay by  
My power, and though I should not brook a rival  
(What we are, well consider'd), I'll descend  
To be a third competitor; he that can  
With love and service best deserve the garland,  
With your consent let him wear it; I despair not  
The trial of my fortune.

*Gen.* Bravely offer'd,

And like yourself, great prince.

*Uber.* I must profess

I am so taken with it, that I know not  
Which way to express my service.

*Hort.* Did I not build

Upon the princess' grace, I could sit down,  
And hold it no dishonour.

*Matil.* How I feel

My soul divided! all have deserved so well,  
I know not where to fix my choice.

*Gen.* You have

Time to consider: will you please to take  
Possession of the fort? then, having tasted  
The fruits of peace, you may at leisure prove  
Whose plea will prosper in the court of Love.

[Exit.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ALONZO, OCTAVIO, PISANO, MARIA, and GOTHRIO.*

*Alon.* You need not doubt, sir, were not peace proclaim'd

And celebrated with a general joy,  
The high displeasure of the Mantuan duke,  
Raised on just grounds, not jealous suppositions,  
The saving of our lives (which, next to heaven,  
To you alone is proper) would force mercy  
For an offence, though capital.

*Pisan.* When the conqueror  
Uses entreaties, they are arm'd commands  
The vanquish'd must not check at.

*Mar.* My piety pay the forfeit,  
If danger come but near you! I have heard  
My gracious mistress often mention you,  
When I served her as a page, and feelingly  
Relate how much the duke her sire repented  
His hasty doom of banishment, in his rage  
Pronounc'd against you.

*Oct.* In a private difference,  
I grant that innocence is a wall of brass,  
And scorns the hottest battery; but when  
The cause depends between the prince and subject,  
'Tis an unequal competition; Justice  
Must lay her balance by, and use her sword  
For his ends that protects it. I was banish'd,  
And, till revoked from exile, to tread on  
My sovereign's territories with forbidden feet,  
The severe letter of the law calls death;  
Which I am subject to in coming so near  
His court and person. But my only child  
Being provided for, her honour salv'd too,  
I thank your noble change, I shall endure  
Whate'er can fall, with patience.

*Alon.* You have used  
That medicine too long; prepare yourself  
For honour in your age, and rest secure of't.

*Mar.* Of what is your wisdom musing?

*Goth.* I am gazing on  
This gorgeous house; our cote's a dishclout to it;  
It has no sign,——what do you call't?

*Mar.* The court;  
I have lived in't a page.

*Goth.* Page! very pretty:  
May I not be a page? I am old enough,  
Well-timber'd too, and I've a beard to carry it;  
Pray you, let me be your page; I can swear already  
Upon your pantofle.

*Mar.* What?

*Goth.* That I'll be true  
Unto your smock.

*Mar.* How, rascal!

*Oct.* Hence, and pimp  
To your rams and ewes; such foul pollution is  
To be whipt from court; I have now no more use  
of you;

Return to your trough.

*Goth.* Must I feed on huaka  
Before I have play'd the prodigal?

*Oct.* No, I'll reward  
Your service; live in your own element  
Like an honest man; all that is mine in the cottage  
I freely give you.

*Goth.* Your bottles too, that I carry  
For your own tooth?

*Oct.* Full as they are.

*Mar.* And gold, [Gives him her purse.  
That will replenish them.

*Goth.* I am made for ever.

This was done i'the nick.

*Oct.* Why in the nick?

*Goth.* O sir!

'Twas well for me that you did reward my service  
Before you enter'd the court; for 'tis reported  
There is a drink of forgetfulness, which once tasted,  
Few masters think of their servants, who, grown  
old,  
Are turn'd off, like lame bounds and hunting  
horses,

To starve on the commons. [Exit.

*Alon.* Bitter knave!

*Enter MARTINO.*

There's craft

In the clouted shoe. Captain!

*Mart.* I am glad to kiss

Your valiant hand, and yours; but pray you, take  
notice,

My title's changed, I am a colonel.

*Pisan.* A colonel! where's your regiment?

*Mart.* Not raised yet;

All the old ones are cashier'd, and we are now  
To have a new militia: all is peace here,  
Yet I hold my title still, as many do  
That never saw an enemy.

*Alon.* You are pleasant,

And it becomes you. Is the duke stirring?

*Mart.* Long since.

Four hours at least, but yet not ready.

*Pisan.* How!

*Mart.* Even so; you make a wonder of't, but  
leave it:

Alas, he is not now, sir, in the camp.

To be up and arm'd upon the least alarm;

There's something else to be thought on: here he  
comes,

With his officers, new rigg'd.

*Enter LORENZO, as from his chamber; Doctor, Gentle-  
man, and Page employed about his person.*

*Alon.* A looking-glass!

Upon my head, he saw not his own face  
These seven years past, but by reflection  
From a bright armour.

*Mart.* Be silent, and observe.

*Lor.* So, have you done yet?

Is your building perfect?

*Doct.* If your highness please,  
Here is a water.

*Lor.* To what use? my barber  
Hath wash'd my face already.

*Doct.* But this water

Hath a strange virtue in't, beyond his art ;  
It is a sacred relie, part of that  
Most powerful juice, with which Medea made  
Old Æson young.

Lor. A fable ! but suppose  
I should give credit to it, will it work  
The same effect on me ?

Doct. I'll undertake  
This will restore the honour'd hair that grows  
Upon your highness' head and chin, a little  
Inclining unto gray.

Lor. Inclining ! doctor.

Doct. Pardon me, mighty sir, I went too far,  
Not gray at all ;—I dare not flatter you.  
'Tis something changed ; but this applied will help  
it

To the first amber-colour, every hair  
As fresh as when, your manhood in the prime,  
Your grace arrived at thirty.

Lor. Very well.

Doct. Then here's a precious oil, to which the  
maker

Hath not yet given a name, will soon fill up  
These dimples in your face and front. I grant  
They are terrible to your enemies, and set off  
Your frowns with majesty ; but you may please  
To know, as sure you do, a smooth aspect,  
Softness and sweetness, in the court of Love,  
Though dumb, are the prevailing orators.

Lor. Will he now create me !

Doct. If you deign to taste too  
Of this confection,

Lor. I am in health, and need  
No physic.

Doct. Physic, sir ! An empress,  
If that an empress' lungs, sir, may be tainted  
With putrefaction, would taste of it  
That night on which she were to print a kiss  
Upon the lips of her long-absent lord  
Returning home with conquest.

Lor. 'Tis predominant  
Over a stinking breath, is it not, doctor ?

Doct. Clothe the infirmity with sweeter language,  
'Tis a preservative that way.

Lor. You are then  
Admitted to the cabinets of great ladies,  
And have the government of the borrow'd beauties  
Of such as write near forty.

Doct. True, my good lord,  
And my attempts have prosper'd.

Lor. Did you never  
Minister to the princess ?

Doct. Sir, not yet ;  
She's in the April of her youth, and needs not  
The aids of art, my gracious lord ; but in  
The autumn of her age I may be useful,  
And sworn her highness' doctor, and your grace  
Partake of the delight.

Lor. Slave ! witch ! impostor !

[Strikes him down.

Mountebank ! cheater ! traitor to great nature,  
In thy presumption to repair what she  
In her immutable decrees design'd  
For some few years to grow up, and then wither !  
Or is't not crime enough thus to betray  
The secrets of the weaker sex, thy patients,  
But thou must make the honour of this age,  
And envy of the time to come, Matilda,  
Whose sacred name I bow to, guilty of  
A future sin in thy ill-boding thoughts,

Which for a perpetuity of youth  
And pleasure she disdains to act, such is  
Her purity and innocence !

[Sets his foot on the Doctor's

Alon. Long since

I look'd for this l'envoy\*.

Mart. Would I were well off !

He's dangerous in these humours.

Oct. Stand conceal'd.

Doct. O sir, have mercy ! in my thought  
Offended you.

Lor. Me ! most of all, thou monster !  
What a mock-man property in thy intent  
Wouldst thou have made me ? a mere pathe  
Thy devilish art, had I given suffrage to it.  
Are my gray hairs, the ornament of age,  
And held a blessing by the wisest men,  
And for such warranted by holy writ,  
To be conceal'd, as if they were my shame !  
Or plaister up these furrows in my face,  
As if I were a painted bawd or whore !  
By such base means if that I could ascend  
To the height of all my hopes, their full fruition  
Would not wipe off the scandal : no, thou wretch  
Thy cozening water and adulterate oil  
I thus pour in thine eyes, and tread to dust  
Thy loath'd confection with thy trumperies :—  
Vanish for ever !

Mart. You have your fee, as I take it,  
Dear Domine doctor ! I'll be no sharer with you

[Exit Mart.

Lor. I'll court her like myself ; these rich  
ments

And jewels, worn by me, an absolute prince,  
My order too, of which I am the sovereign,  
Can meet no ill construction ; yet 'tis far  
From my imagination to believe  
She can be taken with sublime clay,  
The silk-worm's spoils, or rich embroideries :  
Nor must I borrow helps from power or greatness  
But as a loyal lover plead my cause ;  
If I can feelingly express my ardour,  
And make her sensible of the much I suffer  
In hopes and fears, and she vouchsafe to take  
Compassion on me,—ha ! compassion ?  
The word sticks in my throat : what's here,  
tells me

I do descend too low ! rebellious spirit,  
I conjure thee to leave me ! there is now  
No contradiction or declining left,  
I must and will go on.

Mart. The tempest's laid ;  
You may present yourselves.

[Alonso and Pisano come forward.

Alon. My gracious lord.

Pisan. Your humble vassal.

Lor. Ha ! both living ?

Alon. Sir,

We owe our lives to this good lord, and make  
Our humble suit—

\* Alon. Long since  
I look'd for this l'envoy.] i.e. for this termination.  
l'envoy is explained with great accuracy by Congreve  
says, " it is the conclusion of a ballad or sonnet in a  
stanza by itself, and serving, oftentimes, as a dedication  
the whole. In French poetry, l'envoy sometimes serves  
convey the moral of the piece : but our old dramatists  
adopting the word, disregarded the sense, and seldom  
more by it than conclusion, or end. It occurs in  
Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and, indeed, in most of our  
writers.

*Lor.* Plead for yourselves: we stand  
Yet unresolved whether your knees or prayers  
Can save the forfeiture of your own heads:  
Though we have put our armour off, your pardon  
For leaving of the camp without our license  
Is not yet sign'd. At some more fit time wait us.

[*Exeunt Lorenzo, Gentleman, and Page.*]

*Alon.* How's this?

*Mart.* 'Tis well it is no worse; I met with  
A rougher entertainment, yet I had  
Good cards to show. He's parcel mad; you'll find  
him

Every hour in a several mood; this foolish love  
Is such a shuttlecock! but all will be well  
When a better fit comes on him, never doubt it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter GONZAGA, UBERTI, FARNEZE, and MANFROY.*

*Con.* How do you find her?

*Uber.* Thankful for my service,  
And yet she gives me little hope; my rival  
Is too great for me.

*Con.* The great duke, you mean?

*Uber.* Who else? the Milanese, although he be  
A complete gentleman, I am sure despairs  
More than myself.

*Farn.* A high estate, with women,  
Takes place of all desert.

*Uber.* I must stand my fortune.

*Enter LORENZO and Attendants.*

*Man.* The duke of Florence, sir.

*Con.* Your highness' presence

Answers my wish. Your private ear;—I have  
used

My best persuasion with a father's power  
To work my daughter to your ends; yet she,  
Like a small bark on a tempestuous sea,  
Toss'd here and there by opposite winds, resolves  
not

At which port to put in. This prince's merits,  
Your grace and favour; nor is she unmindful  
Of the brave acts (under your pardon, sir,  
I needs must call them so) Hortensio  
Hath done to gain her good opinion of him;  
All these together tumbling in her fancy,  
Do much distract her. I have spies upon her,  
And am assured this instant hour she gives  
Hortensio private audience; I will bring you  
Where we will see and hear all.

*Lor.* You oblige me.

*Uber.* I do not like this whispering.

*Con.* Fear no foul play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter HORTENSIO, BEATRICE, and two Waiting  
Women.*

*1 Wom.* The princess, sir, long since expected  
you;

And, would I beg a thanks, I could tell you that  
I have often moved her for you.

*Hort.* I am your servant.

*Enter MATILDA.*

*Beat.* She's come; there are others I must place  
to hear

The conference.

[*Exit.*]

*1 Wom.* Is't your excellency's pleasure  
That we attend you?

*Matil.* No; wait me in the gallery.

*1 Wom.* Would each of us, wench, had a sweet-  
heart too,

To pass away the time!

*2 Wom.* There I join with you.

[*Exeunt Waiting Women.*]

*Matil.* I fear this is the last time we shall meet.

*Hort.* Heaven forbid!

*Re-enter above BEATRICE with LORENZO, GONZAGA,  
UBERTI, and FARNEZE.*

*Matil.* O my Hortensio!

In me behold the misery of greatness,  
And that which you call beauty. Had I been  
Of a more low condition, I might  
Have call'd my will and faculties mine own,  
Not seeing that which was to be beloved  
With others' eyes: but now, ah me, most wretched  
And miserable princess, in my fortune  
To be too much engaged for service done me!  
It being impossible to make satisfaction  
To my so many creditors; all deserving,  
I can keep touch with none.

*Lor.* A sad exordium.

*Matil.* You loved me long, and without hope  
(alas,

I die to think on't!) Parma's prince, invited  
With a too partial report of what  
I was, and might be to him, left his country,  
To fight in my defence. Your brave achievements  
I' the war, and what you did for me, unspoken,  
Because I would not force the sweetness of  
Your modesty to a blush, are written here:  
And, that there might be nothing wanting to  
Sum up my numerous engagements (never  
In my hopes to be cancell'd), the great duke,  
Our mortal enemy, when my father's country  
Lay open to his fury, and the spoil  
Of the victorious army, and I brought  
Into his power, hath shown himself so noble,  
So full of honour, temperance, and all virtues\*  
That can set off a prince, that, though I cannot  
Render him that respect I would, I am bound  
In thankfulness to admire him.

*Hort.* 'Tis acknowledged,

And on your part to be return'd.

*Matil.* How can I,

Without the brand of foul ingratitude

To you and prince Uberti?

*Hort.* Hear me, madam,  
And what your servant shall with zeal deliver,

\* So full of honour, temperance, and all virtues.] I shall  
give this and the six following lines, as they stand in Cox-  
eter and Mr. M. Mason. A better specimen cannot be de-  
sired of the fidelity, good taste, and critical knowledge with  
which these gentlemen performed their editorial duties.  
Their interpolations are in Roman characters:

*So full of strictest honour, temperance,  
And all virtues that can set off a prince,  
That, though I cannot render him that respect  
I would, I'm bound in thankfulness to admire him.  
Gal. 'Tis acknowledg'd, and on your part  
To be return'd.*

*Matil.* But oh! how can I, &c.

As a Dædalean clew may guide you out of  
This labyrinth of distraction\*. He that loves  
His mistress truly, should prefer her honour  
And peace of mind above the glutting of  
His ravenous appetite: he should affect her  
But with a fit restraint, and not take from her  
To give himself: he should make it the height  
Of his ambition, if it lie in  
His stretch'd-out nerves to effect it, though she  
fly in

An eminent placet, to add strength to her wings,  
And mount her higher, though he fall himself  
Into the bottomless abyss; or else  
The services he offers are not real,  
But counterfeit.

Matil. What can Hortensio  
Infer from this?

Hort. That I stand bound in duty  
(Though in the act I take my last farewell  
Of comfort in this life) to sit down willingly,  
And move my suit no further. I confess,  
While you were in danger, and heaven's mercy  
made me

Its instrument to preserve you (which your good-  
ness

Prized far above the merit), I was bold  
To feed my starved affection with false hopes  
I might be worthy of you; for know, madam,  
How mean soever I appear'd in Mantua,  
I had in expectation a fortune,  
Though not possess'd of 't, that encouraged me  
With confidence to prefer my suit, and not  
To feed the prince Uberti as my rival.

Gen. I ever thought him more than what he  
seem'd.

Lor. Pray you, forbear.

Hort. But when the duke of Florence  
Put in his plea, in my consideration  
Weighing well what he is, as you must grant him  
A Mars of men in arms, and, those put off,  
The great example for a kingly courtier  
To imitate; annex to these his wealth,  
Of such a large extent, as other monarchs  
Call him the king of coin; and, what's above all,  
His lawful love, with all the happiness  
This life can fancy, from him flowing to you;  
The true affection which I have ever borne you,  
Does not alone command me to desist,  
But, as a faithful counsellor, to advise you  
To meet and welcome that felicity  
Which hastes to crown your virtues.

Lor. We must break off this parley.

Something I have to say.

[*Exeunt above.*]

Matil. In tears I thank

Your care of my advancement: but I dare not  
Follow your counsel. Shall such piety  
Pass unrewarded? such a pure affection,  
For any ends of mine, be undervalued?  
Avert it, heaven! I will be thy Matilda,  
Or cease to be; no other heat but what  
Glow from thy purest flames, shall warm this  
bosom,

Nor Florence, nor all monarchs of the earth,  
Shall keep thee from me.

\* This labyrinth of distraction.] So the old copy: the modern editors capriciously read—*This labyrinth of destruction!* Every page, and almost every speech, teems with similar absurdities. Three lines below, they omit *her*, which destroys the meaning of the whole sentence.

† An eminent place,] i. e. height.

*Re-enter below LORENZO, GONZAGA, UBERTI,  
FARNEZE, and MANFROT.*

Hort. I fear, gracious lady.

Our conference hath been overheard.

Matil. The better;

Your part is acted; give me leave at distance  
To zany it. Sir, on my knees thus prostrate  
Before your feet—

Lor. This must not be, I shall

Both wrong myself and you in suffering it.

Matil. I will grow here, and weeping thus turn  
marble,

Unless you hear and grant the first petition  
A virgin, and a princess, ever tendered;  
Nor doth the suit concern poor me alone,  
It hath a stronger reference to you,  
And to your honour; and, if you deny it,  
Both ways you suffer. Remember, sir, you were  
not

Born only for yourself; heaven's liberal hand  
Design'd you to command a potent nation,  
Gave you heroic valour, which you have  
Abused in making unjust war upon  
A neighbour-prince, a Christian; while the Turk,  
Whose scourge and terror you should be, se-  
curely

Wastes the Italian confines; 'tis in you  
To force him to pull in his horned crescents,  
And 'tis expected from you.

Lor. I have been

In a dream, and now begin to wake.

Matil. And will you

Forebear to reap the harvest of such glories,  
Now ripe, and at full growth, for the embraces  
Of a slight woman? or exchange your triumphs  
For chamber-pleasures, melt your able nerves  
(That should with your victorious sword make way  
Through the armies of your enemies) in loose  
And wanton dalliance? Be yourself, great sir,  
The thunderbolt of war, and scorn to sever  
Two hearts long since united; your example  
May teach the prince Uberti to subscribe  
To that which you allow of.

Lor. The same tongue

That charm'd my sword out of my hand, and threw  
A frozen numbness on my active spirit,  
Hath disenchanting me. Rise, fairest princess!  
And, that it may appear I do receive  
Your counsel as inspired from heaven, I will  
Obey and follow it: I am your debtor,  
And must confess you have lent my weaken'd  
reason

New strenghts once more to hold a full command  
Over my passions. Here to the world  
I freely do profess that I disclaim  
All interest in you, and give up my title,  
Such as it is, to you, sir; and, as far  
As I have power, thus join your hands.

Gen. To yours

I add my full consent.

Ubert. I am lost, Farnese.

Farn. Much nearer to the port than you suppose:  
In me our laws speak, and forbid this contract.

Matil. Ah me, new stops!

Hort. Shall we be ever cross'd thus?

Farn. There is an act upon record, confirm'd  
By your wise predecessors, that no heir  
Of Mantua (as questionless the princess  
Is the undoubted one) must be joined in marriage

But where the match may strengthen the estate  
And safety of the dukedom. Now, this gentleman,  
However I must style him honourable,  
And of a high desert, having no power  
To make this good in his alliance, stands  
Excluded by our laws; whereas this prince,  
Of equal merit, brings to Mantua  
The power and principality of Parma:  
And, therefore, since the great duke hath let fall  
His plea, there lives no prince that justlier can  
Challenge the princess' favour.

Lor. Is this true, sir?

Gon. I cannot contradict it.

Enter MANFROY.

Man. There's an ambassador  
From Milan, that desires a present audience;  
His business is of highest consequence,  
As he affirms: I know him for a man  
Of the best rank and quality.

Hort. From Milan?

Gon. Admit him.

Enter Ambassador and JULIO with a letter, which he  
presents on his knee to GALEAZZO.

How! so low!

Amb. I am sorry, sir,  
To be the bringer of this heavy news;  
But since it must be known —

Gat. Peace rest with him!

I shall find fitter time to mourn his loss.  
My faithful servant too!

Jul. I am o'erjoy'd,

To see your highness safe.

Gat. Pray you, peruse this,  
And there you'll find that the objection  
The lord Farneze made, is fully answer'd.

Gon. The great John Galeas dead!

Lor. And this his brother,  
The absolute lord of Milan!

Matil. I am revived.

Uber. There's no contending against destiny;  
I wish both happiness.

Enter ALONZO, MARIA, OCTAVIO, PISANO, and  
MARTINO.

Lor. Married, Alonzo!

I will salute your lady, she's a fair one,  
And seal your pardon on her lips. [Kisses Maria.]

Gon. Octavio!

Welcome, e'en to my heart\*. Rise, I should kneel  
To thee for mercy.

Ost. The poor remainder of  
My age shall truly serve you.

Matil. You resemble

A page I had, Ascanio.

Mor. I am

Your highness' servant still.

\* GON. Octavio,

*Welcome, e'en to my heart, &c.*] Massinger had involved his plot in a considerable difficulty, and it must be candidly acknowledged that he has shown but little contrivance in extricating it. Nothing can be more artificial than the sudden death of "the great John Galeas;" and, certainly, an opportunity for a moving scene was here presented in the reconciliation of Gonzaga and Octavio; but the play had reached its full length, and was, therefore, of necessity to be abruptly concluded. Very little ingenuity might have made the catastrophe more worthy of the commencement.

The story is interesting, and though sufficiently diversified, neither improbable nor unnatural; the language of the superior characters is highly poetic, and very beautiful.

Lor. All stand amazed

At this unlooked-for meeting; but defer  
Your several stories. Fortune here hath shown  
Her various power; but virtue in the end  
Is crown'd with laurel; Love hath done his parts  
too;  
And mutual friendship, after bloody jars,  
Will cure the wounds received in our wars.

[Exeunt.]

### EPILOGUE.

PRAY you, gentlemen, keep your seats; something  
I would

Deliver to gain favour, if I could,

To us, and the still doubtful author. He,

When I desired an epilogue, answer'd me,

" 'Twas to no purpose: he must stand his fate,

" Since all entreaties now would come too late;

" You being long since resolved what you would  
say

" Of him, or us, as you rise, or of the play."

A strange old fellow! yet this sullen mood

Would quickly leave him, might it be understood

You part not hence displeased. I am design'd

To give him certain notice: if you find

Things worth your liking, show it. Hope and fear,

Though different passions, have the self-same ear\*.

\* This Play bears many marks of the heroic or chivalrous manners, or of both together. Some of these we see in the impartial admission of the services of all the suitors of Matilda; in her free acceptance of the personal devotion of Galeazzo, though he makes his approach only as a gentle stranger, and particularly in the extraordinary clemency of Lorenzo, and his magnanimous surrender of the beautiful object won by his valour. In some of the preceding Plays, the reader will have observed certain traces of these manners. Among the grievances to be redressed in *The Parliament of Love* are those of "disdainful lovers." When Almira (*a Very Woman*) abruptly dismisses Don John, she is reproved for it, as offering an outrage to her high "breeding," and as guilty of almost a "barbarism." And Camiola (*Maid of Honour*) tolerates the pretensions of Seignior Sylli himself, and preserves the necessary decorum by styling him her servant. Without some such supposition as this, it would be difficult to account for the incongruities which appear in this Play; Matilda would act without discretion, and would lose her delicacy and her dignity; and Lorenzo, who, indeed, on any supposition, cannot wholly escape censure, would hardly be allowed to retain his senses. It seems, therefore, to be the object of the story to blazon the effects of Matilda's beauty, and to exhibit the double heroism of action in Galeazzo, and of forbearance in Lorenzo. Several passages of the Play tend to suggest this view of it, and particularly one, in which the clemency of Lorenzo is expressly complimented by Gonzaga, as the true attendant of the "old heroic valour,"—

" a virtue

Buried long since, but raised out of the grave

By you, to grace this latter age."

The age itself, in which the events are supposed to take place, is fixed in the last scene by the death of the great John Galeas. But why a great Duke of Florence, or a duke of Mantua, should be attributed to an age which knew of none, or why a war should be invented between Mantua and Florence, instead of the union of both against the ambition of Galeas himself, it would be useless to inquire. Massinger, or the writer from whom he draws his story, cares nothing for this, and accomplishes his purpose of amusement by personages called from any age or country:

*Disociata loris concordis pace ligavit.*

One circumstance is remarkable. Just before the death of Galeas is announced, Matilda incidentally entreats Lorenzo to point his arms against the Turks, then securely wasting the "Italian confines." In another part of the Play, he is extolled for his splendour, and proverbially named the "king of coin." And we know that somewhat within a century from the death of Galeas, Lorenzo (the

magnificent) was the chief instrument of the expulsion of the Turks from Otranto, and became, what Matilda wishes him to be, their "scourge and terror." It would be very desirable to know from what book of strange adventures this and the plots of some of the other Plays are derived; but this is a piece of information which I am wholly unable to give. Meanwhile, it must be said on behalf of Massinger himself, that this Play is agreeably written. The language is chaste, and of a temperate dignity, and is well adapted to the higher conversation of the stage. Some of the scenes, too, have considerable effect; the reception of the ambassador in the first act is stately and impressive, and the patriotism which it calls forth is only inferior in animation to that in *The Bondswoman*. The confession scene, too, in the fourth Act, is interesting, and reminds us, though at some distance, of *The Emperor of the East*; and the discovery of Maria by her father is pretty and affecting. Some of the characters too are well drawn. Matilda has a pleasing mixture of dignity and condescension, is generous, delicate, and noble-minded, and (a circumstance which Massinger delights to represent), is won by the modesty of her lover. Galeazzo himself is strongly described, both in his diffidence and his heroism; and his transition from the one to the other at her

command, is highly animating. The principal fault from the management: the contrivances are somewhat dundant and sometimes defective; either they are related without an answerable effect, or they are when a small employment of them would materialise the story. There is also a verbosity in some speeches, and more tameness than usual in the soliloquies. He, whose thoughts burst into solitary speech, should with brevity and passion, from one circumstance to another, and, for the purposes of the stage, should substantiate his intelligence to the audience, while he appears to labour under the disorder of his own feelings. double management is generally too delicate for Massinger, and the soliloquies of this Play are direct and circumstantial narrations, which might be addressed to another person. A pleasing moral arises from the character of Galeazzo: it teaches us that modesty is essentially connected with merit. The vulgar, who, like the attendants of a great man, are fond of boldness, may look on it with contempt; but it not despair: the eye of taste and sense will not despise distinction and reward, and even those will join in its deserts, who feel themselves eclipsed by its glory.—DR. IRELAND.

# THE OLD LAW.

THE OLD LAW.] Of this Comedy, which is said to have been written by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, in conjunction, there is but one edition, the quarto of 1636, which appears to be a hasty transcript from the prompter's book, made, as I have observed, when the necessities of the actors, now grievously oppressed by the republicans, compelled them, for a temporary resource, to take advantage of a popular name, and bring forward such pieces as they yet possessed in manuscript.

Of Middleton and Rowley some notice has been already taken: I have therefore only to repeat what is hazarded in the Introduction, my persuasion that the share of Massinger, in this strange composition, is not the most considerable of the three.

This Play was printed for Edward Archer: it does him no credit; for a work so full of errors, and those too of the most gross and ridiculous kind, has seldom issued from the press. Hundreds of the more obvious are corrected in silence; others, with the attempts to remove them, are submitted to the reader, who (if he thinks the enquiry worth his labour), will here find *The Old Law* far less irregular, unmetrical, and unintelligible, than in any of the preceding editions.

This drama was once very popular. The title of the quarto is, "The excellent Comedy called *The Old Law*, or *A New Way to Please You*.—Acted before the King and Queen at Salisbury House, and at several other places with great applause."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EVANDER *duke of Epire.*

CRATILUS, *the executioner.*

CREON, *father to Simonides.*

SIMONIDES, } *young Courtiers.*

CLEANTHES, }

LYSANDER, *husband to Eugenia, and uncle to Cleanthes,*

LEONIDES, *father to Cleanthes.*

GNOTHO, *the clown.*

*Lawyers.*

*Courtiers.*

*Dancing-master.*

Butler,

Bailiff,

Tailor,

} *Servants to Creon.*

*Coachman,*

*Footman,*

*Cook,*

*Clerk.*

*Drawer.*

} *Also Servants to Creon.*

ANTIGONA, *wife to Creon.*

HIPPOLITA, *wife to Cleanthes.*

EUGENIA, *wife to Lysander, and mother to Parthenia.*

PARTHENIA.

AGATHA, *wife to Gnotho.*

*Old women, wives to Creon's servants.*

*Courtesan.*

*Fiddlers, Servants, Guard, &c.*

SCENE, Epire.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Creon's House.*

*Enter SIMONIDES and two Lawyers.*

Sim. Is the law firm, sir?

1 Law. The law! what more firm, sir,  
More powerful, forcible, or more permanent?

Sim. By my troth, sir,  
I partly do believe it; conceive, sir,  
You have indirectly answered my question.  
I did not doubt the fundamental grounds  
Of law in general, for the most solid;  
But this particular law that me concerns  
Now at the present; if that be firm and strong,  
And powerful, and forcible, and permanent.  
I am a young man that has an old father.

2 Law. Nothing more strong, sir.

*It is—Secundum statutum principis, confirmatum cum  
voco senatus, et voce reipublice; nay, consummatum  
et exemplificatum.*

Is it not in force

When divers have already tasted it,  
And paid their lives for penalty?

Sim. 'Tis true.

My father must be next; this day completes  
Full fourscore years upon him.

2 Law. He is here, then,  
*Sub pœna statuti*; hence I can tell him,  
Truer than all the physicians in the world,  
He cannot live out to-morrow; this  
Is the most certain climacterical year—

'Tis past all danger, for there's no escaping it.  
What age is your mother, sir?

*Sim.* Faith, near her days too;  
Wants some two of threescore.

*1 Law.* So! she'll drop away  
One of these days too: here's a good age now  
For those that have old parents, and rich inheritance!

*Sim.* And, sir, 'tis profitable for others too:  
Are there not fellows that lie bedrid in their offices  
That younger men would walk lustily in?  
Churchmen, that even the second infancy  
Hath silenced, yet have spun out their lives as long,

That many pregnant and ingenious spirits  
Have languish'd in their hoped reversion, and  
And died upon the thought? and, by your leave, sir,

Have you not places fill'd up in the law  
By some grave senators, that you imagine  
Have held them long enough, and such spirits as you,

Were they removed, would leap into their dignities?

*1 Law.* *Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo\*.*

*Sim.* But tell me, faith, your fair opinion:  
Is't not a sound and necessary law  
This, by the duke enacted?

*1 Law.* Never did Greece,  
Our ancient seat of brave philosophers,  
'Mongst all her *nomothetae* and lawgivers,  
Not when she flourish'd in her sevenfold sages,  
Whose living memory can never die,  
Produce a law more grave and necessary.

*Sim.* I am of that mind too.

*2 Law.* I will maintain, sir,  
Draco's oligarchy, that the government  
Of community reduced into few,  
Framed a fair sate; Solon's *chreokopia*  
That cut off poor men's debts to their rich creditors,  
Was good and charitable, but not full, allow'd;  
His *seisatheia* did reform that error;  
His honourable senate of Areopagite.  
Lycurgus was more loose and gave too free  
And licentious reins unto his discipline;  
As that a young woman, in her husband's weakness,

Might choose her able friend to propagate;  
That so the commonwealth might be supplied  
With hope of lusty spirits. Plato did err,  
And so did Aristotle, in allowing

Lewd and luxurious limits to their laws:  
But now our Epire, our Epire's Evander,  
Our noble and wise prince, has hit the law

That all our predecessive students  
Have missed unto their shame.

*Enter CLEANTHES.*

*Sim.* Forbear the praise, sir,  
'Tis in itself most pleasing:—Cleanthes!  
O, lad, here's a spring for young plants to flourish!  
The old trees must down that keep the sun from us;  
We shall rise now, boy.

\* *Law.* *Dic quibus, &c.* This lawyer is a very clever fellow, but I do not see the drift of his quotation.

† ———— *Solon's chreokopia.* Χρεωκοπία signifies the cutting off that part of the debt which arose from the interest of the sum lent.—M. MASON.

‡ *His seisatheia did reform that error.* Εισαχθεια, i. e. a shaking off a burthen, metaphorically, an abolition of debt. This lawyer's notions of honesty would have fited him for one of Solon's counsellors.

*Clean.* Whither, sir, I pray?

To the bleak air of storms; among those trees\*  
Which we had shelter from?

*Sim.* Yes, from our growth  
Our sap and livelihood, and from our fruit.

What! 'tis not jubilee with thee yet, I think,  
Thou look'st so sad on't. How old is thy father?

*Clean.* Jubilee! no, indeed; 'tis a bad year with us.

*Sim.* Prithes, how old's thy father? then I can tell thee.

*Clean.* I know not how to answer you, Simonides;

He is too old, being now exposed  
Unto the rigour of a cruel edict;

And yet not old enough by many years,  
Cause I'd not see him go an hour before me.

*Sim.* These very passions I speak to my father.  
Come, come, here's none but friends here, we may speak

Our insides freely; these are lawyers, man,  
And shall be counsellors shortly.

*Clean.* They shall be now, sir,  
And shall have large fees if they'll undertake  
To help a good cause, for it wants assistance;  
Bad ones, I know, they can insist upon.

*1 Law.* Oh, sir, we must undertake of both parts;  
But the good we have most good in.

*Clean.* Pray you, say,  
How do you allow of this strange edict?

*1 Law.* *Secundum justitiam*; by my faith, sir,  
The happiest edict that ever was in Epire.

*Clean.* What, to kill innocents, sir? it cannot be,  
It is no rule in justice there to punish.

*1 Law.* Oh, sir,  
You understand a conscience, but not law?

*Clean.* Why, sir, is there so main a difference?

*1 Law.* You'll never be good lawyer if you understand not that.

*Clean.* I think, then, 'tis the best to be a bad one.

*1 Law.* Why, sir, the very letter and the sense  
both do overthrow you in this statute, which speaks  
that every man living to fourscore years, and women  
to threescore, shall then be cut off as fruitless  
to the republic, and law shall finish what nature  
linger'd at.

*Clean.* And this suit shall soon be dispatch'd in law?

*1 Law.* It is so plain, it can have no demur,  
The church-book overthrows it.

*Clean.* And so it does;  
The church-book overthrows it if you read it well.

\* *Clean.* Whither, sir, I pray?

To the bleak air of storms; among those trees  
Which we had shelter from? This short speech is a pretty introduction to the filial piety and tenderness which form the character of Cleanthes.

† *Sim.* These very passions I speak to my father. These pathetic speeches: this word occurs frequently in our old writers, for a short monody or song of the plaintive kind. Thus Tomkins; Not a one shakes his tail, but I sigh with passion.—*Albumazar.*

‡ *1 Law.* Oh, sir,  
You understand a conscience, but not law. These court gentlemen make very free with their profession; but the distinction is a good one.

§ *Clean.* And so it does;  
The church-book overthrows it, if you read it well. Cleanthes and the lawyer are at cross purposes. The latter observes that the church-book (by which he means the register of births kept there) overthrows all demur; to which the former replies, that it really does so, taking the holy scriptures for the church-book.

To observe upon the utter confusion of all time and place of all customs and manners, in this drama, would be superfluous; they must be obvious to the most careless observers.

1 *Law*. Still you run from the law into error :  
You say it takes the lives of innocents,  
I say no, and so says common reason ;  
What man lives to fourscore, and woman to three,  
That can die innocent ?

*Clean*. A fine law evasion !

Good sir, release the whole statute to me.

*Sim*. Fie ! that's too tedious ; you have already  
The full sum in the brief relation.

*Clean*. Sir,

'Mongst many words may be found contradictions ;  
And these men dare sue and wrangle with a statute,  
If they can pick a quarrel with some error.

2 *Law*. Listen, sir, I'll gather it as brief as I can  
for you :

*Anno primo Evandri*, Be it for the care and good of the  
commonwealth (for divers necessary reasons that we  
shall urge), thus peremptorily enacted—

*Clean*. A fair pretence, if the reasons foul it not !

2 *Law*. That all men living in our dominions of  
Epire, in their decayed nature, to the age of four-  
score, or women to the age of threescore, shall on the  
same day be instantly put to death, by those means  
and instruments that a former proclamation had to this  
purpose, through our said territories dispersed.

*Clean*. There was no woman in this senate, cer-  
tain.

1 *Law*. That these men, being past their bearing  
arms, to aid and defend their country ; past their man-  
hood and likelihood, to propagate any further issue to  
their posterity ; and as well past their councils (whose  
overgrown gravity is now run into dotage) to assist their  
country ; to whom, in common reason, nothing should be  
so wearisome as their own lives, as they may be supposed  
tedious to their successive heirs, whose times are spent in  
the good of their country : yet, wanting the means to  
maintain it ; and are like to grow old before their in-  
heritance (born to them) come to their necessary use, be  
condemned to die : for the women, for that they never  
were a defence to their country ; never by counsel ad-  
mitted to assist in the government of their country ;  
only necessary to the propagation of posterity, and now  
at the age of threescore, past that good, and all their  
goodness : it is thought fit (a quarter abated from the  
more worthy member) that they be put to death, as is  
before recited : provided that for the just and impartial  
execution of this our statute, the example shall first  
begin in and about our court, which ourself will see  
carefully performed ; and not, for a full month\* fol-  
lowing, extend any further into our dominions. Dated  
the sixth of the second month, at our Palace Royal in  
Epiret.

*Clean*. A fine edict, and very fairly gilded !  
And is there no scruple in all these words,  
To demur the law upon occasion ?

*Sim*. Pox ! 'tis an unnecessary inquisition ;  
Prithee set him not about it.

\* ———— and not, for a full month, &c.]  
The reader will see the necessity and the motive of this pro-  
vision in the act, towards the conclusion of the Play.

† *Mad Acts of Parliament*, in Massinger's days, been  
somewhat like what they are in ours, we might not unrea-  
sonably have supposed that this was wickedly meant as a  
ridicule on them, for a more prolix, tautological, confused  
piece of formality, human wit, or rather human dullness,  
could not easily have produced. As it stands in the old  
copy, and in Coxeter, it is absolutely incomprehensible.  
Mr. M. Mason restored it to as much meaning as it was  
probably intended to have, by a few interpolations, and I have  
endeavoured to attain the same end, without deviating alto-  
gether so much from the original.

2 *Law*. Troth, none, sir :

It is so evident and plain a case,

There is no succour for the defendant.

*Clean*. Possible ! can nothing help in a good  
case ?

1 *Law*. Faith, sir, I do think there may be a hole,  
Which would protract ; delay, if not remedy.

*Clean*. Why, there's some comfort in that ; good  
sir, speak it.

1 *Law*. Nay, you must pardon me for that, sir.

*Sim*. Prithee, do not ;

It may ope a wound to many sons and heirs,

That may die after it.

*Clean*. Come, sir, I know

How to make you speak :—will this do it ?

[Gives him his purse.]

1 *Law*. I will afford you my opinion, sir.

*Clean*. Pray you, repeat the literal words ex-  
pressly,

The time of death.

*Sim*. 'Tis an unnecessary question ; prithee let  
it alone.

2 *Law*. Hear his opinion, 'twill be fruitless, sir :  
That man, at the age of fourscore, and woman at three-  
score, shall the same day be put to death.

1 *Law*. Thus I help the man to twenty-one years  
more.

*Clean*. That were a fair addition.

1 *Law*. Mark it, sir ; we say, man is not at age  
Till he be one and twenty ; before, 'tis infancy  
And adolescence ; now, by that addition,  
Fourscore he cannot be, till a hundred and one.

*Sim*. Oh, poor evasion !

He is fourscore years old, sir.

1 *Law*. That helps more, sir ;

He begins to be old at fifty, so at fourscore  
He's but thirty years old ; so, believe it, sir,  
He may be twenty years in declination,  
And so long may a man linger and live by it.

*Sim*. The worst hope of safety that e'er I heard !  
Give him his fee again, 'tis not worth two deniers.

1 *Law*. There is no law for restitution of fees,  
sir.

*Clean*. No, no, sir ; I meant it lost when it was  
given.

Enter CREON and ANTIGONA.

*Sim*. No more, good sir.

Here are ears unnecessary for your doctrine.

1 *Law*. I have spoke out my fee, and I have done,  
sir.

*Sim*. O my dear father !

*Creon*. Tush ! meet me not in exclams ;

I understand the worst, and hope no better.

A fine law ! if this hold, white heads will be cheap,

And many watchmen's places will be vacant\* ;

Forty of them I know my seniors,

That did due deeds of darkness too—their country

Has watch'd them a good turn for't,

And ta'en them napping now :

The fewer hospitals will serve too ; many

\* ———— [if this hold, white heads will be cheap,  
And many watchmen's places will be vacant.] The au-  
thors could not forbear, even at this serious moment, to in-  
dulge a smile at the venerable guardians of the night, who,  
in their time, as well as in ours, seem to have been very  
" ancient and quiet" personages. The remainder of this  
speech stands thus in the quarto :

That did due deeds of darkness to their country,  
Has watch'd 'em a good turn for't, and ta'en 'em  
Napping now, the fewer hospitals will serve to,  
Many may be used for stews, &c.

May be used for stews and brothels; and those people

Will never trouble them to fourscore.

*Ant.* Can you play and sport with sorrow, sir?

*Creon.* Sorrow! for what, Antigona? for my life  
My sorrow is I have kept it so long well  
With bringing it up unto so ill an end.  
I might have gently lost it in my cradle,  
Before my nerves and ligaments grew strong  
To bind it faster to me.

*Sim.* For mine own sake

I should have been sorry for that.

*Creon.* In my youth

I was a soldier, no coward in my age;  
I never turn'd my back upon my foe;  
I have felt nature's winters, sicknesses,  
Yet ever kept a lively sap in me  
To greet the cheerful spring of health again.  
Dangers, on horse, on foot [by land], by water,  
I have scaped to this day; and yet this day,  
Without all help of casual accidents,  
Is only deadly to me, 'cause it numbers  
Fourscore years to me. Where is the fault now?  
I cannot blame time, nature, nor my stars,  
Nor ought but tyranny. Even kings themselves  
Have sometimes tasted an even fate with me.  
He that has been a soldier all his days,  
And stood in personal opposition  
'Gainst darts and arrows, the extremes of heat  
And pinching cold, has\* treacherously at home,  
In's secure quiet, by a villain's hand  
Been basely lost, in his stars' ignorance:—  
And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.

1 *Law.* Oh, say not so, sir, it is by the law.

*Creon.* And what's that, but the sword of tyranny,  
When it is brandish'd against innocent lives?  
I am now upon my deathbed, and 'tis fit  
I should unbosom my free conscience,  
And show the faith I die in:—I do believe  
'Tis tyranny that takes my life.

*Sim.* Would it were gone

By one means or other! what a long day  
Will this be ere night?

*Creon.* Simonides.

*Sim.* Here, sir,—weeping†.

*Creon.* Wherefore dost thou weep? [end.]

*Cleon.* 'Cause you make no more haste to your

*Sim.* How can you question nature so unjustly?

I had a grandfather, and then had not you  
True filial tears for him?

*Cleon.* Hypocrite!

A disease of drought dry up all pity from him  
That can dissemble pity with wet eyes!

\* And pinching cold, has treacherously at home,  
In's secure quiet, by a villain's hand  
Been basely lost, in his stars' ignorance:—  
And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.] The old copy  
gives the conclusion of this speech thus:—

And pinching cold has treacherously at home  
In his secured quiet by a villain's hand  
Am basely lost in my star's ignorance  
And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.

For *has*, Coxeter reads *dies*, and for *Am*, in the third line,  
*I'm*; but this cannot be right; for *Creon* had just before  
acquitted his stars of any concern in his destiny. Mr. M.  
Mason blindly follows Coxeter. I am not very confident of  
the genuineness of my readings; but they produce something  
like a meaning: and in a Play so incorrectly, so ignorantly,  
printed as this, even that is sometimes to be regarded as an  
acquisition.

† *Sim.* Here, sir,—weeping.] This is given by the modern  
editors as a marginal note; but the old copy makes it,  
and rightly, a part of the text.

*Creon.* Be good unto your mother, Simonides  
She must be now your care.

*Ant.* To what end, sir?

The bell of this sharp edict tolls for me,  
As it rings out for you.—I'll be as ready,  
With one hour's stay, to go along with you.

*Creon.* Thou must not, woman, there are  
behind,

Before thou canst set forward in this voyage;  
And nature, sure, will now be kind to all:  
She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law  
Seeks to prevent\* her, she will therefore fight;  
And draw out life even to her longest thread:  
Thou art scarce fifty-five.

*Ant.* So many morrows!

Those five remaining years I'll turn to days,  
To hours, or minutes, for your company.  
'Tis fit that you and I, being man and wife,  
Should walk together arm in arm.

*Sim.* I hope

They'll go together; I would they would, 't'was  
Then would her thirds be saved too.—The day  
away, sir.

*Creon.* Why wouldst thou have me gone, S  
nides?

*Sim.* O my heart! would you have me gone  
fore you, sir,

You give me such a deadly wound?

*Cleon.* Fine rascal!

*Sim.* Blemish my duty so with such a question  
Sir, I would haste me to the duke for mercy;  
He that's above the law may mitigate  
The rigour of the law. How a good meaning  
May be corrupted by a misconstruction!

*Creon.* Thou corrupt'st mine; I did not think  
thou mean'st so.

*Cleon.* You were in the more error.

*Sim.* The words wounded me.

*Cleon.* 'Twas pity thou died'st not on't.

*Sim.* I have been ransacking the helps of law,  
Conferring with these learned advocates;  
If any scruple, cause, or wrested sense  
Could have been found out to preserve your life;  
It had been bought, though with your full estate,  
Your life's so precious to me!—but there's none.

1 *Law.* Sir, we have canvass'd her from top to  
toe,

Turn'd her upside down, thrown her upon her side  
Nay, open'd and dissected all her entrails,  
Yet can find none: there's nothing to be hoped  
But the duke's mercy.

*Sim.* I know the hope of that;

He did not make the law for that purpose.

*Creon.* Then to this hopeless mercy last I go;

I have so many precedents before me,  
I must call it hopeless: Antigona,  
See me deliver'd up unto my deathman,  
And then we'll part;—five years hence I'll look  
thee.

*Sim.* I hope she will not stay so long behind you

*Creon.* Do not bate him an hour by grief and a  
row,

Since there's a day prefix'd, hasten it not.

Suppose me sick, Antigona, dying now,

\* She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law  
Seeks to prevent her,] I. e. to anticipate the period  
had allotted to life. In this classic sense, the word is  
constantly used by our old writers, and, indeed, several instances  
of it have been noticed in the preceding pages.

Any disease thou wilt may be my end,  
Or when death's slow to come, say tyrants send.

[*Exeunt Clean and Antigona.*]

*Sim.* Cleanthes, if you want money, to-morrow,  
use me;

I'll trust you while\* your father's dead.

[*Exit, with the Lawyers.*]

*Clean.* Why, here's a villain,  
Able to corrupt a thousand by example!  
Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood  
In parent distribution to his branches,  
Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,  
Proud that his pride is seen when he's unseen;  
And must not gratitude descend again  
To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter?  
Improvident, or at least partial nature!  
(Weak woman in this kind), who in thy last teeming  
Forgettest still the former, ever making  
The burthen of thy last throes the dearest darling!  
O yet in noble man reform [reform] it,  
And make us better than those vegetives,  
Whose souls die with them. Nature, as thou art old  
If love and justice be not dead in thee,  
Make some the pattern of thy piety,  
Lest all do turn unnaturally against thee,  
And thou be blamed for our oblivions

*Enter LEONIDES and HIPPOLITA.*

And brutish reluctations! Ay, here's the ground  
Whereon my filial faculties must build  
An edifice of honour or of shame  
To all mankind.

*Hip.* You must avoid it, sir,  
If there be any love within yourself:  
This is far more than fate of a lost game  
That another venture may restore again;  
It is your life, which you should not subject  
To any cruelty, if you can preserve it.

*Clean.* O dearest woman, thou hast doubled now  
A thousand times thy nuptial dowry to me!  
Why, she whose love is but derived from me,  
Is got before me in my debted duty.

*Hip.* Are you thinking such a resolution, sir?

*Clean.* Sweetest Hippolita, what love taught thee  
To be so forward in so good a cause?

*Hip.* Mine own pity, sir, did first instruct me,  
And then your love and power did both command  
me.

*Clean.* They were all blessed angels to direct thee;  
And take their counsel, How do you fare, sir?

*Leon.* Cleanthes, never better; I have conceived  
Such a new joy within this old bosom,  
As I did never think would there have enter'd.

*Clean.* Joy call you it? alas! 'tis sorrow, sir,  
The worst of sorrows, sorrow unto death.

*Leon.* Death; what is that, Cleanthes? I thought  
not on't.

I was in contemplation of this woman:  
'Tis all thy comfort, son; thou hast in her  
A treasure unvaluable, keep her safe.  
When I die, sure 'twill be a gentle death,  
For I will die with wonder of her virtues;  
Nothing else shall dissolve me.

*Clean.* 'Twere much better, sir,  
Could you prevent their malice.

*Leon.* I'll prevent them,  
And die the way I told thee, in the wonder  
Of this good woman. I tell thee there's few labour  
Have such a child: I must thank thee for her.  
That the strong tie of wedlock should do more  
Than nature in her nearest ligaments  
Of blood and propagation! I should never  
Have begot such a daughter of my own:  
A daughter-in-law! law were above nature,  
Were there more such children.

*Clean.* This admiration  
Helps nothing to your safety; think of that, sir.

*Leon.* Had you heard her, Cleanthes, but labour  
In the search of means to save my forfeit life,  
And knew the wise and the sound preservations  
That she found out, you would redouble all  
My wonder in your love to her.

*Clean.* The thought,  
The very thought, sir, claims all that from me,  
And she is now possess of't: but, good sir,  
If you have aught received from her advice,  
Let's follow it; or else let's better think,  
And take the surest course.

*Leon.* I'll tell thee one;  
She counsels me to fly my severe country;  
To turn all into treasure, and there build up  
My decaying fortunes in a safer soil,  
Where Epire's law cannot claim me.

*Clean.* And, sir,  
I apprehend it as a safest course,  
And may be easily accomplished;  
Let us be all most expeditious.  
Every country where we breathe will be our own,  
Or better soil; heaven is the roof of all,  
And now, as Epire's situate by this law,  
There is 'twixt us and heaven a dark eclipse.

*Hip.* Oh, then avoid it, sir; these sad events  
Follow those black predictions.

*Leon.* I prithee pence;  
I do allow thy love, Hippolita,  
But must not follow it as counsel, child;  
I must not shame my country for the law.  
This country here hath bred me, brought me up\*,  
And shall I now refuse a grave in her?  
I am in my second infancy, and children  
Ne'er sleep so sweetly in their nurse's cradle  
As in their natural mother's.

*Hip.* Ay, but, sir,  
She is unnatural; then the stepmother's  
To be preferred before her.

*Leon.* Tush! she shall  
Allow it me in despite of her entreats,  
Why, do you think how far from judgment 'tis  
That I should travel forth to seek a grave  
That is already digg'd for me at home.  
Nay, perhaps find it in my way to seek it!—  
How have I then sought a repentant sorrow?  
For your dear loves how have I banish'd you  
From your country ever? With my base attempt  
How have I beggar'd you in wasting that  
Which only for your sakes I bred together?  
Buried my name in Epire† which I built

\* I'll trust you while your father's dead. i. e. until your father be dead: see *Roman Actor*, Act V. sc. 1.

† Does the kind root, &c.] This beautiful speech is most unmercifully printed in all the editions; it is, I hope, somewhat improved by a different arrangement, and a repetition of the word in brackets.

‡ 'Tis all thy comfort, son.] For [Mr. M. Mason reads my: the alteration is specious, but I see no necessity for it.

\* This country here hath bred me, brought me up, &c.] There is something exquisitely tender in this short speech.

† Buried my name in Epire, &c.] This is obscure. Perhaps Leonides means that he had so conducted himself in his native country [i. e. so raised his reputation there], that his memory would always live in the recollection of the

Upon this frame, to live for ever in ?  
 What a base coward shall I be to fly from  
 That enemy which every minute meets me,  
 And thousand odds he had not long vanquish'd me  
 Before this hour of battle ! Fly my death !  
 I will not be so false unto your states,  
 Nor fainting to the man that's yet in me ;  
 I'll meet him bravely ; I cannot (this knowing)  
 fear

That, when I am gone hence, I shall be there.  
 Come, I have days of preparation left.

*Clean.* Good sir, hear me :

I have a genius that has prompted me,  
 And I have almost formed it into words ;——  
 'Tis done, pray you observe them : I can conceal  
 you ;

And yet not leave your country.

*Leon.* Tush ! it cannot be  
 Without a certain peril on us all.

*Clean.* Danger must be hazarded, rather than  
 accept

A sure destruction. You have a lodge, sir,  
 So far remote from way of passengers,  
 That seldom any mortal eye does greet with't ;  
 And yet so sweetly situate with thickets,  
 Built with such cunning labyrinth within,  
 As if the provident heavens, foreseeing cruelty,  
 Had bid you frame it to this purpose only.

*Leon.* Fie, fie ! 'tis dangerous,—and treason too,  
 To abuse the law.

*Hip.* 'Tis holy care, sir,  
 Of your dear life\*, which is your own to keep,  
 But not your own to lose, either in will  
 Or negligence.

*Clean.* Call you it treason, sir ?  
 I had been then a traitor unto you,  
 Had I forgot this ; beseech you, accept of it ;  
 It is secure, and a duty to yourself.

*Leon.* What a coward will you make me !

*Clean.* You mistake,  
 'Tis noble courage : now you fight with death,  
 And yield not to him till you stoop under him.

*Leon.* This must needs open to discovery,  
 And then what torture follows ?

*Clean.* By what means, sir ?  
 Why, there is but one body in all this counsel,

Which cannot betray itself: we two are one.  
 One soul, one body, one heart, that think as  
 thought ;

And yet we two are not completely one,  
 But as I have derived myself from you.——

Who shall betray us where there is no second ?

*Hip.* You must not mistrust my faith, though as  
 sex plead

Weakness and frailty for me.

*Leon.* Oh, I dare not.

But where's the means that must make answer for  
 I cannot be lost without a full account,  
 And what must pay that reckoning ?

*Clean.* Oh, sir, we will  
 Keep solemn obits for your funeral ;  
 We'll seem to weep, and seem to joy wital,  
 That death so gently has prevented you  
 The law's sharp rigour ; and this no mortal we  
 shall

Participate the knowledge of.

*Leon.* Ha, ha, ha !

This will be a sportive fine demur,  
 If the error be not found.

*Clean.* Pray doubt of none.

Your company and best provision  
 Must be no further furnish'd than by us ;  
 And in the interim your solitude may  
 Converse with heaven, and fairly prepare  
 [For that] which was too violent and raging  
 Thrown headlong on you\*.

*Leon.* Still there are some doubts  
 Of the discovery ; yet I do allow it.

*Hip.* Will you not mention now the cost and  
 charge

Which will be in your keeping !

*Leon.* That will be somewhat,  
 Which you might save too.

*Clean.* With his will against him.

What foe is more to man than man himself ;  
 Are you resolved, sir ?

*Leon.* I am, Cleanthes ;  
 If by this means I do get a reprieve,  
 And cozen death awhile, when he shall come  
 Armed in his own power to give the blow,  
 I'll smile upon him then, and laughing go.

[Exit]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Before the Palace.

Enter EVANDER, COURTIERS, and CRATILUS.

*Evan.* Executioner !

*Crat.* My lord.

*Evan.* How did old Diocles take his death ?

*Crat.* As weeping brides receive their joys at  
 night,  
 With trembling, yet with patience.

*Evan.* Why, 'twas well.

*1 Court.* Nay, I knew my father would do well,  
 my lord,

Whene'er he came to die ; I'd that opinion of him  
 Which made me the more willing to part from  
 him ;

He was not fit to live in the world, indeed,  
 Any time these ten years, my lord,  
 But I would not say so much.

\* Converse with heaven, and fairly prepare.

[For that] which was too violent and raging  
 Thrown headlong on you.] Here again some words are  
 lost by the negligence of the printer, which, in this place  
 exceeds all credibility. It is impossible to recover them,  
 but to make something like sense of the passage, I have  
 ventured to add what is enclosed between brackets.

people, unless he now quitted them for a residence else-  
 where. The conclusion of this speech I do not understand :  
 perhaps something is lost.

\* *Hip.* 'Tis holy care, sir.  
 Of your dear life, &c.] This thought, at once pious and  
 philosophical, is frequently dwelt upon by Massinger

*Evan.* No! you did not well in't,  
For he that's all spent, is ripe for death at all  
hours,

And does but trifle time out.

1 *Court.* Troth, my lord,  
I would I'd known your mind nine years ago.

*Evan.* Our law is fourscore years, because we  
judge

Dotage complete then, as unfruitfulness  
In women at threescore; marry, if the son  
Can within compass bring good solid proofs  
Of his own father's weakness and unfitness  
To live, or sway the living, though he want five  
Or ten years of his number, that's not it;  
His defect makes him fourscore, and 'tis fit  
He dies when he deserves; for every act  
Is in effect then when the cause is ripe.

2 *Court.* An admirable prince! how rarely he  
talks\*!

O! that we'd known this, lads! What a time did  
we endure

In two-penny commons, and in boots twice vamp'd!

1 *Court.* Now we have two pair a week, and yet  
not thankful:

'Twill be a fine world for them, sirs, that come  
after us.

2 *Court.* Ay, an they knew it.

1 *Court.* Peace, let them never know it.

3 *Court.* A pox, there be young heirs will soon  
smell't out.

2 *Court.* 'Twill come to them by instinct, man:  
may your grace

Never be old, you stand so well for youth!

*Evan.* Why now, methinks, our court looks like a  
spring,

Sweet, fresh, and fashionable, now the old weeds  
are gone.

1 *Court.* It is as a court should be:

Gloss and good clothes, my lord, no matter for  
merit;

And herein your law proves a provident act,  
When men pass not the palsy of their tongues,  
Nor colour in their cheeks.

*Evan.* But women

By that law should live long, for they're ne'er past  
it.

1 *Court.* It will have heats though, when they  
see the painting

Go an inch deep i'the wrinkle, and take up  
A box more than their gossips: but for men, my  
lord,

That should be the sole bravery of a palace,

To walk with hollow eyes and long white beards,

As if a prince dwelt in a land of goats;

With clothes as if they sat on their backs on pur-  
pose

To arraign a fashion, and condemn't to exile:

Their pockets in their sleeves, as if they laid

Their ear to avarice, and heard the devil whisper!

Now ours lie downward here close to the flank,

Right spending pockets, as a son's should be

That lives i'the fashion; where our diseased fa-  
thers,

Worried with the sciatica and aches,

Brought up your paned hose first\*, which ladies  
laugh'd at,

Giving no reverence to the place lies ruin'd:

They love a doublet that's three hours a buttoning,

And sits so close makes a man groan again,

And his soul mutter half a day; yet these are those

That carry sway and worth: prick'd up in clothes,

Why should we fear our rising?

*Evan.* You but wrong

Our kindness, and your own deserts, to doubt on't.

Has not our law made you rich before your time?

Our countenance then can make you honourable.

1 *Court.* We'll spare for no cost, sir, to appear  
worthy.

*Evan.* Why, you're i'the noble way then, for the  
most

Are but appearers; worth itself is lost,

And bravely stands for't.

*Enter CREON, ANTIGONA, and SIMONIDES.*

1 *Court.* Look, look, who comes here?

I smell death and another courtier,  
Simonides.

2 *Court.* Sim!

*Sim.* Pish! I'm not for you yet,

Your company's too costly; after the old man's

Dispatch'd I shall have time to talk with you;

I shall come into the fashion, you shall see, too,

After a day or two; in the mean time,

I am not for your company.

*Evan.* Old Creon, you have been expected long;

Sure you're above fourscore.

*Sim.* Upon my life,

Not four and twenty hours, my lord; I search'd

The church-book yesterday. Does your grace think

I'd let my father wrong the law, my lord?

'Twere pity o'my life then! no, your act

Shall not receive a minute's wrong by him

While I live, sir; and he's so just himself too,

I know he would not offer't:—here he stands.

*Creon.* 'Tis just I die, indeed, for I confess

I am troublesome to life now, and the state

Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,

Either in force or counsel; I've o'late

Employ'd myself quite from the world, and he

That once begins to serve his Maker faithfully,

Can never serve a worldly prince well after;

'Tis clean another way.

\* Worried with the sciatica and aches, where our diseased fathers,  
Brought up your paned hose first, &c.] For where Mr.

M. Mason reads *whereas*, as usual! In the next line the  
old copy has—*Would with the sciatica, &c.*, for which, he  
says, "we should read *wood*;" i. e. mad, raging; but as that  
leaves the metre imperfect, I have adopted another word,  
which bids no less fairly to be the genuine one.

Paned hose (see page 213) are ribbed breeches, the large  
and loose slops of our ancestors. The fashion is here ridi-  
culed, as, about the end of Elizabeth's reign, when this  
Play was apparently written, it was on the decline. In *The  
Great Duke of Florence*, produced many years subsequent  
to *The Old Law*, paned hose are mentioned as a fashionable  
article of dress, and this is agreeable to history, for they  
were again introduced at the accession of James II., and  
continued through the whole of his reign the characteristic  
marks of a fine gentleman and a courtier.

† And bravely stands for't.] i. e. ostentatious finery of  
apparel: in which sense it is frequently used in the Scrip-  
tures. "In that day the lord will take away the bravery  
of their tinkling ornaments."—*Isaiah*, c. tit. v. 18, &c. &c.  
This short speech of the duke affords one of those scarcely  
perceptible openings through which Massinger artfully con-  
trives to give the reader a glimpse of such characters as are  
hereafter to be developed. In every instance he follows  
nature, which abhors all sudden conversion, the common  
resource of modern dramatists.

\* 2 *Court.* An admirable prince! &c.] This and several  
of the subsequent speeches have been hitherto printed as  
prose: they are not, indeed, very mellifluous, yet they run  
readily enough into such kind of metre as this play is, for  
the most part, written in:

*Ant.* Oh, give not confidence  
To all he speaks, my lord, in his own injury.  
His preparation only for the next world  
Makes him talk wildly to his wrong of this;  
He is not lost in judgment.

*Sim.* She spoils all again.

*Ant.* Deserving any way for state employment.

*Sim.* Mother—

*Ant.* His very household laws prescribed at home  
by him

Are able to conform seven Christian kingdoms,  
They are so wise and virtuous.

*Sim.* Mother, I say—

*Ant.* I know your laws extend not to desert, sir,  
But to unnecessary years, and, my lord,  
His are not such; though they show white they are  
worthy,

Judicious, able, and religious.

*Sim.* Mother,

I'll help you to a courtier of nineteen.

*Ant.* Away, unnatural!

*Sim.* Then I am no fool, sure,  
For to be natural at such a time  
Were a fool's part, indeed.

*Ant.* Your grace's pity,  
And 'tis but fit and just.

*Cress.* The law, my lord,  
And that's the justest way.

*Sim.* Well said, father, 'tis faith!

Thou wert ever juster than my mother still.

*Evan.* Come hither, sir.

*Sim.* My lord.

*Evan.* What are those orders?

*Ant.* Worth observation, sir,

So please you hear them read.

*Sim.* The woman speaks she knows not what, my  
lord:

He make a law, poor man! he bought a *TABLE*,  
indeed,

Only to learn to die by't, there's the business now;  
Wherein there are some precepts for a son too.  
How he should learn to live, but I ne'er look'd on't:  
For, when he's dead, I shall live well enough,  
And keep a better *TABLE*\* than that, I trow.

*Evan.* And is that all, sir?

*Sim.* All, I vow, my lord,

Save a few running admonitions

Upon cheese-trenchers†, na—

Take heed of whoring, shun it,

'Tis like a cheese too strong of the runnet.

\* And keep a better *TABLE* than that, I trow.] This wretched fellow is punning upon the word *table*, which, as applied to his father, meant a book, or rather, perhaps, a large sheet of paper, where precepts for the due regulation of life were set down in distinct lines, and, as applied to himself—that he would keep a better house, i. e. live more sumptuously than his father. Then, which the modern editors have after *table*, and which destroys the metre, is not in the old copy.

† Upon cheese-trenchers.] Before the general introduction of books, our ancestors were careful to file out instruction in many ways: hangings, pictures, trenchers, knives, wearing apparel, every thing, in a word, that was capable of containing a short sentence, was turned to account.

"These apophoreta," says Pattenham, in his *Art of English Poets*, "we call posies, and do paint them now a dayes upon the back side of our *fruite-trenchers*," &c. p. 47. And Ballantrill observes of one of his characters, that "for talke hee commonly uses some proverbiall verses, gathered perhaps from *cheese-trenchers*." Pictures, by W. S.—And thus George, in *The Honest Whore*:—"Aye, but mistress, as one of our cheese-trenchers says very learnedly, 'As out of wormwood bees suck honey,' &c. Hence they are termed by Cartwright, *trencher analects*.

And such calves 'maw of wit and admonition  
Good to catch mice with, but not sows and—  
They are not so easily caught.

*Evan.* Agent for death!

*Cress.* Your will, my lord?

*Evan.* Take hence that pile of years,  
Forfeit\* before with unprofitable age.

And, with the rest, from the high promontory  
Cast him into the sea.

*Cress.* 'Tis noble justice!

*Ant.* 'Tis cursed tyranny!

*Sim.* Peace! take heed, mother;

You've but short time to be cast down your  
And let a young courtier do't, an you be wise  
In the mean time.

*Ant.* Hence, slave!

*Sim.* Well, seven and fifty.

You have but three years to scold, then come  
payment.

1 Court. Simonides.

*Sim.* Pish, I'm not brave enough to hold  
yet.

Give a man time, I have a suit a making.

2 Court. We love thy form first; brave  
will come, man.

*Sim.* I'll make them come else, with a mine  
As other gallants do, that have less left them.

[Reveries  
*Evan.* Hark! whence those sounds? what

1 Court. Some funeral,

It seems, my lord; and young Cleantes falls

Enter a Funeral Procession; the house follows  
CLEANTES and HIPPOLITA.

*Evan.* Cleantes!

2 Court. 'Tis, my lord, and in the place  
Of a chief mourner too, but strangely habited.

*Evan.* Yet suitable to his behaviour; mark  
He comes all the way smiling, do you observe  
I never saw a corpse so joyfully followed:  
Light colours and light cheeks!—who should  
be?

'Tis a thing worth resolving.

*Sim.* One, belike,

That doth participate this our present joy.

*Evan.* Cleantes.

*Cress.* Oh, my lord!

*Evan.* He laugh'd outright now;

Was ever such a contrariety seen

In natural courses yet, nay profess'd openly!

1 Court. I have known a widow lurch close  
lord,

Under her handkerchief, when t'other part  
Of her old face has wept like rain in sunshine  
But all the face to laugh apparently  
Was never seen yet.

*Sim.* Yea, mine did once.

*Cress.* 'Tis, of a heavy time, the joyfull at  
That ever son was born to.

*Evan.* How can that be?

*Cress.* I joy to make it plain,—my father's  
*Evan.* Dead!

2 Court. Old Leonides!

*Cress.* In his last month dead:  
He beguiled cruel law the sweetest

\* Forfeit before with unprofitable age.] Such I take to be the genuine reading; the old copy has *surfeit*, which is adopted by Coxeter, and improved by Mr. M. Mason, by insertion of it.

Before it surfeit with unprofitable age.

That ever age was blest to.—

It grieves me that a tear should fall upon't,  
Being a thing so joyful, but his memory  
Will work it out, I see; when his poor heart broke  
I did not do so much: but leap'd for joy  
So mountingly, I touch'd the stars, methought;  
I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,  
But chose a colour, orient like my mind:  
For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,  
There is no credit given to't; it has lost  
All reputation by false sons and widows.  
Now I would have men know what I resemble,  
A truth, indeed; 'tis joy clad like a joy,  
Which is more honest than a cunning grief  
That's only faced with sables for a show,  
But gawdy-hearted: When I saw death come  
So ready to deceive you, sir,—forgive me,  
I could not choose but be entirely merry,—  
And yet to\* see now!—of a sudden  
Naming but death, I show myself a mortal,  
That's never constant to one passion long.  
I wonder whence that tear came, when I smiled  
In the production on't; sorrow's a thief,  
That can, when joy looks on, steal forth a grief.  
But, gracious leave, my lord; when I've perform'd  
My last poor duty to my father's bones,  
I shall return your servant.

Evan. Well, perform it,  
The law is satisfied; they can but die:  
And by his death, Cleantes, you gain well,  
A rich and fair revenue.

[Flourish. *Exeunt Duke, Courtiers, &c.*

Sim. I would I had e'en  
Another father, condition he did the like†.

Clean. I have past it bravely now; how blest  
was I

To have the duke in sight! now 'tis confirm'd,  
Past fear or doubts confirm'd; on, on, I say,  
Him that brought me to man, I bring to clay.

[Exit Funeral Procession, followed by  
Cleantes, and Hippolita.

Sim. I am rapt now in a contemplation,  
Even at the very sight of yonder hearse:  
I do but think what a fine thing 'tis now  
To live and follow some seven uncles thus,  
As many cousin-germans, and such people  
That will leave legacies; pox! I'd see them  
hang'd else,  
Ere I'd follow one of them, as they could find the  
way.

Now I've enough to begin to‡ be horrible covetous,  
*Enter Butler, Tailor, Cook, Coachman, and  
Footman.*

But. We come to know your worship's pleasure,  
sir,

\* And yet to see now.] So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, I know not why,—And yet too, see now.

† condition he did the like.] i. e. on condition: a mode of speech adopted by all our old poets.

‡ have blest was I  
To have the duke in sight!] Coxeter printed (after the old copy), To have the dim sight: the variation in the text is from a conjecture of Mr. M. Mason. I suppose the manuscript had only the initial letter of duke, and the printer not knowing what to make of *d* in sight, corrected it into *dim sight*. These abbreviations are the source of innumerable errors.

§ Now I've enough to begin to be horrible covetous.] The modern editions have, Now I've enough I begin to be horribly covetous. I think there is more humour in the old reading.

Having long served your father, how your good  
will

Stands towards our entertainment.

Sim. Not a jot, I faith:

My father wore cheap garments, he might do't;  
I shall have all my clothes come home to morrow,  
They will eat up all you, as there were more of  
you, sirs.

To keep you six at livery, and still munching!

Tail. Why, I'm a tailor; you have most need of  
me, sir.

Sim. Thou mad'st my father's clothes, that I  
confess;

But what son and heir will have his father's tailor,  
Unless he have a mind to be well laugh'd at?  
Thou'st been so used to wide long-side things, that  
when

I come to truss, I shall have the waist of my doublet  
Lie on my buttocks, a sweet sight!

But. I a Butler.

Sim. There's least need of thee, fellow; I shall  
ne'er drink at home, I shall be so drunk abroad.

But. But a cup of small beer will do well next  
morning, sir.

Sim. I grant you; but what need I keep so big a  
knave for a cup of small beer?

Cook. Butler, you have your answer; marry, sir,  
a cook

I know your mastership cannot be without.

Sim. The more ass art thou to think so; for what  
should I do with a mountebank, no drink in my  
house?—the banishing the butler might have  
been a warning to thee, unless thou means't to  
choak me.

Cook. In the mean time you have choak'd me,  
methinks.

Bail. These are superfluous vanities, indeed,  
And so accounted of in these days, sir;  
But then, your bailiff to receive your rents—

Sim. I prithee hold thy tongue, fellow, I shall  
take a course to spend them faster than thou  
canst reckon them; 'tis not the rents must serve  
my turn, unless I mean to be laugh'd at; if a man  
should be seen out of slash-me, let him ne'er look  
to be a right gallant. But, sirrah, with whom is  
your business?

Cook. Your good mastership.

Sim. You have stood silent all this while like  
men

That know your strengths: in these days, none of  
you

Can want employment; you can win me wagers\*,  
Footman, in running races.

Foot. I dare boast it, sir.

Sim. And when my bets are all come in, and  
store,

Then, coachman, you can hurry me to my whore.

Cook. I'll firk them into foam else.

Sim. Speaks brave matter;

And I'll firk some too, or't shall cost hot water.

[*Exeunt Simonides, Coachman, and Footman.*

Cook. Why, here's an age to make a cook a  
ruffian,

And scold the devil indeed! do strange mad things,  
Make mutton pasties of dog's flesh,  
Bake snakes for lamprey pies, and cats for conies.

But. Come, will you be ruled by a butler's advice

\* you can win me wagers,] So the old copy: the modern editions read, you can win me wages!

once? for we must make up our fortunes somewhere now as the case stands: let's e'en, therefore, go seek out widows of nine and fifty, as we can; that's within a year of their deaths, and so we shall be sure to be quickly rid of them; for a year's enough of conscience to be troubled with a wife, for any man living.

Cook. Oracle butler! oracle butler! he puts down all the doctors o' the name\*. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Creon's House.

Enter EUGENIA and PANTHENIA.

Eug. Parthenia.

Parth. Mother.

Eug. I shall be troubled†

This six months with an old clog; would the law had been cut one year shorter!

Parth. Did you call, *fursooth*?

Eug. Yes, you must make some spoonmeat for your father, [Exit Parthenia.

And warm three nightcaps for him. Out upon't!

The mere conceit turns a young woman's stomach.

His slippers must be warm'd, in August too.

And his gown girt to him in the very dog-days.

When every mastiff lolls out's tongue for heat.

Would not this vex a beauty of nineteen now?

Alas! I should be tumbling in cold baths now,

Under each armpit a fine bean-flower bag,

To screw out whiteness when I list—

And some sev'n of the properest men in the dukedom

Making a banquet ready i' the next room for me;

Where he that gets the first kiss is envied,

And stands upon his guard a fortnight after.

This is a life for nineteen: 'tis but justice:

For old men, whose great acts stand in their minds,

And nothing in their bodies, do ne'er think

A woman young enough for their desire;

And we young wenches, that have mother-wits,

And love to marry muck first, and man after,

Do never think old men are old enough, [tance.

That we may soon be rid o' them; there's our quit-

I've waited for the happy hour this two years.

And, if death be so unkind to let him live still,

All that time I have lost.

Enter Courtiers.

1 Court. Young lady!

2 Court. O sweet precious bud of beauty!

Troth, she smells over all the house, methinks.

1 Court. The sweetbriar's but a counterfeit to her—

It does exceed you only in the prickles,

But that it shall not long, if you'll be ruled, lady.

Eug. What means this sudden visitation, gentlemen?

\* He alludes to Dr. W. Botter, a very celebrated physician of Elizabeth's days. The oddity of his manners, the singularity of his practice, and the extraordinary cures which he performed, raised many strange opinions of him. "He never," (says Dr. Wittle) "kept any apprentice for his business, nor any maid but a fool, and yet his reputation, thirty-five years after his death, was still so great, that many empirics got credit among the vulgar, by claiming relation to him, as having served him, and learned much from him." He died at an advanced age, in 1618.

† Eug. I shall be troubled, &c.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have absurdly printed this and the following speeches of Eugenia as prose. I cannot account for the motives which induced them to do so, as they are not only very good metre, but are arranged as such in the old copy.

So passing well perfumed too! who's your liner?

1 Court. Love, and thy beauty, widow.

Eug. Widow, sir?

1 Court. 'Tis sure, and that's as good: in we're suitors:

We come a wooing, wench; plain dealing's law.

Eug. A wooing! what, before my husband's

2 Court. Let's lose no time; six months with an end;

I know't by all the bonds that e'er I made yet.

Eug. That's a sure knowledge, but it holds here, sir.

1 Court. Do not we\* know the craft of young tumblers?

That when you wed an old man, you think

Another husband as you are marrying of him!

We, knowing your thoughts, made bold to see

Enter SIMONIDES richly dressed, and COACHMAN.

Eug. How wondrous right he speaks! 'twas thought, indeed.

Sim. By your leave, sweet widow, do you any gallants?

Eug. Widow, again! 'tis comfort to be call'd

1 Court. Who's this, Simonides?

2 Court. Brave Sim, i' faith.

Sim. Coachman.

Coach. Sir,

Sim. Have an especial care of my new mare:

They say, sweet widow, he that loves a horse

Must needs love a widow well.—When dies husband?

Is't not July next?

Eug. Oh, you are too hot, sir!

Pray cool yourself, and take September with you.

Sim. September! oh, I was but two bows wide.

1 Court. Simonides.

Sim. I can intreat you, gallants, I'm in fashion too.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Ha! whence this herd† of folly! what you?

Sim. Well-willers to your wife; pray 'tend ye book, sir;

We've nothing to say to you, you may go die,

For here be those in place that can supply.

Lys. What's thy wild business here?

Sim. Old man, I'll tell thee;

I come to beg the reversion of thy wife:

I think these gallants be of my mind too.—

But thou art but a dead man, therefore what shall

a man do talking with thee? Come, widow, stay to your tacking.

Lys. Impious blood-hounds!

Sim. Let the ghost talk, ne'er mind him.

Lys. Shames of nature!

\* 1 Court. Do not we know the craft of you young tumblers?

That when you wed an old man, &c.] This speech hitherto stood thus: *Don't you know the craft of young tumblers? That you wed an old man, &c.* I have endeavoured to restore it to some degree of sense, by altering one word, and inserting another. To those who are acquainted with the deplorable state of the old copy, I can easily stand excused for these and similar liberties, which, however, I have sparingly taken, and never but in the most desperate cases.

† Lys. Ha! whence this herd of folly? What are you? This is the reading of the old copy; for which Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason strangely give us,

Ha! whence this unheard-of folly? what are you?

*Sim.* Alas, poor ghost! consider what the man is.

*Lys.* Monsters unnatural! you that have been covetous

Of your own fathers' death, gape you for mine now?

Cannot a poor old man, that now can reckon  
Even all the hours he has to live, live quiet  
For such wild beasts as these, that neither hold  
A certainty of good within themselves,  
But scatter others' comforts that are ripen'd  
For holy uses? is hot youth so hasty  
It will not give an old man leave to die,  
And leave a widow first, but will make one,  
The husband looking on? May your destructions  
Come all in hasty figures to your souls!  
Your wealth depart in haste, to overtake  
Your honesties, that died when you were infants!  
May your male seed be hasty spendthrifts too,  
Your daughters hasty sinners, and diseased  
Ere they be thought at years to welcome misery!  
And may you never know what leisure is  
But at repentance!—I am too uncharitable,  
Too foul; I must go cleanse myself with prayers.  
'Tis these are the plagues of fondness to old men,  
We're punish'd home with what we dote upon.

[*Exit.*  
*Sim.* So, so! the ghost is vanish'd: now, your answer, lady.

*Eug.* Excuse me, gentlemen; 'twere as much impudence

In me to give you a kind answer yet,  
As madness to produce a churlish one.  
I could say now, come a month hence, sweet gentlemen,

Or two, or three, or when you will, indeed;  
But I say no such thing: I set no time,  
Nor is it mannerly to deny any.  
I'll carry an even hand to all the world:  
Let other women make what haste they will,  
What's that to me? but I profess unfeignedly,  
I'll have my husband dead before I marry;  
Ne'er look for other answer at my hands.

*Sim.* Would he were hang'd, for my part, looks for other!

*Eug.* I'm at a word.

*Sim.* And I am at a blow, then;

I'll lay you o' the lips, and leave you. [*Kisses her.*

*1 Court.* Well struck, *Sim.*

*Sim.* He that dares say he'll mend it, I'll strike him.

*1 Court.* He would betray himself to be a botcher,  
That goes about to mend it.

*Eug.* Gentlemen,

You know my mind; I bar you not my house,  
But if you choose out hours more seasonably,  
You may have entertainment.

*Re-enter PARTHENIA.*

*Sim.* What will she do hereafter, when she is a widow,  
Keeps open house already?

[*Exeunt Simonides and Courtiers.*

*Eug.* How now, girl!

*Parth.* Those feather'd fools that hither took their flight,  
Have grieved my father much.

*Eug.* Speak well of youth, wench,  
While thou'st a day to live; 'tis youth must make thee,  
And when youth fails wise women will make it;

But always take age first, to make thee rich:

That was my counsel ever, and then youth  
Will make thee sport enough all thy life after.

'Tis the time's policy, wench; what is't to bide  
A little hardness for a pair of years, or so!

A man whose only strength lies in his breath,  
Weakness in all parts else, thy badfellow,

A cough o' the lungs, or say a wheezing matter;  
Then shake off chains, and dance all thy life after!

*Parth.* Every one to their liking; but I say  
An honest man's worth all, be he young or gray.

Yonder's my cousin. [*Exit.*

*Enter HIPPOLITA.*

*Eug.* Art, I must use thee now;  
Dissembling is the best help for a virtue  
That ever woman had, it saves their credit off.

*Hip.* How now, cousin!

What, weeping?

*Eug.* Can you blame me when the time  
Of my dear love and husband now draws on?  
I study funeral tears against the day  
I must be a sad widow.

*Hip.* In troth, Eugenia, I have cause to weep too;

But, when I visit, I come comfortably,  
And look to be so quited\*—yet more sobbing!

*Eug.* Oh! the greatest part of your affliction's past,

The worst of mine's to come; I have one to die;  
Your husband's father is dead, and fixed in his  
Eternal peace, past the sharp tyrannous blow.

*Hip.* You must use patience, coz.

*Eug.* Tell me of patience!

*Hip.* You have example for't, in me and many.

*Eug.* Yours was a father-in-law, but mine a husband:

O, for a woman that could love, and live  
With an old man, mine is a jewel, cousin;  
So quietly he lies by one, so still!

*Hip.* Alas! I have a secret lodged within me,  
Which now will out in pity:—I cannot hold.

*Eug.* One that will not disturb me in my sleep  
For a whole month together, less it be  
With those diseases age is subject to,  
As aches, coughs, and pains, and these, heaven  
knowst,

Against his will too:—he's the quietest man,  
Especially in bed.

*Hip.* Be comforted.

*Eug.* How can I, lady?

Nane know the terror of an husband's loss,  
But they that fear to lose him.

*Hip.* Fain would I keep it in, but 'twill not be;  
She is my kinswoman, and I'm pitiful.

I must impart a good, if I know it once,

To them that stand in need on't; I'm like one

Loves not to banquet with a joy alone;

My friends must partake too;—prithce, cease,  
cousin;

If your love be so boundless, which is rare

In a young woman in these days, I tell you,

\* And look to be so quited;] Mr. M. Mason reads—And look to be so far requited! What he imagined he had gained by this harsh and unmetrical addition, is difficult to conjecture; the text is very good sense.

As aches, coughs, and pains, and these, heaven knows,] Here again Mr. M. Mason wantonly sophisticates the text; he reads aches; but the true word is that which stands above (aches), which was always used in Massinger's time as a dissyllable, and pronounced atch-es.

To one so much past service as your husband,  
There is a way to beguile law, and help you,  
My husband found it out first.

Eug. Oh, sweet cousin!

Hip. You may conceal him, and give out his death

Within the time; order his funeral too;  
We had it so for ours, I praise heaven for't,  
And he's alive and safe.

Eug. O blessed coz,  
How thou revivest me!

Hip. We daily see  
The good old man, and feed him twice a day.  
Methinks, it is the sweetest joy to cherish him,  
That ever life yet show'd me.

Eug. So should I think,  
A dainty thing to nurse an old man well!

Hip. And then we have his prayers and daily blessing;

And we two live so lovingly upon it,  
His son and I, and so contentedly,  
You cannot think unless you tasted on't.

Eug. No, I warrant you. Oh, loving cousin,  
What a great sorrow has thou eased me of!  
A thousand thanks go with thee!

Hip. I have a suit to you,  
I must not have you weep when I am gone

Eug. No, if I do, ne'er trust me. Easy fool,  
Thou hast put thyself into my power for ever;  
Take heed of angering of me: I conceal!  
I feign a funeral! I keep my husband!

'Las! I've been thinking any time these two years  
I have kept him too long already.—  
I'll go count o'er my suitors, that's my business,  
And prick the man down; I've six months to do't.  
But could dispatch it in one were I put to't.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—Before the Church.

Enter GNORNO and Clerk.

Gnoth. You have search'd over the parish-chronicle, sir?

Clerk. Yes, sir; I have found out the true age and date of the party you wot on.

Gnoth. Pray you, be cover'd, sir.

Clerk. When you have showed me the way, sir.  
Gnoth. Oh, sir, remember yourself, you are a clerk.

Clerk. A small clerk, sir.

Gnoth. Likely to be the wiser man, sir; for your greatest clerks are not always so, as 'tis reported.

Clerk. You are a great man in the parish, sir.

Gnoth. I understand myself so much the better, sir; for all the best in the parish pay duties to the clerk, and I would owe you none, sir.

Clerk. Since you'll have it so, I'll be the first to hide my head.

Gnoth. Mine is a capcase: now to our business in hand. Good luck, I hope; I long to be resolved.

Clerk. Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you:\*

This is the dial that goes ever true;  
You may say *ipse dixit* upon this witness,  
And it is good in law too.

Gnoth. Pray you, let's hear what it speaks.

Clerk. Mark, sir. Agatha, the daughter of Pollux (this is your wife's name, and the name of her father), born—

Gnoth. Whose daughter, say you?

Clerk. The daughter of Pollux.

Gnoth. I take it his name was Bollux.

Clerk. Pollux the orthography, I assure you, sir; the word is corrupted else.

Gnoth. Well, on sir,—of Pollux; now come on, Castor.

Clerk. Born in an. 1540; and now 'tis 99. By this infallible record, sir (let me see), she's now just fifty-nine, and wants but one.

Gnoth. I am sorry she wants so much.

Clerk. Why, sir! alas, 'tis nothing; 'tis but so many months, so many weeks, so many—

Gnoth. Do not deduct it to days\*, 'twill be the more tedious; and to measure it by bourgeois were intolerable.

Clerk. Do not think on it, sir; half the time goes away in sleep, 'tis half the year in nights.

Gnoth. O, you mistake me, neighbour, I am loth to leave the good old woman; if she were gone now it would not grieve me, for what is a year, alas, but a lingering torment? and were it not better she were out of her pain? It must needs be a grief to us both.

Clerk. I would I knew how to ease you, neighbour!

Gnoth. You speak kindly, truly, and if you say but Amen to it (which is a word that I know you are perfect in), it might be done. Clerks are the most indifferent honest men,—for to the marriage of your enemy, or the burial of your friend, the curses or the blessings to you are all one; you say Amen to all.

Clerk. With a better will to the one than the other, neighbour; but I shall be glad to say Amen to any thing might do you a pleasure.

Gnoth. There is, first, something above your duty: now I would have you set forward the clock a little, to help the old woman out of her pain.

\* Clerk. Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you: Which, inserted by the modern editors after that, is perfectly unnecessary, as they might have discovered, long before they reached this part of their work.

\* Gnoth. Do not deduct it to days.) A Latinism, *Ad-hocum* bring it down, or, as we say, reduce it to days. That is surely of consulting the church-book for the age, &c., may be kept in countenance by Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. 5th, p. 248. Indeed, there are several passages in this play that resemble some in *The Queen of Corinth*.

*Clerk.* I will speak to the sexton; but the day will go ne'er the faster for that.

*Gnoth.* Oh, neighbour, you do not conceit me; not the jack of the clock-house, the hand of the dial, I mean,—Come, I know you, being a great clerk, cannot choose but have the art to cast a figure.

*Clerk.* Never, indeed, neighbour; I never had the judgment to cast a figure.

*Gnoth.* I'll show you on the back side of your book; look you,—what figure's this?

*Clerk.* Four with a cipher, that's forty.

*Gnoth.* So! forty; what's this, now?

*Clerk.* The cipher is turn'd into 9 by adding the tail, which makes forty-nine.

*Gnoth.* Very well understood; what is't now?

*Clerk.* The four is turn'd into three; 'tis now thirty-nine.

*Gnoth.* Very well understood; and can you do this again?

*Clerk.* Oh! easily, sir.

*Gnoth.* A wager of that! let me see the place of my wife's age again.

*Clerk.* Look you, sir, 'tis here, 1540.

*Gnoth.* Forty drachmas, you do not turn that forty into thirty-nine.

*Clerk.* A match with you.

*Gnoth.* Done! and you shall keep stakes yourself: there they are.

*Clerk.* A firm match—but stay, sir, now I consider it, I shall add a year to your wife's age; let me see—*Scirophorion* the 17.—and now 'tis *Hecatombajon* the 11th\*. If I alter this your wife will have but a month to live by law.

*Gnoth.* That's all one, sir; either do it or pay me my wager.

*Clerk.* Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?

*Gnoth.* A man may get two wives before half so much money by them; will you do it?

*Clerk.* I hope you will conceal me, for 'tis flat corruption.

*Gnoth.* Nay, sir, I would have you keep counsel; for I lose my money by't, and should be laugh'd at for my labour, if it should be known.

*Clerk.* Well, sir, there!—'tis done; as perfect a 39 as can be found in black and white: but mum, sir,—there's danger in this figure-casting.

*Gnoth.* Ay, sir, I know that: better men than you have been thrown over the bar for as little; the best is, you can be but thrown out of the belfry.

*Enter the Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, and Butler.*

*Clerk.* Lock close, here comes company†; asses have ears as well as pitchers.

*Cook.* Oh, Gnotho, how is't? here's a trick of discarded cards of us! we were rank'd with coats as long as old master lived‡.

*Gnoth.* And is this then the end of servingmen?

*Cook.* Yes, 'faith, this is the end of serving men: a wise man were better serve one God than all the men in the world.

*Gnoth.* 'Twas well spoke of a cook. And are all fallen into fasting-days and Ember-weeks, that cooks are out of use?

*Tail.* And all tailors will be cut into lists and shreds; if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request.

*But.* And why not butlers as well as tailors? if they can go naked, let them neither eat nor drink.

*Clerk.* That's strange, methinks, a lord should turn away his tailor, of all men:—and how dost thou, tailor?

*Tail.* I do so so; but, indeed, all our wants are long of this publican, my lord's bailiff; for had he been rent-gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now scam-rent, nay crack'd in the whole piece\*.

*Bail.* Sir, if my lord had not sold his lands that claim his rents, I should still have been the rent-gatherer.

*Cook.* The truth is, except the coachman and the footman, all serving-men are out of request.

*Gnoth.* Nay, say not so, for you were never in more request than now, for requesting is but a kind of a begging; for when you say, I beseech your worship's charity, 'tis all one as if you say I request it; and in that kind of requesting, I am sure serving-men were never in more request.

*Cook.* Troth he says true: well, let that pass; we are upon a better adventure. I see, Gnotho, you have been before us; we came to deal with this merchant for some commodities.

*Clerk.* With me, sir? any thing that I can.

*But.* Nay, we have looked out our wives already; marry, to you we come to know the prices, that is, to know their ages; for so much reverence we bear to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.

*Tail.* The truth is, every man has laid by his widow: so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old enough, 'tis good enough.

*Clerk.* I keep the town-stock; if you can but name them, I can tell their ages to a day.

*All.* We can tell their fortunes to an hour, then.

*Clerk.* Only you must pay for turning of the leaves.

*Cook.* Oh, bountifully,—Come, mine first.

*But.* The butler before the cook, while you live; there's few that eat before they drink in a morning.

*Tail.* Nay, then the tailor puts in his needle of priority, for men do clothe themselves before they either drink or eat.

*Bail.* I will strive for no place; the longer ere I marry my wife, the older she will be, and nearer her end and my ends.

*Clerk.* I will serve you all, gentlemen, if you will have patience.

*Gnoth.* I commend your modesty, sir; you are a bailiff, whose place is to come behind other men, so it were in the bum of all the rest.

\* *Scirophorion*, *Hecatombajon*, and, soon after, *December*; what a medley! This miserable ostentation of Greek literature is, I believe, from the pen of Middleton, who was "a piece" of a scholar.

† *Lock close, here comes company*; So the old copy: the modern editors read—*Look close*, which has no meaning.

‡ This alludes to some game, in which the low cards were thrown out: *coats* were what we call court cards. *The end of serving-men*, which occurs in the next speech, is the title of an old ballad.

\* If the reader wanted any additional proof that no part of this scene was written by Massinger, he might find it in this punning on the terms used by tailors: in those, and similar conceits, he takes no pleasure. It is wretched stuff, and would almost lead one to think that it was the production of the stage, in its nonage, and not fairly attributable to any of the triumvirate.

*Bail.* So, sir! and you were about this business too, seeking out for a widow?

*Gnoth.* Alack! no, sir; I am a married man, and have those cares upon me that you would fain run into.

*Bail.* What, an old rich wife! any man in this age desires such a care.

*Gnoth.* Troth, sir, I'll put a venture with you, if you will; I have a lusty old quean to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I'll give out to take three for one at the marriage of my second wife.

*Bail.* Ay, sir, but how near is she to the law?

*Gnoth.* Take that at hazard, sir; there must be time, you know, to get a new. Unsight, unseen, I take three to one.

*Bail.* Two to one I'll give, if she have but two teeth in her head.

*Gnoth.* A match; there's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

*Bail.* A match.

*Cook.* I shall be fitted bravely: fifty-eight and upwards; 'tis but a year and half, and I may chance make friends, and beg a year of the duke.

*But.* Hey, boys! I am made, sir butler; my wife that shall be wants but two months of her time; it shall be one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a honey moon.

*Tail.* I outstrip you all; I shall have but six weeks of Lent, if I get my widow, and then comes eating-tide, plump and gorgeous.

*Gnoth.* This tailor will be a man, if ever there were any.

*Bail.* Now comes my turn. I hope, Goodman Finis, you that are still at the end of all, with a *so be it*. Well now, sirs, do you venture there as I have done; and I'll venture here after you: Good luck, I beseech thee!

*Clerk.* Amen, sir.

*Bail.* That deserves a fee already—there 'tis; please me, and have a better.

*Clerk.* Amen, sir.

*Cook.* How, two for one at your next wife! is the old one living?

*Gnoth.* You have a fair match, I offer you no foul one; if death make not haste to call her, she'll make none to go to him.

*But.* I know her, she's a lusty woman; I'll take the venture.

*Gnoth.* There's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

*But.* A bargain.

*Cook.* Nay, then we'll be all merchants; give me.

*Tail.* And me.

*But.* What, has the bailiff sped?

*Bail.* I am content; but none of you shall know my happiness.

*Clerk.* As well as any of you all, believe it, sir.

*Bail.* Oh, clerk, you are to speak last always.

*Clerk.* I'll remember't hereafter, sir. You have done with me gentlemen?

*Enter AGATHA.*

*All.* For this time honest register.

*Clerk.* Fare you well then; if you do I'll cry Amen to it\*. [Exit.]

*Cook.* Look you, sir, is not this your wife?

*Gnoth.* My first wife, sir.

\* Clerk. Fare you well, then; if you do, I'll cry Amen to it. i. e. if you fare well:—but this is a sad abuse of criticism.

*But.* Nay, then we have made a good match; if she have no froward disease the woman may be this dozen years by her age.

*Tail.* I'm afraid she's broken-winded, she holds silence so long.

*Cook.* We'll now leave our venture to the eres; I must a wooing.

*But.* I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

*Bail.* So we must all; for he that goes a wooing to a widow without a weapon, will never get her.

[Exit all but Gnoth and Agatha.]

*Gnoth.* Oh, wife, wife!

*Aga.* What ail you man, you speak so passionately\*?

*Gnoth.* 'Tis for thy sake, sweet wife: who would think so lusty an old woman, with reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect use as ever it was, should be so near her time!—but the Fates will have it so.

*Aga.* What's the matter, man? you do smother me.

*Gnoth.* Thou art not sick neither, I warrant thee.

*Aga.* Not that I know of, sure.

*Gnoth.* What pity 'tis a woman should be so near her end, and yet not sick!

*Aga.* Near her end, man! tush, I can guess at that;

I have years good yet of life in the remainder:

I want two yet at least of the full number;

Then the law, I know, craves impotent and useless, And not the able women.

*Gnoth.* Ay, alas! I see thou hast been repairing time as well as thou couldst; the old wrinkles are well filled up, but the vermilion is seen too thick, too thick—and I read what's written in thy forehead; it agrees with the church-book.

*Aga.* Have you sought my age, man? and, I prithee, how is it?

*Gnoth.* I shall but discomfort thee.

*Aga.* Not at all man; when there's no remedy, I will go, though unwillingly.

*Gnoth.* 153). Just; it agrees with the book: you have about a year to prepare yourself.

*Aga.* Out, alas! I hope there's more than so. But do you not think a reprieve might be gotten for half a score—an 'twere but five years I would not care; an able woman, methinks, were to be pitied.

*Gnoth.* Ay, to be pitied, but not help'd; no hope of that: for, indeed, women have so blemish'd their own reputations now-a-days, that it is thought the law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

*Aga.* Marry, the heavens forbid!

*Gnoth.* There's so many of you, that, when you are old, become witches; some profess physic, and kill good subjects faster than a burning fever; and then school-mistresses of the sweet sin, which commonly we call bawds, innumerable of that sort: for these and such causes 'tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

*Aga.* Ay, man, but this hurts not the good old women.

*Gnoth.* Faith, you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish them: now, were I an old woman, I would desire to go before my time, and offer myself willingly, two or three years before. Oh, those are brave women, and worthy to be commended of all men in the world, that, when

\* Aga. What ail you man, you speak so passionately. i. e. so plaintively, so sorrowfully. See ante, Act I, sc. 1.

their husbands die, they run to be burnt to death with them: there's honour and credit! give me half a dozen such wives.

*Aga.* Ay, if her husband were dead before, 'twere a reasonable request; if you were dead, I could be content to be so.

*Gnoth.* Fie! that's not likely, for thou hadst two husbands before me.

*Aga.* Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, husband?

*Gnoth.* No, I do not speak to that purpose: but I say, what credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst; then thou shouldst never be suspected for a witch, a physician, a hawd, or any of those things: and then how daintily should I mourn for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried! when, alas, if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great grief to him to think he has not seen his wife well buried. There be such virtuous women in the world, but too few, too few, who desire to die seven years before their time with all their hearts.

*Aga.* I have not the heart to be of that mind; but, indeed, husband, I think you would have me gone.

*Gnoth.* No, alas! I speak but for your good and your credit; for when a woman may die quickly, why should she go to law for her death? Alack, I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me: you do not know how near 'tis,—it must out, you have but a month to live by the law.

*Aga.* Out alas!

*Gnoth.* Nay, scarce so much.

*Aga.* Oh, oh, oh, my heart!

[Swoons.]

*Gnoth.* Ay, so! if thou wouldst go away quietly, 'twere sweetly done, and like a kind wife; lie but a little longer, and the bell shall toll for thee.

*Aga.* Oh my heart, but a month to live!

*Gnoth.* Alas, why wouldst thou come back again for a month? I'll throw her down again—oh! woman, 'tis not three weeks; I think a fortnight is the most.

*Aga.* Nay, then I am gone already.

[Swoons.]

*Gnoth.* I would make haste to the sexton now, but I am afraid the tolling of the bell will wake her again. If she be so wise as to go now—she stirs again; there's two lives of the nine gone.

*Aga.* Oh! wouldst thou not help to recover me, husband?

*Gnoth.* Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy nose, or box thy cheeks; it goes against my conscience.

*Aga.* I will not be thus frightened to my death, I'll search the church records: a fortnight!

'Tis too little of conscience, I cannot be so near;

O time, if thou be'st kind, lend me but a year.

[Exit.]

*Gnoth.* What a spive's this, that a man cannot persuade his wife to die in any time with her good will? I have another bespoke already; though a piece of old beef will serve to breakfast, yet a man would be glad of a chicken to supper. The clerk, I hope, understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what he hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough.

'Tis but a month at most, if that were gone,

My venture comes in with her two for one:

'Tis use enough o' conscience for a broker—if he had a conscience.

[Exit.]

SCENE II\*.—A Room in Creon's House.

Enter EUGENIA at one door, SIMONIDES and Courtiers at the other.

*Eug.* Gentlemen courtiers.

1 *Court.* All your vow'd servants, lady.

*Eug.* Oh, I shall kill myself with infinite laughter!

Will nobody take my part?

*Sim.* An't be a laughing business,

Put it to me, I'm one of the best in Europe;

My father died last too, I have the most cause.

*Eug.* You have pick'd out such a time, sweet gentlemen,

To make your spleen a banquet.

*Sim.* Oh, the jest!

Lady, I have a jaw stands ready for't,

I'll gape half way, and meet it.

*Eug.* My old husband,

That cannot say his prayers out for jealousy

And madness at your coming first to woo me—

*Sim.* Well said.

1 *Court.* Go on.

2 *Court.* On, on.

*Eug.* Takes counsel with

The secrets of all art to make himself

Youthful again.

*Sim.* How! youthful? ha, ha, ha!

*Eug.* A man of forty-five he would fain seem to be,

Or scarce so much, if he might have his will, indeed.

*Sim.* Ay, but his white hairs, they'll betray his hoariness.

*Eug.* Why, there you are wide: he's not the man you take him for,

Nor will you know him when you see him again;

There will be five to one laid upon that.

1 *Court.* How!

*Eug.* Nay, you did well to laugh faintly there,

I promise you, I think he'll outlive me now,

And deceive law and all.

*Sim.* Marry, gout forbid!

*Eug.* You little think he was at fencing-school At four o'clock this morning.

*Sim.* How, at fencing-school!

*Eug.* Else give no trust to woman.

*Sim.* By this light,

I do not like him, then; he's like to live

Longer than I, for he may kill me first, now.

*Eug.* His dancer now came in as I met you.

1 *Court.* His dancer, too!

*Eug.* They observe turns and hours with him;

The great French rider will be here at ten

With his curvetting horse.

2 *Court.* These notwithstanding,

His hair and wrinkles will betray his age.

*Eug.* I'm sure his head and beard, as he has order'd it,

Look not past fifty now: he'll bring't to forty

Within these four days, for nine times an hour

He takes a black lead comb, and kems it over:

Three quarters of his beard is under fifty;

There's but a little tuft of fourscore left,

All o'one side, which will be black by Monday.

\* This scene is also printed as prose by the modern editors. Coxeter seems to have been very capricious in his notions of metre, for he has here (as well as in two many other places) deserted the original. Mr. M. Mason is only accountable for his want of attention.

Enter LYSANDER.

And, to approve my truth, see where he comes!  
Laugh softly, gentlemen, and look upon him.

[They go aside.]

Sim. Now, by this hand, he's almost black i'the mouth, indeed.

1 Court. He should die shortly, then.

Sim. Marry, methinks he dies too fast already,  
For he was all white but a week ago.

1 Court. Oh! this same coney-white takes an excellent black;

Too soon, a mischief on't

2 Court. He will beguile

Us all, if that little tuft northward turn black too.

Eug. Nay, sir, I wonder 'tis so long a turning.

Sim. May be some fairy's child, held forth at midnight,

Has piss'd upon that side.

1 Court. I this the beard?

Lys. Ah, sirrah! my young boys, I shall be for you:

This little mossy tuft takes up more time

Than all the beard beside. Come you a wooing,

And I alive and lusty? you shall find

An alteration, ack-boys; I have a spirit yet

(An I could match my hair to't, there's the fault\*),

And can do offices of youth yet lightly;

A least will do, though it pain me a little.

Shall not a man, for a little foolish age,

Enjoy his wife to himself? must young court tits

Play tomboys' tricks with her, and be live, ha?

I have blood that will not bear't; yet I confess,

I should be at my prayers—but where's the dancer, there!

Enter Dancing-master.

Master. Here, sir.

Lys. Come, come, come, one trick a day,

And I shall soon recover all again.

Eug. 'Slight, an you laugh too loud, we are all discover'd.

Sim. And I have a scurvy grinning laugh o'mine own,

Will spoil all, I am afraid.

Eug. Marry, take heed, sir.

Sim. Nay, an I should be hang'd I cannot leave it;

Pup!—there 'tis. [Laughs aloud.]

Eug. Peace! oh peace!

Lys. Come, I am ready, sir.

I hear the church-book's lost where I was born too,

And that shall set me back one twenty years;

There is no little comfort left in that

And—then my three court-codlings, that look par-boil'd,

As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house—

Sim. He means me specially hold my life.

Master. What trick will your old worship learn this morning, sir?

Lys. Marry, a trick, if thou couldst teach a man To keep his wife to himself; I'd fain learn that.

Master. That's a hard trick, for an old man specially;

The horse-trick comes the nearest.

Lys. Thou sayest true, i'faith,

They must be horsed indeed, else there's no keeping them,

And horse-play at fourscore is not so ready

Master. Look you, here's your worship's trick\*, sir. [Gives a

Lys. Nay, say not so,

'Tis none of mine I fall down horse and man If but offer at it.

Master. My life for yours, sir.

Lys. say'st thou me so?

[Spring

Master. Well offer'd, by my viol, sir.

Lys. A pox of this horse-trick! 't has play jade with me,

And given me a wrench i'the back.

Master. Now here's your inturn, and your above ground.

Lys. Prithee, no more, unless thou hast a n To lay me under-ground; one of these tricks is enough in a morning.

Master. For your galliard, sir.

You are complete enough, ay, and may challenge The proudest cockcomb of them all, I'll stand t

Lys. Faith, and I've other weapons for the too:

I have prepared for them, if e'er I take.

My Gregories here again.

Sim. Oh! I shall burst,

I can hold out no longer.

Eug. He spoils all.

[They come for

Lys. The devil and his grinners! are you c Bring forth the weapons, we shall find you play

All feats of youth too, jack-boys, feats of your And these the weapons, drinking, fencing, danci

Your own road-ways, you clyster-pipes! I an you say,

Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well. This beard cannot get children, you lank s

eggs, Unless such weasels come from court to help u

We will get our own brats, you letcherous bolts!

Enter a servant with foils and glasses.

Well said, down with them; now we shall see y spirits.

What! dwindle you already?

2 Court. I have no quality†.

Sim. Nor I, unless drinking may be reckon'd one.

1 Court. Why, Sim, it shall.

Lys. Come, dare you choose your weapon, n

1 Court. I? dancing, sir, an you will be so ha

Lys. We're for you, sir.

2 Court. Fencing, I.

Lys. We'll answer you too.

Sim. I am for drinking; your wet weapon the

Lys. That wet one has cost many a pria life;

And I will send it through you with a powder!

Sim. Let it come, with a pox! I care not, so't drink.

\* Here's your worship's horse-trick.] Some rough setting is here meant, but I know not the precise mot The word occurs *A Woman Killed with Kindness*—"Though we be but country fellows, it may be, in way of dancing, we can do the horse-trick as well as serving men."—Act I.

And these the weapons, drinking, fencing, danci This line, which describes what the feats of youth are, without which the subsequent speeches cannot be understood, is wholly omitted by Mr. M. Mason.

† 2 Court. I have no quality.] i. e. no profusion least, that is the sense in which Simonides takes it.

\* (An I could match my hair to't, there's the fault.) i. e. there's the misfortune: this is a further confirmation of what is said upon the subject. See *The Bondman*, Act V. Sc. 1.

I hope my guts will hold, and that's e'en all  
A gentleman can look for of such trillibubs\*.

*Lys.* Play the first weapon; come, strike, strike,  
I say.

Yes, yes, you shall be first; I'll observe court rules:  
Always the worst goes foremost, so 'twill prove, I  
hope. [*1 Courtier dances a galliard†.*]

So, sir, you've spit your poison; now come I.  
Now, forty years go backward and assist me,  
Fall from me half my age, but for three minutes,  
That I may feel no crick! I will put fair for't,  
Although I hazard twenty sciaticas. [*Dances.*]  
So, I have hit you.

*1 Court.* You've done well, i'faith, sir.

*Lys.* If you confess it well, 'tis excellent,  
And I have hit you soundly; I am warm now:  
The second weapon instantly.

*2 Court.* What, so quick, sir?

Will you not allow yourself a breathing-time?

*Lys.* I've breath enough at all times, Lucifer's  
musk-cod,

To give your perfumed worship three venues;

A sound old man puts his thrust better home

Than a spiced young man: there I. [*They fence.*]

*2 Court.* Then have at you, fourscore.

*Lys.* You lie, twenty, I hope, and you shall  
find it. [*eye*]

*Sim.* I'm glad I miss'd this weapon, I'd had an  
Oport out ere this time, or my two butter-teeth  
Thrust down my throat instead of a flap-dragon.

*Lys.* There's two, pentweezle. [*Hits him.*]

*Must.* Excellently touch'd, sir.

*2 Court.* Had ever man such luck! speak your  
opinion, gentlemen.

*Sim.* Methinks your luck's good that your eyes  
are in still,

Mine would have dropt out like a pig's half roasted.

*Lys.* There wants a third—and there it is again!  
[*Hits him again.*]

*2 Court.* The devil has steel'd him.

*Eug.* What a strong fiend is jealousy!

*Lys.* You are dispatch'd, bear-whelp.

*Sim.* Now comes my weapon in.

*Lys.* Here, toadstool, here.

'Tis you and I must play these three wet venues.

*Sim.* Venues in Venice glasses! let them come,  
They'll bruise no flesh, I'm sure, nor break no  
bones.

*2 Court.* Yet you may drink your eyes out, sir.

*Sim.* Ay, but that's nothing;

Then they go voluntarily: I do not  
Love to have them thrust out, whether they will or  
no.

*Lys.* Here's your first weapon, duck's-meat.

*Sim.* How! a Dutch what-do-you-call-'em,  
Stead of a German faulchion! a shrewd weapon,

\* of such trillibubs.] This seems to be a cant word for any thing of a trifling nature: I meet with it again in Shirley:—  
"But I forgive thee, and forget thy tricks  
And trillibubs." [*Hyde Park.*]

† *1 Courtier dances a galliard.*] A galliard is described by Sir John Davis, as a swift and wandering dance, with lofty turns and capriols in the air; and so very proper to prove the strength and activity of Lysander. It is still more graphically described, as Mr. Gilchrist observes, in Burton's *Anat. of Melancholy*: "Let them take their pleasures, young men and maids, flourishing in their age, fair and lovely to behold, well attired, and of comely carriage, dancing a *Greeke galliarde*, and, as their dance required, kept their time, now turning, now tracing, now apart, now altogether, now a courtesie, then a caper, &c.; that it was a pleasant sight," fol. 1032.

And, of all things, hard to be taken down:  
Yet down it must, I have a nose goes into't;  
I shall drink double, I think.

*1 Court.* The sooner off, Sim.

*Lys.* I'll pay you speedily, with a trick\*  
I learnt once amongst drunkards, here's a half-pike.

*Sim.* Half-pike comes well after Dutch what-do-you-call-'em.

They'd never be asunder by their good will†.

*1 Court.* Well pull'd of an old fellow!

*Lys.* Oh, but your fellows

Pull better at a rope.

*1 Court.* There's a hair, Sim,

In that glass.

*Sim.* An't be as long as a halter, down it goes;

No bare shall cross me. [*Drinks.*]

*Lys.* I'll make you stink worse than your pole-cats do:

Here's long sword, your last weapon.

[*Offers him the glass.*]

*Sim.* No more weapons.

*1 Court.* Why, how now, Sim! bear up, thou  
shamest us all, else.

*Sim.* 'Slight, I shall shame you worse, an I stay  
longer.

I have got the scotomy in my head already†,  
The whimsey: you all turn round—do not you  
dance, gallants?

*2 Court.* Fish! what's all this? why, Sim, look,  
the last venue.

*Sim.* No more venues go down here; for these  
two

Are coming up again.

*2 Court.* Out! the disgrace of drinkers!

*Sim.* Yes, 'twill out,

Do you smell nothing yet?

*1 Court.* Smell!

*Sim.* Farewell quickly, then;

You will do, if I stay. [*Exit.*]

*1 Court.* A foil go with thee!

*Lys.* What, shall we put down youth at her own  
virtues!

Beat folly in her own ground? wondrous much!

Why may not we be held as full sufficient

To love our own wives then, get our own children,

And live in free peace till we be dissolv'd,

For such spring butterflies that are gaudy wing'd,

But no more substance than those shamble flies

Which butchers' boys snap between sleep and  
waking?

Come but to crush you once, you are but maggots,  
For all your beamy outsides!

Enter CLEANTHES.

*Eug.* Here's Cleanthes,  
He comes to chide;—let him alone a little,

\* *Lysander. I'll pay you speedily, —with a trick, &c.*] Lysander gives them all harsh names—here he bestows one on Simonides, which the delicacy or fear of the old publisher would not permit him to hazard in print: *fant mieu*.

† This stuff is not worth explaining; but the reader, if he has any curiosity on the subject, may amply gratify it by a visit to Pantagruel and his companions on the Isle Ennasin. Below, there is a miserable pun upon hair,—the crossing of a hare was ominous.

‡ *I have got the scotomy in my head already.*] The scotomy (σκοτωμα) is a dizziness, or swimming in the head. Thus Jonson:—

"Cart. How does he with the swimming of his head?

*Mos.* O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy; he now  
Hath lost his feeling," &c. *The For.*

Our cause will be revenged; look, look, his face  
Is set for stormy weather; do but mark  
How the clouds gather in it, 'twill pour down  
straight.

Clean. Methinks, I partly know you, that's my  
grief.

Could you not all be lost? that had been hand-  
some,

But to be known at all, 'tis more than shameful;  
Why, was not your name wont to be Lysander?

Lys. 'Tis so still, coz.

Clean. Judgment defer thy coming! else this  
man's miserable.

Eug. I told you there would be a shower anon.

2 Court. We'll in, and hide our noddles.

[Exit Eugenia and Courtiers.]

Clean. What devil brought this colour to your  
mind,

Which, since your childhood, I ne'er saw you wear!  
[Sure] you were ever of an innocent gloss  
Since I was ripe for knowledge, and would you  
lose it,

And change the livery of saints and angels  
For this mixt monstrousness: to force a ground  
That has been so long hallowed like a temple,  
To bring forth fruits of earth now; and turn back  
To the wild cries of lust, and the complexion  
Of sin in act, lost and long since repented!  
Would you begin a work ne'er yet attempted,  
To pull time backward?

See what your wife will do! are your wits perfect?

Lys. My wits!

Clean. I like it ten times worse, for 't had been  
safer

Now to be mad\*, and more excusable:

I hear you dance again, and do strange follies.

Lys. I must confess I have been put to some, coz.

Clean. And yet you are not mad! pray, say not so;  
Give me that comfort of you, that you are mad,  
That I may think you are at worst; for if  
You are not mad, I then must guess you have  
The first of some disease was never heard of,  
Which may be worse than madness, and more fearful.  
You'd weep to see yourself else, and your care  
To pray would quickly turn you white again.  
I had a father, had he lived his mouth out,  
But to have seen this most prodigious folly,  
There needed not the law to have him cut off;  
The sight of this had proved his executioner,  
And broke his heart: he would have held it equal  
Done to a sanctuary,—for what is age  
But the holy place of life, chapel of ease  
For all men's wearied miseries? and to rob  
That of her ornament, it is accurst;  
As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,  
Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering.

[Exit Lysander.]

I see 't has done him good; blessing go with it,  
Such as may make him pure again.

\* Now to be mad, &c.] *Minus est insania turpis.* There  
are many traits of Massinger in this part of the scene.

† *It is accurst!* The editors are  
nearly arrived at the conclusion of their labours, yet they  
are as far from any acquaintance with the manner of their  
author, as they were at setting out; they both insert *as be-  
fore accurst*, though it spoils the metre, and was not the lan-  
guage of the time. It would be unpardonable to pass over  
this admirable speech, without calling the reader's attention  
to the concluding lines: the conception is happy, and the  
expression beautiful in the highest degree.

# Re-enter Eugenia.

Eug. 'Twas bravely touch'd, i' faith, sir.

Clean. Oh, you are welcome.

Eug. Exceedingly well handled.

Clean. 'Tis to you I come; he fell but to my ear.

Eug. You mark'd his beard, cousin?

Clean. Mark me.

Eug. Did you ever see a hair so changed?

Clean. I must be forced to wake her lord's nose.  
The devil has rock'd her so fast asleep:—strangled!

Eug. Do you call, sir?

Clean. Where?

Eug. How do you, sir?

Clean. Be I ne'er so well,

I must be sick of thee; thou art a disease  
That stick'st to the heart,—as all such women are.  
Eug. What ails our kindred?

Clean. Bless me, she sleeps still!

What a dead modesty is in this woman,  
Will never blush again! Look on thy work  
But with a Christian eye, 'twould turn thy heart  
Into a shower of blood, to be the cause  
Of that old man's destruction, think upon't,  
Ruin eternally; for, through thy loose folly,  
Heaven has found him a faint servant lately;  
His goodness has gone backward, and engender'd  
With his old sins again; he has lost his prayers,  
And all the tears that were companions with them;  
And like a blind-fold man (giddy and blinded),  
Thinking he goes right on still, swerve but one  
foot,

And turns to the same place where he set out;

So he, that took his farewell of the world,

And cast the joys behind him, out of sight,

Summ'd up his hours, made even with time and  
men,

Is now in heart arriv'd at youth again,  
All by thy wildness: thy too hasty lust  
Has driven him to this strong apostacy.  
Immodesty like thine was never equal'd;  
I've heard of women (shall I call them so?)  
Have welcomed suitors ere the corpse were cold;  
But thou, thy husband living:—thou'rt too bold.

Eug. Well, have you done now, sir?

Clean. Look, look! she smiles yet.

Eug. All this is nothing to a mind resolv'd;  
Ask any woman that, she'll tell you so much:  
You have only shown a pretty saucy wit,  
Which I shall not forget, nor to requite it.  
You shall hear from me shortly.

Clean. Shameless woman!

I take my counsel from thee, 'tis too honest,  
And leave thee wholly to thy stronger master:  
Bless the sex o' thee from thee! that's my prayer.  
Were all like thee, so impudently common,  
No man would e'er be found to wed a woman.

Eug. I'll fit you gloriously.

He that attempts to take away my pleasure,

I'll take away his joy\*; and I can sure.

His conceal'd father pays for't: I'll e'en tell

\* I'll take away his joy; and I can sure.] So the old  
copy; Conseter sophisticated this passage very awkwardly;  
he reads,

— and I can sure him.

His conceal'd father pays for't! The pretty aphorism (*'sure for assure'*), and the vulgar run-  
ning of the sentence into the next line, might have raised  
suspicions in an ordinary editor that the text was incorrect;  
but Mr. M. Mason was not an ordinary editor; if Cassius  
be right, it is well; if not, he looks no further.

Him that I mean to make my husband next.  
And he shall tell the duke.—Mass, here he comes.

*Re-enter SIMONIDES.*

*Sim.* He has had a bout with me too.

*Eug.* What! no? since, sir\*?

*Sim.* A flirt, a little flirt; he call'd me strange names,

But I ne'er minded him.

*Eug.* You shall quit him, sir,  
When he as little minds you.

*Sim.* I like that well.

I love to be revenged when no one thinks  
of me;

There's little danger that way.

*Eug.* This is it, then;

He you shall strike your stroke shall be pro-  
found,

And yet your foe not guess who gave the  
wound.

*Sim.* O' my troth, I love to give such wounds.

[*Exeunt.*]

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—*Before a Tavern.*

*Enter GNATHO, Butler, Bailiff, Tailor, Cook, Drawer,  
and Courtezian.*

*Draw.* Welcome, gentlemen, will you not draw  
near? will you drink at door, gentlemen?

*But.* Oh! the summer air is best.

*Draw.* What wine will't please you drink, gen-  
tlemen?

*But.* De Clare, sirrah.

[*Exit Drawer.*]

*Gnoth.* What, you're all sped already, bullies?

*Cook.* My widow's o' the spit, and half ready,  
lad; a turn or two more, and I have done with her.

*Gnoth.* Then, cook, I hope you have basted her  
before this time.

*Cook.* And stuck her with rosemary too, to sweeten  
her; she was tainted ere she came to my hands.  
What an old piece of flesh of fifty-nine, eleven  
months, and upwards! she must needs be fly-blown.

*Gnoth.* Put her off, put her off, though you lose  
by her; the weather's hot.

*Cook.* Why, drawer!

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* By and by: here, gentlemen, here's the  
quintessence of Greece; the sages never drunk  
better grape.

*Cook.* Sir, the mad Greeks of this age can taste  
their Palermo as well as the sage Greeks did before  
them.—Fill, lick-spiggot.

*Draw.* *Ad inum*, sir.

*Gnoth.* My friends, I must doubly invite you all,  
the fifth of the next month, to the funeral of my  
first wife, and to the marriage of my second, my  
two to one; this is she.

*Cook.* I hope some of us will be ready for the  
funeral of our wives by that time, to go with thee:  
but shall they be both of a day?

*Gnoth.* Oh! best of all, sir; where sorrow and  
joy meet together, one will help away with another  
the better. Besides, there will be charges saved  
too; the same rosemary that serves for the funeral,  
will serve for the wedding.

*But.* How long do you make account to be a  
widower, sir?

*Gnoth.* Some half an hour; long enough o' con-  
science. Come, come, let's have some agility; is  
there no music in the house?

*Draw.* Yes, sir, here are sweet wire-drawers in  
the house.

*Cook.* Oh! that makes them and you seldom  
part; you are wine-drawers and they wire-drawers.

*Tail.* And both govern by the pegs too.

*Gnoth.* And you have pipes in your consort too.

*Draw.* And sack-buts too, sir.

*But.* But the heads of your instruments differ:  
yours are hogs-heads, theirs cittern and gittern-  
heads.

*Bail.* All wooden-heads; there they meet again.

*Cook.* Bid them strike up, we'll have a dance,  
Gnoth; come, thou shall foot it too.

[*Exit Drawer.*]

*Gnoth.* No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

*Cook.* Siren! 'twas Hiren, the fair Greek, man.

*Gnoth.* Five drachmas of that; I say Siren, the  
fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.

*Cook.* A match; five drachmas her name was  
Hiren.

*Gnoth.* Siren's name was Siren, for five drachmas.

*Cook.* 'Tis done.

*Tail.* Take heed what you do, Gnoth.

*Gnoth.* Do not I know our own countrywomen,  
Siren and Nell of Greece, two of the fairest Greeks  
that ever were?

*Cook.* That Nell was Helen of Greece too.

*Gnoth.* As long as she tarried with her husband,  
she was Ellen; but after she came to Troy, she was  
Nell of Troy, or Bonny Nell, whether you will or no.

*Tail.* Why, did she grow shorter when she came  
to Troy?

*Gnoth.* She grew longer\*, if you mark the story.  
When she grew to be an ell, she was deeper than  
any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter; there  
was Cressid was Troy weight, and Nell was avoird-  
upois; she held more by four ounces, than Crea-  
sida.

\* *Gnoth. She grew longer, &c.* This miserable trash,  
which is quite silly enough to be original, has yet the merit  
of being copied from Shakespeare. The reader who has a  
taste for niceties of this kind will find, upon examination,  
that Massinger's assistants have improved upon the indecency  
if not the fifth, of their original.

\* *Eug. What! no? since, sir?* So the quarto. Coxeter  
reads, *What! no since, sir?* and Mr. Mason, always cor-  
recting in the wrong place, *What! not since, sir?*

*Bail.* They say she caused many wounds to be given in Troy.

*Gnoth.* True, she was wounded there herself, and cured again by plaister of Paris; and ever since that has been used to stop holes with.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Gentlemen, if you be disposed to be merry, the music is ready to strike up; and here's a consort of mad Greeks, I know not whether they be men or women, or between both; they have, what do you call them, wizards on their faces.

*Cook.* Wizards, good man lick-spiggot.

*But.* If they be wise women, they may be wizards too.

*Draw.* They desire to enter amongst any merry company of gentlemen-good-fellows for a strain or two.

*Enter Old Women\* and AGATHA in masks.*

*Cook.* We'll strain ourselves with them, say; let them come, Gnotho; now for the honour of Espire!

*Gnoth.* No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

[*A dance by the Old Women and AGATHA; they offer to take the men; all agree except Gnotho, who sits with the Courtesan.*]

*Cook.* Ay? so kind! then every one his wench to his several room; Gnotho, we are all provided now as you are.

[*Exit all but Gnotho, Courtesan, and AGATHA.*]

*Gnoth.* I shall have two, it seems: away! I have Siren here already.

*Aga.* What, a mermaid? [*Takes off her mask.*]

*Gnoth.* No, but a maid, horse-face: oh, old woman! is it you?

*Aga.* Yes, 'tis I; all the rest have gulled themselves, and taken their own wives, and shall know that they have done more than they can well answer; but I pray you, husband, what are you doing?

*Gnoth.* Faith, thus should I do, if thou wert dead, old Ag, and thou hast not long to live, I'm sure: we have Siren here.

*Aga.* Art thou so shameless, whilst I am living, to keep one under my nose?

*Gnoth.* No, Ag, I do prize her far above thy nose; if thou wouldst lay me both thine eyes in my hand to boot, I'll not leave her: art not ashamed to be seen in a tavern, and has scarce a fortnight to live? oh, old woman, what art thou! must thou find no time to think of thy end?

*Aga.* O, unkind villain!

*Gnoth.* And then, sweetheart, thou shalt have two new gowns; and the best of this old woman's shall make thee raiment for the working days.

*Aga.* O rascal! dost thou quarter my clothes already, too?

*Gnoth.* Her ruffs will serve thee for nothing but

to wash dishes; for thou shalt have thine\* of the new fashion.

*Aga.* Impudent villain! shameless harlot!

*Gnoth.* You may hear she never wore any but rails all her lifetime.

*Aga.* Let me come, I'll tear the strumpet from him.

*Gnoth.* Dar'st thou call my wife strumpet, the preterpluperfect tense of a woman! I'll make thee do penance in the sheet thou shalt be buried in; abuse my choice! my two-to-one!

*Aga.* No, unkind villain, I'll deceive thee yet, I have a reprieve for five years of life; I am with child.

*Court.* Cud so, Gnotho, I'll not tarry so long; five years! I may bury two husbands by that time.

*Gnoth.* Alas! give the poor woman leave to talk, she with child! ay, with a puppy: as long as I have thee by me, she shall not be with child, I warrant thee.

*Aga.* The law, and thou, and all, shall find I am with child.

*Gnoth.* I'll take my corporal oath I begat it so, and then thou diest for adultery.

*Aga.* No matter, that will ask some time in the proof.

*Gnoth.* Oh! you'd be stoned to death, would you! all old women would die o' that fashion with all their hearts; but the law shall overthrow you the other way, first.

*Court.* Indeed, if it be so, I will not linger so long, Gnotho.

*Gnoth.* Away, away! some botcher has got it; 'tis but a cushion, I warrant thee: the old woman is loth to depart; she never sung other tunes in her life.

*Court.* We will not have our noses bored with a cushion, if it be so.

*Gnoth.* Go, go thy ways, thou old almanack at the twenty-eighth day of December, e'en almost out of date! Down on thy knees, and make thee ready, sell some of thy clothes to buy thee a death's head, and put upon my middle finger: your least considering bawd does so much; be not thou worse, though thou art not an old woman, as she is: I am cloy'd with old stock-fish, here's a young perch is sweet meat by half; prithee, die before thy day if thou canst, that thou mayst not be counted a witch.

\* — for thou shalt have thine of the new fashion.] The old copy reads, nine of the new fashion: I have little doubt but that the word which I have inserted is the genuine one.

[The old woman is loth to depart:] There was scarcely a trace of this name, and to that Gnotho alludes. In *THE SEVERAL WEAPONS*, the old copy has—

"Pompey. Hum, hum, hum! He hangs loth to depart." On which the editors observe, that "the impropriety of putting this passage into Pompey's mouth is evident upon its bare mention, as it unquestionably belongs to the next speaker." And to the next speaker they boldly give it; but they did not understand their author. The last part of the quotation is merely a marginal direction, and its passage in future should be thus regulated:—

"Pomp. Hum, hum, hum!

[He hangs loth to depart.]

The same expression occurs in *The Merchant of Venice*, where the modern editors have also misunderstood it: "You'd fain stay to sing loth to depart."

It is also mentioned in that old and popular ballad, *Arthur of Bradley*:

"Then Will, and his sweetheart,  
Did call for loth to depart," &c.

\* *Enter old Women.*] The stage-direction in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason is, *Enter old Women*. Gnotho's dance. The former editor had carelessly taken the name from the speech of the Cook, and the latter ridiculously continued the blunder, though he must have seen that Gnotho is the only person who does not dance.

† *Aga. What, a mermaid?*] The mermaids of the ancients, and possessed all their musical as well as seductive qualities. Mermaid also was one of the thousand cant terms which served to denote a strumpet, and to this, perhaps, Agatha alludes.

*Ag.* No, thou art a witch, and I'll prove it; I said I was with child, thou knew'st no other but by sorcery: thou said'st it was a cushion, and so it is; thou art a witch for't. I'll be sworn to't.

*Gnoth.* Ha, ha, ha! I told thee 'twas a cushion. Go, get thy sheet ready, we'll see thee buried as we go to church to be married.

[*Exeunt Gnotho and Courtesan.*]

*Ag.* Nay, I'll follow thee, and show myself a wife. I'll plague thee as long as I live with thee; and I'll bury some money before I die\*, that my ghost may haunt thee afterward. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Forest.*

*Enter CLEANTHES.*

*Clean.* What's that? Oh, nothing but the whispering wind

Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew rude,

As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it.  
I cannot be too circumspect, too careful;  
For in these woods lies hid all my life's treasure,  
Which is too much never to fear to lose,  
Though it be never lost: and if our watchfulness  
Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst a thief  
That comes to steal our goods, things all without us,  
That prove vexation often more than comfort,  
How mighty ought our providence to be  
To prevent those, if any such there were,  
That come to rob our bosom of our joys,  
That only make poor man delight to live!  
Pshaw! I'm too fearful—fie, fie! who can hurt me?

But 'tis a general cowardice, that shakes  
The nerves of confidence; he that hides treasure,  
Imagines every one thinks of that place,  
When 'tis a thing least minded; nay, let him change  
The place continually; where'er it keeps, [house]  
There will the fear keep still: yonder's the store-  
Of all my comfort now—and see! it sends forth

*Enter HIPPOLITA.*

A dear one to me:—Precious chief of women,  
How does the good old soul? has he fed well?

*Hip.* Beshrew me, sir, he made the heartiest meal to-day—

Much good may't do his health.

*Clean.* A blessing on thee,  
Both for thy news and wish!

*Hip.* His stomach, sir,

Is better'd wondrously, since his concealment.

*Clean.* Heaven has a blessed work in't. Come,  
we are safe here;

I prithee call him forth, the air's much wholesomer.

*Hip.* Father!

\* And I'll bury some money before I die, &c.] This, as every one knows, was an infallible method of causing the person who did it, to walk after death. It is not unpleasant to remark, how often one folly is counteracted by another; but for this salutary persuasion, which was once very prevalent, much money would have been lost to the community in troublesome times. This petty superstition is dignified by the adoption of Shakespeare; it is also frequently to be found in the writings of his age. Thus Shirley:

"I do but think how some like ghosts will walk  
For money surely hidden."

Again:

"Call this a church-yard, and imagine me  
Some wakeful apparition 'mong the graves,  
That, for some treasure buried in my life,  
Walk up and down thus." *The Wedding.*

*Enter LEONIDES.*

*Leon.* How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!

It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,  
It ravishes all senses. Lists of honour!  
I've a joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full,  
So fairly fruitful.

*Clean.* I hope to see you often and return\*  
Loaded with blessings, still to pour on some;  
I find them all in my contented peace,  
And lose not one in thousands; they are dispers'd  
So gloriously, I know not which are brightest.  
I find them, as angels are found, by legions:  
First, in the love and honesty of a wife,  
Which is the chiefest of all temporal blessings;  
Next in yourself, which is the hope and joy  
Of all my actions, my affairs, my wishes;  
And lastly, which crowns all, I find my soul  
Crown'd with the peace of them, the eternal riches,  
Man's only portion for his heavenly marriage!

*Leon.* Rise, thou art all obedience, love, and goodness.

I dare say that which thousand fathers cannot,  
And that's my precious comfort, never son  
Was in the way more of celestial rising:  
Thou art so made of such ascending virtue,  
That all the powers of hell can't sink thee.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

*Clean.* Ha!

*Leon.* What was't disturb'd my joy?

*Clean.* Did you not hear,

As afar off?

*Leon.* What, my excellent comfort?

*Clean.* Nor you?

*Hip.* I heard a—

*Clean.* Hark, again!

*Leon.* Bless my joy,

What ails it on a sudden?

*Clean.* Now, since lately?

*Leon.* 'Tis nothing but a symptom of thy care,  
man.

*Clean.* Alas! you do not hear well.

*Leon.* What was't, daughter?

*Hip.* I heard a sound, twice.

*Clean.* Hark! louder and nearer:

In, for the precious good of virtue, quick, sir!

Louder and nearer yet! at hand, at hand!

[*Exit Leonides.*]

A hunting here? 'tis strange! I never knew  
Game followed in these woods before.

*Enter EVANDER, SIMONIDES, Courtiers, and CRATILUS.*

*Hip.* Now let them come, and spare not.

*Clean.* Ha! 'tis—is't not the duke?—look sparingly.

\* *Clean. I hope to see you often and return*  
Loaded with blessings, still to pour on some, for often re-  
turn, is a mode of speech so familiar to Massinger, that we  
might almost affirm this exquisite scene to be his, if we  
could maintain any thing with confidence in this most in-  
correct publication. Be it whose it may, however, it makes  
large amends for the dull and tedious buffoonery of the  
former part of this act.

\* *Leon. What, my excellent comfort?* The old copy has  
confort, which induced Coxeter to give the speech to Hip-  
polita. I have little doubt but that the mistake is in this  
word, which should be comfort, as it stands in the text:  
by this term the fond parent frequently addresses his chil-  
dren. In the mouth of Leonides, too, it forms a natural re-  
ply to the question of Cleanthes, who then turns to make  
the same demand of his wife.

*Hip.* 'Tis he, but what of that? alas, take heed, air,

Your care will overthrow us.

*Elean.* Come, it shall not:

Let's set a pleasant face upon our fears,

Though our hearts shake with horror.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Evan.* Hark!

*Elean.* Prithee, proceed;

I am taken with these light things infinitely.

Since the old man's decease; ha!—so they parted?

ha, ha, ha!

*Evan.* Why, how should I believe this? look, he's merry

As if he had no such charge: one with that care

Could never be so; still he holds his temper,

And 'tis the same still (with no difference)

He brought his father's corpse to the grave with;

He laugh'd thus then, you know.

*I Court.* Ay, he may laugh,

That shews but how he glories in his cunning;

And is, perhaps, done more to advance his wit,

That only he has over-reach'd the law,

Than to express affection to his father.

*Sim.* He tells you right, my lord, his own cousin-german

Reveal'd it first to me; a free-tongued woman,

And very excellent at telling secrets.

*Evan.* If a contempt can be so neatly carried,

It gives me cause of wonder.

*Sim.* Troth, my lord,

'Twill prove a delicate cozening, I believe;

I'd have no scrivener offer to come near it.

*Evan.* Cleanthes,

*Elean.* My loved lord.

*Evan.* Not moved a whit.

Constant to lightness still!\* 'Tis strange to meet you

Upon a ground so unfrequented, sir:

This does not fit your passion, you're for mirth,

Or I mistake you much.

*Clean.* But finding it

Grow to a noted imperfection in me,

For any thing too much is vicious,

I come to these disconsolate walks of purpose,

Only to dull and take away the edge on't.

I ever had a greater zeal to sadness,

A natural propension, I confess.

Before that cheerful accident fell out—

If I may call a father's funeral cheerful

Without wrong done to duty or my love.

*Evan.* It seems then, you take pleasure in these walks, sir.

*Clean.* Contemplative content I do, my lord:

They bring into my mind oft meditations

So sweetly precious, that in the parting

I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,

They take their leave so feelingly.

*Evan.* So, sir!

*Clean.* Which is a kind of grave delight, my lord.

*Evan.* And I've small cause, Cleanthes, to afford you

The least delight that has a name.

*Clean.* My lord!

*Sim.* Now it begins to fadge.

*I Court.* Peace! thou art so greedy, *Sim.*

*Evan.* In your excess of joy you have express'd

Your rancour and contempt against my law:

\* Constant to lightness still.] The old copy reads, Constant to lightening still. The emendation by Mr. M. Mason.

Your smiles deserve a flogging; you have put

Derision openly, e'en to my face,

Which might be death, a little more incens'd.

You do not come for any freedom here,

But for a project of your own:—

But all that's known to be contentful to thee

Shall in the use prove deadly. Your life's

If ever your presumption do but lead you

Into these walks again,—ay, or that woman;

I'll have them watch'd o' purpose.

[Cleanthes retires from the wood, followed

Hippolita.

*I Court.* Now, now, his colour ebbs and flows

*Sim.* Mark her's too.

*Hip.* Oh, who shall bring food to the poor

man, now!

Speak somewhat, good sir, or we're lost for ever

*Clean.* Oh, you did wonderful ill to call

again.

There are not words to help us; if I entreat,

'Tis found, that will betray us worse than silence

Prithee let heaven alone, and let's say nothing

*I Court.* You have struck them dumb, my lord

*Sim.* Look how guilt looks!

I would not have that fear upon my flesh,

To save ten fathers.

*Clean.* He is safe still, is he not?

*Hip.* Oh, you do ill to doubt it.

*Clean.* Thou art all goodness.

*Sim.* Now does your grace believe?

*Evan.* 'Tis too apparent.

Search, make a speedy search; for the impostor

Cannot be far off, by the fear it sends.

*Clean.* Ha!

*Sim.* He has the lapwing's cunning, I am afraid

That cries most when she's furthest from the nest;

*Clean.* Oh, we are betray'd.

*Hip.* Betray'd, sir!

*Sim.* See, my lord,

It comes out more and more still.

[Simonides and Courtiers enter the wood.]

*Clean.* Bloody thief!

Come from that place; 'tis sacred; homicide

'Tis not for thy adulterate hands to touch it.

*Hip.* Oh miserable virtue, what distress

Art thou in at this minute!

*Clean.* Help me, thunder,

For my power's lost! angels, shoot plagues,  
help me!

Why are these men in health and I so heart-sick?

Or why should nature have that power in me

To levy up a thousand bleeding sorrows,

And not one comfort? only make me lie

Like the poor mockery of an earthquake here.

— if I entreat.

\* 'Tis found, that will betray us worse than silence; sense of this, and, indeed, of the whole speech, is sufficient clear. You should not have called me back, says Cleanthes, no words can help us, for if I beseech the duke to suffer me to remain here, the secret will be discovered: entreaties be worse than silence, for by these his suspicions will be confirmed. This, however, does not satisfy Mr. M. Mason who chooses to intercalate it in this way:

— if I entreat,

\* 'Tis found that will betray us worse than silence; *Sim.* He has the lapwing's cunning, I am afraid. That cries most when she's furthest from the nest; old poets abound in allusions to this stratagem of the wing; thus Jonson:

"He that knows, will like a lapwing fly

Far from the nest, and so himself betray

To others," &c. [Understand that]

Panting with horror,  
And have not so much force in all my vengeance,  
To shake a villain off me.

*Re-enter SIMONIDES and Courtiers with LEONIDES.*

*Hip.* Use him gently,  
And heaven will love you for it.

*Clean.* Father! oh father! now I see thee full  
In thy affliction; thou'rt a man of sorrow,  
But reverently becom'st it, that's my comfort:  
Extremity was never better graced  
Than with that look of thine, oh! let me look still,  
For I shall lose it; all my joy and strength

[*Kneels.*

Is e'en eclipsed together: I transgress'd  
Your law, my lord, let me receive the sting on't;  
Be once just, sir, and let the offender die:  
He's innocent in all, and I am guilty.

[*speaks,*

*Leon.* Your grace knows when affection only  
Truth is not always there; his love would draw  
An undeserved misery on his youth,  
And wrong a peace resolved on both parts sinful.  
'Tis I am guilty of my own concealment,  
And, like a worldly coward, injured heaven  
With fear to go to't:—now I see my fault,  
And am prepared with joy to suffer for it.

*Evan.* Go, give him quick dispatch; let him see  
death:

And your presumption, sir, shall come to judgment.  
[*Exeunt Evander, Courtiers, Simonides, and  
Cratibus with Leonides.*

*Hip.* He's going! oh, he's gone, sir!

*Clean.* Let me rise.

*Hip.* Why do you not then, and follow?

*Clean.* I strive for it,

Is there no hand of pity that will ease me.  
And take this villain from my heart awhile? [*Rises.*

*Hip.* Alas! he's gone.

*Clean.* A worse supplies his place then,  
A weight more ponderous; I cannot follow.

*Hip.* Oh misery of affliction!

*Clean.* They will stay  
Till I can come; they must be so good ever,  
Though they be ne'er so cruel:

My last leave must be taken, think of that,  
And his last blessing given; I will not lose  
That for a thousand consorts.

*Hip.* That hope's wretched.

*Clean.* The unutterable stings of fortune!  
All griefs are to be borne save this alone,  
This, like a headlong torrent, overturns  
The frame of nature:

For he that gives us life first, as a father,  
Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,  
The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,  
They are incorporate to us.

*Hip.* Noble sir!

*Clean.* Let me behold thee well.

*Hip.* Sir!

*Clean.* Thou shouldst be good,  
Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged  
So near the heart of man.

*Hip.* What means this, dear sir?

*Clean.* To thy trust only was this blessed secret  
Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;  
What follows to be thought on't?

*Hip.* Miserable!

Why, here's the unhappiness of woman still:  
That, having forfeited in old times her trust,  
Now makes their faith suspected that are just.

*Clean.* What shall I say to all my sorrows then,  
That look for satisfaction?

*Enter EUGENIA.*

*Eng.* Ha, ha, ha! cousin.

*Clean.* How ill dost thou become this time!

*Eng.* Ha, ha, ha!

Why, that's but your opinion; a young wench  
Becomes the time at all times.  
Now, coz, we are even: an you be remember'd,  
You left a strumpet and a whore with me,  
And such fine field-bed words, which could not cost  
you  
Less than a father.

*Clean.* Is it come that way?

*Eng.* Had you an uncle,  
He should go the same way too.

*Clean.* Oh eternity,

What monster is this fiend in labour with?

*Eng.* An ass-colt with two heads, that's she and  
you:

I will not lose so glorious a revenge,  
Not to be understood in't; I betray'd him;  
And now we are even, you'd best keep you so\*.

*Clean.* Is there not poison yet enough to kill me?

*Hip.* Oh, sir, forgive me; it was I betray'd  
him.

*Clean.* How!

*Hip.* I.

*Clean.* The fellow of my heart! 'twill speed me,  
then.

*Hip.* Her tears that never wept, and mine own  
pity  
Even cozen'd me together, and stole from me  
This secret, which fierce death should not have  
purchased.

*Clean.* Nay, then we are at an end; all we are  
false ones,

And ought to suffer. I was false to wisdom,  
In trusting woman; thou wert false to faith,  
In uttering of the secret; and thou false  
To goodness, in deceiving such a pity:  
We are all tainted some way, but thou worst,  
And for thy infectious spots ought'st to die first.

[*Offers to kill Eugenia.*

*Eng.* Pray turn your weapon, sir, upon your  
mistress,

I come not so ill friended:—rescue, servants!

*Re-enter SIMONIDES and Courtiers.*

*Clean.* Are you so whorishly provided?

*Sim.* Yes, sir,

She has more weapons at command than one.

*Eng.* Put forward, man, thou art most sure to  
have me.

*Sim.* I shall be surer if I keep behind, though.

*Eng.* Now, servants, show your loves.

*Sim.* I'll show my love, too, afar off.

*Eng.* I love to be so courted, woo me there.

*Sim.* I love to keep good weapons, though ne'er  
fought with.

I'm sharper set within than I am without.

*Hip.* Oh gentlemen! Cleanthes!

*Eng.* Fight! upon him!

*Clean.* Thy thirst of blood proclaims thee now a  
strumpet.

\* And now we are even, you'd best keep you so. I know  
not how Mr. M. Mason understood this line, but he altered  
you to him!

Eug. 'Tis dainty, next to procreation sitting ;  
I'd either be destroying men or getting.

Enter Guard.

1 Officer. Forbear, on your allegiance, gentlemen.  
He's the duke's prisoner, and we seize upon him  
To answer this contempt against the law.

Cleon. I obey fate in all things.

Hip. Happy rescue!

Sim. I would you'd seized upon him a minute  
sooner, it had saved me a cut finger: I wonder how  
I came by't, for I never put my hand forth, I'm

sure; I think my own sword did cut it, if it  
were known; may be the wire in the handle  
have lived these five and twenty years and I  
knew what colour my blood was before. I  
durst eat oysters, nor cut peck-loaves.

Eug. You've shown your spirits, gentlemen;  
Have cut your finger.

Sim. Ay, the wedding-finger too, a pox on't!

1 Court. You'll prove a bawdy bachelor, Sim;  
have a cut upon your finger, before you are married.

Sim. I'll never draw a sword again, to have any  
jest put upon me. [Exit]

# ACT V.

## SCENE I.—A Court of Justice.

Enter SIMONIDES and Courtiers, sword and mace  
carried before them.

Sim. Be ready with your prisoner; we'll sit instantly.

And rise before eleven, or when we please;  
Shall we not, fellow-judges?

1 Court. 'Tis committed

All to our power, censure, and pleasure, now;  
The duke hath made us chief lords of this sessions,  
And we may speak by fits, or sleep by turns.

Sim. Leave that to us, but, whatsoever we do,  
The prisoner shall be sure to be condemned;  
Sleeping or waking, we are resolved on that,  
Before we sit upon him!

2 Court. Make you question

If not?—Cleanthes! and an enemy!

Nay, a concealer of his father, too!

A vile example in these days of youth.

Sim. If they were given to follow such examples;  
But sure I think they are not: howsoever,  
'Twas wickedly attempted, that's my judgment,  
And it shall pass whilst I am in power to sit.  
Never by prince were such young judges made,  
But now the cause requires it: if you mark it,  
He must make young or none; for all the old ones  
He hath sent a fishing—and my father's one,  
I humbly thank his highness.

Enter EUGENIA.

1 Court. Widow!

Eug. You almost hit my name now, gentlemen;  
You come so wondrous near it, I admire you  
For your judgment.

Sim. My wife that must be! She.

Eug. My husband goes upon his last hour now.

1 Court. On his last legs, I am sure.

2 Court. Make you question

If not? Cleanthes! and an enemy!

Nay, a concealer of his father, too! The old copy reads,

Make you question

If not? Cleanthes and one enemy,

which Coxeter printed, though he conjectured it should be,

Make you question

If not? Cleanthes is our enemy?

while Mr. M. Mason gravely pronounces that, stand our

enemy is nearer to the original!

Eug. September the seventeenth—

I will not bate an hour on't, and to-morrow  
His latest hour's expired.

2 Court. Bring him to judgment.

The jury's pannell'd, and the verdict given  
Ere he appears; we have ta'en a course for that.

Sim. And officers to attach the gray young man  
The youth of fourscore; be of comfort, lady,

You shall no longer bosom January;  
For that I will take order, and provide  
For you a lusty April.

Eug. The month that ought, indeed,  
To go before May.

1 Court. Do as we have said,

Take a strong guard, and bring him into court.  
Lady Eugenia, see this charge performed,  
That, having his life forfeited by the law,  
He may relieve his soul.

Eug. Willingly.

From shaven chins never came better justice  
Than these ne'er touch'd by razor.

Sim. What you do,

Do suddenly, we charge you, for we purpose  
To make but a short sessions:—a new business!

Enter HIPPOLITA.

1 Court. The fair Hippolita! now what's your  
suit?

Hip. Alas! I know not how to style you yet,  
To call you judges doth not suit your years,  
Nor heads and beards show more antiquity.—  
Yet away yourselves with equity and truth,  
And I'll proclaim you reverend, and repeat  
Once in my lifetime I have seen grave heads  
Placed upon young men's shoulders.

\* From shaven chins never came better justice  
Than these ne'er touch'd by razor. This is the mis-  
tural emendation of Mr. M. Mason: the old copy for  
Than these new touch'd by reason, which, though not in-  
tely void of meaning, is so poor, in comparison of  
substitution in the text, that few doubts can remain as to  
propriety of the exchange.

† To call you judges doth not suit your years,  
Nor heads and beards show more antiquity. Mr.  
Mason reads,

To call you judges doth not suit your years,  
Nor heads; and brains show more antiquity.

It is evident that he did not comprehend the sense, al-  
though ill conceived and harshly expressed, is, You have  
the years of judges, not the young heads and beards  
copy, brains) show more of age.

2 *Court.* Hark, she flouts us,  
And thinks to make us monstrous.

*Hip.* Prove not so;

For yet, methinks, you bear the shapes of men  
(Though nothing more than merely beauty serves  
To make you appear angels), but if you crimson  
Your name and power with blood and cruelty,  
Suppress fair virtue, and enlarge bold vice\*,  
Both against heaven and nature draw your sword,  
Make either will or humour turn the soul †  
Of your created greatness, and in that  
Oppose all goodness, I must tell you there  
You are more than monstrous; in the very act  
You change yourselves to devils.

1 *Court.* She's a witch;  
Hark! She begins to conjure.

*Sim.* Time, you see,  
Is short, much business now on foot:—shall I  
Give her her answer?

2 *Court.* None upon the bench  
More learnedly can do it.

*Sim.* He, he, hem! then list:  
I wonder at thine impudence, young huswife,  
That thou darest plead for such a base offender.  
Conceal a father past his time to die!  
What son and heir would have done this but he?

1 *Court.* I vow, not I.

*Hip.* Because ye are parricides;  
And how can comfort be derived from such  
That pity not their fathers?

2 *Court.* You are fresh and fair; practise young  
women's ends;

When husbands are distress'd, provide them friends.

*Sim.* I'll set him forward for thee without fee:  
Some wives would pay for such a courtesy.

*Hip.* Times of amazement! what duty, goodness  
dwell—‡

I sought for charity, but knock at hell. [Exit.

Re-enter *EVGENIA*, and *Guard* with *LYSANDER*.

*Sim.* *Eugenia*, come! command a second guard  
To bring *Cleanthes* in; we'll not sit long;  
My stomach strives to dinner§.

*Eug.* Now, servants, may a lady be so bold  
To call your power so low?

*Sim.* A mistress may,  
She can make all things low; then in that language  
There can be no offence.

*Eug.* The time's now come  
Of munitions, take him into bonds,  
And I am then at freedom.

2 *Court.* This the man!  
He hath left off o'late to feed on snakes;  
His beard's turn'd white again.

\* ———— and enlarge bold vice.] The quarto has, of old vice, of which the former editors have made *old*; but I know not in what sense vice could here be termed *old*. This speech has suffered both by alterations and interpolations. I have thrown out the one, and reformed the other.

† ———— turn the soul.] So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, turn the scale, which has neither the spirit nor the sense of the original.

‡ *Hip. Times of amazement. What duty, goodness dwell* —] Mr. M. Mason takes this for a complete sentence, and would read, *Where do you goodness dwell?* In any case the alteration would be too violent; but none is needed here. *Hippolita* sees the woman who betrayed her approaching, breaks off her intended speech with an indignant observation, and hastily retires from the court.

§ *My stomach strives to dinner.*] This is sense, and therefore I have not tampered with it: but I suppose that the author wrote, *My stomach strikes to dinner.*

1 *Court.* Is't possible these gouty legs danced lately.

And shatter'd in a galliard?

*Eug.* Jealousy

And fear of death can work strange prodigies.

2 *Court.* The nimble fencer this, that made me  
tear

And traverse 'bout the chamber?

*Sim.* Ay, and gave me

Those elbow healths, the hangman take him for't!  
They'd almost fetch'd my heart out: the Dutch  
what-you-call

I swallow'd pretty well, but the half-pike  
Had almost pepper'd me; but had I ta'en long-  
sword,

Being swollen, I had cast my lungs out.

A Flourish. Enter *EVANDER* and *CRATILUS*.

1 *Court.* Peace, the duke!

*Evan.* Nay, back\* t' your seats: who's that?

2 *Court.* May't please your highness it is old  
Lysander.

*Evan.* And brought in by his wife! a worthy  
precedent

Of one that no way would offend the law,  
And should not pass away without remark.  
You have been look'd for long.

*Lys.* But never fit

To die till now, my lord. My sins and I  
Have been but newly parted; much ado  
I had to get them leave me, or be taught  
That difficult lesson how to learn to die  
I never thought there had been such an act,  
And 'tis the only discipline we are born for:  
All studies else are but as circular lines,  
And death the centre where they must all meet.  
I now can look upon thee, erring woman,  
And not be vex'd with jealousy; on young men,  
And no way envy their delicious health,  
Pleasure, and strength; all which were once mine  
own,

And mine must be theirs one day.

*Evan.* You have tamed him.

*Sim.* And know how to dispose him; that, my  
liege,

Hath been before determined. You confess

Yourself of full age?

*Lys.* Yes, and prepared to inherit——

*Eug.* Your place above.

*Sim.* Of which the hangman's strength  
Shall put him in possession.

*Lys.* 'Tis still cared†

To take me willing and in mind to die;  
And such are, when the earth grows weary of them,  
Most fit for heaven.

\* *Evan. Nay, back t' your seats:*] The old copy reads, *Nay, backe your seats*, out of which Mr. M. Mason formed *keep*; *Davis, take*; and every one may make what he can. I believe the young men were pressing forward to receive the duke, and that his exclamation was, as above, *Nay, back t' your seats*.

Coxeter has changed almost all the speakers in this scene; some of them, indeed, were evidently wrong, but I can see no reason for giving the duke's second speech to *Simonides*, as it is in perfect unison with his real character.

† *Lys. 'Tis still cared*

*To take me willing and in mind to die;*  
*And such are, when the earth grows weary of them,*  
*Most fit for heaven.*] Half of this speech Coxeter omits, and gives the other half, which in his edition has no sense, to *Simonides*: it is needless to observe how ill it suits with his character. Mr. M. Mason follows him, as usual!

Sim. The court shall make his mittimus.  
And send him thither presently: 't is the mean time—

Evan. Away to death with him.

[Exit Crastus with Lyander.]

Enter Guard with CLEANTHES, HIPPOLITA following, weeping.

Sim. So! see another person brought to the bar.

1 Court. The arch-malefactor.

2 Court. The grand offender, the most refractory  
To all good order: 'tis Cleanthes, he—

Sim. That would have sons grave fathers, ere  
their fathers.

Be sent unto their graves.

Evan. There will be expectation

In your severe proceedings against him;

His act being so capital.

Sim. Fearful and bloody;

Therefore we charge these women leave the court,  
Lest they should swoon or hear it.

Eug. I, in expectation

Of a most happy freedom.

[Exit.]

Hip. I, with the apprehension

Of a most sad and desolate widowhood.

[Exit.]

1 Court. We bring him to the bar—

2 Court. Hold up your hand, sir.

Clean. More reverence to the place than to the  
persons:

To the one I offer up a [spreading\*] palm  
Of duty and obedience, as to heaven,  
Imploping justice, which was never wanting  
Upon that bench whilst their own fathers sat;  
But unto you, my hands contracted thus,  
As threatening vengeance against murderers,  
For they that kill in thought, shed innocent  
blood.—

With pardon of your highness, too much passion  
Made me forget your presence, and the place  
I now am call'd to.

Evan. All our majesty  
And power we have to pardon or condemn,  
Is now conferr'd on them.

Sim. And these we'll use  
Little to thine advantage.

Clean. I expect it:

And, as to these, I look no mercy from them,  
And much less mean to entreat it: I thus now  
Submit me to the emblems of your power,  
The sword and bench: but, my most reverend  
judges,

Ere you proceed to sentence (for I know [thing?]  
You have given me lost), will you resolve me one

1 Court. So it be briefly question'd.

2 Court. Show your honour;

Day spends itself apace.

Clean. My lords, it shall.

Resolve me, then, where are your filial tears,

\* To the one I offer up a [spreading] palm I have inserted *spreading*, not merely on account of its completing the verse, but because it contrasts well with *contracted*. Whatever the author's word was, it was shuffled out of its place at the press, and appears as a misprint (*showed*) in the succeeding line.

† And much less mean to entreat it: For *mean* the old copy has *shown*, which is pure nonsense: it stands, however, in all the editions. I have, I believe, recovered the genuine text by adopting *mean*, which was superfluously inserted in the line immediately below it.

‡ Clean. My lords, it shall. i. e. it shall be briefly question'd. This would not have deserved a note had not Mr. M. Mason mistaken the meaning, and corrupted the text to *My lords, I shall*.

Your mourning habits, and sad hearts become,  
That should attend your fathers' funerals?

Though the strict law (which I will not accuse,  
Because a subject) snatch'd away their lives,  
It doth not bar you to lament their deaths:

Or if you cannot spare one sad suspire,  
It doth not bid you laugh them to their graves,  
Lay subtle trains to antedate their years,

To be the sooner seized of their estates.

Oh, time of age! where's that Æneas now,

Who letting all his jewels to the flames;

Forgetting country, kindred, treasure, friends,

Fortunes and all things, save the name of son,

Which you so much forget, godlike Æneas,

Who took his bedrid father on his back,

And with that sacred load (to him no burthen)

Hew'd out his way through blood, through fire,  
through [arms\*.]

Even all the arm'd streets of bright-burning Troy,  
Only to save a father?

Sim. We've no leisure now

To hear lessons read from Virgil; we are just  
school,

And all this time thy judges.

2 Court. It is fit

That we proceed to sentence.

1 Court. You are the mouth,

And now 'tis fit to open.

Sim. Justice, indeed,

Should ever be close-ear'd, and open-mouth'd;  
That is to hear a little, and speak much.

Know then, Cleanthes, there is none can be

A good son and bad subject; for, if princes

Be called the people's fathers, then the subjects

Are all his sons, and he that flouts the prince

Doth disobey his father: there you are gone.

1 Court. And not to be recover'd.

Sim. And again—

2 Court. If he be gone once, call him not again.

Sim. I say again, this act of thine expresses  
A double disobedience: as our princes

Are fathers, so they are our sovereigns too,

And he that doth rebel 'gainst sovereignty

Doth commit treason in the height of degree:

And now thou art quite gone.

1 Court. Our brother in commission  
Hath spoke his mind both learnedly and neatly,  
And I can add but little; howsoever,  
It shall send him packing.

He that begins a fault that wants example,

Ought to be made example for the fault.

Clean. A fault! no longer can I hold myself  
To hear vice upheld and virtue thrown down.

A fault! judge, I desire then, where it lies,

In those that are my judges, or in me:

Heaven stands on my side, pity, love, and duty.

Sim. Where are they, sir? who sees them but  
yourself?

Clean. Not you; and I am sure

You never had the gracious eyes to see them.

\* Hew'd out his way through blood, through fire, through [arms.]

† Even all the arm'd streets of bright-burning Troy, Only to save a father? So the lines stand in the old copy, with the exception of the word enclosed in brackets, for which I am answerable. They wanted but little regulation, as the reader sees; yet both the editors blundered them into downright prose. Cozzette, a circumstance by no means common with him, gave an incorrect statement of the original, and Mr. M. Mason, who never looked beyond his page, was reduced to random guesses!

You think that you arraign me, but I hope  
To sentence you at the bar.

2 *Court.* That would show brave.

*Clean.* This were the judgment-seat we [stand  
at] now\*!

Of the heaviest crimes that ever made up [sin],  
Unnaturalness, and inhumanity,  
You are found foul and guilty, by a jury  
Made of your fathers' curses, which have brought  
Vengeance impending on you; and I now  
Am forced to pronounce judgment on my judges.  
The common laws of reason and of nature  
Condemn you *ipso facto*; you are parricides,  
And if you marry, will beget the like,  
Who, when they are grown to full maturity†,  
Will hurry you their fathers, to their graves.  
Like traitors, you take counsel from the living,  
Of upright judgment you would rob the bench  
(Experience and discretion snatch'd away  
From the earth's face), turn all into disorder,  
Imprison virtue, and infranchise vice,  
And put the sword of justice in the hands  
Of boys and madmen.

*Sim.* Well, well, have you done, sir?

*Clean.* I have spoke my thoughts.

*Sim.* Then I'll begin and end.

*Evan.* 'Tis time I now begin—  
Here your commission ends.  
Cleanthes, come you from the bar. Because  
I know you are severally disposed, I here  
Invite you to an object will, no doubt,  
Work in you contrary effects. Music!

*Loud Music.* Enter LEONIDES, CREON, LYSANDER,  
and other old men.

*Clean.* Pray heaven, I dream not! sure he moves,  
talks comfortably,  
As joy can wish a man. If he be changed  
(Far above from me), he's not ill entreated;  
His face doth promise fulness of content,  
And glory hath a part in't.

*Leon.* Oh my son!

*Evan.* You that can claim acquaintance with these  
lads,  
Talk freely.

*Sim.* I can see none there that's worth  
One hand to you from me.

*Evan.* These are thy judges, and by their grave  
law

I find thee clear, but these delinquents guilty.  
You must change places, for 'tis so decreed:  
Such just pre-eminence hath thy goodness gain'd,  
Thou art the judge now, they the men arraign'd.

[To Cleanthes.

1 *Court.* Here's fine dancing, gentlemen.

2 *Court.* Is thy father amongst them?

\* *Clean.* This were the judgment seat we [stand at] now, &c.] i. e. O, that this were, &c. But, indeed, this speech is so strangely printed in the quarto, that it is almost impossible to guess what the writer really meant. The first three lines stand thus:

*Clean.* This were the judgment seat, we now  
The heaviest crimes that ever made up  
Unnaturalness in humanity.

Whether the genuine, or, indeed, any sense be elicited by the additions which I have been compelled to make, is not mine to say; but certainly some allowance will be made for any temperate endeavour to regulate a text, where the words, in too many instances, appear as if they had been shook out of the printer's boxes by the hand of chance.

† *Who, when they are grown to full maturity.*] Former editors have, *Who when you're*: but this cannot be right.

*Sim.* Oh, pox! I saw him the first thing I  
look'd on.

Alive again! 'sight, I believe now a father  
Hath as many lives as a mother.

*Clean.* 'Tis full as blessed as 'tis wonderful.

Oh! bring me back to the same law again,  
I am fouler than all these; seize on me, officers,  
And bring me to new sentence.

*Sim.* What's all this?

*Clean.* A fault not to be pardon'd,  
Unnaturalness is but sin's shadow to it.

*Sim.* I am glad of that! I hope the case may alter,  
And turn judge again.

*Evan.* Name your offence.

*Clean.* That I should be so vile,  
As once to think you cruel.

*Evan.* Is that all?

'Twas pardon'd ere confess'd: you that have sons,  
If they be worthy, here may challenge them.

*Creon.* I should have one amongst them, had he  
had grace

To have retained that name.

*Sim.* I pray you, father.

*Creon.* That name, I know,  
Hath been long since forgot.

*Sim.* I find but small comfort in remembering it  
now.

*Evan.* Cleanthes, take your place with these  
grave fathers,

And read what in that table is inscribed.

[Gives him a paper.

Now set these at the bar,  
And read, Cleanthes, to the dread and terror  
Of disobedience and unnatural blood.

*Clean.* [reads.] It is decreed by the grave and learned  
council of Epire, that no son and heir shall be held  
capable of his inheritance at the age of one and twenty,  
unless he be at that time as mature in obedience, manners,  
and goodness.

*Sim.* Sure I shall never be at full age, then,  
though I live to an hundred years; and that's nearer  
by twenty than the last statute allow'd.

1 *Court.* A terrible act!

*Clean.* Moreover, it is enacted that all sons aforesaid,  
whom either this law, or their own grace, shall reduce  
into the true method of duty, virtue, and affection, [shall  
appear before us] and relate their trial\* and approbation  
from Cleanthes, the son of Leonides—from me, my  
lord!

*Evan.* From none but you as fullest. Proceed,  
sir.

*Clean.* Whom, for his manifest virtues, we make  
such judge and censor of youth, and the absolute refer-  
ence of life and manners.

*Sim.* This is a brave world! When a man should  
be selling land he must be learning manners. Is't  
not, my masters?

Re-enter EUGENIA.

*Eug.* What's here to do? My suitors at the bar!  
The old band shines again: oh, miserable!

[She swoons.

\* [Shall appear before us] and relate their trial, &c.] In the old copy, which the modern editions follow, and relate comes immediately after virtue and affection. That this cannot be right is evident: whether the words which I have inserted convey the author's meaning, or not, may be doubted, but they make some sense of the passage, and this is all to which they pretend.

† The old band shines again:] Coveter printed, *The old band shines again*; Mr. M. Mason, who could make nothing of this, proposes, as the genuine reading, *The old revived*

*Evan.* Read the law over to her, 'twill awake her: 'Tis one deserves small pity.

*Clean.* Lastly, it is ordained, that all such wives now whatsoever, that shall design their husbands' death, to be soon rid of them, and entertain suitors in their husbands' lifetime—

*Sim.* You had best read that a little louder; for, if any thing, that will bring her to herself again, and find her tongue.

*Clean.* Shall not presume, on the penalty of our heavy displeasure, to marry within ten years after.

*Eug.* The law is too long by nine years and a half, I'll take my death upon't; so shall most women.

*Clean.* And those incontinent women so offending, to be judged and censured by Hippolita, wife to Cleanthes.

*Eug.* Of all the rest, I'll not be judged by her.

*Re-enter HIPPOLITA.*

*Clean.* Ah! here she comes. Let me prevent thy Prevent them but in part, and hide the rest; [Joys, Thou hast not strength enough to bear them, else.

*Hip.* Leonides! [She faints.

*Clean.* I fear'd it all this while; I knew 'twas past thy power. Hippolita!

What contrariety is in women's blood!

One faints for spleen and anger, she for grace.

*Evan.* Of sons and wives we see the worst and best.

May future ages yield Hippolitas

Many; but few like thee, Eugenia!

Let no Simonides henceforth have a fame, [within.

But all blest sons live in Cleanthes' name— [Music

Ha! what strange kind of melody was that!

Yet give it entrance, whatso'er it be,

This day is all devoted to liberty\*.

*Enter Fiddlers, Gnotho, Courtesan, Cook, Butler, &c., with the old Women, AGATHA, and one bearing a bridecake for the wedding.*

*Gnoth.* Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on; let no man lay a block in your way.—Crowd on, I say.

again; while Mr. Davies, with due solemnity, declares that the insertion of a letter will make all right, and that it should be, *The old beard shows again*. Nothing can be more preposterous than the conduct of these gentlemen, in thus presuming to correct Massinger, upon the authority of Coxeter. The old copy neither reads *beard* nor *heard*, but *band*, a misprint, perhaps, for *band*. In the last scene of *The Fatal Dowry*, by a similar oversight, *band* is printed for *band*.

\* It is to be lamented that *The Old Law* did not end here: the higher characters are all disposed of, and the clown and his fellows might have been silently sunk on the reader without exciting the slightest regret. But the groundlings of those days, like the godlings of the present, were too apt to cry out with Christopher Sly, *If he had the fool come again, Sim?* and, unfortunately, they have had but too much inducement, at all times, over the man-cris.

What follows is utterly unworthy of Massinger: indeed, it was not written by him, and may be past over with at loss: of all perversities, that of folly is the most tiresome, and here is little else; but the audience were to be dismissed in good humour, and they unobtrusively walked home as merry as noise and nonsense could make them.

It appears from the title-page of the quarto, that *The Old Law* was a favourite with all ranks of people, and not, indeed, without some degree of justice; for the plot, though highly improbable, is an interesting one, and conducted with singular artifice, to a pleasing and surprising end. It must be allowed, however, that the moral justice of the piece is not altogether what it should be; for though Cleanthes and Hippolita receive the full reward of their filial piety, yet Simonides and Eugenia do not meet a punishment adequate to their unnatural conduct. As a composition, this play has several charming scenes, and not a few passages of exquisite beauty: it once, perhaps, had more, but the transcriber and the printer have conspired to reduce them.

\* *Clean.* Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on;] Mr. M. Mason observes, that a *schille* was formerly called a crowd. Why

*Evan.* Stay the crowd awhile; let's know the reason of this jollity.

*Clean.* Sirrah, do you know where you are?

*Gnoth.* Yes, sir; I am here, now here, and now here again, sir.

*Lys.* Your hat is too high crown'd, the duke is presence.

*Gnoth.* The duke! as he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it\*, and that's equal change all the world over: as I am lord of the day (being my marriage-day the second) I do advance my bonnet. Crowd on afore.

*Leon.* Good sir, a few words, if you will vouchsafe them;

Or will you be forced?

*Gnoth.* Forced! I would the duke himself would say so.

*Evan.* I think he dares, sir, and does; if you stay not,

You shall be forced.

*Gnoth.* I think so, my lord, and good reason too; shall not I stay when your grace says I shall! I were unworthy to be a bridegroom in any part of your highness's dominions, then: will it please you to taste of the wedlock-courtesy?

*Evan.* Oh, by no means, sir; you shall not deface so fair an ornament for me.

*Gnoth.* If your grace please to be caked, say so.

*Evan.* And which might be your fair bride, sir?

*Gnoth.* This is my two for one that must be the *uxor uxoris*, the remedy *doloris*, and the very *syceum amoris*.

*Evan.* And hast thou any else?

*Gnoth.* I have an older, my lord, for other uses

*Clean.* My lord,

I do observe a strange decorum here:

These that do lead this day of jollity,

Do march with music and most mirthful cheeks:

Those that do follow, sad, and woefully,

Nearer the haviour of a funeral

Than of a wedding.

*Evan.* 'Tis true; pray expound that, sir.

*Gnoth.* As the destiny of the day falls out, my lord, one goes to wedding, another goes to hanging: and your grace in the due consideration shall find them much alike; the one hath the ring upon her finger, the other the halter about her neck. I take thee, *Beatrice*, says the bridegroom; I take thee, *Agatha*, says the hangman; and both say together, *to have and to hold, till death do part us*.

*Evan.* This is not yet plain enough to my understanding.

*Gnoth.* If further your grace examine it, you shall find I show myself a dutiful subject, and obedient to the law, myself, with these my good friends, and your good subjects, our old wives, whose days are ripe, and their lives forfeit to the law: only myself, more forward than the rest, am already provided of my second choice.

formerly? Is it not still called so in almost every part of the Kingdom? But he was ambitious of following the learned commentators on other dramatic writers, who gravely tell us that words, which are in every one's mouth, once signified such and such things in Cornwall, perhaps, or Northumberland!

\* *Gnoth.* The duke! as he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it, &c. Here is some play upon. A sovereign was a gold coin worth five shillings; or, is the wit in some fancied similarity of sound between *duke* and *ducet*, a piece of the same value as the other? *puddet, puddet*.

*Evan.* Oh! take heed, sir, you'll run yourself into danger;

If the law finds you with two wives at once,  
There's a shrewd premunire.

*Gnoth.* I have taken leave of the old, my lord. I have nothing to say to her; she's going to sea, your grace knows whither, better than I do: she has a strong wind with her, it stands full in her poop; when you please, let her disembogue.

*Cook.* And the rest of her neighbours with her, whom we present to the satisfaction of your highness' law.

*Gnoth.* And so we take our leaves, and leave them to your highness.—Crowd on.

*Evan.* Stay, stay, you are too forward. Will you marry,

And your wife yet living?

*Gnoth.* Alas! she'll be dead before we can get to church. If your grace would set her in the way, I would dispatch her: I have a venture on't, which would return me, if your highness would make a little more haste, two for one.

*Evan.* Come, my lords, we must sit again; here's a case

Craves a most serious censure.

*Cook.* Now they shall be dispatch'd out of the way.

*Gnoth.* I would they were gone once; the time goes away.

*Evan.* Which is the wife unto the forward bridegroom?

*Aga.* I am, an it please your grace.

*Evan.* Trust me, a lusty woman, able-bodied, And well-blooded cheeks.

*Gnoth.* Oh, she paints, my lord; she was a chambermaid once, and learn'd it of her lady.

*Evan.* Sure I think she cannot be so old.

*Aga.* Truly I think so too, an't please your grace.  
*Gnoth.* Two to one with your grace of that! she's threescore by the book.

*Leon.* Peace, sirrah, you are too loud.

*Cook.* Take heed, *Gnoth*: if you move the duke's patience, 'tis an edge-tool; but a word and a blow, he cuts off your head.

*Gnoth.* Cut off my head! away, ignorant! he knows it cost more in the hair; he does not use to cut off many such heads as mine; I will talk to him too; if he cut off my head, I'll give him my ears. I say my wife is at full age for the law, the clerk shall take his oath, and the church-book shall be sworn too.

*Evan.* My lords, I leave this censure to you.

*Leon.* Then first, this fellow does deserve punishment,

For offering up a lusty able woman,  
Which may do service to the commonwealth.  
Where the law craves one impotent and useless.

*Creon.* Therefore to be severely punished  
For thus attempting a second marriage,  
His wife yet living.

*Lys.* Nay, to have it trebled;

That even the day and instant when he should mourn

As a kind husband, at her funeral.

He leads a triumph to the scorn of it;  
Which unseasonable joy ought to be punish'd  
With all severity.

*But.* The fiddles will be in a foul case too by and by.

*Leon.* Nay, further; it seems he has a venture

Of two for one at his second marriage,  
Which cannot be but a conspiracy  
Against the former.

*Gnoth.* A mess of wise old men!

*Lys.* Sirrah, what can you answer to all these?

*Gnoth.* Ye are good old men, and talk as age will give you leave. I would speak with the youthful duke himself; he and I may speak of things that shall be thirty or forty years after you are dead and rotten. Alas! you are here to day, and gone to sea to-morrow.

*Evan.* In troth, sir, then I must be plain with you.  
The law that should take away your old wife from you,

The which I do perceive was your desire,  
Is void and frustrate; so for the rest:  
There has been since another parliament  
Has cut it off.

*Gnoth.* I see your grace is disposed to be pleasant.

*Evan.* Yes, you might perceive that; I had not else

Thus dallied with your follies.

*Gnoth.* I'll talk further with your grace when I come back from church; in the mean time you know what to do with the old women.

*Evan.* Stay, sir, unless in the mean time you mean

I cause a gibbet to be set up in your way,  
And hang you at your return.

*Aga.* O gracious prince!

*Evan.* Your old wives cannot die to-day by any law of mine: for aught I can say to them,

They may, by a new edict, bury you.  
And then, perhaps, you'll pay a new fine too.

*Gnoth.* This is fine, indeed!

*Aga.* O gracious prince! may he live a hundred years more.

*Cook.* Your venture is not like to come in to-day,  
*Gnoth.*

*Gnoth.* Give me the principal back.

*Cook.* Nay, by my troth we'll venture still—and I'm sure we have as ill a venture of it as you; for we have taken old wives of purpose, that we had thought to have put away at this market, and now we cannot utter a pennyworth.

*Evan.* Well, sirrah, you were best to discharge your new charge, and take your old one to you.

*Gnoth.* Oh music, no music, but prove most doleful trumpet;

Oh bride! no bride, but thou mayst prove a strumpet;  
Oh venture! no venture, I have, for one, now none;

Oh wife! thy life is saved when I hoped it had been gone.

Case up your fruitless strings; no penny, no wedding;

Case up thy maidenhead; no priest, no bedding;

Avaunt, my venture! ne'er to be restored,

Till Ag. my old wife, be thrown overboard;

Then come again, old Ag. since it must be so;

Let bride and venture with woful music go.

*Cook.* What for the bridecake, *Gnoth*?

*Gnoth.* Let it be mouldy now 'tis out of season,

Let it grow out of date, currant, and reason;

Let it be chipt and chopt, and given to chickens.

No more is got by that, than William Dickens

Got by his wooden dishes.

Put up your plums, as fiddlers put up pipes,

The wedding dash'd, the bridegroom weeps and wipes,

Fiddlers, farewell! and now, without perhaps,  
Put up your fiddles as you put up scraps.

*Lys.* This passion\* has given some satisfaction yet. My lord, I think you'll pardon him now, with all the rest, so they live honestly with the wives they have.

*Evan.* Oh! most freely; free pardon to all.

*Cook.* Ay, we have deserved our pardons, if we can live honestly with such reverend wives, that have no motion in them but their tongues.

*Ag.* Heaven bless your grace! you are a just prince.

*Gnoth.* All hopes dash'd; the clerk's duties lost; My venture gone; my second wife divorced; And which is worst, the old one come back again! Such voyages are made now-a-days!

Besides these two fountains of fresh water, I will weep two salt out of my nose. Your grace had been more kind to your young subjects—heaven bless and mend your laws, that they do not gull your poor countrymen: but I am not the first, by forty, that has been undone by the law. 'Tis but a folly to stand upon terms; I take my leave of your grace, as well as mine eyes will give me leave: I would they had been asleep in their beds when they opened them to see this day. Come Ag, come Ag.

[*Exeunt Gnoth and Agatha.*]

*Creon.* Were not you all my servants?

*Cook.* During your life, as we thought, sir; but our young master turn'd us away.

*Creon.* How headlong, villain, wert thou in thy ruin!

*Sim.* I followed the fashion, sir, as other young men did. If you were as we thought you had been, we should ne'er have come for this, I warrant you. We did not feed, after the old fashion, on beef and mutton, and such like.

*Creon.* Well, what damage or charge you have run yourselves into by marriage, I cannot help, nor deliver you from your wives; them you must keep; yourselves shall again return to me.

*All.* We thank your lordship for your love, and must thank ourselves for our bad bargains.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Evan.* Cleanthes, you delay the power of law, To be inflicted on these misgovern'd men, That filial duty have so far transgress'd.

*Cleon.* My lord, I see a satisfaction Meeting the sentence, even preventing it, Bending my words back in their utterance. See, sir, there's salt sorrow bringing forth fresh And new duries, as the sea propagates. The elephants have found their joints too—

[*They kneel.*]

Why, here's humility able to bind up  
The punishing hands of the severest masters,  
Much more the gentle fathers'.

*Sim.* I had ne'er thought to have been brought so low as my knees again; but since there's no remedy, fathers, reverend fathers, as you ever hope to have good sons and heirs, a handful of pity! we confess we have deserved more than we are willing to receive at your hands, though sons can never deserve

too much of their fathers, as shall appear afterwards.

*Creon.* And what way can you decline your feeding now?

You cannot retire to heeves and muttons, sure.

*Sim.* Alas! sir, you see a good pattern for that, now we have laid by our high and lusty meats, and are down to our marrowbones already.

*Creon.* Well, sir, rise to virtues: we'll bind you now; [They rise.]

You that were too weak yourselves to govern,  
By others shall be govern'd.

*Lys.* Cleanthes,

I meet your justice with reconciliation:

If there be tears of faith in woman's breast,

I have received a myriad, which confirms me

To find a happy renovation.

*Cleon.* Here's virtue's throne,

Which I'll embellish with my dearest jewels

Of love and faith, peace and affection!

This is the altar of my sacrifice,

Where daily my devoted knees shall bend.

Age-honoured shrine! time still so love you,

That I so long may have you in mine eye

Until my memory lose your beginning!

For you, great prince, long may your fame survive,

Your justice and your wisdom never die,

Crown of your crown, the blessing of your land,

Which you reach to her from your regent hand!

*Leon.* O Cleanthes, had you with us tasted

The entertainment of our retirement,

Fear'd and exclaim'd on in your ignorance,

You might have sooner died upon the wonder,

Than any rage or passion for our loss.

A place at hand we were all strangers in,

So spher'd about with music, such delights,

Such viands and attendance, and once a day

So cheered with a royal visitant,

That oft times, waking, our unsteady fancies

Would question whether we yet lived or no,

Or had possession of that paradise

Where angels be the guard!

*Evan.* Enough, Leonides,

You go beyond the praise; we have our end,

And all is ended well: we have now seen

The flowers and weeds that grow about our court.

*Sim.* If these be weeds, I'm afraid I shall wear

none so good again as long as my father lives.

*Evan.* Only this gentleman we did abuse

With our own bosom: we seem'd a tyrant,

And he our instrument. Look, 'tis Cratylus,

[*Diapers Cratylus.*]

The man that you supposed had now been travel'd;

Which we gave leave to learn to speak,

And bring us foreign languages to Greece.

All's joy, I see; let music be the crown:

And set it high, "The good needs fear no law,

It is his safety, and the bad man's awe."

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

\* *Lys.* This passion has given some satisfaction yet! i.e. this pathetic exclamation; it is parodied in part from *The Spanish Tragedy*, and is, without all question, by far the stupidest attempt at wit to which that persecuted Play ever gave rise. That it afforded some satisfaction to *Lysander* ought, in courtesy, to be attributed to his having more good nature than taste.

\* It must be unacceptable both to the reader and to myself to enter into any examination of this unfortunate comedy. The purpose which it professes is sufficiently good; but we lose sight of it in the meanness and extravagance which disfigure the subject. Yet it is impossible not to be touched by occasional passages, which, in tenderness and beauty, are hardly excelled by any of Massinger. They are either descriptive or sentimental, and are rather excrescences from the story than essential parts of it; and, on this account they may be easily detached, and remembered, for their own excellence, when the place in which they were found is deservedly forgotten. Perhaps they derive a grace from their very situa-

tion;—they are “precious jewels” in the “head” of negligence. Any attempt to ascertain the portions contributed by Middleton or Rowley, would be but loss of labour. The ruggedness of the versification, and the obscurity of so many of the thoughts, laboured in their expression, and trivial in their meaning, prove that a great part of the play came from some other than Massinger. Nor could the lighter scenes, in the awkward movements of filth and dulness may claim that name, have been furnished by him. His manner is chiefly to be perceived in the second scene of the fourth act, and where Cleonides and Leonides fondly expatiate on the happiness of their contrivance, at the very moment when their security is about to be interrupted.

But the reader shall be no longer detained on so questionable a composition as *The Old Law*. He may be better pleased with a few observations arising from a general view of the Plays of Massinger, and affording some illustration, however imperfect, of his talents and character.

It is truly surprising that the genius which produced these Plays should have obtained so little notice from the world. It does not appear that in any age since his own Massinger has been ranked among the principal writers for the stage. Rarely have any of his pieces been acted; and dramatic criticism has been unwilling to mention his name. It has attributed variety and greatness of character to Shakespeare and Fletcher, as if Massinger had never existed, or were entitled to none of this praise. It has objected to the clenchings and bombast which disfigure the scenes of our great bard, as if it were no credit to Massinger that he has little of the one and less of the other; and it has lamented the too close and laboured language of Jonson, without observing that the language of Massinger is some of the most chaste and flowing which the English stage can boast.—One of his characteristic qualities is his *STYLE*; and, on this account, he is entitled to a portion of the praise which has followed the names of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is obvious, that he seldom, if ever, approaches the harsh compactness of Jonson; and he is free from certain peculiarities which too often cloud the poetry of Shakespeare. The construction of his sentences is direct and uninvolved, even in the most solemn and passionate of his scenes; and rarely does he seek for uncommon meanings by forcing his words upwards to their original sources. He is content with their usual acceptance, and does not attempt to heighten poetic effect either by inversion or a strange use of current terms. The faults into which he occasionally falls are his own, and arise from the ease which generally distinguishes him. He frequently ends a line with an unimportant word, serving only as a passage to the next line; and sometimes two following lines are hurried on in the same inconsiderate manner; sometimes he raises a jingle by throwing into the same line two words of somewhat similar sound, but of different meaning: now and then too he rhymes in the middle of a speech. These are blemishes; but they grow from the very freedom of his poetry, and show his habitual ease through the accidental carelessness which they betray: not can it be denied that in general he is entitled to our sincere admiration for the purity and simplicity of his language, the free structure of his lines, and the natural flow and unaffected harmony of his periods. It is observable that Mr. Home regrets the want of “purity and simplicity of diction,” qualities which he cannot discover in Shakespeare. He might have praised them in Massinger; but he must have been a stranger to these Plays, and affords one instance more of the undeserved neglect which has hitherto been their portion.

Another of the peculiarities of Massinger arises from the management of his *PLOT*. The reader must have observed, in too many instances, with what rapidity the story is carried on, with what neglect of time and place, and, not unfrequently, of character itself. This indeed was not unusual with other writers of that age. What distinguishes Massinger, is his carelessness of memory amidst his neglect of probability. He does not fall into hurry of scene through inadvertence. He draws a plan of his irregularities before he enters upon the execution of them. This appears from the caution with which they are introduced; for some of the strangest incidents which are to befall his characters are pointed out by early strokes and studied intimations. Thoughtlessness as to the conclusion of his story does not therefore apply to him, as it does to others. He looks forward to the frequent change of his business, and is satisfied. He is rapid by “advice,” and unites, in a greater degree than almost any other writer, precipitation with precaution: —*Insanit certa ratione; modoque.*

Among the writers of that age, Jonson alone, perhaps, knew all the impropriety arising from a frequent and violent change of scene. This sense of exactness was doubtless impressed upon him by his love of the ancients: and he has obtained the difficult praise both of copiousness and close connexion of his incidents. Yet Jonson himself, who blamed Shak-

speare's change of scene, was not wholly free from the same practice: and this has been remarked by Dryden with some appearance of triumph. Whatever might have been the sentiments of Massinger, his general practice was a disregard of consistency of plan; and his striking propensity to hurry of scene is, perhaps, to be considered as a principal cause of his comparative want of success, when he undertakes the higher and more regular subjects of history. Either he seems constrained by the new restrictions to which he occasionally submits; or, tired of these, he suddenly falls into liberties which ill accord with the gravity of his first design. Sometimes he lessens the effect of history by a choice not sufficiently sagacious or comprehensive; and sometimes he interrupts its influence by additions extraneous to the subject, or unimportant in themselves. He is then most successful when he approaches the scenes of invention under cover of some previous truth; when he glances at some known event, and presently resigns himself to the accustomed license of romance. How extravagant is the mixture of fable with fact in several of these plays, the reader must have already observed. But if he feels with me, he will derive a pleasure from the detection of some circumstance of truth amid the mass of invention, and will hail the “sacred influence” of historic light, which sometimes—

“Shoots far into the bosom of dim night  
A glimmering dawn.”

The *LEARNING* of Massinger here suggests itself. It seems to have been not without respectability; yet rather ornamental to his poetry than very solid or very comprehensive. It was such, perhaps, as Jonson might have sneered at, but with some injustice. Apart from his treatment of history, which has been just noticed, it chiefly consists in an acquaintance with the moralists and poets, and shows itself in an occasional introduction of some ancient maxim resulting from the observation of common life; or of some pretty image or tender sentiment transplanted into his love scenes. Not unfrequently, indeed, a classical thought is discoverable in him, not formally applied, but incorporated with his own sentiment, as if the recollection of an ancient writer were familiar and habitual with him; and, in an instance or two, this is done with some ruggedness, as if he had no objection to make a momentary experiment on what was the general character of Jonson. His favourite book is Ovid; and his chief display is of the common and popular mythology. Of this, indeed, he is by far too fond. Sometimes he indulges it against probability, in scenes from which the ignorance and vulgarity of the speakers ought to have excluded it; and sometimes against propriety, when the solemnity of the business, and the engagement of the attention of his personages, ought to have been secured from such unseasonable interruption. He is also apt, on some of these untoward occasions, to state his mythological tale too circumstantially, and to adapt it, point by point, to the situation which he means to illustrate. He is minutely exact in applying what should have been conveyed, if conveyed at all, by a general glance; and while he pleases himself with the scrupulous fidelity of his particulars, the reader is more and more impatient at too long a detention from the proper business of the stage. There is, indeed, another kind of reading which is peculiar to himself, and claims a separate notice. It is impossible not to observe how zealous he is on religious subjects, how conversant with the images and sentiments which occur in the history of the early persecutions, and how ready in the use of ecclesiastical terms and arguments. He seems to dwell with fondness on conversions to the faith; indulges with fervour the mode of reasoning which had been used between the early Christians and the Pagans, and is so impressed with it that he employs the same train of thought for the persuasion of Mahometans and idolaters. Where he obtained this knowledge, it is difficult to say. The reader must determine whether he is likely to have drawn it from the sources pointed out in the observations on *The Virgin Martyr*, or in those on *The Renegade*: from the general appearance of his learning, I have no objection to the opinion that he was acquainted with the works of the Christian writers themselves. One thing is very observable in him. When he describes the ceremonies of religion as they are practised in the church of Rome, it is with an earnestness and a reverence more than sufficient for the support of the character that speaks. Of this *The Renegade* alone furnishes several instances; and not only is he anxious to procure from any hand the right of baptism for the new convert (Donusa) about to suffer death; but, a doubt being raised for the sake of an authoritative decision, the question of lay baptism is familiarly settled upon Roman Catholic principles—

“A question in itself with much ease answered;  
Midwives, upon necessity, perform it;  
And knights that, in the Holy Land, fought for  
The freedom of Jerusalem, when full  
Of sweat and enemies' blood, have made their helmets

The font out of which, with their holy hands,  
They drew that heavenly liquor," &c.\*

One circumstance, however, seems to have escaped his attention, which the history of Christian antiquity would have afforded him. In cases of extremity, when the rage of persecution would not allow the consolation of religious rites, the death itself of the sufferer was supposed by some to convey the desired benefit, and the blood of the martyr was the salutary water of baptism. But I will add no more on this subject. The learning of Massinger appears, in this view of it, to have some connexion with his religion. Indeed, the sources from which his plots were derived might have furnished some of the circumstances just noticed; but if they are his own, they are sufficient to raise a suspicion that he had a secret attachment to the church of Rome; and this seems to be the more probable opinion.

The MORALS of Massinger shall next be noticed. It may seem surprising that the licentiousness which too frequently appears in these Plays, should be accompanied with any expressions of regard for morality. However, we must remember the times in which he wrote, and make allowance for the influence which the general state of society will always have on compositions for the stage. The conversational grossness of common conversation, the rude manner in which theatrical business was conducted, the wish of giving as strong an effect as possible to the character represented, and a taste as yet imperfectly formed for the management of delicate situations, and the expression of wrong desires; these and many other causes must have been very unfriendly to the purity which virtue demands. In these particulars Massinger was unhappy with other writers. Indeed no situation in life was a sufficient security for theatrical decorum; and Beaumont and Fletcher, one the son of a judge, the other of a bishop, are still more licentious than Massinger, without the countervailing attention to moral consequences which he discovers.

In the observations on several of these Plays, the reader will have noticed the seriousness of the moral arising from the conclusion of the story; and in justice to Massinger it must be added, that, however blameable he is for the admission of any indecency of others into a work over which he had a control, the most offensive parts are not his own. The licentiousness for which he is personally answerable, is of two sorts—one, the chief part, consists in the incidents of the story itself; the other, in loose conversation not strictly subservient to the plot, but rather gratuitously indulged. It is with much satisfaction we observe, that the indecency in the former case is in some measure atoned for by the merited punishment to which he commonly conducts the offenders; and lest his design should be misunderstood, he earnestly reminds us, that, notwithstanding the grossness of the story, he still means to serve the cause of virtue, and that wickedness is sure to be "muled" by him "in the conclusion." *The Parliament of Love*, where this caution occurs, is a convincing instance of the practice just noticed, as it combines licentiousness of incident with characteristic punishment on the contrivers of the mischief. For the other part no excuse can or ought to be offered. There is only one consolation under it: happily, his loose dialogue is ill managed. It is without spirit or attraction, as if his mind had no natural inclination to it; and the reader must be of a disposition decidedly prurient who will turn to those scenes a second time. One praise remains for Massinger, and I mention it with heartfelt satisfaction; he is entirely without profaneness. How is it to be wished that Shakespeare had been thus! and that the extraordinary power with which he impresses both good and evil sentiment had never been employed in loosening the reverence of sacred principles in the mind of the young and inexperienced reader, or in teaching other men of genius to recommend the most pernicious levity through the attractions of their wit!

The POLITICAL CHARACTER of Massinger is very creditable to him. His allusions to the public events of the times are not infrequent; and they are such as to show him a man of honesty and spirit. He ridicules, with successful humour, the weak and licentious tops who infested the court. He indignantly exposes the system of favoritism, which was so injurious to the country in the reign of James, and lashes the easy or corrupt grant of monopolies with the honest views of a patriot. In return, he takes a pleasure in contrasting the loyalty of the true friends of the throne with the interested services of common courtiers. He also endeavours to correct the profligate facility with which a personal devotion was pledged to the sovereign, and glances at the thoughtless or fallacious offers of "lives and fortunes." The dreadful events which took place not long after the expression of these sentiments throw an unusual interest over them; and we are

persuaded by his personal satire, as well as by the open praises which he bestows on his country, how strong and sincere was the patriotism of Massinger. It is observable too, that he does not bend to the slavish doctrine which was inculcated by so many other writers of the age; but, while he preserves a firm and substantial reverence to the throne, he watches over the actions of the sovereign, and distinguishes between his just authority and the arbitrary excesses of it. One circumstance more. Massinger lived for the most part in poverty and neglect; and it is highly honourable to him that there are no traces of public spleen or faction in his writings. He is always a good subject; and if he reprehends the follies or the vices which stood too near the throne, he does it as a friend, and with the view of restoring it to that purity and wisdom which became it, and to that lustre in which he loved to see it shine.

It would not be necessary to mention Massinger's imitations of his contemporaries, if such a practice had not been unduly attributed to him. Mr. M. Mason seems disposed to talk of passages remembered from Shakespeare. But the practice is not very frequent, and whenever it does occur, the obligation is too unimportant to be dwelt upon. Indeed, it may be affirmed in general, that, though he may adopt occasional sentiments of Shakespeare, he can hardly be said to copy his incidents or situations. Perhaps the nearest approach to such an obligation is in *The Emperor of the East*, where jealousy on account of the apple recalls to our mind the handkerchief of Othello. Yet even here the history itself may well be supposed to furnish the situation without assistance from any other quarter; and the imitation is, after all, confined to a few scattered thoughts. It ought, indeed, to be allowed (since the subject is thus entered upon), that when such an imitation does take place, it is sometimes not quite so happy as the reader might wish. Either the thoughts are not so forcibly expressed as by Shakespeare, or they are given to persons whose characters do not so well agree with them. Thus, when Asanbig (*Renegado*) repeats his determination to do something terrible, but what, he does not yet know, he reminds us of a sentiment highly characteristic of the wild and ungoverned temper of *Leontes*. But Asanbig is of a different cast. In the midst of his passion his interest is consulted; he blusters indeed, but stops to calculate consequences, and in reality is a tame character. Again, when imprecations are used against Richard, and guilty fear is to deprive him of the power of winking his sword, we feel that the thought is natural. But when Overreach (*New Way to Pay Old Debts*) finds that the curses of those whom he has undone are upon him, and take away his strength, we perceive an incongruity. A sword was the natural and proper weapon of Richard, the instrument by which his situation was to be maintained. Overreach has a sword never intended to be drawn: he endeavours to use it in the moment of frenzy; yet talks of its failure in the terms of a baffled soldier, as if it would no longer avenge his cause, or preserve his falling fortunes.

This notice will be sufficient for the imitations attributed to Massinger, and the circumstances which attend them. In fact, he has borrowed little from his contemporaries, and has given to Milton alone perhaps as much sentiment as he has himself taken from Shakespeare. To some later writers he has been too convenient a quarry. Without acknowledgment, they have dug from his scenes for the construction of their own, and have done him at once an injustice and an honour. By their unskilful use of his plundered matter, they have proved how much he is their superior. The imitation of *The Fatal Dowry* in *The Fair Penitent*, has been already noticed. If the reader will pass from one of these Plays to the other, he will hardly fail to acknowledge the truth of this assertion, bold as it may appear; he will find, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on Rowe by Dr. Johnson, that laboured softness and artificial sentiment are but an ill exchange for the genuine feelings of nature, and the genuine expression of them. Again, if he will compare *The Guardian* of Massinger with the imitation of it in *The Inconstant* of Farquhar, he cannot but observe how much the natural briskness and glowing humour of Durazzo are degraded in the forced levity and empty bustle of Old Mirabel. I am not certain that Lee remembered Massinger in his *Thamodius*, or *the Force of Love*; but he boasts of the reception of that piece by the public. Yet whoever will compare *The Emperor of the East* with it, will soon learn to think favourably of Massinger on this account also; and will wonder that his nature and force should be neglected, while the public taste has been content to admire in Lee passion which never moves the soul, and vehemence which does but excite ridicule.

From these few particulars some conclusion may be drawn respecting the genius and disposition of Massinger. Perhaps he cannot be called sublime. He does not, like Shakespeare, seize the soul, and in a moment pierce it with terror or affliction; nor does he sustain it at will in transports beyond the

\* The reader may compare this with the pious office which Tasso makes Taocred perform to Clorinda:

Poco quindi lontan nel sen del monte, &c.

Canto 12, St. 37.

usual height of nature. He moves us rather by the accumulation of circumstances, than by single passages of unusual strength and impressiveness. He melts too, rather than terrifies. Yet while we surrender all our compassionate feelings to *The Fatal Dowry*, we must remember the horror excited by *The Unnatural Combat*; horror inherent in the very situations of the principal agents, and increased, with equal artifice and power, by dark and mysterious allusions to the causes of their strange enmity, and of the fearful imprecations which they utter. He does not venture into the ideal world, and create new personages and imagine strange agencies for them. His few ghosts deserve no mention. The good and bad spirit in *The Virgin Martyr* are not to be compared with the fantastic beings of Shakespeare: their appearance is, for the most part, human; and when their true nature breaks forth, they act in a manner which custom had already prescribed for them. The most imposing use of an event beyond the experience of common life occurs in *The Picture*; yet this is an extraordinary trick of art, which appeals rather to the ear than the eye, and which, once allowed, suffices throughout the piece; there is no magical apparatus, no visible agent conducting the train of surprise.

His comic talent is not equal to his tragic power. His merit chiefly consists in the invention of comic situations; and in these he is often remarkably happy. But the great support of comedy is dialogue, and in this he is deficient. In general it wants briskness and variety. Of course, we must not look into him for those characters whose wit predominates through the piece, or whose fatuity is the principal cause of laughter. He has neither a Falstaff nor a Beazes; not even a master Stephen, or a Slender. Syll, however small his pretensions, is his chief mirth-maker. Indeed, the Comedy of Massinger has a near connexion with history and the graver satire. He draws copious descriptions of the trifling or vicious manners of the age, and discovers strong purposes of moral correction, rather than amateness of conversation, and the attacks and defences of dramatic wit. Of this sort is *The City Madam*. This I regard as the chief effort of his Comedy, as *The Fatal Dowry* is of his Tragedy. These two Plays alone would be sufficient to create a high reputation. Pity for suffering virtue can hardly be excited in a stronger manner than in the latter. In the former, it is difficult to say which quality prevails; the powerful ridicule of an unfeeling avarice, or the just reprobation of hypocrisy.

This determines the nature of Massinger's writings. He does not soar to the heights of fancy; he dwells among men, and describes their business and their passions with judgment, feeling, and discrimination. He has a justness of principle which is admirably fitted to the best interests of human life; and I know no writer of his class from whom more maxims of prudence, morality, or religion may be drawn. He is eminently successful in representing the tender attachment of virtuous love, and in maintaining the true delicacy and dignity of the female character; and in general he displays a warmth of zeal on the side of goodness, which at once pleases and elevates the reader. To this excellence of sentiment he adds much strength and variety of talent, nor will any one doubt it who has perused these Plays with attention. The general chasteness of language with which they are written, the peculiar elegance of style in *The Great Duke of Florence*, and *The Parliament of Love*; the united dignity and madness of passion of *The Duke of Milan*—the animation and heroism of *The Roman Actor*—the comic force of *The Very Woman*—the strong ridicule and moral reprobation in *The New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and the peculiar playfulness of *The Picture*; these, and many others which might be mentioned with equal justice, are incontrovertible proofs of a genius far beyond the common level. Cartwright has invidiously remarked the "wretched genius and dependent fires" of those who, in his time, wrote Plays for bread. This cannot be said of Massinger without the greatest injustice. He has written not for his benefactors alone; his country owes him an obligation, and it would be a reproach to our discernment if so much merit were still overlooked. Indeed it is very

difficult to account for the long inattention of which he has hitherto to complain. The troubles which so soon followed the first appearance of these Plays, dropt the curtain on Massinger, and every other genuine writer for the stage. Perhaps for about twenty years the stage was altogether silent. It might have been expected, however, that the Restoration, which revived several of the Plays of Shakespeare, and more of Beaumont and Fletcher, would have done some justice to Massinger.

I am not sanguine about my conjecture, but the following may be considered as one of the leading causes of the neglect which he experienced. It appears that the prevailing taste of those times was such as his scenes were not much calculated to gratify. An extraordinary attachment bore forth to the swift turns and graces of the stage, as Dryden terms them, and to the chase of wit briskly pursued in dramatic conversation. These qualities, as it was just now observed, do not distinguish Massinger. They were supposed, at that time, to be possessed by Fletcher alone, and thus, probably, was the reason of the marked preference which he obtained; for we know from Dryden, that two of Fletcher's Plays were acted for one of Shakespeare. As to the wit of Jonson, it was considered as too stiff for that age. But the chief injustice seems to rest with Dryden himself. In his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, he praises others for qualities of which Massinger might have been adorned as an example, and blames them for failings from which he was free; yet of Massinger no mention is made: and, probably, this was sufficient warrant for succeeding critics to pass by a name which so great a man had appeared not to know, or not to value. As to the attempts in the last century to make Massinger known through succeeding editions of his works, they call for some acknowledgment on account of their motive; but the performance can hardly be mentioned without indignation. Lord Bacon somewhere talks of the disservice done to literature by the "rash diligence" of some "in the correction and editing of authors." One would think he had looked forward to the treatment of poor Massinger by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason. But it is time that his obscured merit should at length appear in its proper light; and Massinger has found, from the present editor, what has been so humanely wished for him—a vindication of his name in a pure and accurate text.

One thing yet remains, to explain why I have taken a part in the present publication. The account is short and simple. The editor, having already resolved on the publication, and prepared the text for the press, requested of me a revision of these Plays, and such observations as the active discharge of professional duties would allow me to bestow on them. To this he was, doubtless, impelled by his known partiality to the judgment of his friend, and in some measure, perhaps, by the recollection that, in our early days, we had read together some of the works of our dramatic writers. This statement, it is hoped, will excuse me with the professed lovers of the drama, who may find these observations of too serious a cast, or wanting that minute acquaintance with the stage which might be required. My chief attention has long since been turned to other pursuits, nor have I thrust myself into this employment; neither, indeed, has any "calling" been "left" for it. Massinger has truly said, that to be able

"—to pierce to the depth

Or write a comment on the obscurest poets,

Is but an ornament."

The great business of life has more solemn claims; and it is a consolation to add, that while this act of friendship has been performed, the higher and more important duties have not suffered. If, with this necessary reservation, the talent of Massinger has been at all unfolded, and especially, if his writings are now made more useful than they might otherwise have been, by the careful observation of his subject and the pointing of his moral, I shall be satisfied. As to the rest, it is but a trifling service which can be performed by me in this, or perhaps any other, province of letters; but, to apply the words of a great man on a far higher occasion, "So have I been content to tune the instruments of the Muses, that they may play who have better hands."—DA. IRELAND.

P O E M S  
ON  
S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S .

BY  
PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO MY HONORABLE FPREINDE S<sup>r</sup>  
FFRANCIS FFOLIAMBE, KNIGHT  
AND BARONET.

S<sup>r</sup> with my service I present this booke  
A trifle, I confesse, but pray you looke  
Upon the sender, not his guilt, with your  
Accustomde favor, and then't will endure  
Your serch the better. Somethinge then may bee  
You'l finde in the perusall fit for mee  
To give to one I honor, and may pleade,  
In your defence though you descende to reade  
A Pamplet of this nature. May it prove  
In your free iudgement, though not worth your llove  
Yet fit to finde a pardon and I'll say  
Upon your warrant that it is a play.  
Ever at your commandment  
PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO MY JUDICIOUS AND LEARNED FRIEND THE AUTHOR  
(JAMES SHIRLEY), UPON HIS INGENIOUS POEM THE  
GRATEFUL SERVANT, A COMEDY, PUBLISHED IN  
1630.

THOUGH I well know, that my obscurer name  
Listed with theirs\* who here advance thy fame,  
Cannot add to it, give me leave to be,  
Among the rest a modest votary  
At the altar of thy Muse. I dare not raise  
Giant hyperboles unto thy praise;  
Or hope it can find credit in this age,  
Though I should swear, in each triumphant page  
Of this thy work there's no line but of weight,  
And poesy itself shewn at the height:  
Such common places, friend, will not agree  
With thy own vote, and my integrity.  
I'll steer a mid way, have clear truth my guide,  
And urge a praise which cannot be denied.

\* Listed with theirs,] John Fox, John Hall, Charles  
Alecyn, Thomas Randolph, Robert Stapylton, Thomas Cra-  
ford, William Habington.

Here are no forced expressions; no rack'd phrase;  
No Babel compositions to amaze  
The tortured reader; no believed defence  
To strengthen the bold Atheist's insolence;  
No obscene syllable, that may compel  
A blush from a chaste maid, but all so well  
Express'd and order'd, as wise men must say  
It is a grateful poem, a good play:  
And such as read ingeniously, shall find  
Few have outstripp'd thee, many halt behind.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO HIS SON J. S. UPON HIS "MINERVA".

THOU art my son; in that my choice is spoke:  
Thine with thy father's Muse strikes equal stroke.  
It show'd more art in Virgil to relate,  
And make it worth the hearing, his gnat's fate,

+ To his son J. S. upon his Minerva.] Coxeter and  
Mr. M. Mason (or rather Coxeter alone, for poor Mr. M.  
Mason neither knew nor thought any thing about the mat-  
ter) say this little Poem was addressed to James Shirley;

Than to conceive what those great minds must be  
That sought, and found out, fruitful Italy.  
And such as read and do not apprehend.  
And with applause, the purpose and the end  
Of this neat poem, in themselves confess  
A dull stupidity and barrenness.  
Methinks I do behold, in this rare birth,  
A temple built up to facetious Mirth,  
Pleased Phœbus smiling on it: doubt not, then,  
But that the suffrage of judicious men  
Will honour this Thalia; and, for those  
That praise Sir Hevis, or what's worse in prose,  
Let them dwell still in ignorance. To write  
In a new strain, and from it raise delight,  
As thou in this hast done, doth not by chance,  
But merit, crown thee with the laurel branch.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

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LORD AND PATRON, PHILIP EARL OF PEMBROKE AND  
MONTGOMERY, LORD-CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S  
HOUSEHOLD, ETC., UPON THE DEPLORABLE AND UN-  
TIMELY DEATH OF HIS LATE TRULY NOBLE SON  
CHARLES LORD HERBERT, ETC.

'Twas fate, not want of duty, did me wrong;  
Or, with the rest, my hymenæal song  
Had been presented, when the knot was tied  
That made the bridegroom and the virgin bride  
A happy pair. I curs'd my absence then  
That hinder'd it, and bit my star-cross'd pen,  
Too busy in stage-blanks, and trifling rhyme,  
When such a cause call'd, and so apt a time  
To pay a general debt; mine being more  
Than they could owe, who since, or heretofore,  
Have labour'd with exalted lines to raise  
Brave piles, or rather pyramids, of praise  
To Pembroke and his family: and dare I,  
Being silent then, aim at an elegy?  
Or hope my weak Muse can bring forth one verse  
Deserving to wait on the sable bier  
Of your late hopeful Charles? his obsequies

and Davies, in his *Life of Massinger*, reasons upon it as an indisputable fact. The truth, however, is, that these initial letters belong to James Smith, a man of considerable wit and learning, and a dignitary of the church. He was the author of several short pieces, and, among the rest, of that to which this, with other commendatory poems, is prefixed, *The Innoation of Penelope and Ulysses*, a burlesque satire upon some incoherent translation of those days, and the prototype, perhaps, of Cotton's *Virgil* and *The Rehearsal*. Wood says, that Smith "was much in esteem with the political wits of that day, particularly with Philip Massinger, who called him his son."—*Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. p. 397.

\* Charles Lord Herbert, whose early death is here lamented, was the eldest surviving son of Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. He was made a knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I., and married, in 1634, to Mary, daughter of the great duke of Buckingham, soon after which he went abroad (for she was too young for cohabitation) and died of the small-pox at Florence, in January, 1635-6.

Exact the mourning of all hearts and eyes  
That knew him, or loved virtue. He that would  
Write what he was, to all posterity, should  
Have ample credit in himself, to borrow,  
Nay, make his own, the saddest accents sorrow  
Ever express'd, and a more moving quill  
Than Spenser used when he gave *Astrophil*  
A living epicedium. For poor me,  
By truth I vow it is no flattery,  
I from my soul wish (if it might remove  
Grief's burthen, which too feelingly you prove),  
Though I have been ambitious of fame,  
As poets are, and would preserve a name,  
That, my toys burnt, I had lived unknown to men,  
And ne'er had writ, nor ne'er to write again.  
Vain wish, and to be scorn'd! can my foul dross  
With such pure gold be valued? or the loss  
Of thousand lives like mine merit to be  
The same age thought on, when his destiny  
Is only mentioned? No, my lord, his fate  
Is to be prized at a higher rate;  
Nor are the groans of common men to be  
Blended with those which the nobility  
Vent hourly for him. That great ladies mourn  
His sudden death, and lords vie at his urn  
Drops of compassion; that true sorrow, fed  
With showers of tears, still bathes the widow'd  
bed

Of his dear spouse; that our great king and  
queen

(To grace your grief) disdain'd not to be seen  
Your royal comforters; these well become  
The loss of such a hope, and on his tomb  
Deserve to live: but, since no more could be  
Presented, to set off his tragedy,  
And with a general sadness, why should you  
(Pardon my boldness!) pay more than his due,  
Be the debt ne'er so great? No stoic can,  
As you were a loving father, and a man,  
Forbid a moderate sorrow; but to take  
Too much of it, for his or your own sake,  
If we may trust divines, will rather be  
Censured repining, than true piety.  
I still presume too far, and more than fear  
My duty may offend, pressing too near  
Your private passions. I thus conclude,  
If now you show your passive fortitude  
In bearing this affliction, and prove  
You take it as a trial of heaven's love  
And favour to you, you ere long shall see  
Your second care\* return'd from Italy,  
To bless his native England, each rare part,  
That in his brother liv'd and joy'd your heart,  
Transferr'd to him, and to the world make known  
He takes possession of what's now his own.

Your honour's

Most humble and faithful servant,  
PHILIP MASSINGER.

\* *Your second care.*] Philip Herbert, who survived him and succeeded to his title and estates.

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Let one specimen of Curran's powers be added, and it is one of the most certainly known to be unpremeditated of any in the history of the rhetorical art, for who could ever have supposed a judge capable of sneering at a barrister's poverty, by telling him he suspected "his law library was rather contracted?" Yet this was the brutal remark of Judge Robinson, the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets, and by his demerits raised to the eminence which he thus disgraced.

"It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library: my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good works, than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more contemptible."

*Lord Brougham's Statesman*, vol. ii, p. 191-2.

It is always a matter of difficulty to draw the character of a person who belongs to another, and in some particulars, a very different country. This has been felt in making the attempt to give a sketch of Mr Grattan, and whoever has read the most lively and picturesque piece of biography that was ever given to the world, Mr Phillips's 'Recollections of Curran,' will join in the regret here expressed, that the present work did not fall into hands so able to perform it in a masterly manner. The constant occupation consequent upon great professional eminence, has unfortunately withdrawn him from the walks of literature, in which he was so remarkably fitted to shine.—*Lord Brougham's Speeches*, vol. iv, p. 10.

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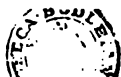
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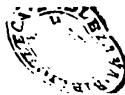
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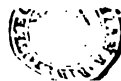
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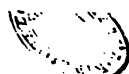
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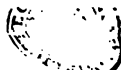
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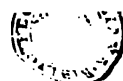
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Montaigne is superior to any of the ancients in liveliness, in that careless and rapid style where one thought springs naturally, but not consecutively, from another; and such is the conversational style of lively and eloquent old men. We converse with Montaigne, or rather, hear him talk. It is almost impossible to read his Essays without thinking that he speaks to us; and we see his cheerful brow, his sparkling eye,—we picture him in his arm-chair, with his few books round the room, and Plutarch on his table.

Montaigne is the earliest classical writer in the French language—the first whom a gentleman is ashamed not to have read. So long as an unaffected style, and an appearance of the utmost simplicity and good nature, shall charm,—so long as the lovers of desultory and cheerful conversation shall be more numerous than those who prefer a lecture or a sermon,—so long as reading is sought by the many as an amusement in idleness, or a resource in pain—so long will Montaigne be among the most favourite authors of mankind.—*Hallam's Literature of Europe*, vol. ii.

The Essayists are, if not moral philosophers, moral historians, and that's better; or if they are both, they found the one character upon the other; their premises precede their conclusions, and we put faith in their testimony, for we know that it is true.

Montaigne was the first person who led the way to this kind of writing in the moderns. His great merit was that he may be said to have been the first who had the courage to say as an author what he felt as a man; and, as courage is generally the effect of conscious strength, he was, probably, led to do so by the richness, truth, and force of his own observations on books and men. He was, in the truest sense, a man of original mind; that is, he had the power of looking at things for himself, or as they really were, instead of blindly trusting to, and fondly repeating, what others told him that they were. In taking up his pen, he did not set up for a philosopher, wit, orator, or moralist, but he became all these by merely daring to tell us whatever passed through his mind, in its naked simplicity and force, that he thought any way worth communicating. He enquires what human life is, and has been, to shew what it ought to be; and, in treating of men and manners, he spoke of them as he found them, not according to pre-conceived notions and abstract dogmas; and began by teaching us what he himself was. In criticising books he did not compare them with rules and systems, but told us what he saw to like or dislike in them. He was, in a word, the first author who was not a book-maker, and who wrote, not to make converts of others to established creeds and prejudices, but to satisfy his own mind of the truth of things. In this respect we know not which to be most charmed with, the author or the man.

There is an inexpressible frankness and sincerity, as well as power, in what he writes. There is no attempt at imposture or concealment, no juggling tricks or solemn mouthing, no laboured attempts at proving himself always in the right, and everybody else in the wrong; he says what is uppermost, lays open what floats at the top, or lies at the bottom, of his mind, and deserves Pope's character of him, where he professes to

“—Pour out all as plain

As downright Shilpen, or as old Montaigne.”

He does not converse with us like a pedagogue with his pupil, whom he wishes to make as great a blockhead as himself, but like a philosopher and friend, who has passed through life with thought and observation, and is willing to enable others

## MONTAIGNE'S WORKS.

to pass through it with pleasure and profit. A writer of this stamp, I confess, appears to me as much superior to a bookworm as a library of real books is superior to a mere book-case, painted and lettered on the outside with the celebrated works. As he was the first to attempt this new way of writing, so the same strong natural impulse, which the undertaking, carried him to the end of his career. The same force and honesty of mind which urged him to the shackles of custom and prejudice, would enable him to complete his triumph over them. He has left little for his successors to achieve in the way of just and original speculation on human life. Nearly all the thinking of the last two centuries, which the French denominate *morale observatrice*, is to be found in Montaigne's Essays; there is the germ, and generally much more. He sowed the seed, and cleared away the rubbish, even where others have reaped the cultivated and decorated the soil to a greater degree of nicety and perfection. There is no one to whom the old Law is more applicable than to Montaigne,—"*Percent isti qui ante nostra disserunt.*" There has been no new impulse thought since his time. Among the specimens of criticisms on authors he has given us, are those on Virgil, U Roccacio, in the account of books which he thinks worth reading, or which he finds he can read in his old age, and he be reckoned among the few criticisms which are worth reading at any age.—*Hazlitt's Comic Writers.*

Of those books to which we have recourse for pleasure or recreation, we have a particular fancy for a gossiping collection of choice *maxims* and short dissertations, in which an author gives us the cream of a diversity of subjects, calling upon us for any rigid attention, or nice examination of his arguments. A kind which resembles the conversation, but which is, at the same time, more artificially dressed up, and more elegantly turned.

We feel no sympathy with the works of those authors who would do every thing by the square and compass; who rudely snap the springs of feeling, and torture us unto wisdom and virtue. It is the author who gives utterance to the promptings of the heart—who mingles human feelings with all his knowledge, that lays hold of our affection—and whom all, we love and venerate,—and such a one is Montaigne.

The chief subject of Montaigne's reflections and writings is the philosophy of life. How to live well and die him

"Is the prime wisdom; what is more is fume,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence."

To achieve this he studied himself deeply and accurately; he dissected and anatomized his feelings, his fears, hopes, nay, the slightest motions of his soul, with the coolness and unconcern of an operating surgeon. He lets his innermost thoughts of his heart; he spreads out before us, as in a picture, every shade and gradation of feeling phantasma fitted across his mind that he did not put down, and, having contemplated its strangeness or absurdity placed it to the credit or debit side of his account. "He nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice." His most warm and candid of friends—the most open of enemies—if indeed, he ever admitted into his heart any feeling amounted to personal hostility. The consequence is that nobody can read his works without becoming his intimate approved good friend—his most familiar acquaintance.

Montaigne has been censured for his numerous quotations from classical authors, but, we think without sufficient reason. It is true that, were a writer to give us a whole chapter of them from his common-place-book, they would be sufficient to fill a volume, and flat, and, like dried flowers, would lose nearly all their fragrance, although they might retain, in some measure, their form and colour. But where quotations from the poets are made, as they generally are by Montaigne, for the sake of illustration, and are, at once, elegant and appropriate, they contribute both to the spirit and grace of composition.

Nothing but the Essays themselves can convey an adequate idea of their unrestrained vivacity, energy and fancy, boldness and attractive simplicity. He says rightly that it is the only book in the world of its kind. All the world may know his book to him, and him in his book—The character of each is the same. The little vanities and oddities by Montaigne, are, however, accompanied by too many amiable qualities to excite anything of ill-feeling. The Roubies says of him, "It is true that he sometimes avows his defects; but, if we pay attention to them, we shall find only those which philosophers, or people of fashion, are not ashamed to assume, or imperfections which turn to their advantage." Montaigne had a natural and invincible repugnance to falsehood; and, as he assures us that he was himself as he was, whole and entire, it is fair to consider that he had no great vices to confess. In fact, his whole was to be careless, easy, and contented, and he made haste to seize pleasure, lest it should take wing and fly.

Montaigne wrote without system and without classification,—rambling from one subject to another, without connection, like the bee, which now hardly settles upon one flower, and anon takes deeper draughts of another, or humour sways it.

These aberrations are rather the result of design than accident; and, it is true, give a conversational ease, and grace to his Essays, which engages the interest of the reader too deeply in the feelings of the author to allow him any thing but that he is the most agreeable and original writer in the world.

We have adopted, for the purpose of this article, the translation of Charles Cotton, the poet who was peculiarly fitted for the task. He has rendered the original (so far as it could be rendered in a foreign idiom) with fidelity and ease, and has imitated the quaintness, liveliness and simplicity of the author's style, with great felicity and effect.—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. 2.

No language possesses a more delightful essayist than Montaigne; and we admire him, not so much for details as for a charm which he has spread over all his writings, even by his very defects. Full of himself, his vanity is excused, but even becomes seductive: and one reads him as one listens to the confidence of a friend, whose egotism, of his sincerity, and whose frankness flatters.

As Machiavel was the first who discussed grave questions in a vulgar tongue, and created a philosophy of life, Montaigne was the first conspicuous writer, who, in a modern language, philosophised on the common concerns of the ordinary subjects of private reflection and conversation.

The degree which nature claims in the diversity of talent, the efficacy of education, the value of the learned in the usages of society, the passions that actuate private life, the singular customs of different nations, are the subjects handled in his Essays. In the period from Socrates to Plutarch, such questions had been well treated before. But he was evidently the founder of popular philosophy in modern times.—*Edinburgh Review.*

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